

Encouragement

Enthusiasm, Courage, Run Wild on the Lawn!

Friday, March 11, 2016

Encouragement!

Life Beyond Discouragement

Evidently, discouragement no longer works. It's run its course as a hidden motivator; it has served its purpose, no longer works, and is no longer needed.

Where can and will I go without it? We'll see.

So if I'm not discouraged, what am I?

Perhaps encouraged!

Maybe encouragement isn't the right word either. However, I do know I feel a strange new energy.

Is it drug (prednisone) induced, "real," or both? I won't really know until the prednisone treatment has finished, That means I won't really know until 10 days from now.

The Light

If discouragement cannot and will not motivate me anymore, what will motivate me?

The light?

What else could it be? There is nothing else.

No Light in the Stock Market(at least for me now)

The stock market is the world of greed and fear. It's exciting, elating, depressing, discouraging, encouraging, and very emotional.

But there is no light in it, at least for me now. No steady clear light.

I Love to Win

Why do I like (love) stocks and playing the stock market?

Easy. I'm very competitive. And I love to win!

When the stocks go up, I win. I'm happy.

When the stocks go down, I lose. I'm sad. On the down side, too many loses, and I get scared. This can move to panic.

On the up side, too many wins, and I get ecstatic. A wild, uncontrollable happiness seizes my brain. I often go out of control, on the upside, and totally lose perspective.

Is there such a thing a panic on the upside? Would that be the totally unrealistic state beyond elation?

In any case, I love to win!

Motivation

Winning give me a great feeling of satisfaction.

If competition and winning is so important to my being, then rather than using discouragement or failure to motivate myself, perhaps I can better motivate myself through competition.

Aha, something new.

What kind of competition would motivate me?

Are there other kinds of competition I can find to motivate myself?

Self-betterment, self-improvement, setting up goals for myself are a kind of competition with myself.

Register for a race?

Set goals for myself.

Saturday, March 12, 2016

Preparing to Return

Since my 2015 trip to Albania, and certainly in the last month or two, I have been in retreat redefining myself.

Yet this morning the thought arose that somehow I'm getting ready to return. As something and someone new.

It has been a long, slow, strange and vaguely painful process of death, rest, even sleep, regeneration, and rebirth.

Yes, it seems I'm getting ready to return. Things feel different, my mind feels different, I feel different. Changed, transitioned. How, as what, into what, I don't know yet.

How would I return?

What will be different?

It's a strange constellation of energy hitting me this morning. It's the "return" energy.

But I have no idea what it means or where it's going.

Strong and Confident Right Index Finger

Leading The Exclamation Point Life!

As I play guitar this morning, notice how strong and confident is my right hand "Alhambra" index finger! I even put an exclamation point after it! The Exclamation Point life!

I wonder if that is any indication of my future "return" direction.

Encouragement and Strong, Confident Index Finger

Are the days of weak index finger over? Maybe.

Just as the days of discouragement are over (replaced by encouragement) are the days of weak index finger over with it?

Just as weak index finger and discouragement go together (are twins), so to do strong and confident index finger and encouragement go together (are twins.)

Indeed, a strong, confident, shining index finger points the way!

What does this have to do with the strong, confident "Fun and Growth stock market plan I discovered (and am developing)?

This means I'm coming back stronger, more confident, calmer, energized, more centered and focused than ever!

I'll be putting shoes on soon, and walking in a different way.

Weak index finger along with discouragement was also an ancient, old neighborhood form and source of motivation.

But it no longer works.

(Was losing in the stock market also a form and secret source of motivation?

Maybe. But now I have a winning plan.)

Transition points: General motivational attitude:

From discouragement to encouragement.

1. Guitar: Strong, confident index finger

2. Stock market: Strong, confident Fun and Growth plan.

Relationship between right index finger and right foot balance? (Weak index, weak balance. Discourage vs encourage.)

Sunday, March 13, 2016

Loving the Strength and Confidence Center

Guitar: I actually love that strong, slow, focused, confident, right index feeling!
(Perhaps) that is my real center!

Why has this strong, confident, guitar and other self been hidden so long? That

is a good question.

I've secretly known that this strong, confident (guitar and other) self has been there all along. It has always been my big secret. It has what has propelled me through all my downs.

Why did I hide it from myself and of course from public view for so long? Why didn't I admit and go with it?

What was the benefit of hiding, of remaining hidden?

Why has it taken so long to shed this protective skin?

The answer must lie in the word "protective." What was I protecting all these years. Perhaps my secret core where Meltdown Beauty reigns. I feared it would be laughed at, mocked, and destroyed by the cynical, sneering, destructive monsters in the outside world. The killers of enthusiasm, yahoo naively, innocence, meltdown beauty, and love of life itself!

The grand Stalinist cynics, the evil bashers of beauty in the world.

I had to build up my inner strength before I could go public. Perhaps that takes eighty years.

Going Public with my Guitar Strength and Confidence

Am I now getting ready to go public with my strength and confidence, my guitar strength and confidence? Do I stand at the border?

Maybe. (Wow, what a step that would be!)

If I go public, it would have to be completely on my own terms.

Was that a legitimate fear? Probably.

Start of my Gone-Public Guitar Playing Life

First Proud Guitar Notes

The first proud Alhambra notes issued forth. . .

Slow, stable and strong, dynamic, confident, proud.

I can also say these are the first proud guitar notes of my life!

Monday, March 14, 2016

For the first time Hebrew feels “easy.”

Also, I never want to return to the world in the same fashion as before. I want to keep the peace of depth of this post-operational retreat.

Enumerating Major Post-Operational Victories

1. Guitar: Gone public guitar. Birth of Note Pride: Proud of each note. (Especially right index).
2. Language: “Easy” Hebrew
3. Stock market: Why the market? I’m competitive. I love to win. I hate to lose. (But I do. These are buying opportunities.) Birth of stock Pride: Proud of each stock!
4. Exercise Shining: Daily yoga, walk-run, gym, dance.
5. Motivation. Enter encouragement, light, and shining. No more discouragement as motivation.
6. Business: Never again ancient “tour and work” attitude.

Running Tours

Love and Pride in my (Tour) Business

Competitive Self: The Competition of Winning Customers

If I don’t have to run tours, would I still run them? Wow, what a question.

Yes, I can find pride in the way I run my tours.

But can I find love? The same love and excitement I get from running a folk dance class?

Could a tour be seen as a folk dance class extended? A form of world-wide folk dance class?

Indeed, finding love in running my tours is an excellent post-operational challenge.

Do I get “satisfaction” from organizing anything? Seems I’m mostly annoyed by it. The talent I have for organization is more of an imposition than a pleasure. I’m somehow “forced” to organize things. Which means I am somehow “forced” to do business. (Whereas I have an actual desire to play guitar, write, study, exercise, etc.)

Why am I forced? For money and survival. But money and survival are no longer issues. I have money and can survive. If that is the case, and it is, am I still “forced?”

No. I am no longer forced to organize.

If I am no longer forced to organize, will I even do it? Why bother?

It seems there’s little “organizing” in teaching a folk dance class. The details are mostly pleasurable. Plus I improvise as I go along. And that’s situational fun. I’d say it’s total pleasure. Fun, fun, fun dancing. And with others, too. Basically, it’s a ball and I love it! And this especially when I have a new dance to introduce. I get excited about the dance, and sharing/teaching it. I get pleasure of pumping it into others! Aggressively driving it into their brains. Fucking them with the dance. So right there is a source of excitement and fun.

Could I find such a thing, so much fucking fun, in running, leading, putting together, organizing all the nuts, bolts, and details of a tour?

Somehow I have to find the source of “fucking fun.” Does it have anything to do with satisfying my aggressive, competitive self, the self that’s love to win!

Can I have fucking fun, aggressive, competitive fun in my tour business?

I do get competitive, winning pleasure when a customer register. That’s a high. But then comes fulfillment. I have to some how make them “happy,” help them fulfill their desires. Could the fight to fulfill their desires be part of the fun, fulfilling my competitive desires to “win.”

I want to “win” my customer. Is that my on-going competitive challenge? A la

stock market.

Competition: New Source of Motivation

Searching for a new source of motivation:

Competition: I love to win! I hate to lose!

(Aggressive fucking)

Stock Market: Buy/Sell

When the stocks go down, it's a losing day.

Buy. . . or hold some.

When the stock go up, it's a winning day.

Sell. . . or hold some.

Tuesday, March 15, 2016

Hebrew/Guitar Confidence and Strength Connection

"I Love It!

By going slowing in Hebrew, I can understand everything. Just like, by going slowing in guitar, I can play anything.

Thus, I can go forward, confidently going public with my guitar and Hebrew.

Slow, steady, and focused is my way, my pace. Confidence, calm, and strength is the finale.

Which all results in: I love it!

Is this the way to bring enthusiasm and "I Love It" confidence to my tours? And stocks? Maybe.

It's a wonderful equilibrium and satisfaction I'm feeling this morning. We'll see how long this lasts.

Time to Move On

Over-excitement paralyzing me at the top of my cycle means: It's time to move on.

Index finger, Yes! It's working. I'm so happy! I'm so exciting. Actually, I'm now over-excited. I can't do it anymore. so I stopped. Paralyzed with over-excitement.

Strangely, this over-excitement makes me afraid.

Why?

I'm at the top of my cycle. Another descent will soon begin. That's why I'm afraid. I fear that after my descent I'll go back to where I once was.

But I intellectually know that is impossible. You cannot go backward. You can only move forward "differently."

Thus, paralyzed with over-excitement really means the end of an era, end of a cycle, end of a growth period.

It's over. I'm ready to start anew. A fresh leaf.

That means my guitar index finger victory is accepted. Gone public is a accepted. Playing guitar in public, doing it my way, is now part of my being.

With acceptance certificate in hand, it's time to move on.

How fleeting is yesterday's stuff and how truthful is a New Leaf.

Wednesday, March 16, 2016

Stock MarketCalm and Balanced is the Goal.

Ever fighting the forces of fear and greed.

Today fear is winning. Down 7G in one day. Losing so much scares me. It means I have to cut back. Truth is, it's very gut-wrenching to lose (or make) so much money. Therefore, I want to keep it somewhat balanced so instead of frantic, I can remain sane, focused, and calm.

France: Fight for my tour

Am I sick? Or am I fighting mad? I think the latter. which in its hidden, strange way, is "making me sick.")

Think mad! Let the angry energy burn away any so-called "sickness or disease."

Thursday, March 17, 2016

Linguistic Confidence and Competence

Things feel different.

Seems I've sunk to a thick, slow and focused, new level of Hebrew confidence.

Could this also be true of French and Greek? I'd venture to say yes.

Friday, March 18, 2016

Transitions

Why is it taking so long for the scabs (from the post-operative acute rash) on my feet to fall off?

Why is it taking so long for my feet to heal?

New skin is forming, I will soon have new dancing feet, Plus new feet to walk on. I'll be walking in a new way, seeing life in a new way.

I'm in transition. You can't rush transitions.

When the scabs fall off, and the sores all heal, and I've forgotten about the whole process, that's when my transition will be complete. That's when I'll be a new person, and the old me will be forgotten.

You can't rush transitions. So enjoy the process and move on.

Great Changes Are Taking Place

But great changes are taking place. They're just not over yet; my transition isn't finished.

