

## Alhambra and Performance Chronicle

Monday, November 17, 2014

### New Application Plans

#### Business-Artistic or Artistic-Business Plan

As the stock market and my stock trading sink into the sea, a new day dawns. New directions are rising.

The principles of Napoleon Hill stated in such books as Think and Grow Rich, The Wisdom of Andrew Carnegie, etc., no longer apply to material gains, that is, growing my money. Now I shall apply them to my artistic vision. In particular, I'll start with guitar playing: Alhambra, Leyenda, and so forth.

Eventually, I plan to apply them to Miracle Schedule writing, yoga, gym, running, singing, folk dancing, and perhaps study.

### Moving Past the 30-40 Year Distraction

The great 30-40 year distraction of the stock market has ended. I am now ready to apply my energies to talents I actually have, to purposes (things) I was put on the earth to do, to my actual calling.

No question the quest for financial gains (and security) through the stock market was always a failure. Yet I kept banging my head against the market for 30-40 "lost-in-the-desert" years. Why it took so long, I'll never know. Why it is suddenly changing now, I'll never know. But evidently it has. I'm starting a new direction, a New Leaf, a new life.

These "30-40 lost-in-the-desert" years were accompanied by a symbol: My inability to play Alhambra. Somehow I could sense a subtle inner desire, that wanted me to fail in this endeavor. Why? Perhaps to distract me while I built up other leadership skills, fulfilling (perhaps) another skill, talent, and purpose I was put on earth to do. Although I always downplayed this talent, there is no question that I have

it. So-called leading is “easy” for me. (But not so playing the Alhambra which symbolizes playing the classical guitar.)

Well, perhaps the Infinite Intelligence has decided that I have fulfilled my leadership skill requirements, that I can now lead tours and folk dancing, that “calm, confidence and focus” now come to me with relative ease. After thirty years, they have become part of me. Evidently, Infinite Intelligence says its time to move on, time to expand the picture, time to fill other holes in my life.

And perhaps, even time to bring my artistic performing talents and skills!? Wouldn't that be a fulfillment.

Well, We'll see where this leads.

One of my early visions was seeing myself as Glenn Gould playing guitar all day long, away from the world, lone, far away in my isolated cabin in the woods. As I saw it, what a joy and pleasure this would be!

But perhaps Infinite Intelligence (as Andrew Carnegie calls Him) wants me to take this private warm, cuddly, pleasurable, elevating, fun loving event to the public. To bring my private public. Lead it out of darkness and into the light. As a performance. Very scary indeed. He wants me to use my leadership talents and skills, which are good for and help others, in an artistic performance, which is also good and helps others.

In other words, as He may see it, my biggest challenge is to bring my talents to the public. To “share” them. (I hate that word, but it did just come up.)

Could bringing my private dream, the delicious. isolated, cabin guitar playing to the public – dreaming in front of an audience – be my next big challenge?

### Fear Raises its Head: My Next Performing Goal

Note: Very scary, indeed. I was wondering what could still frighten me, challenge me, fill my loins with life threatening fear. Evidently, leading tours, although

tension producing, no longer threaten my total being in the same way. But certainly performing does!

Why am I, or would I still be afraid? In performance, I have not yet reached the level of “calm, confident, focused, fun” that I reached in Balkan Splendor tour leadership.

My next goal the is to achieve “calm, confident, focused, fun” in a “Jim Gold Show: Bits and Pieces of Gold” performance.

This goal (of course) has nothing to do with money.

Also notice the addition of “fun” to “calm, confident, and focused.”

### We All Love It!

Calm, confident, and focused leads to fun.

Calm, confident, and focused are steps on the way to fun.

Another name for fun is joy; fun is worship b' simcha.

Fun is a most high connecting level!

Achieving fun is its own reward, and great reward.

And we all love it!

