

## Back to Writing

### Love of Learning

Monday, November 21, 2016

Back to writing! A historic Day! Wrote this morning. I feel real good!

The perfect routine for this year, and the rest of my life.

What is it?

1. Start: Mind warm-ups: Study languages, words, etymology.
2. The comes Writing. An hour or so. My best hour, the "I've been put on this earth to do this" hour. It beautifies, focuses. and directs the day.
3. After that, everything/anything else.

Friday, November 25, 2016

#### Alhambra Over Prctice Injures Left Biceps and Shoulder

Over practicing and playing the fast Alhambra, over playing my breakthrough, injured left biceps and shoulder.

Yes, it was a break through. In the process, I "broke" and "threw" (through) my left biceps and shoulder.

Yes, I played Alhambra fast too often. My body parts were not used to it and got injured. Similar to the time my right shoulder got injured when I over practiced violin. (This brought me to physical therapy, then to trainer Rick.)

Excited, overwhelmed, and I'd say mainly fearful I'd lose my new Alhambra speed progress, I over practiced Alhambra (and also Leyenda with its bars.)

Subsequently, I injured left biceps and shoulder.

Have I learned anything from this lesson?

Excitement can promote injury immediately comes to mind.

Moderation is the way to go.

Nice to know such wise precepts.

Can I benefit by following them? Good question.

Saturday, November 26, 2016

I Like It!

I Like My Writing! I Like My Creations

I'm back to writing. And what's new?

I like my writing! I like all the things I wrote in the past! I'm enjoying my old self. It's fun. Worthy and worthy of profits, too.

I like my creations!

This is a major change in attitude toward myself, my writing, and my creations, which are (aspects) of myself.

This is true as I look over my past, my dances, songs, tours, weekends, and almost whatever I have created. Time has given me distance and perspective. Result is: I like what I've created, and I like myself.

How did this happen? I don't know. And I don't care. Think of it as a blessing that comes with age and time. Period.

Now, onward.

What to do in this new state?

Seems I don't have anything new I need to do. I only need to go over what I've done in the past, fine tune it perhaps, and then maybe promote it.

This is, in a way, both peaceful and sad. On one level, I have "arrived." Such arrival, sometimes called success is. On one level, a peaceful plateau. But on another level, it is the long end of a process. And as I rest here in place, I know I'll soon become restless and bored and want to move on to new creations. In fact, I need new creations to keep my dynamic and happy.

So, as I return to writing, and perhaps to old dances, forms, etc. I must also have a spot of the new, new writings, new dances, new levels of publicity.

Union of Old and New

I need a tri-part levels:

1. I must edit all the old works.
2. I must find ways to publicize and promote them.
3. I must find a place for and to create the new.

As a model, a form, it starts with writing. (From there is will move to dances, tours, etc.)

Writing time will consist of editing the old, and writing the new. Sound good and right.

Same with all my other miracle schedule and business activities.

Where will the creativity come in?

Perhaps in rewriting, editing, and promoting it somewhere.

My old inventions, etc. Where and how to send them?

Facebook, blog, website, other?

How to bring the old into the new? How to use my old, in the present and presence of the new? Combining old and new, uniting them in one, into the all-is-one world.

No more denial or avoidance of my past, but rather, jump right into it and bring it immediately into the present.

Unity my strands, bringing the old and ancient into the present. Friends, family, and contacts, too.

Union of old and new.

Is that what eighty is all about? Maybe.

### Past and Present Union Period (Ten Years)

Note: I am somewhat ashamed of my past, and my past creations. How so?

Singing my old songs, raveling to my old countries, reading my old writings, etc: All this goes into the old put-down categories of "That's been done before." Mere repetition. And thus not daring, heroic or even creative. Rote repetition of the past,

mere spouting of the known. Boring. Not dynamic or speedy. I am boring. I am uncreative. Thus am I lesser, bad, evil, no good, etc.

Old voices of shame and put-down. I have been dealing with all my life.

But strangely, perhaps because eighty is approaching, these voices are fading, dying. Indeed, they have already died. They are dead! Amazing. Their mourning along with my post-Greek tour fatigue is what is why I have been so tired and vaguely "lost." My old cells of shame and put-down were in the process of dying.

Now they have died. I'm ready to move on. To post-eighty pouring of past into present.

Shame and put down have vanished. Gone. Replaced by union and combination. That's what's happening.

How to blend past and present into one? Uniting both is my new creative endeavor. I see it as a ten-year period.

We'll see where it leads.

How to promote my writing, tours, and folk dancing?

How to mix and blend the three. (Plus videos and choreos.)

Can my writings promote my tours, fd, and vice versa?

Sunday, November 27, 2016

Woke up this morning with body in pain and feeling sorry for myself.

Why? What does this mean?

My body aches because I ran one and three-quarters hours yesterday. Mentally and spiritually, this run made me feel very good, even great and accomplished!

Yes, my physical body aches because I ran so much.

However, my body ached the day before, when I didn't run.

Therefore, my aching body cannot be the reason I feel sorry for myself.

So why do I feel sorry for myself?

### Positive Reinterpretation of Pains

#### Pains as Gateway to Hidden Energy Centers

Most pains are caused by tight muscles,

When tight muscles are loosened, pain dissolves.

However, important to remember that injuries are different. They require rest and reconsideration.

When I ran yesterday, I did not have an injury. I had pains caused by tight muscles in the knees, etc.

Here is the wonderfully thought I thought: Rather than seeing my pain as an impediment, I reinterpreted it as a hidden energy center! This knotted and tight muscle, if handled correctly, correctly loosened, was on the verge of release. I reinterpreted my pain as a signal that my energy center was on the cusp of opening, was about ready to burst forth.

This is a wonderful way to reinterpret pains.

### Major Discovery

So why am I feeling sad and sorry for myself this morning?

I have reinterpreted my morning pain negatively.

(As a downer, a stiff-muscled morning misery that shows I'm getting weaker, frail, old, losing my powers. All negative interpretations of pain.)

More truthful, and certainly better for my brain, is to glory in my discovery of pain as a mysterious, marvel-filled, kabbalistic Radiance gateway to the powers located in my energy center.

### Value System

Is art more important than business? Or are they equal?

Or are they the same?

I hope they are the same.

If I hope they are, then they are.

Since they are the same, then the order in which I do them does not matter. I can do them in any order I want.

That means I can do business as my art, or art as my business. It means I can begin my day answering emails, or writing, or guitar, or exercise, or dancing, or creating ads, or whatever.

In this sense, it doesn't matter which direction I go, since all directions lead to the same place.

All is One.

### Left Biceps and Alhambra

#### The Last (Pre-Eighty) Gateway?

My left biceps somehow, mysteriously, symbolically, metaphorically represents my Alhambra breakthrough.

I broke through, injured it, in the process of mastering the Alhambra. In a sense, it was the payment. Focus moved from my right hand and right index finger (for years) to my left hand, and from there left shoulder and left biceps.

The whole thing is so strange. But it definitely happened. Is my left hand, left arm, left biceps the last stronghold of resistance, then last vestige of failure, the last leaf to fall from my old Alhambra and classical guitar playing self.

Paradoxically, does it represent the gateway to success. Once past this obstacle, will I be able to play classical guitar with ease and majesty? Feels right.

The pre-eighty last gateway?

### Eighty

Evidently, reaching eighty is, symbolically and realistically, a very big deal.

I'm in the process of finding out why.

Many Ways of Playing Alhambra. . . Or Anything Else

Depending on my mood, there are many ways of playing Alhambra. . . or anything else.

Slow, fast, other.

All are good.

They are just different.

Monday, November 28, 2016

Depth Direction

I've spent many years tracing the surface, both in tours and everything else. Now I've got my territory along with its borders. My next direction is down, deep and slow.  
Depth.

True in languages as well as tours. Return to the bible. In Hebrew. One word, or sentence at a time.

Depth: Down, deep, and slow. It's the only way left.

How will depth direction approach effect what else I do?

Tuesday, November 29, 2016

Mastery: In Trading and Life

Pain, anxiety, and risk are an aspect of trading. And of life. By accepting them, you can develop the capacity to transcend those feelings.

Wednesday, November 30, 2016

Trading Stocks Belongs in my Miracle Schedule?!

Let's face it: I hate to say it but the stock market is my love and fascination. Yes, I hate losing, but the fascination remains.

And it's not the stock market itself, but rather trading that fascinates me. Trading stocks. Stock trading. And this includes day trading, week trading, month trading or whatever.

Why do I hesitate, even hate to say it? Because, as a stock trader, I've lost so much, and am considered by others, and even myself as a loser. Nevertheless, there is no escape. Admit and accept it: I am still fascinated by the challenge of the stock market and especially trading, trading stocks.

Okay, moving on.

Trading stocks is so emotional! Why? You have immediate gains and losses. You are an immediate gainer or loser, an immediate winner or loser. And losing or winning are very emotional for me.

Yes, writing, art, guitar, folk dancing, even tours, all are good, lovely, emotional, and challenging in their own right. I should and will never leave them. But I must and will now add stock trading to that constellation.

Somehow trading stocks belongs in my miracle schedule. What? What did I just say? How can I say such a thing? Well, I did say it. So on one level, it must be true.

How did trading stocks enter my miracle schedule?

Where are the miracles in trading stocks?

Well, they happen when my stock "miraculously" goes up! (Also, when it sadly, "miraculously" or rather in a reverse "miracle," goes down.

It is the miraculous, hidden, kabbalistic aspect of movement, the movement of the spheres, that creates the mystery of the stock market and stock trading, and thus my fascination with it? Indeed, an aspect to explore and think about.

But evidently, the movement of stocks is its own miracle. Where, from my childhood, did this concept start or originate? How and where did stocks and this "movement of the spheres effect and affect my early life and my upbringing. Has it always been an inner part of nature? Perhaps it is related to my "running on the lawn" nature?



The mystery may be in the Pythagorean numbers.

The emotions are in the gains and losses, winning and losing, profit and loss.

### Split Between Two Masters

#### A Miracle Schedule Trilogy of One

Hidden stab of dizziness when I rose from my desk chair. Where and when have I felt such dizziness before? Is it a heart attack or stroke? Or incipient headache, which means anger, nay hidden rage.

I sense it is an incipient headache, and rage!

But at what? Something to do with my post-Monday night dancing aches, pains, shoulders, knees, and general depleted and deleted physical state.

Could it also have something to do with the split between two masters, between my commitment to arts and business on the one hand (both of which really need all my focus), and stock market trading (which also needs all my focus.)

Is there some way I can combine them under the miracle schedule rubric?

Stock trading, the arts, my business: A trilogy of one.

Combine all three in a trilogy of one.

(To give them sense and meaning.)

### Beauty and Trading Stocks

In my soul I am artist. Therefore, somehow stock market trading relates to my arts, my music, folk dancing, tours, etc. I must somehow add it, bring in the Higher Powers, make trading a part of my miracle schedule.

There is a beauty, a Beauty, in my arts, my tours, my business. Is there a beauty, a Beauty, in trading stocks?

To whom, as a model, can I look to from my past that did this? Ab Abernathy?  
Other?

Overwhelmed by Beauty

Maybe my “anger” is because I’m subtly being overwhelmed by the beat, the Beauty, of all that I am doing. The gift and beauty of my life. How overwhelming of appreciation is that!

How can I take it? How can I stand such overwhelming beauty, such overwhelming Beauty?

Do I deserve so many gifts? I am not worthy.

Or am I?

Are all God’s children worthy? Am I worthy?

Can I stand the responsibility?

Can I stand the responsibility of fulfilling my calling and my talents?

How can I learn how to take it?

Can I learn to stand in the dazzling light of gratefulness and appreciation?

Maybe my headache is also from the anger I feel from the weight of responsibility of fulfilling my calling and using the talents given to me by the Higher Powers.

I have to answer all these emails, organize all these tours, lead my folk dance classes, practice guitar, write, and on top of this, learn the secrets of trading stocks.

On the one hand, I’m happy to do it, happy that business is flowing my way. But I’m also overwhelmed.

Resenting my Responsibilities: Needing A Break

I feel trapped in a Responsibility Prison of my own making.

I wonder if my left biceps, left shoulder, and knee pain has to do with being overwhelmed and angry. The heaviness (of responsibility) in my biceps, shoulder, and legs (knees).

Why did I get these skills and talents? Why can’t He leave me along so I can run

wild on the lawn wild, care free and wild, the way I used to?

I may just need a “run wild on the lawn” break.

### How to Take A Break

On the other hand, maybe the arts are my break.

My business and trading stocks, too.

The art of life is how to make them my break!

Maybe part of the game is simply to be tortured by the pains of life. That’s just the way it is.

Maybe the pains are part of the break, too.

All is One.

### Two Kinds of Emails

1. “Normal” business
2. Emails to “friend,” to impart wisdom, encouragement, inspiration, and enthusiasm.

### Classical Guitar

#### A New View of Playing

My do my left biceps and shoulder hurt?