Like what?

1. Guitar: Alhambra arpeggios and more.
2. Languages: Three: Hebrew, Greek, French
3. Folk Dancing: Daily practice
4. Stocks: Fun and Growth Portfolio
5. Exercise: Three: Walk/Run, Yoga, Gym
6. Motivation: Loving to win, hating to lose. Competition.
 - A. Using fear and greed as prime motivators. (Mirrored in the market.)
7. Exclamation point life!

The Secrets of Light and Soft

Lightly and Softly

Today's new secret is playing guitar very light. Playing Alhambra, Leyenda, Bach Prelude, and more very lightly. . .and softly.

I wonder if this approach could translate in my physical exercises. Into yoga, calliyoga, walk/running, etc.

Peace of Mind in the Market

Yesterday I sold stocks down to the comfort level. Today my stocks are up. I realize by selling yesterday, I traded money (the possibility of higher returns) for peace of mind. Not a bad trade.

Saturday, March 19, 2016

Suppose I am Wrong

Suppose my lifetime mantra is wrong. Suppose I can play guitar! Suppose I can compete with the masters? Suppose I have my own way of doing it, and suppose this way can compete, or at least be different from Segovia, Bream, Heifitz, Franciscotti, Menuhin, Ricci, and all the masters under whose shadow I've lived for years, or even

my whole musical life?

Suppose my self-image has been wrong? And this for years, nay most or even all of my life?

Suppose I'm at the 80 year turning point, the time when my self image is reversed, and I can play guitar!

And I can stand among the other geniuses and say I'm okay. Suppose I can say my inferior days are over, that I'm no longer inferior, and even that I've never been inferior, that I have been wrong about myself, lived a musical lifetime of misplaced inferiority, and that truly I am unique, can stand on my musical own, and take my place among the stars, or even beyond the stars, since my playing and person is unique.

Perhaps I can stand in a constellation by myself, by itself, doing my own thing in my own way, competing with the other geniuses, but at the same time not competing, since in the world of uniqueness (performers, concert givers, musical artists), there is no competition.

In fact, I'd say, it's no longer a supposition. At this point, I must finally say, I am wrong, I have been wrong all along. And it's finally time, the time has arrived, to right the wrong. To take my silly place among the musical wizards of my past, the ghosts of geniuses past. What was their purpose in my life? To serve as an inspiration. To push, drive, and inspire me to rise to my best.

Well, they have done that. Their floating image has served its purpose. Segovia, along with negative put-down help from Bellows, shall no longer dominate my Alhambra.

I have lived in the dark put-down world long enough. Inferiority is floating away. Time to take my place among the greats. And accept that, in my own right, in my own way, I am great. And so too, as an expression of the new eighty me, my Alhambra will rise as well.

Why the sudden splitting headache while playing the Alhambra? To split the old

mold. To explode the once powerful but now lifeless demon of inferiority into extinction.

Sunday, March 20, 2016

Great Playing

I have to say, probably for the first time in my life, that Bach Gavotte en Rondeau and Serenade by Malats were great playing!

And that Alhambra and Leyenda are close.

Dare I say and accept that this is the beginning of something new? A new stage and place in my life?

But what else can it be? I've done everything else, been there, done that." Great playing is all that is left. And truth is, I just played Rondeau and Serenade great and am at the border of Alhambra and Leyenda playing great!

Monday, March 21, 2016

Going Back to Work

Strange, a new mode is on me.

I feel my "vacation" and post-operation recovery is over, and I am ready to "go back to work."

Somehow, I feel I must use the skills and knowledge I have attained while in my post-operative retreat in the outside world, use them to tikkun olam the world. (And, of course, in the process, myself.)

But how and where to use them? That is the new questions. Thus truly, I don't quite know what "go back to work" means.

At the moment, I can see no way the wisdom, skills, knowledge and routines I developed during my "retreat" month can or will be used in the outside world. They are fulfilling but "useless" developments. As I see it so far, no one, besides myself, will

benefit from them.

Indeed, in a sense, I am “putting down” my post-operational developments. I wonder why.

I am ready to charge into the outside world; I am rearing to go, but I don’t know where.

A strange new concept of lost.

Of course, I know my choreos and folk dancing will be used. But can my other blessings, my love of languages, guitar, stock market, or even motivation, ever be applied in the outside world?

Sales Calls and Folk Dancing as Mitzvahs to the World

Well, one way I know I can do, tikkun olam the world, it is through folk dancing and sales calls!

Imagine, seeing my sales calls as mitzvahs to the world! Now this is really new!

Why do Anything?

I’m not smart enough to do tikkun olam, and neither are most other people.

So why play music, dance, or do any other good things?

Why do anything?

For personal pleasure (“refreshment of the soul”) and the glory of God.

“The aim and final end of all music should be none other than the glory of God and the refreshment of the soul.”

J.S. Bach

Why?

Why travel?

“For amazement, to experience wonders, refreshment of the soul, and the glory of God.”

Why folk dance?

“For amazement, to experience wonders, for refreshment of the soul, and the glory of God.”

Why play guitar?

“For amazement, to experience wonders, for refreshment of the soul, and the glory of God.”

Why sell?

“For amazement, to experience wonders, for refreshment of the soul, and the glory of God.”

Why (trade) stocks?

“For amazement, to experience wonders, for refreshment of the soul, and the glory of God.”

Why study languages?

“For amazement, to experience wonders, for refreshment of the soul, and the glory of God.”

Why exercise? (Walk/run, yoga, gym)

“For amazement, to experience wonders, for refreshment of the soul, and the glory of God.”

Tuesday, March 22, 2016

Perfecting Writing and Motivation

I have motivation to perfect my dances. (I have audience.)

I have motivation to perfect my guitar.

I have no motivation to perfect/edit my writing.

Why? No audience? Is it thus similar to guitar?

Not really. I have no audience for guitar. But secretly, in my mind, I do have an audience. Or eventually, some day, I will have an audience, “some day” I’ll be able to play for others. And this, even though this day may come after my lifetime.

Is it secretly the same for writing? Do I secretly believe that “some day” others will read me? Maybe.

But I keep denying it.

Maybe, instead of always denying it, I might think about facing this powerful motivating force.

Wednesday, March 23, 2016

New day of writing. Rolling and roaring ahead. Diving into half-hour daily writing, editing, whatever. Starting today!

Warm-Ups

Maybe I don't need them the way I used to. Maybe I can now warm up “differently.”

Guitar: Maybe warm up “right away” with my pieces: Alhambra,

Exercise: Warm-up “right away” with “pieces,” but lightly

Dance: Warm-up “right away” with “pieces,” but lightly

Running: Warm-up “right away” with “pieces,” but lightly

Thursday, March 24, 2016

Giving Up My Depressions

Replacing Them With Exhilarations!

Yesterday I felt a bit down after folk dancing.

This morning I woke up somewhat depressed. But about what? Just the usual old stuff.

Perhaps I'm at a new stage. Perhaps depressions are no longer “needed.” Indeed, I've been there and done that. Depressions are “old world.” Time to move beyond them. Time to develop new habits “beyond depression.”

There is truly nothing to be depressed about. Perhaps rather than depression, I

am bored. Hmm and wow. That's a new face on depression. Rather than depressed, I am bored!

If that is the case, why am I bored?

And what is boredom to me?

Are boredom and depression the same thing. Two sides of the same face? Does one lead to the other?

The answer to boredom is obviously new stimulation. This is also be the answer to depression.

Then the idea, the new way of thinking is, rather than think about my "feelings," my "depression" or "boredom," immediately shift my brain to focus on my stimulations: (which in this case are miracle schedule events such as music, language, writing, whatever.)

Truly, I have many good-in-themselves things going on in my life. Learn to deal with it.

So, as of today, I am officially giving up my depressions.

I'll try something else: new, fresh, and different.

What else?

Maybe try replacing them with exhilarations!

No question the opposite side of depression is exhilaration. Thus replacing one with the other is an obvious task. Replacement therapy at its best. It's just that in the past I saw a benefit to depression: I secretly knew that it would lead to exhilaration. But I had to "go through the process" to get there. In other words, I had to punish myself with depression before I could be deserving enough to reap the rewards of exhilaration.

But I can bypass that process now since I've using the self put-down depression technique for years. I know depression cold. It no longer has its benefits, and it no longer even works! I can't fool myself anymore.

I don't need depression anymore as a path to exhilaration. I've come to the end of that road. "Been there, done that."

Now I can go straight to the exhilaration source.

How to do it? Just do it!

Also my (former) depressions have (had) little, if anything, to do with events in the outside world. They are (were) rather something I invented for myself, figments and creations of my own imagination, personal moods fashioned as means of coping with the world.

(Thus the ups and downs of the stock market, or registrations for my business have little or nothing to do with the creation of my depression. Yes, they definitely happen. But my reaction to them is my own invention.

(For example, other ways of looking at things: When the market goes down, I could also choose to be happy because that is a good buying time. Lack of registration frees my mental time for other things.)

Besides, most of my desires to make a lot of money (for my stocks to go up or more registrations to come in) are merely subtle ways of trying to please my wife. Personally, I don't really care about money that much. I'm more interested in exhilaration and adventure. Even the adventure of poverty somewhat excites me. How could I make it with no money? What a fun and interesting challenge! (And I lived that way for many years in the Village before I was married.

Suppose I lost all my money in the stock market. Or lost all my money in general. I'd be totally penniless.

Annoying, yes. But it would usher in a new adventure. And with adventure, comes fresh new vistas, approaches, visions, and ultimately, exhilaration.

Not that I want it. But if it happened, I'd figure out how to survive. And survival offers the continuing possibility of exhilaration.

Exhilaration: Running Wild on the Lawn

1. Folk dancing is an easy form of running wild on the lawn.
2. So is folk singing, and its accompanying folk guitar.
3. Classical guitar was more restricted. But classical guitar is loosening up. In fact, with my new post-operational release, I'm ready to run wild on the classical guitar lawn!

Next step: Run wild on the classical guitar lawn. It doesn't necessarily mean playing fast. But it does mean running wild!

Friday, March 25, 2016

Running Wild on the Lawn

The Enthusiasm Response or Exclamation Point Life!

New Leaf Journal means starting each day fresh, with a new vision, turning over a New Leaf. It's my improvised, jazz and serendipity approach to life.

Since every day is totally different from the day before, every day I find (discover) a new way of doing things, a development, a fresh "running wild on the lawn."

Guitar: This morning's guitar running wild on the lawn is the connection between right hand index finger and loose, dropped, relaxed right write.

A most important connection: It is The connection!

Enthusiasm Response!

Another name for running wild on the lawn is The Enthusiasm Response! Note: Enthusiasm Response! Is the Exclamation Point Life. Thus, it is always followed by an exclamation point.

Scary Aspect. . . and the Thrill

There's also a scary aspect to running wild on the lawn. When you cross the line into the unknown fire zone where true running wild burns. It burns up your old

concepts of self. Witness my fiery, powerful Alhambra! Al emanating from making the connection between right index and open, loose, relaxed, focused right wrist.

The scary aspect also contains the absolute thrill!

I've crossed the line into incredible breath-taking Alhambra speeds.

Would this also apply to running? Or other exercises? Or study? Or anything?

Maybe.

A brief total thrill moment where you hit to top.