### Bringing Releaf to the New Neighborhood

Another big thought: Maybe this so-called fear, is now simply part of the old neighborhood. It does not exist in the new neighborhood that I now live in. It is simply a memory, a ghost from the past. It no longer has a place or belongs. I no longer need it, want it, own it, or live in it.

Plus, once dropped, I can never go back to it.

Like the leaf on a tree, once it falls, it can never go back to the tree. Only a New Leaf can grow and replace it.

My new leaf in my new neighborhood is my fearless, old leafless, new leaf performance. And what a releaf it is. Indeed, born anew and living in a new

neighborhood, I feel and am released.

### Reflections from the Old Neighborhood

#### Is this a good title for the publication of my Old New Leaf?

Maybe I'm ready to put the last ten, even thirty years behind me by publishing, through Carol, the last ten years of my New Leaf Journal. I'm finished with that phase. Over and done. Reflections from the old neighborhood. (A good title?)

But I've moved on.

Now I'm living in the new neighborhood.

### Bored with old PA Fears

#### Entering the Promised land

I'm tired, even bored, with these old PA(performing anxiety) fears. "Been there, done that." In fact, they're starting to fade from memory! I'm moving on.

Forty years in the desert are over. I'm entering the Promised Land. New challenge: Can I stand it? How will I deal with this new abundance?

Well, I'll learn. What other choice is there?

Evidently, in my old neighborhood, I needed my old fears. That's why I created them. They served some useful purpose.

But those fears have served their purpose and run their course. I no longer need them. That's why, as I move into my new neighborhood, they are dying; they are no longer useful and will soon be forgotten.

And replaced by fun!

Moving from one "f" to another, from fear to fun.

These opposite twins are both one-syllable words.

### New Challenge: How Can I Make Performing Fun?

My next challenge: How can I make performing fun? Something I actually want to do, look forward to doing, even give a house concert?

### The "Fun" Word

Maybe "fun" is the wrong word. It is too flat and dull.

I need a new word.

Presently, I dislike the dull word "fun." No thrill, pepper, and jump in it. No fire and passion. I need something better, a better word.

How to make performing: exciting, amazing, wondrous, dangerous, magic, awesome, edge of the cliff, jumping off the cliff, walking off the table.

These would be the same words I use for folk dance teaching, tour leading, and even other events.

Note also the word "danger." It may be politically incorrect to admit, to even say, but evidently, I like, and even need some danger, a little danger, a touch of danger.

What is the relationship between danger and fun? Evidently, the two go together: they blend in the word "exciting!"

Danger may be a good start. Yes, performing is dangerous. So is running a tour, and even teaching a folk dance class. Evidently, I am attracted to danger, even though, at the same time, I both fear and want to avoid it. I'm a paradox, a half and half person.

But not I'm facing the positive aspects of danger, of taking a chance, of leaping off the cliff and giving the abyss a chance to nourish me.

Tuesday, November 18, 2014

### Goal: Play Alhambra Perfectly

Do I have an obsessional desire? Then coupled with a definite goal, and definite plan to achieve that goal?

Let's take Alhambra. I need an obsessional desire, one which will put me

beyond fear, doubt, and self limitations, put me in the hands of faith and ultimately, Divine Intelligence, Who will give me the power to play Alhambra perfectly.

My goal is to play Alhambra perfectly.

### Exciting and Fun!

What a wonderful and blessed transition: I'm moving from fear (and performance anxiety) to exciting and fun!

The fear leaf that grew in the old neighborhood, fell so easily and obviously off the tree. And it only took 40-50 years!

Big crowds and large tours are exciting and fun!

Wednesday, November 19,

### How to Achieve Pre-Performance Excitement and Fun State?

Once again, my two upcoming performances hover over me; I can't get them out of my head. Indeed, the obsessional or burning desire to do a good job is there. Plus the goal: a performance, plus the plan: practice for the performance.

So, all Think and Grow Rich or Andrew Carnegie elements are there. So what? I basically know that.

Now, after 50 years, is anything different?