They stop me from playing classical guitar.

Why is this happening now?

I need to rethink my relationship to the classical guitar.

The pain force me to stop, to rethink. They give me time and space to retreat from my old way of viewing and even playing the guitar.

My biceps and left shoulder will no doubt heal when a new view/attitude toward classical guitar playing comes to light and into sight.

My pains may be a metaphor symbolizing my old style and attitude toward classical guitar dying.

That's why I need rest. I need to step into the grave before resurrection occurs.

My knees, too. Do I need a whole new attitude towards folk dancing? Probably.

Do I need a new attitude toward answering emails? Yes

Well, one attitude change at a time.

### New Attitude Toward Folk Dancing

What is my new attitude toward folk dancing?

I dance less but teach more?

Pass it on. Leave a legacy.

(I hate the word "legacy." Why? It means I'll soon be out, gone, dead, finished, over.)

1. Give my students more responsibilities?
2. Train them to lead and teach?
3. Names of dance: Expand their names of dances?
4. I do less and get them to do more? (Tours as well.)

Thursday, December 1, 2016

### My Depression Motivates Me

I've been in some kind of low level depression ever since I got back from Greece. Only this time it has expressed itself in lack of motivation.

I like depressions, low level or otherwise, because they are motivating. Maybe that's why I lie, or at least am attached to, losing. Depression for me is some kind of losing. When I lose, first I am in shock, then I start recovering by analyzing what is wrong, and then, thank God, I come back mad, angry, even enraged (that's the best!),

more determined, focused and stronger!

I've always used the word "depression" for this down state. But maybe it's the wrong word for what I am experiencing. But somehow I like the down power in the word "depression."

Friday, December 2, 2016

### Barriers To Success

#### Climbing the Mountain: Key to Motivation

Back to pains and Sarno. My left biceps and left shoulder pains preceded my knee pains, knees which now feel totally shot. I can hardly walk, not to say go down stairs. Forget dancing.

And just think that a few months ago, I was doing 100 squats a day.

This degenerated and degenerating state all began after returning from Greece. Since then I have felt lost, purposeless, successful, and unbalanced.

As I look at myself in Sarnoian terms, what do I think and see. First question: Is there hidden anywhere within my secret fears, followed by anger and rage?

I came back from Greece feeling both successful as a tour leader, with a successful tour business, along with success financially (financial success to me means my finances are stable; I have enough to survive and not worry.)

So I feel "successful."

What is the result of this so-called success, this so-called successful feeling?

Rather than a gain, I evidently see success as a loss. What have I lost? Basically, my motivation and purpose. My body is falling apart, I have lost my way.

Perhaps much more than failure, success, or so-called success really terrifies me.

Thus, if I look at my aches and pains in Sarnoian terms, my success has destroyed my motivation and subtly, unconsciously enraged me.

What a paradox. Yet it feels true.

Perhaps I want to return to my "normal" failed or losing (even loser) state, which

will motivate and inspire me to climb Jacob's ladder once again.

Maybe that's why I waste my time in the stock market, Yes, consciously I am trying to win, to make money there. But I wonder if unconsciously, I am subtly trying to lose my money so I can be motivated once again.

A loser and losing, unsuccessful state may be better for my psychologically, than a winning, winner, or successful state.

Am I better off losing than winning? Better off unsuccessful and striving, rather than winning and gloating and arrogantly sitting around "enjoying" my victories?

Maybe.

A loser first sits around in shock. Then, they analyze what went wrong. Finally, after figuring it out, they go back into the fray, angry, energized, and motivated to win again.

This is an amazing statement. But could it be true? Am I really such a paradox? Maybe.

Thus the three stages of losing are:

1. Shock
2. Analysis of reasons one has lost
3. Return to the fray energized (partly through the harnessing of angry and raged) and totally motivated to win again.

If for me, losing is better than winning, what are the implications?

As I say, I am terrified of winning, or success. Why? Because it destroys my motivation. I have known this for years, really since my tour successes beginning 5-7 years ago. But I have never really faced or dealt with it.

Maybe now I am ready. Maybe now I need to see myself as defeated and ready to embrace the powerful motivation of losing, being a loser again.

Is losing the same as staying forever at the bottom or near the bottom of the mountain? Is losing the same as climbing the mountain? Maybe.

Maybe I am ready to climb the mountain again.

I've always wanted to see myself as a winner, as successful and on top of the mountain.

But maybe I've been wrong.

Maybe I'm better of seeing myself as a loser, as unsuccessful, and ever climbing the mountain.

Yes, I returned from Greece feeling like a success. And look what happened. Indeed, success and glory are like candy rewards given to a baby. They taste good for a few moments. But once you start believing in candy, the path is straight down.

The fleeting lights of success and glory may not be the best psychological states for me.

Losing, failure, drowning, fighting for my life, motivated by fear and rage, climbing the mountain, all these may be much better.

Find the energy of motivation. Get back to my "loser state."

### What Frightens Me?

What purposes bring out, engender fear and rage?

What frightens me in guitar?

1. Playing classical guitar before others.

What frightens me in running?

2. Running fast, running a marathon.

What frightens me in folk dancing?

a. Doing squats.

b. Men's Reka, Floricica, G,Ruchesitsa, fast stuff.

What frightens me in the stock market?

a. Losing money

What frightens me in yoga?

a. Doing head stands, scorpion, lotus, leg over head.

What frightens me in gym.

- a. Heavy weights. Lungs. Balances nauseate me)

What frightens me in tours and email?

- a. Being overwhelmed

What frightens me in money and finance?

a. Not having enough money. A big fear. And big motivator in my business! Perhaps I should return to that fear!

What frightens me in my body?

- a. Aches and pains

### Winning and Losing Comes and Goes

#### But Fear Lasts Forever

It's not so much losing as being frightened.

Winning and losing comes and goes, but fear last forever.

I've been frightened most of my life. Facing and dealing with my fears, plunging right into them, has both motivated me and made me feel like my own hero. This is good.

I need to return to my "frightened," heightened alert state.

### Excitement and Fear

It's the old excitement and fear duet. The edge of the cliff phenomenon.

Without fear, there is no excitement. Without excitement there is no fear.

My hidden concept of success was to live a life without fear. When my tours (and I) became successful and I saw myself as finally successful, which also (mostly) mean financially stable, I gave up my fear. Thus I lost my motivation, enthusiasm. and excitement.

I have always been afraid of no having enough money. A big fear. And big motivator in my business! Perhaps I should return to that fear!



Classic GuitarLeft Biceps, Left Shoulder, and Sarnoian Fears

I wonder if my left biceps has devolved into a Sarnoian fear of performing the classical guitar in public. After all, it started when I succeeded in playing the Alhambra! Suddenly, I had conquered my life time foe. I was now suddenly released, could consider myself a good guitarist, and could now play classical guitar in public!

I had succeeded in fulfilling my dream!

And that's when my left biceps and shoulder started to hurt. Yes, I "over-practiced" the Alhambra in tempo. And that could be a reason for a temporary stiffness, even pain, in my left shoulder and even biceps. But what happened two weeks ago. The pain should have subsided by now. But it persists.

Perhaps it has crossed from physical injury pain to Sarnoian pain. (Drop "perhaps" the word of doubt.) Which means the fear (and anger) of a public classical guitar performance.

Alhambra Success

I know the Alhambra melody is in the bass. Focus on my fingers is a way of blocking my success, mu ability to play Alhambra in public.

Focus on my fingers, is my way of staying in the old "fear of performance" neighborhood.

But fear is my motivator. Where will this lead?

I fear to focus on the bass.

Thus, plunge into my fear: Focus on the bass!

(And thus performance with its fear motivator.)

By focus on bass in Leyenda, Back Prelude in Dm, Villa Lobos Prelude no. 4, flamencan dances, I could play all the pieces! And play them with confidence and dignity in public!

Fear!

All my life I've been trying to "cure" my fear, dismiss it, diminish it, run away from it, deny it, rather than use it as a motivator!

Saturday, December 3, 2016

Guitar:

Note: Pain in biceps returned just as I thought about fast, about playing faster.

Fast, pain, pressure, fear, motivation.

Jumping from place to place with focus, rather than traveling a straight line.

Focused jumping.

Performing Easy

Alhambra: It's so obvious, and so performing easy with the melodic bass jumping.

Lagrima, Adelita, Alhambra in a "warm-up" row.

Note: Left biceps and shoulder pain faded into the background as performing fear fades. Fear as motivator, remains.

Base addings: Alhambra, Bach Prelude in Dm, Leyenda, all.

Flamenco: Fast spiccato passages (Zapateado, Bulerais, Soleares, dripping into place.

Playing Scales Passages Fast

For the fast, spiccato scale passage, focus on bass/boss notes. Let the rest drip by (a la tremolo).

Sunday, December 4, 2016

Smaller Tours?

Very small registration or seemingly interest in Romania or Balkan Splendor.

Maybe my tours will be smaller or small from now on.

Sure, I'm annoyed by this but strangely, I'm not panicked.

Maybe my future is smaller tours. And although annoying, even a bit disappointing, that's not too bad. (Economically things are stable. I can survive by bouncing the ball along, instead of growing.)

Maybe it means another direction for me. I'll have to find another reason for me to go on my tours. Or learn to survive (even thrive?) with small or smaller groups.

Monday, December 5, 2016

### The Best Is Yet To Come!

Blaze through it, focusing on the boss notes, and don't worry about dropping other notes. After all, you are moving to another level.

The best is yet to come!

The freeing of the (left) biceps.

The best is yet to come!

What does that mean? What areas do I want more, the best? Where do I want the best, which is yet to come?

1. Classic guitar playing. My goal: To play all my pieces sensationally! This new speed level will make brilliant, excellent, and sensational guitar playing! A great accomplishment.

2. Money. Do I want great wealth? Well, why not? True, I can't use it; I can't take it with me. I can't even boast about it to others. So why would I want it?

Well, achieving great wealth is an accomplishment!

My accomplishments make me proud and happy. The fact that I can't use my accomplishment, or nothing lasts forever is really all besides the point. In this life, in the here-and-now. Achieving great wealth is a lovely motivating goal. A great

accomplishment. Accomplishments make me happy! Period.

Where and how do I want to achieve this goal? In and through the stock market! I want to learn to be and become an excellent stock trader/investor. It is a real challenge. And if I rise the challenge, and can do it. . . a great accomplishment.

3. Running, yoga (and weights?)

Tuesday, December 6, 2016

### Language Study

#### Linguistic and Biblical Roots as "Good in Themselves"

Amazing is this new linguistic and biblical direction that is being born, that I seem to be, maybe am, traveling on. Start with Hebrew: I'm spending days, maybe a week, or maybe even weeks on a couple of sentences in the bible. Maybe even a word or two. My focus is narrowing to less and less, drilling down deeper and deeper with no end in sight.

This is also happening in Greek and French. A sentence or two, a word or two. And spending seemingly "limitless" time on each one. Actually, perhaps a day, days, a week or weeks, but it seems like limitless time.

And I have a thought a plan: Morning is for Hebrew, afternoon is for Greek, and evenings are for French. This does not necessarily mean I'll be spending much time with these languages. It might only be a few minutes. But their slots are morning: Hebrew, afternoon: Greek, evening: French.

It's interesting that such a plan popped into my head. But it did. We'll see how far and for how long it goes. But it does see language study, along with its biblical and etymological roots, as a "good in itself."

### Flaming hot Leyenda.

Flaming hot Leyenda. Fire and brimstone in the fingers.

The "Is it Worth the Bother?" Question

A bit later: Is it worth the effort of stepping into this fire and brimstone? Where does such a question come from? What does it mean? Why do I even ask it?

Does it mean I'm tired, and have gone as far as I can go, at least for the moment?

Meeting the Wall of FearThe Grand Motivator and Energy Source

Or does it mean I've come to the wall of fear, the true break-through wall that impedes my accomplishments. The wall of failure, the wall of losing, and even loser?

If yes, I now like that wall of failure and loser, that wall of fear. Fear is now my motivator! If I'm hitting the wall of fear, now, instead of backing off, avoiding, and running away from it, I see it as my motivator and energy source. And I want to go through it! To meet the energy and motivation on the other side.

I think, yes: This is the answer to the "Why bother?" question. "Why bother?" means I've hit the wall of fear.

Time to welcome "Why bother?"

Time to welcome the wall of fear and ride through it!

Wednesday, December 7, 2016

Guitar Relationships

Right thumb and index. . . and left biceps.

Stocks and Language Study

Does one-word-at-a-time language study mean a new one-stock-an-a-time approach? Less trading, more waiting-in-depth?

Purpose of Pain and Discomfort

Left Biceps Pain: Fitting my New Mind Set

What do both of the above have to do with my left biceps? Perhaps learning how to wait and focus? In other words, patience. It also give me time for perspective, and gives the cells in all my body time to change so they can fit my new mind set.

What is my new mind set?