(But) it shows you where the stars are located.

Saturday, March 26, 2016

Trust

Lack of trust and faith in others: Specifically this morning, In Bereshit and my Greek book translations. But I have always had complete trust in dictionaries and etymologies!

Perhaps it's time to use my new trust in post-operational trust in doctors, hospitals, and nurses and apply it to languages; time to trust my "aides," my translators. And see dictionaries and etymologies as "secondary but interesting" sources.

Trust in others, in this case, my translators, would certainly make things easier!

Indeed, trusting others, the ability and gift (to myself) of trusting others is a big issue.

Truth is, I do trust some. But not many. This is probably wise. Nevertheless, using both wisdom and judgement, I could learn to trust others a bit more. And I can start of with my language translators!

House Concert

Another question: How does this issue of trust affect my relationship with my audience? Can I trust them? Trust them not to knock my head off. (Basically, I have a

life time fear the audience will knock my head off.)

In other words, can I play classical guitar in front of them?

Today is my first day of saying yes.

I've decided to give a House Concert.

First half will be classical, including, of course, Alhambra, Leyenda, Bach Prelude in Dm (maybe Villa Lobos Prelude No. 4), Flamencan pieces, Granados, and Malats.

Second half will be folk songs.

Greek

I'm also going to look for a Greek meet-up language class, or some kind of Greek-speaking group.

The above are all post-operational commitments and changes.

House Cleaning

I also decided to clean the house. Clear much of the basement, attic, and even den. This symbolized a fresh new start. The physical cleansing of my house and old life.

A House New Leaf.

Expanding my Soul and Vision

On one level, perhaps a deeper level, it's so much easier to just give in and trust them.

But another question: Who is "them?"

Is "them" an earthly form of God? Is this new "trust idea" a (new) God-give commandment offered to me (thrust upon me?) for my next post-operational stage? On a higher, cosmic level, was my operation really needed to cleanse me of mistrust and to put this new, fresh, and easier form of trust into my heart? To transform my inner self,

open my heart a bit more, and expand my soul and vision.

I'd say yes.

I had to have the operation. Thus, I was "forced" to trust them (God thrust it upon me), and in the process, I learned to trust them.

What precious elements am I trusting them with? My teenage in-room violin-playing, creative ecstasies, my radio Beethoven symphonic melt downs, my unabashed, wild and crazy enthusiasm, my running wild on the lawn!

I'm wild and free going public with all of it!

I could only do this, open to this ecstatic freedom, at and by 80. This is a reason to be thankful for the wisdom and power old age!

(And maybe even celebrate my birthday? Well, I'm not up to that yet. But maybe getting close.)

Running Wild on the Financial Lawn

Dealing with low priced stocks and sometimes trading them in my financial expression my running wild on the lawn.

Running Wild on the Lawn is the Best Part of Me!

I need and want to run wild on the lawn. It is my ultimate expression of love, freedom, creativity, and enthusiasm and thus, the best part of me!

The love, joy, and enthusiasm I feel an express in it, through all the art forms and other forms I use, is truly what I have to offer the world.

My greatest fear, with its concomitant resistance, anger, struggle and fight, though out my life was, and has been, that my running wild on the lawn would be suppressed. By others (the audience through criticism, etc.).

But that fear has abated. In fact, post-operationally, I'm on the border of it being totally crushed!

And this is a wonderful and beautiful thing! I stand at the gate in glory and

ecstasy.

My Purpose in Life

My (cosmic) purpose thus is to run wild on the lawn! Period.

And this, not just in the arts, but in everything I do!

Since and if the enthusiasm of running wild on the lawn is my greatest gift and the best part of me, that is what I should be, and will be, giving to the world. Period!

That is my purpose, direction, and contribution.

Everything else is a holding pattern, a resting place, and somewhat besides the point.

The Two Most Important Things in the World:

Enthusiasm and Courage

Thus, the most important this is enthusiasm.

The second most important thing is courage.

You need courage to stay enthusiastic.

Why? Many people knock enthusiasm. Thus, you need courage to stay in the zone.

Ten New Leaf Journal Commandments

Ten Commandments of the New Leaf Journal Life

1. Amaze yourself (a little) once a day.
2. Start ever day fresh (with an open, blank mind). Turn over a New Leaf every day. (Daily turn over a new leaf.) Yesterday's life is for sissies.
3. Stand up straight
4. Foster enthusiasm and courage (in yourself and in others.)
5. Do a folk dance, or any kind of dance, and/or sing a song) once a day (or twice, or thrice!).

Sunday, March 27, 2016

My Audience With Me

Dispelling the Cloud of Separation and Depression

Move from run wild on the lawn in front of others, which creates separation and depression, to run wild on the law with others, which creates unity, oneness, and elation!

Does this mean in order to create unity, and dispel separation and depression, I must move from no audience, to imagining my (the) audience in front of me. to imagining my (the) audience with me? Maybe.

Would this kind of imagining dispel the cloud of separation and depression forever? In all areas? Maybe.

It's an imagination thing. Thus, separation and unity are in my mind, my thoughts. And I have control over them, if I work at it.

Entering my Room

(The Audience Enters my Room)

It means I have to make the audience a permanent part of my mind. End of in-room violin playing. End of the private creative chamber of my heart. The creative chamber of my heart is still a creative chamber, but now it is a public chamber. The

audience is now part of it. Thus have then entered my (violin) room.

Pulling Out the Separation Tumor

Is that what the operation was about: Entering my gut and pulling out the separation tumor (cyst.) Pulling out the (life time)cancer of separation.

The doctor did say I may have had this “cyst) since birth. He called it “suspicious.” I call it the cancer of separation.

And. of course, part of the “pulling out” process, is the weeks and months of post-operative thinking, re-evaluating, and metamorphosis.

We Are the Audience

The We Castle

I created this separation as a protection; I created my castle walls to defend my sensitive self from the critical spears and arrows of the outside world.

But now I no longer need the walls. I can put down the draw bridge, cross the moat, let the former enemy in. Now they are part of the castle, they belong in the castle, the we’re-all-in-this-together castle.

Instead of I and them, We are the audience.

We all live in the We Castle.

It feels so weird and strange. The roles are reversed.

The caring and love my folk dancers and friends feel for me, and express by asking, with great care and love in their eyes, “How are you?” has broken down another wall of my castle. I’m letting these friends and lovers, my loving audience that accepts me with all my strengths and faults, into my new home.

Monday, March 28, 2016

The missing (arpeggio) link fell into place. Why it took forty years, I'll never know.

I miss you, my woman, my enemy, my mother, my wife.

I miss you, my enemy ("enemy"). I've run away from you for years.

Why now? Will I ever know? (And does it even matter, if I know? It is the ultimate mystery of life."

The difference between resisting my enemy and loving my enemy.

I feel like I've completely fallen apart. I don't recognize who I am anymore.

I'm falling apart and have fallen apart from the neck down. Was that the cause of my neck pain? Why my neck hurt yesterday?

My head seems to be okay. But from the neck down, falling apart.

Thumb and index link has been connected; reconnected after forty years apart.

Falling apart from the neck down, reconnected between right thumb and index. Kidney tumor removed. Post-operation reflection and transformation. Is there a connection?

Puzzle, puzzle. Maybe I'll never know. The mystery of life.

Tuesday, March 29, 2016

Boredom. . . Dive into Self-Amusement

This morning at least I feel like I've conquered every problem and fear that I can think of. I'm not afraid of anything this morning.

And after this so-called conquest, what am I left with? Boredom. No motivation. Lassitude, death, or at least just waiting around to die.

Is boredom a worthy prize? Hardly.

Well, in this morning state of boredom, what and why do I do next? All I can think of is to do what I usually do, to fill up my time in my usual ways, but now for

totally different reasons.

Now it is mainly to fight boredom. For indeed, if I do not fill up my mind with something, it will eat me up.

What reasons can I find to return to my events? (I used to call them miracle schedule events, but there is no miracle in merely fighting boredom.)

I can't see anything vitally important to anything I am doing this morning. Self-amusement is the only "reason" I can come up with.

Another word for self amusement is "fun." Not a high and mighty, death-defying, life-fulfilling, dynamic struggle against evil, depression, or deep-seated fears, but it's all I can think of this morning.

Thus, dive into self-amusement. It's the best I can do this morning.

Can I dive into self-amusement with a passion, a driving commitment, an all-consuming, mad shoe, passion and love? Maybe.

Maybe fears will return. But for now, dive into self-amusement.

In fact, maybe even my fears are a subtle form of self-amusement. If that is the case, then all life of the imagination – and that is where life exists – is self-amusement.

So what else is new?

If this is the case, then you really can't take life that seriously. Whether comedy or tragedy, life is only different forms of the imagination, playing itself out in various forms of self-amusement.

Imagination Palace

One of the great pleasures in my life (of self-amusement) is diving into things with a passion. I love meaning, direction, structure, and all fueled by an over-consuming passion. Yes, the meaning, direction and passion is all created in my imagination for the ultimate purpose of self-amusement. Thus, I chose my own standards and choose to amuse myself within them in this way.

That's fine. It is my choice.

So now I will choose to go back to my miracle schedule with my own imagination-fueled meaning, direction, and passion.

So what does this mean? Nothing has changed, but through attitude and viewpoint, everything has changed.

These are the results of my post-operative transformation: Nothing has changed, but everything has changed. Transformation of attitude.

I'm living in a totally new imagination palace.

Run Wild on the Lawn!

This new palace of imagination where I am now living means that no one, in my imagination or even outside it, is "forcing" me to do anything.

No one is "forcing" me to sell tours or whatever; no one is forcing me to worry about poverty and impending doom. No one is forcing me to do anything. I am totally free. And what does a totally free person like me do?

Run wild on the law!

That is self-amusement at its best. So go for it!

How to foster more running wild on the lawn? That is my quest, purpose, and meaning in life.

I have been released from prison to run wild on the lawn.

Start running today!

How to Reach (Achieve) Running Wild Status

Run wild on the lawn in Hebrew.

Methods: How to reach (achieve) running wild status:

Work more intensely, with more intensity. Specifically, in Hebrew, perhaps spend more time (and deeper focus) on each session. Thus will I dive deeply, with more intensely, and reach "running wild" status.

Push the envelope to achieve running wild status.

This "rule" is true in all areas of focus.

Wednesday, March 30, 2016

"Blow the Clouds Away"

I never thought I'd be quoting myself, but voila, here I am. Just as on guitar I am returning to "El Abejorro" (The Bee), so in song philosophy I am returning to one of the first songs I wrote: "Blow the Clouds Away.

How so? By asking the question: "Is there such a thing as a 'worthless' feeling?"
Yes.

Yesterday's "boredom" feeling, and the unanswerable "What is the meaning of everything?" question with its concomitant feeling of down/depression. A question which leads to "Nothing is worth doing" feeling.

This is a "worthless" feeling.

Why? Because it leads nowhere.

Yes, of course, it appears constantly, and one must deal with it. But it never goes away; it is never answered sufficiently so it never goes away. Like the devil, it returns, if not everyday, at least periodically, to haunt, distract, annoy and try to destroy me.

As an expression of the Grand Negative, it seeps into the cracks in your mind, crawls through the breaks in your brain.

It must be dealt with even though it is "worthless." Or rather, perhaps better, because it is "worthless" best to deal with it quickly, get through it, so one can push it aside and move on.