What about moving from fear to excitement, from pre-performance anxiety to fun? Well, that is true. But again, how to achieve it?

Perhaps that is my new question, my next challenge and goal, as this future performance rises before me:

### How to achieve the pre-performance excitement and fun state?

Well, for tours, it comes in pre-tour preparation. Yet, in the past, although I prepared, I was always strongly or vaguely nervous, but never achieved the pre-tour excitement/fun state.

So, for these upcoming performances, achieving this mental state is a first.

My challenge, new goal, and question is: How to do it?

### Start with Group Song

Start right away with a group song. Then follow (perhaps) with more groups songs! Make it even, in concept, a group sing. With diddles and bits of solo songs, gaida, stories, bits, classic guitar, etc., thrown in between group songs. That is easy and nothing (for me to do).

Just as with folk dance teaching, I start off so simply with walking: the first step called “walking to the right.”)

Thus, after all my years of training and practice, guitar study, music, language, and etc study, I start off with the absolutely simplest thing in the world: Asking the audience to sing! No “showing I’m worthy” by singing or playing a guitar piece in the beginning to “prove” I’m good, to ‘prove” I’m worthy. Gone is the ego and its promotion.

Plunge directly into a group song! Start off with an audience together vocal feat, even a vocal exercise, anything to involved them directly and immediately.

Thursday, November 20, 2014

### Singing

#### Travels on the Twisted Path

Last night I sang for almost an hour. That will be my practice at least until my performances are finished. Such a large repertoire of songs I have. And singing them borders on fun.

What does singing “mean” to me?

Could singing be the true entrance to fun performing that I’ve always searched for?

What would such a realization and admission mean?

Wasted years, wasted time: All those years “wasted” practicing classical guitar; all those years “wasted” searching for self-improvement, all those years “wasted”

bashing myself over the head trying to “improve” so I would no longer be nervous; all those years trying to escape stage fright and performance anxiety; all those years “wasted” denying my true relaxed self.

I could but won't throw in my violin playing years. Why? Because I know that gave me my love of music.

So, if violin gave my love of music, what did classical guitar give me? Tsuras, inferiority complex, Bellow-ing put downs and ever-inadequate feelings, ruination of my Alhambra for years and maybe “forever.”

I blame Bellow for all my classical guitar problems. Am I right to blame him? Obviously, I “needed” an excuse to find my own inferiority complex; no question part of me “wanted” to feel inferior, lower, inadequate. Indeed, he was my “excuse.”

Why did God approve of my feeling inadequate? Why did He put me in classical guitar prison for so long? To what purpose? So I could develop my other talents? Other?

And if I never have to play classical guitar before an audience again, why did I (past) or even should I (future) have to practice and even play so long?

Should I “give up” classical guitar? Evidently, no one would care one way of the other. Without its burden hanging over me, giving it up might even make me a better performer! (What horror and feeling waste there!)

Give up classical guitar? Only I would care.

Or would I?

Is classical guitar practice and playing really only an ego leftover from the old neighborhood? Or do I personally derive some benefit from it? Maybe it relaxes me.

But I'm rationalizing. Yes, playing classical guitar and Alhambra partly relaxes me. But truth is, many things relax me. I truly don't need classical guitar playing to do it. I could just as easily use violin, gym, Hebrew, or many other things.

No, at least the way I see it this morning, the hard truth is I don't need classical guitar at all! And, if I gave it up its ghost, no doubt I would be unburdened and a better



performer.

How sad, frightening, and wasteful. I've spent so many Alhambra hours chasing a false dream. Maybe the Alhambra syndrome is not merely my pleasant hope and dream, but my nightmare.

Yes, it is an attainment nightmare, my prison and chain. I've filled it with beauty to make it more attractive, to hide it chaining, put down, inferiority complex creating affect.

So many years on the wasted, self-deception, classical put down time line.

Thus the question: Was and Is Classical Guitar a Waste?