Something to do with one word at a time, slow focus, and depth. Depth charging.

### The Apocalyptic Connection

#### Giving Birth to a New Guitar Personality

The connection between right thumb and index is the connection, the one I have been looking for and waiting to find for 50 years! This is quite an apocalyptic statement. But it feels like it is true.

Why now? I don't know. But I did read about Abraham, Moses, and Aaron in the bible and how they were called by God to lead at the late ages of 75 to 80. That's my age and where I am.

Perhaps the thumb/index connection signals my kind of calling. Calling to what I don't yet know.

This could all be apocalyptic poppycock. I'm afraid to believe it is true, afraid of delusions of grandeur, I'm fooling myself.

But on the other hand, maybe not. A totally daring statement would be: Why not? Why not me? Am I not ready? If I am not ready now. So why now me? Why not now?

Is the thumb-index connection (the "nun" connection) all apocalyptic hubris? Or is it possibly true?

Why left biceps pain?

Conceiving. Birth pangs.

The apocalyptic Abraham, Moses, and Aaron solution.

(Dare I even compare myself or say such a thing? What a leap of faith or jump or

hubris. Can leap of faith and jump of hubris be combined somehow into a new belief, the creation of a new guitar personality? Maybe.)

Giving birth to a new guitar personality.

I am also partially avoiding this apocalyptic "vision" by writing about it (instead of deeply feeling, appreciating, and even believing it.)

Is this a vision, an apocalyptic vision? Dare I say such a thing? Or even think it?

Note how the root meaning of "biceps" is "two heads". Two concepts, two minds, schizophrenia, dialectics of opposites and opposing forces.

Am I not a Gemini and so often split? Of two minds.

The doubting, old and former, lacking confidence classical guitar self, and now a new emerging confident guitar self.

Could this all be true for my folk dance body as well.

Any signs here similar to guitar thumb-index?

Yes, tighten ankle and foot muscles and foot bottom balance focus. For (left) knee, and improvement on both knees.

Focus first on bottom of foot, then from there, up to and through the ankle.

My brain is in my feet, at the bottom of my feet.

Reflexology.

A new way of "thinking."

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Paths

Paths to Beauty

Beauty Has A Use

Use is Beauty. Beauty is Use

Seems I am now traveling on a path without specific goals.

Is this the next stage for me? Many paths without goals.

Language path, guitar path. . . .

Yesterday's accomplishments are (soon, immediately) forgotten as I drift into and onto today's path.

Is this good, bad, or just the way it is? I sense the latter. A stage beyond moral, ethical or any other judgement.

Part of this path is a useless path. The only "use" I can see is that I like it. Is "like" similar or even related to "useful?"

What do I mean by "useful?" It makes money. It supports me. It enables me to survive. It soothes my fears of poverty, destruction, and becoming a Bowery bum. Such so-called useful or money-making pursuits, since they are based largely on fear, also motivate and energize me.

Thus I equate useful to not only self-survival, but also to motivating and energizing. Motivating and energizing are (to me) a means of survival. Again all based on the power of fear.

What, if anything, does this have to do with my biceps?

What fear does it engender?

The fear I won't be able to play guitar.

But I no longer have to play the guitar for money, for survival. So it is a fear I won't be able to play guitar for spiritual sustenance, feed my spiritual side.

Could this side also be an energy source? A motivating source?)

Usually my motivation relates to a specific goal. But I have no specific goals, only paths.

What then is the relationship between my spiritual side and guitar playing (Alhambra)? Any energizing fears involved?

What is the spiritual source and side of the Alhambra? Alhambra is the ultimate source of the tremolo, and the Alhambra represents all the Beauty in the world! Playing



it is the ultimate goal of life, the union with Beauty! (I broke into tears as I wrote this!

Tears of frustration mixed with tears of joy.)

What use is there in unity with Beauty?

(Perhaps it is) the ultimate use! The place of peace, union, and Beauty. Although it may take energy to get there, it is beyond motivation. Perhaps it is the Ultimate Energy which is a disguised form of the Ultimate Motivation.

Thus does Beauty have a use.

Perhaps Beauty, creating beauty, is the goal of my life.

Ennobled in specific forms. Language, guitar, folk dancing, business, tours, writing, exercise are some of those forms.

### Beauty and Fun

Beauty is more hallowed than Fun. Nevertheless, fun is good. Fun is the playful form of beauty.

You laugh for fun and cry for beauty.

Laughter and tears are the flow of life.

### Spiritual Side

My post-Greece post-80 search is for a "new" source of energy and motivation. I discovered fear (as a source of energy and motivation. I accepted it.

This morning I rediscovered Beauty and opened my spiritual side. Is my spiritual side (Beauty) a source of motivation and energy? Can it be and become one?

That is the post-Greece question.

What is the connection between Beauty/spiritual side and my left "guitar" biceps?

Art, joy, and off-the-wall stuff used to motivate me. Do it for the fun of it, the joy and art of it. Off-the-wall, indeed.

Since I got married and started worrying about money, I lost and forgot about

that.

Can I go home again in an older, wiser body?

Maybe.

Going home again in this manner might be the apex of lived and living wisdom!

Maybe I'll just get depressed for awhile.

That's a nice break. A rest. Time off.

Friday, December 9, 2016

#### New Form of Email Sales Letter

Sprinkle some wisdom into each email. With a quote, a Spartan quote, or other, or one I make up. Such as:

Dear Traveler, Folk Dancer, etc.

The quote of the day is: "Surrender to the moment without trying to control it.

And while you're working on that (surrendering your ego), thinking about it, come on down to dance and our grand Folk Dance Holiday Party this Monday night! (Join one of our folk dance adventure tours.)

#### Best Response to Losing

The best response to losing is: Focus on self-improvement.

Saturday, December 10, 2016

#### Love of Learning

#### My Motivation Source

Had lunch with Bob yesterday. We spoke once again about motivation. I said, "If fear will not motivate me anymore, what will?"

His answer was: Love of learning. It hit just right. I agreed totally in my heart

and mind. Perhaps I was ready for the answer, ready to absorb the answer. I've been wrestling with this motivation question for years. But especially this year, since I got back from Greece.

And I've been quite down about it. Fear of financial failure, fears of poverty and Bowery bum status, constant worry about business bringing in money, although they could always be "realistic," somehow, with my new stable financial standing, they have run their course. My mind has "been there, done that." And it has been hovering over a non-motivation abyss, with energy and goals in abeyance, searching for a new source of inspiration, enthusiasm, energy, and drive. Success has diminished, maybe actually removed!(can I say that?) fear, or at least the old fears from my motivation repertoire.

Without fear, if I give up, lost my fears, where will I go? Who will I be? What will I do? Fear was my motivating friend since I got married, for fifty years. Now to give it up, lose it, see it washed away into the gutter and down the drain, very disconcerting. But also very liberating.

I am liberated, free. . .and lost.

Without my motivating fear, where do I go? What do I do? Indeed, I might even ask "Who am I?"

And then come my lunch with Bob. I am ready, ready, ready to listen. And voila, love of learning just "happened" to pop up. Bob popped it up. But probably even more important was that I was ready to listen. I needed (even desperately) a new way. Here it was, laid right in my lap. I gobbled it up.

Of course, love of learning is not really a new way. It is an old way, my deepest way, and this since my childhood desire for adventure. Love of learning is truly my excitement expressed in running wild on the learn. Indeed, love of learning is at the energetic and motivational core of my adventure life. It has always been there.

But somehow, it has been covered it up by the weeds of sales, business, and the need to make a living. My artist self( my love of learning and off-the-wall adventure) has been submerged (not stymied though) since marriage and the trauma imposed

upon me of learning how to make a living.

Well, this trauma ended maybe years ago, but certainly since I returned from Greece. This trauma has (had) been replaced by a new trauma: lack of motivation.

But the what will motivate me question has now been answered. How? In a reminder, that bottom line I love learning, and I always have loved the running wild on the lawn, learning adventure.

Now it is time to return to my roots. Or rather, to recognize my roots, my real roots, and return to their incredible playing-in-Ewen-Park origins.

### The Best Questions

Sales, email, and desk work: What am I learning?

Playing tonight at Laura's: What am I learning?

### Excitement, Fun, Energy Jolt

Four just registered for Israel. Very exciting. I'm excited. A current of excitement and energy jolted through me.

Is this fun, or what? Have I discovered, or rediscovered the running wild reason and energy motivation I run tours?

What have I learned? I love my energy jolt?

Excitement, fun, and love of learning found in questions?

Sunday, December 11, 2016

### Fun Is My New Currency

### My Payment Comes in Pleasure

Gave a great show at Laura's last night. First came gaida, then guitar and songs. I loved it and had a great time.

I performed the whole show for nothing. Not a penny was earned. And yet I earned a lot. How was I paid?

Fun is my new currency.

My payment comes in pleasure.

Love of learning is fun. Giving my show was a pleasure.

Result I feel quite rich this morning.

### The Main Question

Thus post-Greece I am working with a new currency. The currency of pleasure with joy as its highest denomination.

Since I love learning, what did I learn from my performance at Laura's last night?

I learned that post-Greece, the simple and main question is: "How will this give me pleasure? Am I having fun?" "

And if it not fun, how can I shift my attitude and make it fun?

Money, although always wonderful to receive, by itself will not work. Earning the money, even in the stock market, must be fun a pleasure.

On one level, I've always had this attitude. In terms of deep beliefs, nothing has changed. But somehow, over the years, in the struggle for material survival, I have lost sight of my core.

Time to return. I'm ready.

I shall return. I will return. I am returning.

I start today.

A fundamental shift in outlook.

### What A Challenge!

#### Turn Fears Into Fun, Annoyances Into Pleasures

Of course, fears will arise in many of the things I do.

Could I learn to see fear as part of the fun?

Could I turn them into a strange form of pleasure? See them as disguised,

hidden forms of excitement?

How about the annoying details of organizing and running a tour? Could I transform them into pleasures?

Turn fears into fun, annoyances into pleasures.

What a challenge!

I am ready roll and up to the challenge.

### New Challenge Arrives

Okay, with this new philosophy and attitude approach, here's the first challenge: Israel tour is almost over the top. With a few more registrants, it might even pay to go.

Do I want to go? If I go, can I make it fun and a pleasure, a la my gaida/guitar program at Laura's?

Can I turn my fear into excitement? The details into fun? (Not many details here since it is a small tour.) Thus the big challenge is on the fear issue:

Can I turn my fears into excitement?

How to go about this? How to start?

Make a list of fears, then go through each one.

Then the challenge: How to turn each fear into excitement. or at least, how each fear relates to excitement.

### Are Fears Annoyances in Disguise? And Vice Versa

(Are these fears, or grand annoyances? And what, if anything, is the difference?)

What's the difference between fear and annoyance? Is it "merely" a question of intensity? Are they interchangeable?

If I see a fear as an annoyance, will it lessen its intensity? And vice versa.

### On The Positive Side

On the positive side, what would make going to Israel fun for me? Starting with

the flight. What would make the flight fun?

### Pleasures

1. People aspect: It's fun working with Joe! Importance of people I work with. Can working with a good friend and colleague be enough to make it worthwhile? Maybe. Are persons, guides, friends, colleagues really that important? Maybe.

2. Linguistic aspect: An inspirational (or goad?): It inspires (pushes?) me to study the language.

3. Leading: Leading a group itself might be exciting. Is there any excitement in leadership? (Or is it all responsibility and downside?)

### Market

This after a losing day:

Is trying to beat the market a fool's game? Maybe.

Am I such a fool? Maybe.

Maybe I should simply play it for the fun of playing not, and not necessarily to joy of winning.

Tuesday, December 13, 2016

### The Non-Attachment Lesson

A 4g droop on the stock market today.

What is the lesson? Non-attachment.

Do not become attached stocks.

Do not be attached to results.

Non-attachment: A grand teaching, for stocks, for living in and enjoying the moment, and for life!

Non-attachment to results: That is something to practice!

### The Art of Living in the Moment

The opposite of attachment to results is living in the moment. Stock market, performing, tour registrations are some of my great venues to practice this art.

Also any losses, and gains.

Especially extreme losses, and gains.

Wednesday, December 14, 2016

(Improvised) Performing in a New Manner

New Leaf Gone Public

Funny, today I just want to get back to the healthy life of playing/practicing guitar all day, a la Glenn Gould.

And for some reason, my right elbow is killing me. It started a week ago with Rick's lifting exercise, and has been bothering and growing ever since. Until today, I can hardly grip or lift things with my right hand. How did this happen? And why? Why is it lasting so long, and growing. Not life threatening, but quite annoying. And why now?

Is it time to give up language study for awhile, and move back to the purity of guitar practice, music, and even writing?

Or should I go back to performing just to give myself a purpose? I wouldn't be playing any classical guitar in these performances. I'd only be doing gaida, folk songs, group songs, ad libbing, and even telling stories from my written books.

They'd be house party type programs, shows or "concerts."