How to deal with it? How to get rid of it quickly so I can move on?

This morning I'm thinking the best and fastest way is to see it as a cloud, a vapor, a ghost with no substance. Then with a strong breath, blow it away.

Blow the Clouds Away: One of the first songs I wrote.

It still applies today.

The answer must daily be remembered: Run Wild on the Lawn!

A Great Feeling, and definitely worthwhile!

My battle between the forces of good and evil. Evil is depression, down, giving up; goodness is encouragement, enthusiasm, running wild on the lawn.

To daily dive into Running Wild on the Lawn is my daily, lifetime, very worthwhile struggle.

Fear Replacement Therapy

Replacing Bad Fears with Good Fears

A Desirable and Worthwhile Fear

Indeed, Running Wild on the Lawn, communicating and imbuing this form of joy in others is a God-give talent I have. I'm fortunate to have it.

(Don't forget bringing to myself first. But just as once the sun shines, it shines on everyone, so in bringing it to others, of course I bring it to myself as well. A tautology.)

However, it is also a tremendous task and responsibility.

Bringing Running Wild on the Lawn to others, to dance classes, tours, guitar playing, everything I do, and everyone I meet (that includes myself) is a high challenge, huge responsibility, and heavy weight.

The fear of not fulfilling this responsibility could replace my old financial fears.

This new fear, anxiety (hopefully panic) may indeed be the fear I need to motivate myself!

That's what the fear replacement therapy program is all about. Replacing fears such as fear of what others will think of you, fears of failure, etc. negative fears.

Replacing these fears with the "not" fears, fears you will not expand, not grow, not fulfill your talents, not fulfill your potential, mission, and purpose in life. A positive and worthwhile fear.

A fear worthy of haunting and pursuing you all your life!

Awesome Path

Fear? Or make it a panic or terror? Or is anxiety good enough? Probably best to use them all, in various degrees as they appear on this new and awesome (fearsome) path.

Thursday, March 31, 2016

Emotional Connection

Introducing Fear and Humiliation into my Language Game

It's difficult to remember Hebrew, Greek, French or any language words.

Why?

Because there is no emotional connection. I'd rather the foreign words simply wash over my "like a warm and pleasant bath." Thus they are pleasant and relaxing to read. But I don't have to really put effort, especially emotional effort into them because they are "really not that important." Or perhaps, for some reason, my brain does not make them important. Perhaps this is because I really don't need them to survive.

Yet, on one level, they must be important, since I keep studying them.

I now stand at the running wild on the lawn stage of my life. Thus the next question is: How can I run wild with languages? How can I give them my all, my best, my strongest running wild effort? How can I fuel their study with emotion, and thus improve?

The answer is to somehow make language learning more emotional.

Others! Speaking to others, and listening a bit, is my emotional connection to language. And most other things. When I speak a foreign language to others, I make my best effort, I try real hard, I get embarrassed (humiliated) when I can't understand or can't find the right words to speak. Embarrassment and humiliation are great motivators. For languages, they are the "positive fear" I may need to improve my game.

What does this mean?

Make a commitment to fear and humiliation. Commit myself to running wild on the lawn self-improvement, growth, and learning.

Join a Hebrew, French (Greek) language speaking group.

Tours, with all their details, are important.

But note, they are no longer frightening.

Thus my question: What will now frighten me into growth?

Scaring Myself into Growth

Upcoming Frightening Guitar Concert?

If I am looking into ne positive emotional fears to motivate me – and I just added language – am I ready to add a guitar concert? Maybe this is too much for one day? Somehow if anything, it feels too early. I'm not ready. (Yet.) I don't have enough interest or energy to be scared into a concert.

There's also a "been there, done that" element. If I ever go back to concerts, there needs to be a totally new reason to do so. What could such a reason be? This stew is still cooking.

On the other hand, the idea popped into my head. We'll see where this floating idea leads.

Curiosity as a Prime Motivator

Why bother playing for others? What's the point?

The only reason I see is to scare myself into growth.

That means growth is the most important element!

Do I want to improve and grow playing the guitar? I'm not sure. Why bother? On the other hand, I keep practicing. And I definitely enjoy the improvement and growth process.

Maybe the big question here is: How can I improve and grow in the guitar?
Should I take lessons again? Other? (This puts concerts in second place.)

Curiosity is a prime motivator. Maybe I like improvement and growth, seasoned and motivated by curiosity even more than being scared.

Is curiosity a bigger motivator than fear? I'm not sure, but curiosity is certainly a big one.

It motivated Columbus; and inspired me to go to France.

Friday, April 1, 2016

Getting in Shape by Going Public

April is my "get in shape" month. By May 1 my "transition" will be "complete."

Get in shape means:

1. Physical
2. Guitar
3. Languages: French, (Hebrew, and maybe Greek)

That's what my gray hairs are for: I look "different." I'm older, no longer young. The words "a diminishment" suddenly come into my mind. But upon thinking further, also an expansion. I've gone public.

My Purpose in Public (and Private) Life

My basic, (perhaps only) purpose and function in public life (my gone public life) is to encourage others to be and become their (truest) and best self.

And of course, the same in private life: Encourage myself to be my best self. And my best self is my running wild on the lawn self!

But it all begins in private life, which, when fulfilled, shines without effort like the sun, and brings light, heat, and encouragement to other in public life.

And ultimately, on the highest of levels, there is no separation between private and public life. All is one.

Saturday, April 2, 2016

New Leaf Philosophy, Attitude and Approach

New Leaf means turning over a new leaf every day. Thus unless looked at afresh, what happened or was learned yesterday's becomes "yesterday's learning," dead and done.

Today's learning, with its fresh start in the here-and-now is the only learning that counts and works.

Yesterday's Hebrew, Greek, French or whatever reading, memorized words, or whatever, can never be repeated today. The viewing of yesterday's corpses, the rote repetition of their deceased phrases is simply too dead.

Nothing can every be repeated. However, it can be reborn by infusing the new, fresh dynamic flow of today life into it.

This is true not only of languages, but of everything! Folk dance, music, reading, exercise, whatever, it must all start afresh, clean, pure, the dynamism of new infused into every moment of every day life.

Start every day afresh. Period.

Sunday, April 3, 2016

Repetition and Memorizing

Where the Fun Begins!

The only way to learn languages is through repetition. Maybe that's the only way to learn anything.

It's the way I learn music, repeating pieces over and over again until I learn and memorize them! Dances, exercises, actually almost anything. Repetition, driving it into the resistant brain, is (perhaps obviously) the only way I learn things.

Without repetition, I simply skim over the surface, remembering almost nothing, and making little progress.

I know the vital importance of repetition in music, and other fields. Why do I resist it, have I resisted it so long languages?

Repetition is where the work begins. Perhaps that is why I have resisted it. I resist the idea of “work.” Too hard and unpleasant. Takes the fun away from languages. I’d rather see languages as “taking a warm bath.” How pleasant to let the lovely sound of foreign languages wash over me, bath my body in beautiful and exotic words. Why push or “work” to memorize? How unpleasant.

Well, perhaps I was wrong. Or rather, perhaps running tours was so tension-producing, I needed the “warm bath approach” in order to relax. Languages were my warm bath.

However, running tours is now easier. I’m ready to move on to the next stage.

What’s the next stage? No longer seeing memorizing and repetition of languages as unpleasant “work,” but rather as enjoyable, as where the fun begins.

Yes repetition and memorizing is where the fun begins! Yes! To have the exotic foreign words happily sitting on my tongue, to wash them around in my mouth and brain, to taste and cherish them, this is very nice, indeed!

Repetition is Mucho Fun!

Truth is, repetition is mucho fun. It makes running wild on the lawn more dramatic, dynamic, and easier!

Why I have missed, resisted, avoided, this all these years in language learning, I’ll never know. (Well, I know why: Tour pressures.) But those days are over!

On to the joys of repetition!

Repetition is an Illusion

Every Moment (“Repetition”) is Different

Also, on a deeper level, you can't really "repeat" anything. All life is a New Leaf. It only appears to be the same, a repetition of the same. In actuality, every moment is different. And in every moment, you are different. And thus, so is every "repetition."

Principles to Remember Daily

1. Run wild on the lawn every day.
2. 80-90 are my "getting in shape" years.
3. Repetition and memorize (languages and all)

Humiliation Test

Just as I must put my language to a humiliation test by speaking before a group, so must I put my guitar playing to a humiliation by playing before a group.

The humiliation test, or trial by fire challenge:

1. Can I stand it?
2. Can I recover from it?

But I must do it. I must subject myself to the trial by fire. Otherwise, I am not brave, courageous, lion-like, and manly. (Otherwise, I am cowardly, giving in to fear, mouse-like, etc.)

Run wild on the lawn in and for yourself.

The antidote to humiliation. Run wild on the lawn before others.

Run wild on the lawn before others. That is my banner!

Monday, April 4, 2016

Impossible Dream Versus Specific Goals

Do I need a dream to drive me on?

Do I need an impossible dream to drive me on?

Maybe.

This morning's impossible dream is that someday I'll be able to speak the

languages I am studying. Yes, I'll be able to "get along" reading them. But speaking them is an entirely different skill. I have no place to practice speaking them. Worse (or better) I have no need to speak them.

On my tours, I speak English. It keeps me in a position of strength, which I need as a leader. When I practice speaking to local people, or learning words from my guide, I'd call that the "fun and relaxing" part of the tour.

But again, I have no visceral need to speak.

If all this is so, and it is, why bother learning all these languages? Why bother studying them?

Somewhere in my heart, it must be, might be, could be, even is, fun. But where?

Even more important perhaps is the question: What is pushing me, motivating me to study them?

Could it be the impossible dream: Someday I will not only know how to speak them, or at least survive reading them?

Somewhat like my possible guitar dream (although this too may be impossible): Someday I'll perform again.

Well, playing guitar is a skill I already have. I just, for some strange and unknown reason, do not want to, nay refuse! To play or "perform" before others.

Language speaking is a skill I do not have – or could have at a minimal level.

Although the guitar skill I have, and the language skill I might have or could develop, nevertheless, the question is: what drives me on to learn them?

Could they both be motivated by the dream? And the impossible dream at that?

I know I like, nay love, the impossible dream.

And somehow, I like (love?) pursuing an impossible dream.

But this morning, I wonder. Maybe the entire idea of pursuing an impossible dream is a subtle form of putting me down. After all, it is so vague and impossible. And ever realizing that I will never reach it, may well be a disappointing event, fostering a subtle form of depression.

So this morning I am questioning the wisdom and force of having, and certainly pursuing an impossible dream.

Maybe I should reconsider, and try pursuing a possible dream. This would mean pursuing, not grand, distant, and impossible goals, but rather, limited, realizable, specific goals.

What a change this would be!

As a start, what specific goals would I pursue in language, and guitar? Good question.

These goals would include both a specific task and a time table in which to accomplish them.

How to Fill the Impossible Dream Vacuum

Connect All the Business

With this realization, I could be releasing myself from a great burden: the burden of trying to fulfill my impossible dreams.

On the other hand, by dropping, losing, giving up my “burden” I am also creating a vacuum in my mind (brain), which, if not soon filled, will lead to unhappiness and depression.

Or will it? Perhaps. But so what?