I hate to think so. I'd love to find another purpose for it. But, at the moment, the only purpose I can find (aside from its beauty) is to put me down, make me feel inferior, and prevent me from diving into my true talent, which is social directing, singing, the Jim Gold Show with it Bits and Pieces of Gold.

Maybe I simply needed all these years to reach this point.

Why did God block me from becoming a folk singer? Why did He choose folk dancing? Was it to develop my organizational and leadership skills through its diverse elements like tours, weekends, etc.? That's a vague plus and a hopeful, positive maybe.

Am I now "ready" to become a folk singer? And more. Am I more than a folk singer? Maybe. Maybe folk singing as I saw it long ago, as a field and career, was really too narrow for me. Hmm. I like that interpretation. After all, perhaps I secretly always wanted to develop my Bits and Pieces, too. This means my writing, and all miracle schedule aspects.

Maybe folk singing or classical guitar as "careers" were never enough for me. Hmm. Maybe I always secretly wanted more. hmmm. (By "secretly" I mean I wouldn't admit it to myself.)

Maybe I always wanted more expansion, more growth. Maybe I was, am, and have always been a more, more, more person.

Maybe the way I saw them, careers as a folk singer or classical guitarist

(impossible anyway) were too small, too narrow for me.

Sure I'm rationalizing. But maybe I'm right. There must have been a good reason I traveled this road. True, it's always a question and puzzle as to why I arrived here. But nevertheless, I have good instincts. Thus, perhaps this twisted, diverse path is, and has always been, the right one for me.

Maybe, like the Israelites in the desert, I just need a 40 year hiatus to develop in other directions.

### Ready for the Next Chapter

And truth is, my tour skills and folk dance teaching skills are pretty much in place. My writing has also gone about as far as it can go. Even my finances are in order.

Maybe I'm just ready for the next chapter. And the next chapter could be performing. A consolidation found in a Jim Gold Show: "Bits and Pieces of Gold."

These bits and pieces come from my past 40 years of "research."

### In-Depth

#### The Next Performing/Performance Chapter

But in moving to the next chapter, I do not and cannot simply repeat the past; I cannot sing "old" songs, play "old" pieces. Just as I cannot visit "old" countries.

The "old" is dead and buried and can never be again.

Only the new and future exists. It exists in a new doing, visiting the so-called "old" again but this time doing it in-depth. In depth singing, playing, studying, brings a new, fresh vision to the "old" and thus transforms the "old" into the new!

It means:

1. Singing my "old" songs in depth,
2. Playing my "old" guitar pieces in depth,
3. Doing my "old" bits in-depth.

### More about In-Depth

In-depth may well be my next general life-stage direction.

In-depth is slower, more focused, steadier, and deeper.

In-depth in my tours, writing, folk dance teaching (slower, focused, explained, watching my dancers), and now in my singing/guitar/"bits and pieces" Jim Gold Show performances.

Friday, November 21, 2014

### Radical Performing Change

This is evidently a big change and may be why I'm sleeping so much.

Transitions are exhausting.

What is the change? I'm coming into the performing world, facing the audience, as a singer and talker, not a classical guitarist.

Thus my self-image and self-definition has and changed. I'm switching from face in my guitar to facing the audience. Rather than forcing an uncomfortable self that must constantly be proved on the audience, I am now I'm doing what's relaxed, easy, and even "natural" for myself.

Rather than ask myself how to transition from classical guitar playing to singing, my question now is: How to transition from singing to classical guitar (if at all!)

Another possibility and thought: Can I face the audience, give a "concert" which has no classical guitar?

Is such a thought even worthy? (Shouldn't I show I can do something? Or is this the same "I'm worthless" question coming up in a new form? Answer: yes.)

Thus, new idea: An entire program without classical guitar. (Or maybe play one or two pieces.) Or, to put it another way, an entire program of songs, bits, group singing, throw aways, humor, stories, gaida, and more.