Is this a purpose worth thinking about? Indeed, they are fun to do. But is fun enough of a reason or motivation to try to get these service "jobs?" Or am I fooling myself again?

What are these "con-certs" but really putting myself in a new position to improvise. Make up the show as I go along. Create it on the spot. That is the fun and power of it.

They are really public, gone public New Leaf improvisations with an audience as



on-the-spot, spontaneous motivator.

Audience as motivator for improvising. Or improvising in front of, with an audience. Just like my folk dance classes.

Offering no classical guitar ever, gives me a new freedom. The gaida opening gives me a new freedom. Offering only group songs (with some solos aside) give me a new freedom.

New freedom is the key. I am at a new freedom stage. New freedom in performing. An improvised show. With, of course, preparation.

Do I really want to perform in this new manner? Would I ever search out venues? And, of course, do it free or for very little money.

It's really just putting myself in front of an audience and see what happens. Improvising in public, and drawing from whatever talents, skills, or knowledge that I have.

I can simply get up there and talk! I don't even have to play gaida or guitar. I can use them, along with magic, my books, or whatever, as additions or "props."

I could talk about tours, travels, writing, life, and more.

What to draw from in such a show:

My stories, my song/stories, story/songs.

1. Bonality plus song (group clicks, etc.)

2. Eli the Elephant

(Practice both plus Mule Skinner for New Year's party.)

3. Maybe Depressions Can Be Fun" or other

4. Accents, History of Music bits, etc. "Hands" etc.

All my old bits, along with new bits, etc. Woven into groups songs, etc.

### The Freedom of Free

Non-paying programs. Giving, offering these programs, these shows/concerts/whatever, are not about money. I'll give/offer them free.

This gives me even more latitude to experiment and try new things. Free for the public, more freedom/freeing for me.

What's a good title?

Thursday, December 15, 2016

Love. . . of History

If love runs the world, then what do I love?

I love to learn, I love music, sound, languages.

History: Do I love history? If yes, how do I love it?

I love stories. What is history but "His-story." (This would include "Her-story" since in those days "mankind" meant woman-kind as well.)

In any case, there is a strong possibility that I love history. But it has been submerged, unrecognized by me. Why is that? Influenced by my schooling and college where history was mostly about learning and memorizing dry and dull dates and events. The personal, the persons, the great individuals with their exciting personalities, all this was mostly left out of my history classes. It was considered unintellectual, puerile, unsophisticated, etc. to look at history in a personal and person way. Marxist's only considered the collective, the grand flow of ideas, and never the individuals. Personalities or individuals were considered mere pawns of history, movable chess pieces, powerless and uninfluential in a materialistic, economically pre-determined game.

But to me, the humans, the individuals and their personal struggles were basically the only thing that interested me. How they fit into the so-called grand scheme of Marxist history was, to me, totally boring. But how they fought, struggled, and strove to influence their surroundings.

Yes, I love the human connection. I love the individuals. I love their stories. Thus, since I love stories, I love His-story (and Her-story).

Now I'll have to absorb and reevaluate my life in terms of this new love

discovery. This reevaluation may be instant; but it also may takes days, weeks, even months. But whatever it takes, it is my next step.

### History and Language

One of my original linguistic goals was to read history in a foreign language, read it in the language of the country studied. And this to get a different vision, color, taste, and sound in my feel of history.

### Motivated By Love

Apply above to folk dance classes and my FD Name List.

A complete folk dance, history, and language study. And all for FREE!) This would be the free blog or newsletter. (Will I ever get around to this? Good question. What is stopping me? Well, for one, it is free. Without the money incentive, how can I rationalize putting the time into this? But of course, I am now in another place. I am giving more fore free.

After all, look at my "Gaided Light: Floating Gaida and Guitar program. The Guided Light Enterprises offers: The Gaided Light. A Floating Bulgarian Gaida and Espagnol Guitar Gaided Light Program. I'm giving (offering) this for free. Then why not an FD blog/newsletter?

Is my newest direction offering myself, my services, my talents and skills for free? Maybe.

But where will I find my money? Where will I play my money game? In my tours, fd classes, and investments (stock market.)

Could this my latest answer to the motivation question? Motivation based on love. Loving what I do. And loving the audience, the "others" who come with it.

Moral: It takes a life time to clear away the shit.

Easier public phrasing: It takes a life time to dump the garbage.

### Guitar

My Alhambra playing – and other playing – has nothing to do with technique (anymore). but rather with my attitude.

Recently, since Laura's party, my attitude and belief is: I'll never play classic guitar before others again.

Thus, I totally free of it, from it, and for it.

No pressure whatsoever. Totally for me or whatever.

Where this will lead, I do not know. But it will definitely be down a new path. The old path is dead and gone.

### Satisfaction in Trading

#### Self-Improvement

Take my satisfaction in becoming a better trader. And not necessarily in in making more money. Money fluctuates. The market rolls up and down, Somehow, the rolling waves are up to God.

However, I could take satisfaction in improving my trader skills. Become a better trade. Take satisfaction in my trading wins. And when I lose, learn something from the loss. With the goal of becoming a better trader.

How does one improve as a trader?

How does one become better? What is better?

Good questions for growing a self-improvement trader.

Rewards of a good trade: A momentary shot of satisfaction.

Friday, December 16, 2016

I don't have to go to Israel in March.

Why do I feel so happy and free?

Saturday, December 17, 2016

### Private Refuge

My guitar, my music, my violin, has always been an escape from the material world into the land of extreme Beauty, the breakdown land of Magnificence. Unpolluted by the coarse, threatening, fight-and-defensive of the material world. My blissful and power-filled escape hatch.

And this was true whether violin or classical guitar.

But now I am thinking, and perhaps even able (through so-called conquest of Alhambra) to take my classical guitar public.

And suddenly problems, which never occurred before, now appear, first in my left biceps, and then in my right elbow. And the left biceps problem does not seem to get better, does not go away.

I sense, I even "know," that, on the surface, it is related to the so-called conquest of Alhambra. I could play Alhambra fast, which meant I could play guitar, which meant I could not play it in public. Perform. Give a concert. My right hand fingers were suddenly fine. Then suddenly, the displacement to my left biceps. What is truly happening here?

Perhaps I need my refuge, my classical music, Magnificence breakdown, private refuge. Perhaps I do not want to go public with it. Ever! It is too private, too personal, too beautiful to soil it, dirty it, pollute it, and basically threaten in with the misery, toil, and filth of public pressure and gone public life. Perhaps classical music is, and will always be, my private refuge!

No problem going public with folk music, folk singing, folk dancing, folk whatever. Even folk tours. For whatever reason, going public with folk things is easy and okay. I don't quite know why this is, and perhaps it doesn't matter.

Perhaps I will always need and want a private refuge. Classical music of all kinds, violin, classical guitar, classical listening, classical whatever, somehow classical and private refuge go together. And somehow I want and need to protect them by never presenting these beautiful jewels to the public, never using them to give a "concert" (ugh, ugh, ugh!). Never go public with them. They are simply too precious!

Perhaps this resistance, this powerful message and too of self-survival is at the core of my being. It is my secret, my celestial connection, and the real center of my power. I never want to reveal, pollute, or threaten its purity by offering it to the public. One negative voice from the public will pollute and destroy my vision.

Am I weak in that aspect? I don't think so. My self survival instincts are good. (Note how I have survived as a musician, folk dance teacher, entrepreneur, etc.) So perhaps keeping my classical music vibrations secret is not a weakness but a strength. Strong in my mystic knowledge of this connection. And wise not to reveal it!

Once revealed to the public, this hidden, mysterious, celestial, shining light, Beauty power starts to evaporate. I must sense and know this. Thus my unconscious, self-survival powers are forcing me back, holding me back with chains of love, preventing me from spilling my Beauty power in public.

My biceps it my dual, two-headed way of teaching me I must hold back, not reveal my core. My core, like the heavenly forces it connects to, and like God Himself, cannot be spoken, explained, or revealing directly in performance. It must remain hidden in its Truth.

Thus my biceps connects to and reveals self-survival wisdom.

There is a separation between God and man. And only in the secret heart, the hidden playground, the quiet, unspoken spaces within the interstices of the heart, can it be experienced, felt, re-fueled (revealed).

Indirectly, on the side, through hidden passages is the way to go.

### Motivation and Love

It's about motivation. What motivates me?

What do I really love?

Well, I loved violin playing, classical guitar practice. Anything else? Let's list it:

1. Social director and social directing comes to mind. It was fun working with people in this manner. I even liked waiting on tables.

2. I liked my self-directed, miracle schedule activities. Note: all are refuge-like. Solo, alone, but never lonely. They also have the celestial connection through their miracle aspect.

3. Even stock market trading has a miracle aspect. But it is different, an “outside” miracle aspect: When my stocks go up I feel it is a miracle, a gift from God. I feel a shot of adrenalin, and a grand moment of satisfaction and inner peace.

4. Children’s performances: I liked going out to the naive, blank, open mind, fresh, accepting faces of the children in the school assembly children’s audiences. No judgement whatsoever. Thus nothing to fear. They couldn’t (too small) and wouldn’t (again too small) never hurt me. Plus they were open to absurdity and humor – my special gift of amazement.

Humor and absurdity, my special gift. Even my special defense. Hmm, something to think about. (Note: Nothing in classical music about humor and absurdity.)

5. I love writing. But somehow that is not around these days. In abeyance, hanging in the background. I wonder why.

But I do hate editing. But I wonder why. Does it have to do with audience, public, and hidden barbs of criticism. It will kill my astonishment, the beauty and love I feel, the Humor, Absurdity and God connection, same as classical music.

I do play the same classical guitar pieces over and over again, ever perfecting them. Could I have the same approach editing my stories?

I also love re-reading my stories. Actually, I love my stories! Could love become my next (only) reason for editing?

### Editing

Behind my desire, need to edit is the desire/need to publish. And with publishing comes the desire/need for others to read my books, and more important: to buy my books. With the need/desire for others to purchase my works comes my old

financial fears, all involved with money.

But those financial-fears-as-motivator days are gone. My financial fears have been dealt with; they are no longer my source of motivation. I'm on a new path.

Can I add editing to this path? Perhaps to soften the noxious feelings I should christen editing with a new name.

What are good new names for editing? What could I call it?

Perfecting, improving, cleaning, polishing.

As a start, I like polishing.

### Telling Stories

I like telling my stories.

If people will listen.

If they won't listen, I like telling stories to myself. That is, after all, one the reasons I write. Perhaps it is the main reason. Telling myself stories. Is that what New Leaf is also about? Maybe.

When I perform, I can tell my audiences (like this New Year's eve) that I write books.

Then I can tell them what my books are about, I'll tell them one of the stories in it.

Add story telling to my show. Like Depressions Can Be Fun, or Crusader Tours, Bonality, A Hand, History of Music, bits, other.

Even Backward Clock. Dig it up again. In fact, even Dinosaur Rock, Eli the Elephant, etc. My story songs.

Sunday, December 18, 2016

### Between Love and Overwhelmed

Bible Study: Loving the words, but so much to learn!

Moving between love and overwhelmed. What a midway place to be. Miserable



and painful.

Drop the overwhelmed; focus on the love.

Nice to say; hard to do. Do it anyway!

Monday, December 19, 2016

### Forcing Myself To Do What I Love

At this stage of my life, I know what's good for me. I know I should religiously follow and do my miracle schedule events. But sometimes my mind weakens, and I "do not bother" for today. And even for a few days.

This is basically, not good. I "know" what is good for me.

Therefore, the principle of forcing myself to do these good things is a good principle to follow.

Forcing myself to study languages (even though I don't feel like it.)

Forcing myself to gym/run/yoga (even though I don't feel like it.)

Forcing myself to write (even though I don't feel like it.)

### Remembering and Reclaiming Rights to Sensual Joy

Remembering and reclaiming physical, sensual, joy, love quality in singing, guitar, yoga (as massage), running(as massage), gym, dance, language(sensual sound of word, feeling in my mouth, etc), writing, editing, and more.

Do I have a "right" to sensual joy?

Only if I claim it.

### Singing, Singing Folk Songs

### My Powerful Emotional Outlet

Singing, and singing folk songs in particular, is my (hidden self-denied, secret powerful emotional expression outlet.

I've (always) denied how emotional singing is.

When I sing I often cry.

I never cry when I play classical guitar, gaida, or even violin. I wonder why. Especially for classical guitar. Perhaps I am always so focused on grasping the technique.

But like running, singing is simple. I don't focus on technique. I'm free to feel the powerful emotions. And I cry for the magnificence of their break-down beauty.

Tuesday, December 20, 2016

Love: The Engine of Motivation

Adding A Fourth Language?

Hebrew "sachar," "aser," and more: A dizzying amount of verbal relationships. I've made a place for three languages: morning, afternoon, and evening. Three times a day.

I'd like to add writing. But where and how?

Could languages be somehow related and tied in with writing? Thus making it and them part of my tri-part day?