Soon, eventually, that vacuum will be filled.

What will fill it may well be my next question.

Do I need my languages? Not really.

Do I need my guitar? Not really.

Do I need my exercises. Yes. I need my body for folk dancing, running tours, and business in general.

Do I need my folk dancing? Yes.

Do I need my writing? Maybe.

Writing, like guitar, could be part of my business. But at this moment, I choose not to involve them. Will this every change? Should it change?

I don't know.

Could, should languages be part of my business? I don't know. But evidently, if I make things part of my business, they assume a new importance. That's because they are then connected with people. Business equals people. And people motivate me.

So, should I start looking at guitar, language, writing, and people in a new way? As all connected? And connect them all through business? Maybe.

All with business is people. All is one. Something to consider, think, and dream about.

Specifically, such thinking might be good for me.

Specifically, how to make new businesses out of languages, writing, and even guitar.

Languages, Guitar, Writing: Three New Businesses.

Now that would be interesting and motivating!

I even gulped on this one! Does that mean I'm onto something? Maybe.

Put everything I do under business.

Businesses under the Jim Gold (International) Conglomerate

Existing:

1. Tours
2. Folk dancing (includes folk dance bookings)

"New"

1. Guitar (bookings)
2. Writing (my books)
3. Languages: (Unknown at the moment.)

So, on one level, all this is nothing new. I've had all these "business" before, and actually still have them. (Only language is new.) But they have not been promoted or pushed.

Am I ready to push them? Maybe.

And of course, languages are something totally new.

Specifically:

Guitar: (Not a guitar concert but rather “guitar program.” Drop “concert.” The word is too formal. “Program” is more modest, folksy, and me. Or even better, make up a new name!

Guitar Flurry, Running Wild with Guitar (on the guitar lawn) Mad Shoe Guitar, other.

Everything has been cleared for such a path. I can now play Alhambra. Maybe instead of pushing for a pure classical guitar program (which I may never do), instead go for the mixed program. Folk songs and some classical. Or even back to the original World of Guitar format: Classical followed by folk songs. I can do it now. I can play Alhambra. The path is clear,

Back to the World of Guitar format. But now introduce humor and ease into the classical guitar portion.

Truth is, now that I’ve proven to myself that I can play Alhambra, and that I can actually play it, I don’t even have to play it publically. Just knowing I can do it is enough. I can play my usual Milan, Villa-Lobos, and Flamencan openers, everything I know and am good at – this will help the ease and humor – and that’s enough.

Writing: The path is clear, too.

Languages. . .and Tours:

Truth is, studying languages is the way I’ve been trying to keep interest in running my own tours alive. I’ve been “using” language to prop up my interest. That means that my interest in running tours themselves has pretty much died.

They have served their purpose: both to teach me how far I can improvise, and

choreograph in folk dance. Plus they have made me money.

Tours have served their purpose. I must finally admit: They are no longer have purpose or are of interest to me. They have accomplished their mission.

What to do with the dead form which I have built up into a nice business, is now the question.

Truth is, it doesn't take that much effort to run them anymore. So I'd say just keep doing them in easy fashion, treading water, marking time, let them go, grow or diminish at their own pace. Meantime, move on to my "others."

Tuesday, April 5, 2016

Luxuriate

The word of the day is: Luxuriate.

Guitar: Luxuriate in the right index finger.

Luxuriate as replacement for rushing, hoping to improve the speed and prowess of Alhambra and right index finger.

Folk dancing: Luxuriate in my teaching.

Luxuriate in the teaching of Slavic Metal, the arm motions, and more. Over and over again. For the fun of it. Luxuriate in each motion.

Greeting Card:

"Hoping for the worst. Sorry to hear you're getting better."

"I went to a child psychiatrist but he was too young."

Wednesday, April 6, 2016

The Jim Gold Brand

The Jim Gold Brand.

Just saying and accepting it is a major step forward for me.

The name and idea unites all my aspects.

1. It unites everything I do under one rubric, in one unit.
2. Guitar: It lessens the pressure on my right index finger, and on classic guitar in general.
3. Languages: Languages are part of my brand.
4. My books, bookings, guitar performances: all are part of my brand.

Thursday, April 7, 2016

Back (Forward) to Writing

You can't really go back to anything. The past is ever over. But you can go forward to it. (That's why does kadam in Hebrew can mean both forward and back).

In any case, I'm ready to go forward by returning to writing.

First, recognize once again, that all my life I have been discouraged by writing. Why? Because few read it. Why? Because I don't push my books? Why? Perhaps lack of confidence. This coupled with the idea that writing, or at least the effort of trying to sell my books, does not pay.

But the most discouraging thing about my writing, is that I decided not to push it. Internally, I have "given up" on my books even before I start. True, once can never determine whether success will come, whether, no matter how hard I try, I can sell and promote my books. Sales are ultimately up to God. Half of them are always up to others. The customers have to decide themselves whether to buy my books. That is step two and always up to them. But step one, the decision and effort to promote, push, and sell my books is totally up to me! I am in total control of step one. And that is where my discouragement has always come in.

As I say, somehow, internally, due to lack of confidence and more, since I started writing, I have given up on my books. Somehow I've always thought internally that I am really not a writer, really not that good, that, compared the great writer's of the past, I don't and can't stand up, etc.

My internal approach to writing is thus very similar to my approach and attitude toward classical guitar. No confidence. Period.

Yes, I keep practicing guitar, keep letting my right index finger holding me back, keep using it as an excuse for lack of confidence, etc.

So, here are two lifetime lack of confidence areas: Classical guitar and writing!

No question, I have always had confidence in my folk singing, folk dance teaching, and organizations skills, running folk dance weekends and tours. Yes, I might have had technical problems in these areas, and lots of detail problems. But I always had confidence. I remember how I also had confidence as a leader when I conducted the High School of Music and Art orchestra! How strange. Confidence in that area was never an issue, the idea of lack of confidence never ever occurred to me, never came up.

Thus, as a leader, I may have been concerned, irritated, and nervous. But I never lacked confidence.

But this was never true in teenage violin playing, and later classical guitar and writing.

Now perhaps, near age 80, I am ready to gain confidence, be confident, in the twins: classical guitar and writing.

And these changes, metamorphoses, have all arrived post-operational.

So where am I now?

In former New Leaves, I've deal with confidence in classic guitar and how my "new" view, approach, and attitude to my right hand index finger has released me.

Now I shall deal with the newest release: writing.

First of all, evidently I am ready. And when you are ready, your teacher will appear. In this case, my teacher has been Deborah Newkirk. In my business meeting with her, she brought up branding. (See yesterday's New Leaf on that one.)

The idea of branding myself has somehow solved the problem of writing publication, sales, and promotion. I suddenly see a place for it within the whole. Hard to, and no need to explain anymore now. Leave it to simply saying, branding works! It

gives a new going-public, bringing it to the public importance to my writing. And this in turns, dissolves my lifetime discouragement. And with the new importance of writing in my Jim Gold branding constellation, once again I make writing, with babble writings, new creations, and editing part of my day.

Writing now comes in three parts.

1. Fresh: New creations, babble writing, and more

2. Editing: Perfecting old works, preparing them for publication. This is the hard part, even hardest. And is the prelude to sales. Editing and sales even go together.

In fact perhaps the idea of sales should, could, even will inspire editing. Think sales when I edit!

Fostering the Jim Gold brand.

3. Sales: "Getting it out there." Getting, putting my books before the public.

Even if they are free or cost a dollar.

The importance of the above comes exactly in that order.

Fresh: Inspires, motivates, and clears clean my mind.

Editing: Makes what I wrote important. Sales: using different part of my brain. Proves to me that my writing is important, and thus inspiring me to write further.

Sales: Uses totally different part of my brain. The effort of sales, getting it out there, proves (to me personally), what I write is important.

Jim Gold Brand

Helped by the new Jim Gold branding idea, as of today, writing and guitar go together, and language study comes third.

1. Writing

2. Guitar

3. Language

All are part of the Jim Gold brand.

(Note how I'm no longer hesitant to brand myself, or afraid to use my name,
Watch this: Jim Gold brand!)

Treading Water

Why do I study languages?

Many reasons. But one of them is that studying languages, is like treading water.
Just as running tours is, on one lever, like treading water.

Why am I treading water? What am I waiting for while I tread water?

I'm waiting for, holding myself in abeyance for, the important stuff: Writing, and
then guitar (music.)

Two important, nay vital parts of the Jim Gold brand.

Thus during my lifetime, secretly but never in doubt, has been the vital
importance of writing and music. True, I can only do them an hour or so a day. A
relatively short time. But they are the essence of what makes me work, and, in my view,
the prime reason and meaning for my existence.

Good to know and remember all this.

(Note how my folk dance and running legs are falling apart while I say all this. I
wonder what, if anything, it means.)

The Jim Gold branding idea helps put the missing pieces of the constellation
together.

What is the Jim Gold Brand?

Post-operationally, I'm coming back to everything I used to do with a new
vision, vigor, enthusiasm, courage, and running wild on the lawn.

The Jim Gold Brand contains enthusiasm, courage, encouragement, confidence
(in the) unity of all parts, and running wild on the lawn.

Fostering the Jim Gold Brand

Think Sales When I Edit and Play Alhambra

Sales fosters the Jim Gold brand. Editing leads to sales. Editing and sales go together. Why bother editing, unless I'm thinking about getting my work out there, unless I'm aiming for sales.

Same with Alhambra.

Writing and guitar (Alhambra) Foster the Jim Gold brand.

Writing:

I'm editing for an audience: Think sales when I edit!

Editing-sales-business-people.

Editing connects to sales, sales connects to business, business connects to people.

(Where does fresh writing fit in? Obviously, without fresh there is no editing.

But does this question even matter?)

Guitar:

Alhambra-sales-business-people.

I'm playing guitar for an audience. Alhambra connects to sales, sales connects to business, business connects to people. Think sales when I play Alhambra.

Think sales when I edit.

Think sales when I play (Alhambra) classical guitar.

Think Sales for all my Classical Guitar Playing!

In fact, my classical guitar playing is "totally edited." I've been editing it for years. So I'd now say: Think sales for all my classical guitar playing!

I'm good at sales, too!

When playing classical guitar, always think sales.

Always fostering the Jim Gold brand.

A totally different Jim Gold brand way of playing classical guitar.

The Jim Gold brand of classical guitar playing.

A Brand

It's a brand. A brand is not good or bad, fast or slow, hot or cold, or whatever. It's just different.

The Jim Gold brand is just different.

Friday, April 8, 2016

Is Going Public Good and Right for me?

Going public. Becoming a brand. Getting my writings, guitar, and even my dances out there. Among other things, it means readings, concerts, workshops. . . if I go that route.

Sadness, anger, loss of a beautiful time of innocence where I could hide in the grass, not take responsibility, read languages without remembering them, retreat, play guitar in the corner, write for myself in my head and in private, and more.

Well, I don't dance or choreography "for myself." Folk dancing is my public form, and I don't mind that. Somehow it's okay. My public "running wild on the lawn."

But to now add writing and guitar?

Maybe I don't want to do this? Maybe I don't want to be a brand, put myself out there, lose my innocence.

I could choose to stay hidden the rest of my life.

Do I want that?

Maybe.

Positives of staying hidden versus the positives of going public.