English is a language. I write in English. (It's a Germanic language with many Teutonic roots, Norwegian, Frisian, Old Beowulfian English, Middle English, Icelandic, German, Swedish, Danish, etc.) I would be adding a fourth language to the day.

New vision and view of writing: Writing would be a of language study. Not vice versa. This fits it into the "study and learning" mode. And might open up my view of editing. It might add love of learning to editing. Make the editing itself secondary, a branch and part of the joy, thrill, adventure of learning a language, namely English, with all its roots, etc.

Also the "Shut up and just do it" approach to this daily language love of learning study program.

Love of learning introduces, flows, brings love (joy, fear, adventure) as the engine of motivation, into everything I do.

### Tripartite Aspects of Love

Love: the engine of motivation. Note the tripartite nature and aspects of Love, love of learning or any other kind of love: joy, fear, and adventure.

Evidently, the only reason I write is to learn about myself: how I think, what I should do, etc.

Right there is love of learning. . . learning about myself.

Business is only about relations to other people.

Do I also do business to learn about myself? Maybe.

### Love as Source of Motivation

#### This Year is a Success

I've dropped, lost, gone past, been there, done that my old financial fear source of motivation.

This year is all about finding a new source of motivation. I've found my new engine of motivation. Love of learning. And love contains joy, fear, and adventure.

Yes, I found my source. This year is a success.

With this new self-motivation program, there is room for every miracle schedule event in my day. I know what I need and what I need to do. I just need to organize it. Then "Just shut up and do it."

I'm aiming to have it organized by the New Year. Then start off the New Year with miracle schedule, self-motivation bang.

### Keep Fear Close

They say "Keep your enemies close."

I say, "Keep fear close." It is source of my fight an motivation; fear of failure motivates me to win.

What is my general fear today? And most days? That I will be diverted from miracle schedule path.

If I am diverted from my path, I will fail. Use fear of failure to motivate me, to keep me steady on the path, and thus to win.

### General and Specific Goals

Evidently, I'm in general path formation forming mode.

My present goal is simply to follow the path.

I'm not ready for path-specific goals yet.

Maybe that will be the next step.

### Get Emotional Playing Classical Guitar

I want to be free enough, loose enough to be able to cry when I play classical guitar. . . just the way I am and do singing folk songs.

Make it my next goal.

Get emotional playing classical guitar.

Start with Alhambra. (Lagrima and Adelita "warm-up").

### Classical Guitar Castle of Emotions

I should be crying after or during my classical guitar pieces. Or fearful, or joyous. But emotional always. I actually say a pathway to playing classical guitar in public if I played emotionally, expressed my emotions, putting my emotions first and front-ward.

Indeed, that's what has been holding me back all these years. I've been focusing on classical guitar technique rather than emotions. One needs to do that in the beginning. But I am way past the beginning. I am ready and as ready as I'll ever be. Technique: Been there, done that. Time to cross the road, pass through the gateway, enter the Classical Guitar Castle of Emotions. (No problem with folk singing here, or

even folk dancing. This because the technique is simple, at least for me.)

Wednesday, December 21, 2016

Is Trading Stocks a Good-In-Itself, a Mitzvah?

A mitzvah is a good-in-itself. It is its own reward.

If an action benefits no one but myself, can it be called a mitzvah?

Can trading stocks be a mitzvah?

Money tells you whether you succeeded or failed. It measures results.

However, trading stocks is not only about the money. It's also about the fun, challenge, and joy of trading.

If success or failure in stock trading is secondary, are the fun, challenge, and joy of trading goods-in-themselves?

If yes, can I trading stocks be "good-in-itself," a mitzvah?

This goes back to the question: Is money dirty and evil?

Here's the answer: Greed is evil. Money itself is a mere tool, a means to an end.

What then is the end of trading? Could it be the fun, challenge, and joy of trading itself?

Doesn't fun, challenge and joy for self ultimately bring such (wonderful) vibrations fun to others, to the world? If yes, isn't it a good, a good-in-itself, a mitzvah?

Yes.

Just as practicing and playing guitar alone in my room brings vibrations of long-distance satisfaction to others, so then too does trading stocks bring similar challenge vibration pleasures to others, to the world.

Another question: When you act alone, "only" for yourself, can it be a mitzvah? A good-in-itself?

Why not?

My intellectual answer has to be yes.

But deep in my heart, I have doubts. Do I really believe it? But deep in my other heart, the heart of self-knowledge, I “know” it is true.

Although I’m leaning more and more to self-knowledge, the schizophrenic mind marches on.

### Mitzvah

Mitvahs are God’s commandments. Follow His commandments and we do a mitzvah.

If mitzvah is done for God, isn’t the “fact” they help others secondary? After all, how do you know you are helping others? Sometimes when helping others is your goal, through your own ignorance, arrogance, or both, you sometimes end up hurting them.

### Trading Stocks as Mitzvah

Since I love the challenge of learning, I am leaning toward the belief that trading stocks is a secret or hidden mitzvah.

Truth is, I’m going to trade stocks anyway, and I’d like to believe it has a “higher” value. Is this a rationalization? Maybe. But so what. If it gives me pleasure and interest, can it be so bad?

I throw in the caveat: “And it doesn’t hurt others.” Although whether it hurts others or not is hard to determine. Thus how others feel is a factor but ultimately, not a good way to judge.

### Sales

Romania arouse. An actual desire to do sales? Where does this come from? What about love as/and motivation? Where does this fit in?

Could it be that I (secretly) love sales? A mix of fear, annoyance, jumping for joy (when it works), connection, victory, challenge, fight.

This arose after a long post-Greece, sleepy, retreat, search for motivation period.

What about Tuesday folk dance video room rental and sales. Any connecting or connection I can, should, or will make?

Thursday, December 22, 2016

What is depressing me this morning? And is it important?

Not only am I not writing, or editing, but more important, I am not making any effort to bring my writings to the world.

1. Folk dance commitment: I am committed to bring my folk dance choreographies to the world. This through and for my classes: I'm committed to making videos.

2. Language commitment: 3 languages

3. No writing commitment, or guitar commitment.

A. Should I make them? Obviously, no one will read my writing, or even listen to my guitar. But is that important? Is their listening and reading participation enough to motivate me? Partly yes. If I have a performance coming up, or even a reading(which I don't), I am motivated to practice. However, these are "short-term" motivations.

What will motivate me "long-term?" In other words, will I write or practice guitar for no one in particular? Will I do it only to amuse and entertain myself? To play, have fun, with only God as my audience. Is that enough?

No question I feel depressed and unfulfilled without writing or guitar playing. In that sense and for that purpose, maybe writing and guitar playing "only for myself" is necessary and enough.

Maybe I should just "shut up and do it." For R and D: a research and development program.

Is the fact that I'll soon be eighty holding me back? Giving me an "I'll be old, ostracized, useless, with diminished energies, and dead soon so why bother?" attitude? Maybe.

But basically, I am avoiding my destiny. I sense it. Deeply, I know it. So, I'll have to admit, I'm simply being a coward, giving in to cowardice. The two steps to avoiding this state is:

1. Just start writing.
2. Edit. This means publish my writing.

Where shall I fit in my writing? And guitar?

I've already committed to language 3 times a day. Can I make writing part of my language program? How to do that?

Maybe just touching it is enough. The five minute approach. How does that work?

After a.m. Hebrew, I do guitar for five minutes (and 5 minutes of writing?).

After afternoon Greek (or p.m. French), I do five minutes of editing.

### Putting It All Together

This post-Greece transition period is about putting all the miracle schedule pieces together in new motivated way.

Morning: Hebrew, guitar, writing, then exercise.

1. Guitar: 5 minutes classical guitar, 5 minutes singing
2. Writing means 90% perfecting. Preparing for publication.

### Writing: Perfecting Versus Editing

I dislike the word "editing." It smacks of rote repetition, is uncreative and boring.

I like perfecting. Witness perfecting dances for upcoming videos, perfecting Alhambra, perfecting J'ai Rendez Vous Avec Vous and more. Yes, I like perfecting.



Perfecting my writings (and anything I do) is perfect for me.

Perfecting instead of editing: This perfecting attitude would usher in a new era of writing, a perfect fit for post-transition.

### Miracle Schedule on Steroids!

I didn't wake up early because I didn't have program, schedule, routine, ritual, or something I'm passionately interested to wake up for. I didn't have my Miracle Schedule motivation in place. Confusion reigned.

But now I do! With guitar and writing now under the rubric of "Perfecting," my Miracle Schedule is now in order.

I'm ready to roll. . . on steroids!

Finish by 9:30a.m. That's when earthly involvement, my business and stock market day starts.

### Living Between Heaven and Earth

Thus my day is divided between heavenly and earthly involvement. Heavenly. with Miracle Schedule, earthly, with stock market and business.

### Mixing It Up

Wow, a whole new way of practicing: Mixing it up. Jumping between classical guitar, songs, back to classical, doing a bit, etc. I played scales, then did vocal warm-ups, Alhambra, more vocal warm-ups, then Mule Skinner Blue, a bit on "Accents" (How to do Indian accent, Russian, etc) then Lobachevsky, followed by Lagrima and Break Bread Together. A Mixed-Practice (equals a mixed concert. Grand hmmm.

Friday, December 23, 2016

### Specific Goals

#### The Next Step on Motivation Road

In my search for new motivation, I have paths to follow, but not specific goals.

What about specific, earthly, limited and limiting goals to tie my mind to the present? A la Danny. Could my goal simply be to stay on the path? Okay for a start, but basically too vague.

The next step on Motivation Road is to create specific, earthly, limited (and limiting) goals to accomplish.

Saturday, December 24, 2016

#### New Words (Names) for Old Tunes

Maybe for me (who hates "editing."), the first (virgin) writing is the outline, and the second writing (draft, formerly called "editing,") is the second writing or "rewriting" of the outline.

Indeed, today's Mashugi second writing was fun, adventurous, and creative.

#### Miserable Feeling

A whopping attach of down sadness just hit me with the usual "explanations."

What happened?

A.m. activities were excellent. Singing/classical guitar. All good. "Looking into heart" performing idea. Good.

Gym workout: All good. Ate/read paper. Good. Slept after breakfast. Good. Wrote Mashugi. Good/excellent.

Got up from excellent flowing Mashugi. Drained. Incredibly fatigue in my legs. Could hardly walk. Did few Greek sentences to revive myself. Gave up. Turned on TV to watch life of Milton Hershey. One hour. Got up feeling terrible.

That's where I am now.

Why? Is it even worth asking? Same thing. Better to throw myself into miracle

schedule forget about it. Like breezes, feelings of misery (and elation) pass.

Sunday, December 25, 2016

Keep my mind busy and focused. An idle mind drifts into negativity. Period.

### A Productive Day

#### Practicing Miracle Schedule Love Motivators

How to chase away negative thoughts? How to defeat degeneration and defy death?

Dive into a productive day.

The focus on creating a productive day is most satisfying. The only thing more satisfying is the more productive day.

Watching TV is taking the cookie.

Taking the cookie is a bad habit. Watching TV is a bad habit. As are movies, etc.

Rather than give in to bad habit (blame my wife) influence, I can elevate myself (and her) by denying myself TV. In its place I will practice any of my miracle schedule love motivators, which are always satisfying and productive.

Dive into them and never stop.

### My Post-Eighty Challenge and Task

#### Follow the Commandments of my Miracle Schedule

Why would I want to avoid diving in? I don't know.

Look at the excuses I create to avoid diving in:

1. Age: I'll soon be 80. What right have I to exercise, run wild like a child, stretch yoga sensually like a baby, and generally act so immature? Wow, this attitude is absolutely awful. It started this year, with the realization that I'll soon be 80. Wow, is that old. And with that age, all my "rights" will be taken away. Who says this? Somehow it is me. Where did this terrible attitude come from? Perhaps my past,

coordinated with my present. Well, wherever it comes from, it is absolutely awful and must be resistance (goat) in every way possible.

My war of resistance is now against the so-called “dictates and rules of old age.” The rules and dictates presently exist (only) in my own mind. I have somehow created them. Well, since I created them, I can also destroy them. And move back into childhood. That is my (post-eighty) present task.

That’s why my back hurts this morning. I am mad!

I am mad because at all the negatives I have created around this age. I’m mad at the mental restrictions I have imposed upon myself. Sure I can blame my childhood, society, and the negative of age I have around and within me. But blaming others, whether without or within, ultimately leads nowhere. I must get back to myself, grab the reins, take control, and dive in to what I know is the right and excellent life for me: Religiously following the dictates of my Miracle Schedule.

I know what to do. I know what fulfilling a beautiful and productive day is. I know how happy and satisfied it make me. I know, I know.

But I have been thrown off course, knocked out of the box, distracted by my upcoming birthday.

Well, no more. I’m grabbing the reins again. I’m driving my Miracle Schedule horse down the road of self-salvation.

New Year’s Resolution: Dive into my Miracle Schedule. Follow its dictates (commandments) religiously.

I have a path to my own religion, and my own way of worshiping, a path to God, heaven, and salvation. Follow the commandments of my Miracle Schedule. Diving onto this road, taking the path is my religious vow.

What are my commandments?

As a start, in no particular order, the Big Four are: Writing, music, study, exercise. Then earthly business (including stocks and money) which connects the Big Four to the material reality and the world.

By not watching TV, postponing gratification—although there is nothing gratifying about watching it—I will satisfy and raise elevate myself. I believe in elevators, elevation, and self-improvement. (And maybe even elevate those around me, although that's an added benefit which I cannot expect or ask for.)

Tuesday, December 27, 2016

Rosey,

Thanks so much.

Have a joyous Folk Dance New Year.

Have a joyous Folk Dance New Year.

"Folk dancing brings joy and happiness to the heart, bringing peace to the world one step at a time."

Swami Catskill Moses

Owner Catskill Deli, and folk dance sage

Wednesday, December 28, 2016

### Total Commitment to Writing

Very strange. Sure, it's nice to have love to funnel purpose into your life and use as a motivator. But I wonder if I also need dread even more.

Yes, funny and strange as it seems, I need some dread. In fact, when I read in the bible that Abraham fell into a trance and a dark dread came upon him. I actually felt somewhat jealous. Strangely, and how weird, I wanted some of that dread. I'm afraid to say it, but I wish some dread would fall upon me.

What do I want from such dread?

I want it to suffuse me with purpose! Meaning and daring. An important, nay vital direction.

I used to have it. I wanted so much to be (become) a artist. To be and become an artist was my purpose. Specifically, to become a writer. But concert guitarist could have

been a poor second. In any case, artist, creative, dynamic, reaching high into the creative stars. To be admired by others as an artist was also a close second.

On the way, I had to make money. Money was the means. Having money would give me time and space to create, to be and become an artist. So I learned sales, and how money works through debt finance, stock market, etc.

And truly, becoming a writer was my personally most important for of art. Becoming and being a writer dominated my behind-the-scenes personal life.

That was the. This is now.

I feel I have reached my financial and business goals. By “reached” I mean they are in place, they no longer create dread. I am finally free to write, and be and become the artist I always wanted to be.

Any somehow, in this new state, with time and freedom in and on my hands, not only has my dread dribbled away, but with it my once dominating drive and motivation to be an artist, namely, to be a writer.

What is happening? What has happened? I am free to do what I want, what I always wanted, and yet now I cannot, or do not have the once over powering motivation and drive to do it. In my success creating the means, I have lost my desire to achieve my goal.

Well, have I really lost it?

Or am I now simply running away from it, denying it.

Moses ran away from God and his calling. Am I doing the same? Rather brash and hubristic of me to place myself next to Moses in the same breath. But pushing these self-put downs of hubris and brashness aside, am I bold enough, daring enough to say that writing is a calling, even my calling? That is it a path should pursue, am “chosen” to pursue, with total vigor, commitment and force.

Am I being a coward by chickening out of my calling? Will facing this calling give me the so-called dread I desire? And is denying my calling created a quiet, it's hopeless, behind-the-scenes vague depression that I have been constantly feeling since

the Greek tour “distraction?”

Is my three-part study of language another distraction? And is even the stock market itself another distraction? Will I do almost anything to avoid my path, my calling?

Yes, I am good at leading, teaching folk dancing, organizing tours, surviving as an entrepreneur, singing folk songs, even playing classical guitar (although not in public), creating and sustaining my own tour and folk dance business. And I am good at choreography, creating my own dances, ads, videos, publicity, etc. And this is all good.

But nevertheless, could all this be merely a prelude. A prelude to my next life.

And what is the focus of this so-called next life? Writing. A full time commitment to writing.

Now my old excuse was that writing does not pay. How can I spend focused time with it, if it doesn't pay. Rather, I should spend selling my programs, making money, and supporting myself and family. How can I rationalize total focus on writing, making it the most important thing in my life, if it does not pay?

But the present truth is, since finances are in order, I now I can spend and focus my time on it. And this, even if it doesn't pay. (Witness all the other miracle schedule activities I do, none of which pay.)

And I always feel good, fulfilled after I write. All the questions of meaning, purpose, direction, etc. all disappear after I write.

Perhaps my malaise, my “desire for dread” is simply a case of returning to writing, committing myself to it with a vengeance.

I'll have to give up my language study, guitar, gaida, all the other activities. Or rather, I'll have to rearrange my priorities and put writing first. At the top of the list. Prime and primary. First thing in the morning.

Truth is, I only have an hour (at most two) to focus on anything. And that hour or two is in the morning. My best hour and hours.

Is it simply a matter of changing directions, changing priorities, and choosing writing for this top priority spot? Will this give me the motivation, love, and happiness I desire?

As I look deep down into my soul, my answer is: Yes.

Thus the answer to my motivation question is: Writing.

Writing has love and fun and play and purpose and so much that I love. Truly, I love the adventures my crazy mind takes me on, the weird and off-the-wall roads and places, And I travel on them through writing.

Where does fear and dread fit in? Perhaps the fear and dread that I will not write.

Yes, as I stare into the idea of writing, and especially a "total commitment to writing," I am starting to feel a little fear and dread.

Perhaps I am really afraid of such a commitment. When I say that much energy and motivation is created by fear, and I need fear to motivate me, perhaps I should face my fear of a total commitment to writing. And here the key word is "total."

Writing solves all my questions of purpose and direction and meaning.

### Total Commitment to Writing: My New Life

Dare I take the plunge? (Of course, there is no other choice.)

Of course, total commitment means an hour or two (at most) a day. Let's say I aim for two.

What time? What would my morning schedule be?

Maybe a coffee Hebrew warm-up. Then writing.

My writing consists of three parts:

1. New Leaf Journal: Self-exploration and discovery
2. Fresh writing: Tales, fantasies, other
3. Editing
4. Publishing



5. Promoting and selling my books. (Money speaks)

Fears of Rejection No Longer Motivate Me

I used to have fears of rejection, that publishers, readers, and audiences would reject my writings.

Now, strangely (and happily), I no longer have those fears.

Fears of rejection no longer motivate me. They have dribbled away, vanished into the vacuum of "been there, done that."

Evidently, now my only fear is that I won't write.

I wonder if writing will give me a "lift," free my mind to soar, and thus solve (resolve) the earthbound aching and heaviness in my legs.

Also perhaps I can use my old dried out fear/energy motivation energy in the publishing, promoting, and selling business aspects of my books.

Promotion and Sales

Promoting is vague and general.

Selling is earthy, specific, down to earth, and real. It deals with real people, real customers, real transactions and relationships. Gutsy, hard, exciting, and in the moment.

Thursday, December 29, 2016

Division or One

I feel the stock market is evil, unclean, low and bad. Yet I am irrevocably drawn to it must follow this unhealthy path until it leads to whatever I am supposed to learn.

On the other hand, the arts (along with intellectual study) are clean, pure, lofty and good.

How about work in the world, arranging and selling tours, dance classes,

concerts, etc. They are not evil, but basically are annoyances. Things I must do to support my pure art path.

So I move from evil, to annoy, to pure.

What am I supposed to learn from this?

Is this human nature? Am I supposed to be divided between high and low? Is it human nature to struggle between good and evil? Maybe.

According to dialectics, the struggle between opposites is supposed to eventually result in synthesis, the creation of something completely new.

Can I ever synthesis arts and stock market, good and evil, high and low, heavenly and earthly, spirit and material reality, pure and impure?

Division or One.

### Love My Anger and Righteous Rage!

First comes fear, then comes anger.

Shame is fear and anger (in that order) turned on ones self.

Am I playing, gambling (evil word) in the stock market to avoid my destiny? Or are the lessons of the market part of my destiny?

I am definitely ashamed of my market playing. But I do it anyway. Why do I do something shameful? Or perhaps it is not shameful, but I chose to view it that way.

Why then, would I chose the secret life of shame?

To hide and protect something. But what?

My secret evil impulses and secret evil self? But why would I even call it that? My market desires are simply part of my personal quest; they effect or hurt nobody.

Why then am I ashamed? My upbringing? (But I can't blame everything on my upbringing. Or can I? Maybe, at this point, I must take responsibility for my thoughts and actions.) Other?

Obviously, I am constantly criticized for playing the market by you know who. Perhaps I am using shame to hide from and avoid criticism. Well, that makes mucho

sense!

All criticism is a threat to my being. True, it may be useful and helpful at times. But nevertheless, on almost any level, it is a threat to my being. And threats create both fear and defense.

How can I defend myself? Fight directly, or retreat.

I tried arguing and fighting directly. It gets me nowhere. My opponent is not convinced of my point of view, and keeps attaching me relentlessly in either subtle or direct ways. What to do in this situation?

A direct frontal attack is not and does not work. Then best is a kind of strategic retreat. How? By simply ignoring the situation and moving on.

But I haven't made my peace with this method. Maybe I never will. Maybe anger at non-acceptance of myself and my views and approaches will always be there. Only diplomatically, I can't show it. Or won't. Showing it just creates too much trouble, and more trouble than it's worth. So anger lingers.

Evidently, I've chosen to cover my still lingering anger at non-acceptance with shame. Rather than anger against my critics, I'm using shame to suppress my anger.

What to do?

First and foremost: Be aware of my anger. The note how I am using it against myself. In total, I am rally not ashamed, but angry! Only I'm frustrated and can't get public acceptance for myself.

I have to learn to accept myself and, in the process, find strength in my aloneness, abandonment, and ostracism.

Maybe I should add: Love my anger! Hmm, now there is a new approach!

I'm not hurting anyone with my actions, thoughts, or approaches. So why should I be ashamed?

I've been using shame to suppress my feelings. What are my feelings? Anger and rage at those who do not accept me with my thoughts, approaches, and actions. (Of course, they have a right not to accept them. But their right does not diminish my

anger; it doesn't make me any happier.)

Thus, rather than shame created by suppressing my anger, learn to love my anger!

### Next Question

#### "What is the stock market to me?"

If I am aware of my anger and rage at my market critics, and as such, am ready and happy to drop shame as my protection, my next question as a free man is: Do I really like and want to trade stocks and play the stock market?

Is it a time and mind consuming annoyance, a distraction from my true destiny?

If I face and deal directly with the anger, shame, evil, and rebellion aspects, after all this self-awareness is done, is the market of real interest to me?

Or is it fascinating, fun, part of learning, and my destiny?

I'd like it to be the latter.

I am a free man. Of course, if I'd like it to be the latter, I can choose to make it the latter!

This means I am free to play the stock market in any fashion I want. Will this make the market more fun, less fun, or make no difference at all? We'll see. But at least I'm now free to decide.

Are the tensions created by trading in the stock market fun, annoying, or too fearful? (And thus no fun.)

They are all three, but at different times.

Of course, so is life.

Well, since all three are present, is it worth the time and effort to deal them?

Is walking at the edge of a cliff, with its highs and low fun? Or do I (at this point in life) desire or need a calmer, quieter, more productive life?

Is playing the stock market productive? Does it lead to any self-improvement?

### Purpose of the Stock Market

The stock market is productive in terms of making more money and learning about life, learning about the gambles and chances one has to take in life.

Learn about life through the stock market.

I like the sentence!

### Learning to Play a New Stock Market Instrument

Learning to play a very complicated and challenging new instrument: Playing the stock market.

I am essentially an artist.

I play musical instruments. A learned skill, talent, art.

Here's a brilliant way of looking at the stock market: Learn to play stock market as a new instrument.

A (musical) world instrument.

The music of the stock market. Learn to make music, make money, by playing the stock market instrument. In this orchestra, I am the conductor. The sound of money jingling is the sound of my orchestra (of stocks) playing heavenly music.

I have united art and stock market!

Now my goal is to conduct concerts with my new orchestra.

Friday, December 30, 2016

### Using Fear, Love, or Both as a Motivator

Fear of death has hidden and suppressed my motivation.

Can this fear now become a positive motivator?

Does it, can it relate to love of work, others, and more?

Or do I need both?

Actually, fear and/or love kick the engine and give it a start. Once you start, you soon dive into the present.

### Curative Value of Classical Guitar

Slow and beautiful, focused and calming is my Alhambra now. That is the true curative value of my classical guitar, and why I keep playing, no matter what.

No performance or public offering in sight. The pressure is totally off and fallen away. So to the life long desire and pressure to “prove myself” by the being able to play fast.

I hurt my left biceps and shoulder trying to play Alhambra fast. Perhaps I needed to injure my body parts in order to learn that fast in not my way.

Maybe the true purpose of classical guitar is to heal, cure, and make myself whole. And in the tikkun olam process, heal, cure, and make the world whole.

Can I heal my left biceps and shoulder through classical guitar? Try it and see.

Crossing the fear of death line, and stepping into healing.

Step into healing by crossing the fear of death line.

Does this mean giving it your all? Maybe.