Somehow the brand idea has opened, reopened, the thought that I will die unfulfilled and with regrets. I will stand before God and when he asks, "What did you do with your life?" one of my answers will be: "I failed to bring my deepest inner self to the public. I failed to expose my core, open myself up, display my true self for the world to see and benefit. Yes, secretly I feel the world will benefit from "getting to

know me, the real me.” But I so hesitate to expose it. Somehow I feel that exposing it, the process and efforts I have to make to reveal it, will also kill it.

Yes, I’m afraid that exposing my inner core, that working so hard to bring it public, “sell and expose it” will also kill the dream. It will make my writings (and guitar, and even dances) “more real” and in doing so, will kill the dream.

And I live through dreams.

It is so sad, enraging, and core and life threatening to give up the dream.

Am I really giving up my dreams by going public? Does, will, is the effort to “concretize them,” frame them in smaller forms by giving concerts, readings, workshops, to sell them as I create a my new brand form really kill them?

Maybe.

On the other hand, what about the “responsibility” to myself (and others) to bring the benefits that God and I created to the world? What about the regrets I will feel if I don’t at least make an effort? A big effort?

I don’t mind failing. Public lack of acceptance is not within my power. But the big crime is not making the effort to reach them, not making the effort to go public.

But is it a crime? Is it really my responsibility to go public? There are those who worship God from their cave, the anchorites dedicating themselves to the Lord all alone. No one hears or knows about them but God. Wouldn’t that route be acceptable for me? No doubt, half of me it strongly attracted to the anchorite life.

Would I be more creative and happier living in private with the idea that my creations will be seen only by God but never be seen by the public? Can I live that way? Can I accept such an unseen existence?

Do I really want to go public?

Is it good and right for me?

Or is keeping writing and guitar “close to my hip” a better option?

One of the reasons I always wanted money was so my mind would be unfettered and not distracted by worldly fears, and I would be “free to create.” Well, truth is,

financial fears have not stopped me from creating. And now that financial fears have retreated into the background, I am still creating. So maybe finances have nothing to do with creating. Like breathing or eating, I'll need and will do it anyway, whether I'm financially secure or not.

Yes, I need to create. But do I need my creations to be and go public? Do I need them recognized and appreciated by others? And do I need to make the big. Time consuming efforts needed to accomplish this going public?

I'm not sure.

Why do I want to go public in the first place? Yes, I'd like to be loved and appreciated by others. But I am already. How much love do really need? Do I really believe that going public with more things, namely writing and guitar, will bring me and other so much more qualitative and quantitative benefits?

Why go public? Why become a brand? I certainly have enough in life to be happy. In fact, I am happy and quite satisfied with my existence the way it is.

If I forget about my so-called "responsibility" and bringing of the benefits of my creations to the world, and ask "Will going public with my guitar, writing, and even dances, make me happier?" what will be my answer.

I don't know.

Hiding Versus the "Some Day" Effect

The Power of Remaining Secret

There is a delicious energy in staying hidden, being secret, having secrets, and leading a secret dream life.

Suppose I kept my writing and guitar as my private secret. But in my mind there always rise the "some day" effect. "Some day I'll play guitar for others, "some day" my writings will be revealed for others, "some day" I'll show them!

Well, suppose my "some day" never comes. Suppose my "some day" is always the motivating force for fulfilling my secret dreams. And once my "some day" becomes

real, once others start to read my works or listen to my guitar, then start putting pressure on me for more or whatever, and my “some day” turns into a concrete reality, will I actually be happier? Or will I retreat in frustration and annoyance, move away from this so-called but “dreamed of” public acceptance, and go back to my creative, happy, private and non-public self?

Is “some day” part of my dream motivation, and as such, a dream that should never be fulfilled?

Does fulfilling some dreams, kill them? Maybe.

Recognition

I’m recognized in many professional areas as a folk dance teacher and tour leader.

I used to be recognized as a guitarist and folk singer.

But I’ve always dreamed about being recognized as a writer!

If I give up my attempts to go public as a writer, can I live with this “eternal” non-recognition? Can I accept the nothingness of death and remaining unknown?

Intellectually, I know nothing lasts, and that all I’ve done will soon be forgotten. Non-recognition lasts forever.

Can I really accept this?

It Seems so Stupid. . . But What Can You Do?

Nothing lasts. That is the eternal wisdom.

Recognition exists: but only in the moment.

Stepping away from my egotistic self, seeing this quest for recognition (in this case through writing) from a long distance, eternal point of view, the search for “eternal” or even temporary recognition seems so stupid.

Yet I’m human, with the faults of short-term vision. What can you do but suffer along with question about your own illusions.

The above situation and questions have so disoriented me, thrown me off.

Saturday, April 9, 2016

New Goal

Starting from today my goal is to remap my brain so that the next 20 years will be totally different from the past 80 years.

This remapping should take between 4-6 weeks.

1. Remap my guitar brain.

a. Maybe only guitar. 6 weeks. One thing at a time.

This may be too ambitious. But maybe not:

6-8 week remapping "program".

I need a definite time goal. My "period" time is 6 weeks. Therefore, aim for May

29. My birthday! Come out with a new self: A perfect rebirth gift.

3 hours a day on guitar

Two hours in the morning, one hour afternoon or evening.

How to divide it?

First hour classical:

Second hour: classical (or folk?)

Third hour: classical (or folk?)

Doubt

Can I really do this?

Or am I fooling myself?

How strong is my determination?

How bad is my guitar and performing "pain?"

How long can I sustain this? Can I be a long-distance runner?

Luckily, I am haunted by self-disgust. I'm sick and tired of my old neighborhood way of thinking and doing things.

Plus I have “nothing else to do” and “nowhere else to go.”

Monday, April 11, 2016

On Repetition

From now on, I will only repeat myself.

I used to think that repetition was so uncreative. So boring, so embarrassing to hear “You did that already.” Thus you are uncreative, unimaginative, boring, and ultimately no good.

However, now I realize that truly, it is impossible to repeat yourself. Every day life changes, things are different, you are different, you do things differently. Just as Herodotus said, “You can’t put your foot in the same stream twice” so it is impossible to repeat yourself. Although nominally things, namely guitar pieces or folk dances seems the same, have the same names, sound the same notes or dance steps, it is impossible to perform them in the same way twice. Every day every performance turns over a New Leaf.

Thus I should commit myself to repeating myself. Play the same” guitar pieces over and over again, teach and lead “the same” folk dances, etc. No one complains about this but me. And once in awhile, if they every do, I’ll simply say, “It is impossible to repeat anything. As Herodotus said, “ You can’t put your folk dance foot or guitar fingers in the same stream twice.”

New Guitar Neurological Focus

Now I’m Ready and I Dare!

New neurological (Alhambra) focus will be now be on right wrist relaxation.
(With right index finger as “secondary.”)

Funny, as soon as I went into right relaxation mode, I started playing Alhambra “fast” and light.

I wonder what this means. Is there a direct relationship between relaxed right

wrist and "fast?"

The answer is: YES.

Does this mean a new way of practicing? Right wrist relaxation practice?

YES.

A very important breakthrough realization!

Focus on (right wrist) relaxation is the key. This will change the neurological pathways. Notes, right index finger, and other extraneous matter are all secondary.

I've always known about this place. I know the relaxation mode. I've also been there at rare times.

In the past, haven't dared take the leap, a leap into greatness and true running wild on the lawn.

Now I'm ready and I dare!

Does the above apply to yoga and other things? Maybe. But not yet. It's too early. One thing at a time.

Punishing Myself with a Headache

I'm mad about something, but I don't know what it is.

I do know my total fatigue after I ran too much (overuse) scared me. It forced me back into a corner, forced me to "rest" by watching mucho TV. And after watching mucho TV, I usually end up hating myself for draining my energies in such a waste of time and mental effort.

But it all started when I got scared. I basically thought I would collapse and die. I didn't.

I got scared by my total fatigue because I overdid my running. On the other hand, was I mad that I had to go for a walk with my wife? Although I suggested it and wanted to do it. No, basically, I was scared, and later, namely after I watched all that TV, mad that I was scared.

That's why I have a headache today. I'm mad at myself for succumbing to so much TV, even mad that I got scared.

But fear is always more powerful than anger. Fear comes first. Then when you feel safe, anger may follow.

Can I excuse myself for being scared, for being so vulnerable, ignorant, and terrified? And then excuse myself for falling into the TV trap?

Can I excuse myself, feel compassion for myself? Or would I rather punish myself with headache? Good question.

Punish myself for being so naughty. I can hear Ma saying it, warning my how bad it is for me to waste my time and life watching TV. She's not around. So I can't blame her. But I can at least blame myself. And punish myself with a headache for being so weak and giving in to my fears.

But do I want to give myself a headache? Do I still need to punish myself? That is exactly what I am doing. No one else cares.

I took a chance, over ran. And even though I intellectually knew such overuse would hurt, I did it anyway. Yes, I was punished for my transgressions. It happened naturally and normally through incredible fatigue.

Is there a better way for me to reach than punishing myself?

I'm a passionate person. I'll probably overdo it again. And suffer the same consequences.

Can I learn anything from this? I don't know. Although the fear it created was big and real, maybe, in retrospect, the whole thing wasn't that big a deal.

Tuesday, April 12, 2016

The Latent Power Behind Relaxation

Guitar and more: The latent power behind relaxation!

Just do it!

Stopping at the Right Time

Celebrate a Good Practice!

This was a good guitar practice.

Now stop.

Stop at the right time.

Learn how to stop at the right time. I just did.

Learn how to celebrate a good practice! With a good wahoo!

Take a few moments or minutes off with a good wahoo of self congratulation.

After victories Run Wild on the Lawn in Celebration!

Something I'm not good at is celebrating my victories.

Usually, I either deny my victories, or try running away from facing them. I wonder why.

In any case, this certainly does not fit my running wild on the lawn philosophy.

I have lots of victories.

Next challenge: After victories: Run wild on the lawn in celebration!

This is definitely the next step, the next challenge. Running wild on the lawn after my victories is something I almost never do. Instead I get a headache trying to deny my victories.

Somehow victories are a threat. They disturb my equilibrium. Perhaps they puncture my old self-image which is motivated by a low opinion of myself.

Yes, I motivate myself with a low opinion of myself. That drives me on to achieve and improve. A victory takes away that motivation, leaving me flat, hollow, and a bit depressed. What now? I say. If I am so good, so victorious, why bother moving on? After all, I am there! I now stand victorious at the peak. The place I strive for and always wanted to be. Now I am there! After a brief wahoo in the sun, I start to

sink fast with the question: Well, what now? What next? What will motivate me to move ahead. I love movement and motivation and aiming for the next peak. If I stand here too long, reveling in my victory, I'll never move on."

So instead of reveling, even briefly, I try to defeat myself by denying the whole thing and never "facing" my victory. As I say, instead I punish myself for winning, inflict self pain for my victory by getting a headache instead.

Well, those days are over. I'm facing my goodness and competence. In thankfulness and gratitude, I shall learn how to celebrate my victories. With a grand Wahoo! Followed by many wahoos.

Victory and Wahoo Celebration Practice

Victory practice: Count my victories during the day, then wahoo celebrate each one.

(Note the denial in phrasing this) I hate to say it, but most of my day is full of victories. That means lots of celebration.