### Classical Guitarist, Heal Thyself

And Throw the World in for Nothing (for Free)

My road on classical guitar is no longer to improve – that will happen by itself, anyway, but rather, to heal myself.

And of course, others in the process. All is One.

Slow or fast is a mere technique taking you on the road to somewhere. But healing is a purpose, the somewhere.

Saturday, December 31, 2016

New Editing Style

I want to somehow get back into writing.

The only question is: How?

I feel so squeezed and sad. Vacation is ending, pressure is building as upcoming tour sales work beckons, I'm being boxed in, I'm going back to work.

True, I don't have to think like this anymore. But, I am.

I don't want the pressure to "have to" write. That's why I don't necessarily want a writing class.

Do I need one?

Perhaps I need an editor, someone to give me feedback.

But maybe I don't.

Maybe I simply need an audience, someone or something to prepare for, read to, and "force" me to edit my works. Would a Jim Gold Show and Book Signing give that to me?

But I know I resist "forced." I don't want to be forced any longer.

I love Barry's idea of same day or next day editing! Edit while it's fresh. That's 90-95% of editing. And same with languages: next day review and moving on, too.

Perhaps editing in this manner (writing and languages) is all I need for now.

Notice: that's how I'm editing my New Leaf.

Monday, January 2, 2017

New Year is starting. Happy New Year!

I feel locked into old forms. Nothing dramatic or really new on the horizon. No magical, mysterious, or miraculous schedule sparks of new directions. This is vaguely

depressions.

Here's what I've got so far:

1. Tour sales battle.

A. Calls. Make a list of customers to call. Ask if they know others who might want to go on trips.

B. Weekly group emails.

2. Folk dancing: Videos. Perfect dances.

3. J Gold Show. . .and Book Signing.

4. Writing. Combine with J Gold Show. Barry editing style: Review and edit yesterday's writing, then move on.

5. Languages: Continue using Barry review/"edit" style. Review/reread yesterday's language, then move on.

6. Yoga, exercises, etc.

What's new? Numbers 2-4.

### Fun Sales!

What is "missing?" The financial spark and fear motivation.

January-April are tour sales months. Fear and financial motivation are no longer my prime motivation factors. Without this "pain in the ass" approach, will I (should I) even do them?

Suppose I gave up my "pain in the ass" tour sales stuff. Only did weekly emails. Plus, of course, all my ads, which are out already. Suppose I gave up phone calls, or even the focus on and hopes of folk registering. What would happen?

Except for calling, everything is out there already. Do I really need to call? (I hardly did it last year, and my tours filled up.) Maybe calls are no longer that important, no longer the way. True, they relieve my anxiety. But do they really increase sales?



Jim Gold Show as my Fun Sales Device

Or is there a better way? A fun way?

A fun way to sell my tours?

1. Through Jim Gold Show, Selling tours, my books, etc is a side benefit of my appearances And yes, now I do like my appearances! That is a radical change.

By creating my “new” show, and promoting it, is that my new “fun” way of selling tours, books, folk dance classes, etc.

If fun is my New Year’s resolution and bottom line, might my Jim Gold Show be and become my new fun sales approach? Why not. (Bring fliers, books, set up sales table at my Shows.

This would indeed be new. And local.

Use my choreos, videos, dance classes to sell tours, books,  
(Use my languages, exercises to sell tours, books, fd.)

In other words, use the miracle schedule fun things I do, for sales. Now there is a fun, interesting approach.

Jim Gold Show as my fun sales device.

Writing Wild Ad Copy

Also writing fun, wild ad copy (for emails, etc.)

Indeed, it would be fun! Wild, off the wall, funny.

Would such wild copy threaten or enhance my business?

In other words, do I dare be me?

I am being me in my Show. Do I dare do it in business, ion money making ventures, in my main money venture, my tours.

Do I dare be funny off the wall, and wild writing copy for my tours?

Wild travel and wild copy.

How to go about this wild and crazy copy writing venture?

Maybe that’s what my so-called writing urge is all about. Writing copy. I want

to sell my wild and off the wall books. writing, Maybe I can use my fun writing, my wild imagination and well honed writing skills for sales.

### Turn New Years into a Fun Show Year!

In other words, turn New Years into a Fun Show Year!

With all its ramifications.

### New Purpose of Writing Class?

Maybe my writing class (with Barry) should be about how to write wild tour, book, or folk dance ad sales copy.

Thus, it would be about making money, wild money.

### Releasing the Inner Wild Man

Maybe (turning) eighty is about releasing the inner wild man in all directions.

### Return to Past Shows

#### My Original Songs and More, Looking Very Good!

Seems I'm vomiting up, regurgitating all my old, original songs from the past: Backward Clock, Bonality Breakdown, Eli the Elephant, even Group Guitar, and more. Maybe even Grendel, Animals in the Zoo, and Tara the Stonecutter will come back. And they are all looking very good!

Evidently, I'm coming back. The whole World of Guitar and more. The same but with a totally different attitude and approach.

Bringing up my entire performing past. Minor trauma in the making. I never appreciated my show, what I wrote, my songs, stories, bits, and more. Always living in my own shadows. Yes, now that is over. The iron curtain has fallen. I'm open and

ready. But it has taken 50 years!

“Rutchenitsa Madness:” Or similar. Good name for the show?

### House Parties (and More)

I want, need, have to incorporate my new 40 years of learning experiences, knowledge, wisdom, from tours, writing, entrepreneurship/business, folk dance life, exercise, miracle schedule, etc. into the show.

House parties: A good place and way to break in, develop, and learn about my new Rutchenitsa Madness show.

My songs and stories, and novels and books are the wild, crazy funny part of me, embracing the absurd, the parts of me I like, nay love best!

My New Leaf Journal, exploratory and so-called “serious” writing, along with so-called “classical” guitar, is evidently necessary for me to know what I’m thinking. These processes of writing and even playing so-called “classical” guitar free my mind for its shit.

But running-wild-on-the-lawn, Mad Shoe, Zany, crazy, lunny, off-the-wall, absurd, funny parts of me. There’s nothing like a wild ride on my imagination, the fun-release part of me.

Tuesday, January 3, 2017

### Private (and Public) Importance of Classical Guitar

Maybe there is a place for classical guitar somewhere.

It is not performing in public. Its purpose for me is not one of public, gone public, or public performance. But it has a definite meaning, and some kind of private importance in my life. Playing classical guitar relaxes me and gives me physical pleasure. It also elevates me, although exactly how, I don’t know.

This morning I have an urge to play and even to grow it! And give it some high place in my life. Only not a public one.

The only way I can see “fitting” it into public life is if I play “in the background.” Like in a restaurant, or background to a party, club date, bar mitzvah, wedding, or some public event where attention is on other things but not on me.

I am secondary, a sweet, healthy, lovely, calming, and subtly elevating background. I wonder why that is.

Playing classical guitar (as a background) is evidently subtly important. Like a frame to a painting.

Classical guitar as background, to my life, and public events as well.

Evidently, I want, need, and love classical guitar, and classical music. But for some reason, so far, it is not part of my public life.

Can classical guitar ever be part of my public life?

So far, only as a background. (Note: I threw in “so far.” “So far” implies my classical guitar may, some day, not stay or be in the background. A vague and uncomfortable hint of possible future opening.

### Public Place for Classical Guitar

#### “Classical Guitar Bit”

#### Quiet (Meditative) Section

There is a place for classical guitar in my Jim Gold Ruchenitsa Madness Show. It comes in the middle, or whenever I and the audience are totally comfortable and relaxed. A two-hour show comes to mind, with some classical guitar, during a quite moment somewhere in the middle.

(So there may be a place for classical guitar. Only not at the beginning, to “prove

myself” as it was in my World of Guitar program.)

But this would be (might be) a Quiet Part a one and half hour to two-hour performance. For a House Concert type Show, this feels like it could be right.

It could be my “classical guitar bit,” with my foot stool bit, humor, and more. Humor and classical guitar. Hmmm

### Classical Guitar Bit

A short “classical guitar bit” (a la Victor Borge).

I’ve got it already. My foot stool bit, then a few measures of Pavane, maybe Romance D’Amor, then Hands, flamencan rasgueado lesson, (Flamencan subtle mysterious “rasgueado hello”, then Zapateado rolls. Etc.

Wednesday, January 4, 2017

### The Importance, Purpose, and Personal Meaning of Sales

I’m down this morning. Why? No registration for my tours. Totally dead. No response.

And it’s not about money. Not about the fact that I’ll make no money, fall into poverty, and become a Bowery bum. Those fears have (somewhat) dissipated. Evidently, the money/fear as motivation has softened.

And yet, beyond finance and money, I still feel sickly bad that no one is registering. Therefore, registration is more important to me that just money it brings. Evidently, the importance of registration goes beyond money, and leaches, leaks, spills into a greater purpose and meaning of my life.

Without sales, there is no registration. It never (or very rarely) happens by itself. I must always promote and push it; I must always be concerned and “worried” about lack of registration. It is a given in my business.

But evidently, my business is more than just about money. My ego, personal satisfaction, and even grander (God-given) purpose in life is to serve others through my

skills and talents. God gave me the gift of leadership and organization, the gift to lead them to joy and adventure, to worship Him b'simcha, with the joy. The adventure comes with the joy; it is part of the joy.

To worship God in joyful adventure might be a good way of putting it. I have, through folk dance, guitar playing, singing, organization and more, able to lead people on adventures, which hopefully bring joy. This is evidently a grander purpose in life that has been bestowed on me, given to me at birth by the Higher Forces. My inheritance, as it were.

In any case, when I am not fulfilling my purpose, I get depressed. And my purpose cannot be fulfilled without sales.

I hate sales. I hate the pressure it puts on me to gather a following, to gather customers, and that I am dependant upon others for my happiness. But whether I hate it or not, I must do it anyway. That is my ever burden and task. And I resist it, just the way I resist training with Rick, or even aspects of my business, like running folk dance classes or leading tours. Evidently, resistance is also part of my personality.

But resist it or not, I must do it anyway. Truth is, if I give in to my resistance, and do not do it, I become even more depressed!

Therefore, based on my depression index, it is better to the the things I hate, to dive into them, rather than take "the easy route" by retreating.

The months of January to April are tour sale time. I stand before at Sales Gate resisting entrance just as I know I must walk past its dual posts.

Okay, I've accepted it. Pregnant with hidden meanings, sales are my struggle. I need them to complete my purpose.

Okay, I'm walking through the gate. Now what?

Specifically, how can I promote and sell my tours?

I've already placed monthly full page folk tour ads that appear in American, Canadian, Israeli, and Australian folk dance journals. I am also sending out weekly mass emails. These are easy to do. No problem.

Is there anything else I can do?

Telephone calling comes immediately to mind. Call 3 a day.

Calling fills me with dread and resistance. It is the most confrontational and direct sales approach. However, I know how to do it. It is an old "Been there, done that" form. Nevertheless, I can throw it in, add it to my repertoire.

Anything else I can do? Long range.

How about a lecture? A slide show lecture. Well, I can't or won't do it. First, I'd have to put it all together. Second, I have no slides. Third, perhaps its is simply not that much fun, or not my calling. Whatever reason, somehow the lecture form is not for me.

#### Ruchenitsa Madness! A Sales Show

I can't do a lecture; I resist and am bored with phone calls. Is there anything else I can do?

How about a show: a Sales Show!

Ruchenitsa Madness! A Modest Adventure Tour of the World (Universe) A Sales Show!

Its purpose would be, among other things, to promote my tours! I'd combine my Sales Show with a Sales Table, which would carry my brochures, books, and folk dance stuff.

This is a sales reason to promote my show. Indeed, this is totally and radically different reason, attitude and approach to not only my Show, but to my method of sales in general. A new 2017 approach.

#### Possible Titles

Ruchenitsa Madness! A Modest Adventure Tour of the World

Ruchenitsa Madness! A Modest Tour of the World

Ruchenitsa Madness! A Modest World Tour

Ruchenitsa Madness! A Modest Tour of the Universe

Ruchenitsa Madness! A Sales Tour of the Universe

Ruchenitsa Madness! A Guided (Gaided) Tour of the Universe

Ruchenitsa Madness! A Sails Tour of the Universe

Thursday, January 5, 2017

Maximum Effort

Lifting the Shadow of Tour Sales

The shadow of tour sales is hanging over me. Only way to solve this problem is through phone calls, personal emails, and maybe both. Through these actions, I'm making the maximum effort, giving it my best shot.

After three months of calls, I'll feel I've done everything I could, made the maximum effort, to sell my tours.

Giving it my all is the only thing that will put my mind at reset, and lift the shadow of tour sales.

Friday, January 6, 2017

Wandering Journal Thoughts for the Free Man

I am free! Free from tours, free of folk dance teaching, even free from gaida/guitar show, etc. and more.

Now what?

Wild thoughts and directions come to mind.

1. Study be/become a rabbi. Go back to school.
2. Find a "private rabbi to teach me. (Peg?)
3. Join a bible group for inspiration.(How smart they are!)
4. 2-5 year "hiatus" to master four languages: HGFB.

Saturday, January 7, 2017



Bring new power, strength, and motivation back to my guitar.

A qualitatively different step in the game.

### Regrets

#### Will I Ever Push/Promote my Ruchenitsa Madness/Books Show

I could have been a great performer, if I had had the confidence. If I had become a folk singer, song writer. Also a children's performer/humorist/comedian type.

But classical guitar, which rationalized my lack of confidence, downed my career.

Now that I have the confidence, have given up classical guitar in public, have accepted and even love myself as a folk singer/song and bit writer/comedian (and love my off-the-wall books as well), I no longer have desire to advertise myself.

Yes, I am ready for a new career. But, I no longer have the energy, enthusiasm, and fear to push, promote, sell or advertise it.

Is it that I'm too old? Or just that the enthusiasm, and mainly fear, has drained out of me.

Is that drainage due to age? Success? I don't know.

How about: "Been there, done that?"

Well, truth is, I haven't been there and done that.

Truth is, a Ruchenitsa Madness kind of new show, along with writing new books, has not been done.

I'm eighty. Will I ever do it?

Will I, would I ever push and promote my new show along with my books?

Is it too late for me? I hate to think so. I still have some life left in me.

Or is this simple the depression before the storm?

Sunday, January 8, 2017

Idea: Going Back to College

Going back to college.

Master Plan. Establishing my curriculum.

Monday, January 9, 2017

### Love

It's good to start off each morning with love.

And I do love language (Hebrew), and music (guitar.)

Also love is a good way to fight off and replace depression.

Good to go to sleep thinking about love, doing the things I love first thing in the morning.

Then wake up with love, and start studying (Hebrew), then playing guitar (music.) And more.

Wednesday, January 11, 2017

### Retiring and Retirement

#### Accepting the Facts of Life

Eighty means, among other things, retiring. I am ready to retire. My brain and mind seem to be redressing, regressing, replanting, regenerating into retirement mode.

But what does retirement mean?

It's no doubt or at least partly, an attitude thing.

So let's look at myself in this new way. In the imperfect tense, I am retiring. In the perfect tense, I am retired.

Okay, now what?

As a newly retired person, how do I now think? What, if anything, do I do differently?

I don't know yet. But thinking about the meaning and direction of my new retirement. What new attitude, or new actions do I or will I take?

I don't know. But now, in my new retirement state, these are questions I shall be

asking.

I retired once when I was 26. And led my life doing what I wanted to do, as a retired person without money, fame, knowledge or wisdom. I retired with only instincts in hand and the future ahead of me.

Now I'm retiring again. Or rather re-retiring.

What's new? What will be different?

What grand annoyances would I like to remove?

1. Money worries.
2. Fame and accomplishment worries.

Is that it? I can't think of anything else at the moment. Say maybe that's it.

Lets look at these worries, these grand annoyances, more closely. Can I possibly drop them, lose and get rid of them? Or at least soften them so no longer concern me in their former grand worry manner?

Money, self-worth (expressed as fame and accomplishment) may never go away. Nor should they. They are part of the fabric of a worthwhile life. Retirement may "simply" means a new attitude toward them.

Okay and right. Now what?

Money and "fame and accomplishment" (embarrassment at not filling my tours.) Maybe instead of dropping them, I can put a corner of my time into them, satisfy their grasping, yearning, unsatiable maws, and then, after their hunger has been satiated, or at least satisfied, I can "freely" move on to the other miracle schedule things I like to do.

This seems like a reasonable "retirement plan.

So, how to retired: Clock and plan a specific time (and place) to deal with:

1. Money (worries and) concerns
2. Business (tour) (worries and) concerns

The rest of my day is free. (to follow and fulfill miracle schedule activities.)

Are money concerns and business concerns different categories? Or are they one in the same category?

So basically, I'm saying I'll always be concerned about survival, I'll always be doing the things I always do, I'll always be following the same schedule and routine I always follow. Basically, there is no escape from the worries and concerns of survival. That is simply life, the facts of life.

Maybe satisfaction or even "happiness" is simply accepting this fact.

Strange to say but the stock market, even though it creates "pleasant and unnerving" tensions, does not belong to the tensions, worries, and concerns of my tour business.

Is it part of my miracle schedule? Or in a different category? I'd say a different category. The gambling, risk-taking, and tension category. This has a running wild on the lawn aspect but with significant downside.

Is it "pleasant" for me? No. It is unnerving and tension producing. It's always like walking at the edge of a cliff and never makes me totally happy. It's rather like a shot of adrenaline, catapulting me into ecstatic glory when it miraculously goes up, or plunging me into panic and depression when it goes down. I'm putting things out of my control when I play it, putting myself in the hands of Luck (God?) when I play it. It is an unstable, somewhat perilous, out of control feeling.

I am somehow attracted to this "hope to get rich" feeling although it is not a happy or pleasant one.

Then why do I do it? Good question.

### Why the Stock Market and More

#### Warrior Attitude

Maybe I'm attracted to it because it reminds me of how perilous, and what a gamble much of life it. And this feeling keeps me on my toes, ever a bit worried and ready to deal with the sudden appearance of the man-eating tiger.

Keeps me on my toes, keeps my energy in tense high gear and prepared to deal with possible sudden catastrophe, keeps my brain and mind and attitude ready to

pounce.

This is a good warrior attitude for the trials, tribulations and struggles of life.

Thus just as I prepare for my tours (and concerts) putting my mind in the warrior mental attitude (state) of a tiger ready to pounce, so stock market trading helps develop the warrior attitude.

It's not all peace and joy. Part of me also has the warrior and killer attitude. Its part of running wild on the lawn, breaking the rules, and doing what I like. I like personal conquests and to fight and conquer. I like and need the warrior attitude in order to survive in business, as an entrepreneur/artist, and in life.

Stock market trading symbolizes the warrior attitude. Trading stocks is like going to war. I like to fight. I like conquests. Part of fighting is also losing.

Fighting in the stock market teaches me how to lose and win.

Learn to win and lose graciously.

Graciously means thanking your opponents. Then, after thanking them, going back to study and learn from your mistakes and going back to your opponent and beating the shit out of them.

Then, after your conquest, your victory, your opponent can learn to lose graciously. And so the cycle goes.

I wonder if the tour business (sales and more) is the same kind of battle. Probably yes.

### Warrior or Wimp

#### Thank My Annoying Obstacles

Warrior or wimp? That is the question.

I am often (always?) Annoyed by obstacles. Is my word "annoying" or "annoyance" just an excuse for me not to face my warrior, fighting, aggressive, kick the shit out of them, self?

Maybe I could learn to thank my annoyances. Wow, that would foster the

healthy vibrations of my warrior attitude!

### The Fight

A warrior does not get annoyed. A warrior gets mad. A warrior starts to fight!  
A warrior goes into battle.

Learning, study, strategy, planning, training, preparing, are all part of the fight.

Since my Greek tour ended, I have been missing this attitude. What's why I have been so confused, and so down.

The warrior route is the route to glory, passion, high energy, conquest, ecstasy, and happiness.

Thursday, January 12, 2017

### Warrior Market Approach

Sell my "dream" stocks. "Dream" equals penny stocks I bought with the thought: "I'll get rich on these!" Stocks like ICLD and PRGND.

New idea: "Personal" stop lose.

Down 20% (10%) and sell.

Up 20% (30%?) and sell

#### Advantages:

- 1, Both approaches free cash to buy other stocks.
2. Control: Gives me some control.

#### Disadvantages:

1. I lose "miraculous" stock upside that goes to infinity. I lose the one (or two) magical stocks.

2. I also lose control of my destiny.

Do I want control? Good question.

Choices: I was wed to the magical idea that God will some day give me a stock

that goes up to infinity, and I become fabulously wealthy. Is that true? I doubt it.

Do I want to fly with no control, the free flight and/or free fall approach? (My experience and large belief is it will be mostly free fall.)

Of course, if I did win in this magical way, what would I do with all the money? Such wealth simply creates other problems, what to do with it, how and where to apportion it, etc.

This so-called great wealth I “dream” about, will not free me from worries and problems. It will simply create new and other worries and problems.

The best way to deal with worries and problems a healthy, true realistic way, is through the warrior approach.

The warrior approach is good in all fields.

Friday, January 13, 2017

### Abs and Neck

Constant vigilance of both abs and neck straight.

Call to the writing phenomenon.

Saturday, January 14, 2017

### Transitional Year?

#### Consider Following My Wild Dreams

Is this a transitional year?

As tourism and customers in the tour business, seem to suddenly fade away, is this a signal from above and below, that am I transitioning into another kind of (money-making) work? Other kinds of work? Low paying, but interesting.

What kind?

1. Writing

2. Stock market trading. (A wild dream, I’m even afraid to say or think it. Am I

again kidding myself? Or is this even and really a potential possibility?)

3. Performing?

4. Continue in tours (with same of “minimal” effort) making a small amount.

Note: There are two wild dreams above. Making money trading stocks, and making money in writing. Performing although good, is a “been there, done that” kind of thing. Performing would excite me, and I now like it. But I doubt I would put in the necessary push and sales work to make it a go.

Tours, of course, are also “been there, done that.” I could and no doubt will just bounce them along (until they fade away?) We’ll see where that leads. But in any case, Tours and even performing are old stuff.

The new, the wild and exciting, are the wild ride, adventure, and risk of trying to make money, even a living, on both writing and (stock market) trading. Or at least somehow live off the stock market and my investments, which includes REITS, interest stocks, etc. This, although rather boring, is obviously, still okay. It’s a given that we all need safety.

In any case, the thrill of newness, risk, victory comes in new ventures. And these would be writing and stocks (trading and/or holding them.)

Both have an “impossible dream” aspect. And I like following the impossible dream road. Shall I consider them? Wow.

### Sales Pressure

Note: I have not mentioned folk dance teaching at all. Well, I must admit, folk dance teaching is pure fun! No downward sales pressure at all. I’m amazed that I’m, even saying this!

Does this mean: Remove the sales pressure and I am happy?

Yes!

Suppose I remove sales pressure from tours. Will I then love them? Will they then become pure fun? Maybe.



I don't even mind sales. What I mind, even hate, is the pressure of having to do sales, making them a live-giving, life-saving financial must.

How can I financially survive and also remove (not sales themselves) the pressure of sales? Good question.

### Fulfilling My Dreams

Making money as a writer and make money trading stocks: two dreams I have yet to fulfill.

The former is dreamy, somewhat calm, beautiful, and filled with a warm satisfaction.

The latter is filled mostly with fear. Why? It is involved directly with money. Plus I hear lots of negative, discouraging, inner and outer voices. Fear and low self-image were (and perhaps still are) my big motivators. But also the monumental challenge of beating the system and winning in an almost impossible venture.

(I did it in both music and fd careers. I have the self-confidence that, if I try hard enough, I can (eventually) make a living in these "impossible fields.")

### Paying Barry

Is deciding to pay Barry \$850 to edit my old writings, a decision to make the shift: Go "professional," make a true attempt to sell my writing? I hesitate, afraid to say it: "Yes."

My first sales step would be selling through "Store" on my website.

It is something I've always wanted to do, but never dared to do. Never dared put in the sales time and effort. Plus I felt my books weren't good enough. Somehow now though, I feel my books and good! I'm ready to roll!

Yes, it's a new phenomenon. Strange and lovely, personal self-image as a writer is no longer a problem. I now believe my books are good! Period. What's next? On to

selling them.

Another new (and strange) market development: With my new stock market “method” (20% up and sell, 10% (15%?) down and sell), the fears in my wild trader mind are somewhat stabilized and calmed. Suddenly, I have developed my own “system.”

Calm and stabilized. These are words I’ve never used in the stock market. We’ll see where this leads.

Calm and stabilizing. My own stock market “method.” Does that mean I know what I’m doing? I’ll have more confidence? I’ll be a “professional?” Maybe.

It feels like a qualitative leap. Is it? I hope so.

Does this mean that, starting now – today – I’ll put tours aside (minimal effort), and follow my dreams, dive straight into writing and the stock market?

Scary. But is there a choice?

Guitar:

Amazing. First time I’ve ever played Milan’s Pavane in C and thought of it as majestic, palatially magnificent, and amazing. Somehow I entered all the notes in a refreshing, new vision way.

True of the other Pavanés in A and D as well.

Sunday, January 15, 2017

### Competition

Is lack of competition (lack of performing and audience) making me worse as a guitarist?

Ultimately, do I need competition to improve?

(I can hear and feel in my subtle mind, I’m answering and saying, yes.)

Note: I've given my writing to Barry to edit. I'm drifting back to the writing path. Where this will lead, I'm not sure. This New Leaf is called "Back to Writing." Well, I've taken the first step back.

What about "Love of Learning?" Well, that continues.

So ends a New Leaf.