I have, in the past, used negativity to motivate myself.

Perhaps I don't need to anymore. We'll see.

Leading the Wahoo Life

Will leading the Wahoo Life increase my energy?

Maybe. I think it will.

Leading the Classic Guitar Wahoo Life!

Guitar: Relaxing my right wrist is my first step into my classical guitar wahoo life.

Wednesday, April 13, 2016

Sudden Visit to the Old Neighborhood

I re-discovered the relaxation principle in guitar yesterday. A giant step forward.

Yet I feel so overwhelmed and crushed this morning. Why?

Does it have something to do with yesterday's discovery and Leading the Wahoo Life? Did I just whack myself back to second place, overturn and extinguish the Wahoo Life, and replace it with a backward step into the Old Neighborhood?

Possibly. Makes sense. On the surface, nothing else seems to be wrong.

Yes, I celebrated my victories yesterday. Today was an equal and opposite reaction.

Must one (I) always return to the Old Neighborhood for a "rest," to touch again my ancient base, the moist roots in the dark basement of my past?

Or can I actually change my brain, reroute, redirect, change mental my habits, re-map my neurons so I no longer need to return? Can I live and survive longer in Wahoo Land?

Two months to go in this brain change, neuron re-map, neuro-plasticity experiment. We'll see where it leads.

In any case, I just played an incredible Soleares with all tremolos and arpeggios clear, strong, and easy! A victory!

Am I ready to shout "Wahoo!?" Why not?

It's part of the practice.

Yes!

Shouting "Wahoo!" After Victory is Part of the Practice!

Bach Bourree: A fun, fast, light, merry piece. (Drop the Deutschland, crater-Bach heaviness. That's Old Neighborhood stuff. Dive into the new neighborhood of Wahoo Land.)

Bach as fun. Bach as a fun uncle. As fun Uncle Willie!

Another great challenge.

I wonder if the aches I feel today are reflections of my Old Neighborhood, anti-Wahoo muscle knots, put downs of myself in physical form.

Thursday, April 14, 2016

The Next Level

Guitar: I've moved "past" relaxation. That is, I've accepted it as the guitar right hand foundation. It's a "given."

On to the next stage.

Leyenda was fast, light and "easy."

The next level is "running wild on the lawn guitar playing," meaning: Pure and total fun.

Now that is an "achievement."

"Getting Used to it"

Perhaps today is a "getting used to it" day. Getting used to the next level.

(Could this be true in stocks and money, too? Don't jump the gun. Yet, what an wahoo achievement that would be.)

A fancier word for "getting used to it" is acceptance.

Breakthrough

I feel like I've broken through, and I'm staying here, staying at this new level.

Have I broken through and staying at the next level in other areas?

I somehow believe I have. (Am ready and about to.)

Seems that once you break through in one area, the other areas follow. This would mean that stocks, money, running, yoga folk dance teaching, organizing and running tours, and other levels are about to open up in the new breakthrough, running-

wild-on-the-lawn land.

It is impossible to go backward: You can't put your foot in the same stream twice. There is no stopping or changing this.

I am in a new place, and it will come out everywhere.

On Annoyances

Part of the strangeness of this new place is that my (old) annoyances don't really annoy me anymore. They kind of wash over me. I feel I should be annoyed (my old self speaking), but really, down deep in my heart, I am not. The deep down (new) feeling, really a new attitude, is: I'll handle it. No problem, no big deal.

I have this fatigue with annoyances. They just don't work anymore. Sort of the step that comes after "Been there, done that." Annoyances just don't have the old annoying juices anymore. They have somehow become challenges and tasks. As far as their annoyance level; I just don't care. I don't have the interest of energy to be bothered by them any more.

I also don't have or feel the pressure to be creative, (original and different), whatever that means.

Friday, April 15, 2016

Benefits of Writing

Wave of morning sadness returns. A good way to handle it is: Write it down.

Writing it down. Express, put it on paper. This somehow releases the sadness and in some mysterious way frees me from its clouded grip.

Release: One of the great benefits of writing.

Overwhelmed or Not: My Choice

Running Wild (on the Lawn) in the World!

The world is impinging on me again. I am re-entering the world. After my long hiatus of operation and post-operational mode, I'm feeling slightly overwhelmed.

I realize it is a personal decision. Do I want to go the overwhelmed route again? Or would I rather exert some control over my fate?

Note the first sentence is using passive verb form, while the second is an active verb. Do I want to be a victim of fate, or, with my power, take control? And personal decisions and attitudes are within my control.

Overwhelmed or not: That is my choice.

I loved the free time I had during my six weeks "off."

But I also like parts of re-entering the world.

Can I have parts of both?

Yes.

I just need to:

1. Organize and plan my time.
2. Steel my mind to stick with my plan.

This while whirling (running wild) in the world.

Relaxed Fire Mode

Turn my whirling into running wild on the lawn? Aha, that is my new plan and goal! Running wild on the lawn in the world!

That is the New Leaf re-entry I want!

Neuro-plasticity: Remap my brain to run wild on the lawn in the world.

Thus two brain remappings in relaxed fire mode.

This includes family, friends, and business.

(Note here how All is One.)

1. Guitar
2. Dealing in the world. Running wild on the lawn in the world. This includes

family and business.

It takes six-eight weeks. Aim for June 15th.

A Wonderful Gift

Relaxed Fire mode. Fire (burn up) the world with passion. A wonderful gift to give the world and myself during my remaining years, the last phase of my life.

Burn up and out: the best way to exit.

Thus, in this grand sense, it really doesn't matter what I do (business, family, friends, or other) as long as it is in relaxed fire mode.

Saturday, April 16, 2016

Finding a Teacher

Private language lessons are the hardest. They are a real commitment. No more phatzing around.

Originally, that's what I did: committed myself for a year of study to a country, it's history, language, etc. That's what I did with Hungary, Russia, and Bulgaria; I thought about it for Greece and perhaps others.

Why did I stop? (Because I thought I knew enough. I felt more secure. I no longer desperately needed. The key word here is "desperation." True, I am no longer desperate. But desperation, or fear, fueled my commitment. And I improved along the way.

Why have I hesitated to take them for so many years?

One reason may be, I am no longer afraid, no longer desperate. I can now survive in the countries in which I choose to lead tours. In fact, I realize that, as a leader, it is better for me to speak English! It puts me in a power position, forcing others to make themselves understandable in English, rather than vice versa, with me twisting and turning to understand them in their foreign language.

So, except for the fun of trying out foreign words on local residents, on a tour-leading level, I do not need the foreign language.

Thus, without fear and my desperation to survive fueling me, my desire to work very hard learning the foreign languages has collapsed.

So, where am I now?

I stand without fear and desperation before the same foreign languages. On the one hand, I don't need them. On the other, I am frustrated that I will not put in the grand effort to linguistically improve myself. That would mean a big commitment, mainly going back to finding a teacher and taking private language lessons.

It means going back to the beginning of my tour business. Starting over.

Of course, I like starting over. I like new beginnings. What, after all, in New Leaf all about but starting fresh every day.

So I stand firmly in the Land of Indecision, between commitment and non-commitment. Standing in the middle, I am pulled in two directions. Total conflict.

Perhaps I am at a turning point. It is, after all, the post-operational time. Many changes and new commitments have taken place. How long do I want or need to stand uncomfortably in Indecision Land? Perhaps it is time for a language commitment.

Perhaps it is time to "return to the past" (which one can never really do) or rather "return to the future." It seems, at this stage, there is no longer a choice. It seems like it is time to return to my tour beginnings, to the "Hungary days," start all over, and find French, Hebrew, and Greek teachers.

Commitment Land

I "solved" or at least "resolved" my since-marriage money and fear problems. They are now at a low and manageable level. I am actually ready to move on.

But move on to what?

Actually, seems like the best guide is the past. I "once loved" language, history and even the romance and adventure of travel. Then along came tours, my clever

method of achieving my these goals by leading tours and simultaneously making money.

Along with tours came fear and trepidation, which, strangely, may have fueled my loves, goals, and passions by “forcing” me to find teachers, learn about the countries, study their geography and history, learn their languages, dances, music, about their cultures, all in order to survive and flourish in my new business.

Well, I’ve sort of done that. I’ve succeeded. And obviously, with success comes “Now what?” emptiness of depression. I’ve been in this “success” state for several years.

But this is the post-operational turning point. The cyst or tumor of the world has been cut out, surgically removed. My body is clean and ready to move on to the next leaf and life.

I stand at the precipice, ready to leap.

Success

The Upside of Emptiness

Success has created the depressing “Why bother?” state. It goes like this: If I succeeded, I know enough already. Why bother moving on? Why bother learning more? Why bother studying, improving, expanding? A pretty depressing attitude, if you ask me.

This warped idea of success is very bad for me.

Better is to offer myself a short-lived “Wahoo!” Then move to the next growth and expansion state.

My best attitude is see the positives in post-success emptiness. The upside of emptiness.

Best to stand at the empty bottom, start over, aim to climb Jacob’s ladder, and rise to the top.

Self-MitzvahsNew Motivations Born

To summarize: The old motivations for growth and expansion, namely fear, desperation, and financial worries, have softened to the point of extinction. They are dead and gone, they no longer motivate me.

Yet I still have a love and desire for growth, expansion, and self-improvement. I need new motivations in order to perform them.

Here they are: Growth, expansion, self-improvement are good-in-themselves.

Every good-in-itself is a self-mitzvah.

Self-mitzvahs “inadvertently” benefits others. They heal through tikkun olam.
By doing good things for yourself, you benefit the world.

Sunday, April 17, 2016

Remapping of the MindLanguage and Yoga/Running

As you see from yesterday’s writings, I am ready to move on, standing at the precipice ready to jump, ready to leap into commitment(s).

Yes, I’m ready to leap. . . but I have not leaped yet.

Ready to move on. . . but I haven’t move on yet.

The commitments I’d like to make are too:

1. Language
2. Yoga/running (Note the dual connection.)
- (3. Guitar: already done.)

Strangely, writing, business, folk dancing, etc, are not included in this list.

Perhaps some day and soon they will be. But perhaps not. One commitment at a time.

This smaller group is weak and realizable. And actually, there are only two of them (guitar is already in commitment play.)

Thus, narrowed down to only two.

If I can succeed with these two, perhaps success will spread to other miracle schedule things I do.

But let's start small: Focus on only two.

Such remapping of the mind a la guitar is a big, happy step.

Tours and Languages

All is One

All is One. One action influences another.

And this, no matter how subtle.

In a subtle way, a language commitment serves as a form of motivation for my tour business.

Tours and languages are subtly connected, tied together.

Commitment to languages is commitment to the tour business.

By studying languages, I am (subtly) studying tours.

Languages

But what does studying Hebrew have to do with my France tour? And conversely, what does studying French have to do with my Israel tour?

On the deeper, deepest level, all languages are united. There is a universal language. On the deepest level, all languages are one.

All is One.

That's what my novel Zany is all about: Searching for the first word, the ultimate connection between all languages. I may not know what that connection is yet, but that doesn't mean it does not exist.

Languages – and history – may be my new way of training, preparing for, even “promoting” my tours.

It doesn't matter what language I study.

All languages are one.

That's because on the deepest level: All is One.

What about yoga/running? Certainly, I need a body to run these tours, learn these languages, and do everything else.

Monday, April 18, 2016

How to Grow my Business?

Wine and Culinary Tours

In order not to be depressed, I need a strong growth connection to the world.

Having stocks and "abstract" money to "protect" me is not enough.

I need expansion and growth in the real, material world. Expanding my tour business to include now Wine and Culinary tours could be (is) a first step.

These areas are totally new. I know almost absolutely nothing about them. But this might be a good thing. A challenge and fresh start.

They would expand the Jim Gold Brand, and stimulate my brain in the process.

Evidently, in spite of all the things I am doing (actually it feels like I'm not doing that much), I need a new intellectual and business challenge.

Otherwise strangely, I become bored and depressed.

Intellectual: The study of wine and cuisine, its history, physics, chemistry, etymology of product names, etc.

Business: The study of wine and culinary markets, and how wine and culinary tours are organized, etc.

And generally, my big question and challenge is: How to grow my business?

Perhaps I've gone as far as I can go promoting folk dance and folk dance tours.

My expansion and challenge then may be a “something else.”

Wine and culinary may be that “something else.”

Beyond Remapping

Success Means Endorphins Flying

Once again I am standing at the border of success. I may have remapped my guitar brain faster than I thought.

I may well be ready to move on. To the “next remapping.”

Dare I admit it? Dare I take the leap?

There’s no choice. I can only take the leap.

Into Beyond Remapping Land.

This would mean I have already succeeded in re-mapping already. I have reached my goal, and much earlier than I thought possible.

I stand at the border of success. I admit this truth.

Once again I have succeeded.

Once again the usual ugly emotions of success pop up their ugly heads. How threatening and depressing.

My next challenge is remapping my brain to look at success differently.

(Maybe that’s why I woke up depressed this morning. I unconsciously realized I stood on the border of a guitar success.)

Okay, suppose it’s true. (And it is.) What does this guitar success mean? Must I now go out and perform again? Am I ready to add guitar performances to my Jim Gold Brand?

How sad, exciting, threatening, depressing, expanding, and borderline wonderful. The whole mixture of emotions thrown in the pot. A culinary tour of emotions, indeed. With the “inebriating affects of wine thrown in.

Success means endorphins flying.

Endorphins flying is another way of saying enthusiasm, the wahoo life, and

running wild on the lawn.

Yes, remap my brain to run wild on the lawn!

And lead the exclamation point life!

Tuesday, April 19, 2016

Believe it!

Classical Guitar Competence, Confidence, and Beautiful Playing

The tremolo and arpeggio are not such a big deal anymore.

I can't believe I'm saying this, but I am. I can't believe that I can believe this, but I'd better. Learn to believe it.

And believe it!

Believing it, living it, diving into it is part of the remapping process.

Yes, it's scary to believe it.

I'm moving into a totally new world of classical guitar competence.

But there is no choice. I can only move. I am compelled to move by the powerful decay-and-destruct forces of "been there, done that."

"Been there, done that" destroys the old world of incompetence, low confidence, and put-downs. I have no choice but to dive into the new world of classical guitar competence, confidence, and beautiful playing.

Wednesday, April 20, 2016

Writing

(The Downs from "Giving Up" Writing)

Terrible down feeling this morning. I seem to be waking up with the down feeling more and more each morning.

I sense it has something to do with "giving up writing," especially fiction and babble writing.

Why have I "given this up?" I don't know.

It has “temporarily” vanished from my schedule and horizon. I shall probably stay depressed in the morning until it returns.

I’ve committed myself to guitar along with its branding. I began my two-month remapping program for classical guitar. And I’ve been putting most of my mind and energy into it. Maybe that’s why I’ve “stopped” writing. Until I finish my classical guitar branding program, I “can’t,” in full voice, return to writing.

But after I finish (and perhaps even before I do), maybe I can and should start the writing re-branding process. Even 15 minutes a day.

Thus, as of this morning, my program is:

1. Classical guitar branding/remapping process.
2. Think about beginning writing branding/remapping process.
- (3. Running/yoga remapping process in the background.)

Return to Fiction Writing

The very fact that I’m mentioning writing and realizing my morning depression is due to “giving up” writing means I am ready to return to writing! It even means I must (how I hate that word!) return to fiction writing. For happiness, satisfaction, meaning, and peace of mind.

Even 15 minutes a day.

I can start my new 15 minute, short jabs workout program.

15 minutes a morning of fiction writing.

Writing and (Classical) Guitar

Alhambra Gone Wild!

Can I combine the fancy of (babble, running wild on the lawn) writing with my newly remapped (running wild on the lawn) classical guitar? And do it with the Alhambra!

Well, why not. That would really be me!

Secret Running Wild (Alhambra) Guitar Finger

Right index finger: My secret running wild guitar finger?

Yes!

It has been suppressed for years, just as my running wild on the lawn has been repressed for years. (Although it has leaked out in writing and folk dancing).

Time to connect all my running wild selves.

Yes!

Let my right index finger point the way. Bring running wild to the classical guitar through its powerful off-the-wall forces.

Add Folk Singing

All combined. Connect it with folk songs, folk singing, performing, and readings. All connected in the running wild Jim Gold Show!

Thursday, April 21, 2016

The treasure chest of bauble and babble, the brilliance of loose-brain fantasy land lies in the right (or "correct") index finger.

Happy Index Finger

Guitar Renaissance

Shifting out of arpeggios and into pieces, but this time with a happy index finger, a treasure chest underneath its finger nail!

A return to old pieces, but with a difference. A renaissance, a rebirth. New but old, a new within the old.

Folk Dance Renaissance

This too in folk dances:

Rebirth and renaissance of the old dances, including my own choreos. New but old, a new within the old.

Start be organizing my own choreos into country folders while keeping the individual dances list.

Perhaps my old choreos are so old that I've moved beyond ego, the self-consciousness that I created them. They have now drifted into the repertoire and I can dance and teach them more freely, without the overlay and self-consciousness of ego. (And, of course, dropping the old hiding of my real self)

Folk Song Renaissance

Will there be a folk song renaissance, too?

Remapping

Is my remapping complete?

Or did I simply finish the first stage?

I'm moving out of extreme focus on Arpeggio Land and into Renaissance Land.

Two weeks ago I started out with a decision to remap my brain. I thought it would take from 6-8 weeks. Instead, it has taken only two weeks before I am ready to move on.

No question, I am ready to move on.

But has my brain already really been remapped? I can't believe it has happened so fast. Or happened at all.

Is it true? Is my remapping complete?

Or did I simply finish the first stage?

We'll have to see.

Disoriented

I feel totally disoriented and in a new place. I've stepped "beyond remapping" into. . . what?

Renaissance and rebirth?

Friday, April 22, 2016

Guitar

Introducing "Not Caring" Freedom

Playing Alhambra fast again. Tremolo feels/sounds somewhat erratic, uneven, and sloppy. Somewhat like the old days.

Or does it?

Is there a difference?

Has there been a change since I began remapping?

Has my index finger really been strengthened and enlightened?

Or is it simply that I've gone as far as I can go, or care to go, in my remapping program and that I just don't care anymore?

On the other hand, maybe "not caring" is enough.

So-called "not caring" may be the remapping I needed, the freedom I wanted.

Playing Guitar "My Way"

Remapping my Brain

After all, am I looking for technical excellence?

Yes. But that is not only for me unachievable, but it is also not the most important thing.

Most important is the freedom to play the guitar "my way", the way I play it.

Sloppy, imperfect Alhambra may well be my style.

Freedom. Playing this way, free and loose, may well be what I can, want, and need in order to remap my brain.

Saturday, April 23, 2016

The Strength and Power of "Not Caring"

Specifically, in guitar, "not caring" is a great strength.

Basically, it means not caring what the audience, others will think. And that

gives me tremendous freedom, the strength to run wild on my lawn!

The audience is always secondary. Important, and nice to know, but nevertheless, secondary.

Focusing on running wild the lawn, staying in running wild, is premiere.

“Not caring” give me the freedom to run wild on my lawn.

Sunday, April 24, 2016

Changing Patterns

Time to get back to Sarno.

Let me revisit him and ask: Why am I waking up with a back ache after a good solid seven and half hours of sleep?

Could it be that Hebrew is retreating into the background (temporarily?) and French is coming to the fore.

Could it be because I'm changing my pattern, mourning the loss of Hebrew as French along with my upcoming France tour comes into view. Angry, sad, and threatened by the change.

Yes, that is definitely it. Hebrew is moving into second (maybe even third) place behind French/France, and maybe even Greece. And this will be true until November (when my Greece tour will be over.) In November, I'll reassess my entire situation.

Fusing

Pleasures of the Flesh/Pleasures of Mind and Spirit

Wine, food, and sex are all pleasures of the flesh.

Wine and culinary tours are pleasures of the flesh tours.

Music, folk dancing, study, intellect, language, philosophy, history, in my mind, are all pleasures/adventures of the soul, mind, and spirit: So-called “higher things.”

Pleasures of the flesh, I (used to) consider “lower things,” not worthy of so-called “study” or mental effort.

But my views are now being challenged. I am changing.

Pleasures of the flesh, wine and food, are being mixed into one grand flesh-spirited basket. Somehow mind/spirt and flesh/material are beginning tp fuse in my mind.

We'll see where all this leads.

Very Fast: Guitar

When you go very fast, all the frills disappear (no time for frills), and only the essence remains.

The boiled down distillate, bare-bones bottom.

Very Fast: Running

This is true in running as well.

Very fast reveals the brute/spiritual essence.

Very Slow: Yoga

Yoga: The above also may be true of very slow. But you have to emphasis the "very." The extreme. This can be done in yoga.

Extreme effort creates extreme focus.

Running Wild on the Lawn

Whether it be guitar, running, yoga, or whatever, the above shows the deep truth of running wild on the lawn.

Double Piss-Off

Since my operation, I have been haunted and pursued by the negative distractions of monkey mind.

The antidote: Dive into the task at hand.

I know the reason for my negative thoughts:

I'm doubly pissed off:

1. I'm pissed off at my operation
2. I'm pissed off because I'll soon be eighty. Pissed off that I'm getting old.

Double piss off.

Of course, there is nothing I could do or can do about either. I hate to "waste my energy" getting mad at something I can't change. But just because I can't change it, doesn't mean that I'm not mad at it. Which I am!

Yes, I can't change it.

But I can change my mind, brain, and attitude about it. How? By using the emotions that it generates differently.

The main emotions are anger, and beneath that fear. I'm totally vulnerable and helpless? No matter what I do, time, sometimes accompanied by ill health, marches on.

What to do with these emotions?

Realize I am turning these powerful emotions on myself. Pushing myself down and back into the old neighborhood with negative thoughts of hopelessness, depression, and "Why bother doing anything? (An old voice returning.)

Perhaps I am doing so as my last defense against helplessness, vulnerability, and mortality.

One thing I can do: Instead of turning them on myself by creating clouds of negativity, instead use their power, their energies unleashed in rage, anger, fear, and terror to mobilize my mind, motivate it to focus laser-like and powerfully on the present.

Dive into a task at hand! Period.

In fact, that's the only thing I can do! And it's a good thing!

Stray thoughts floating beyond, whether negative or positive (but positive ones are more pleasant), are distractions of monkey mind.

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Encouragement

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So ends a New Leaf