Again comes the "waste" feeling: Years of guitar practice and work down the drain. Nevertheless, I'll entertain the thought. That's where I am this morning.

Who Am I?Consider These Titles

But I wouldn't call myself a folk singer, story teller, humorist, or even musician.

What would I call myself?

All of the above? One of the above? Other?

I don't know yet.

I do know my new self-definition is somehow and somewhere found in the title:

Jim Gold Show: Bits and Pieces of Gold.

Some lecture titles might be:

"Discovering the self in a changing world."

"Jumping off the Cliff Before Your Eyes"

"Straddling the Abyss"

"Stepping Lightly Across the Abyss"

"Into the Tiger's Mouth"

"Metaphysics of Cardiac and Soteriological Climate Change"

I also need a section where of audience participation:

Where the audience can ask me questions!

An Audience Participation Show!

How do they participate?

Participate physically, mentally, and spiritually by singing. . .and asking questions.

So the JGS (Jim Gold Show) is partly "lecture. A semi-lecture, with songs, clapping, stamping, "dancing" (how?), gaida blasting, and other movements attached.

New: "Walk Off the Table" (Straddle the Abyss) Art Form:

Get Up, Start Talking, See What Happens

What kind of animal am I creating? What is the JGS?

Basically, my new art form is simply get up, start talking, and see what happens.

Then I can then draw from a grand bag of skills, songs, classical guitar, bit and stories, gaida, stories (tales) about my background, my business, tours, etc.

This is a bit scary. But its also the realization of a performing dream: Just dare to get up there and “be myself.” (Whatever that is.)

Introducing an entirely new show and concept. That’s why it took 40 years in the desert.

Do I dare do this? Yes.

Why? Because there’s no other choice.

Just get up there, start talking, and see what happens.

(Possible title:

Jim Gold presents: “Start Talking, See What Happens.”

What could I talk on?

History

Language

Tours

Exercise

(Music, Folk Dance, Gaida,)

Door of Serendipity and Spontaneous Emission (Eruption)

(The Best of ((Interior)) Climate Change!)

I don’t want to “have to” practice anymore. I want to put myself in the position where I can spontaneously draw on my skills and knowledge. “See What Happens” opens this door of spontaneity emission and serendipity.

### Folk Dance Teaching

This could mean more talking about folk dance styles, exact steps, posture, history, and more, during folk dance class teaching as well.

Saturday, November 22, 2014

JGS Opening:

“Most of life is a surprise. Who knows what will happen? Who knows which way things will go?

And so tonight’s program (this evening) will be a surprise both to me and to you (both to you and to me).”

For example, I thought I would start with a song. However, looking around the beautiful room, so peaceful and friendly, I realized the best way to start would be by putting you to sleep.”

My Guitar Playing Puts My Audience to Sleep!

Critics are raving:

Jim Gold’s guitar playing puts his audiences to sleep!

A very different reason for playing guitar; a very different purpose for performing on the guitar: A very different concert purpose:

An emotional purpose: Inner Peace.

Play slow, relaxed, easy: focus their (the audience, and my own) mind on inner peace.

A lovely purpose. Play pieces to relax others and put their mind in and on a higher, meditative state.

A respite from the ever-whirling world.

Thus my higher concert purpose is “to relax and hypnotize my audiences, to put them to sleep.

My guitar playing puts my audience to sleep.

And that is a good thing!

Critics are raving:

Jim Gold's guitar playing puts his audiences to sleep!

"I've never seen an audience fall asleep as fast as when Jim Gold plays his (classic) guitar (guitar in the classical style.)" claims Robert Hickenbopper of the New York Climbs. "Gold's magic is miraculous. Throw your sleeping pills out the window and go hear him. His concerts are recommended by sleep clinics throughout the world. His motto: "You'll never sleep as well as at a Jim Gold concert." Plus this sleep is not short lived. It does not end simply when the concert ends. Gold's power is such that he creates "long-range somnambulence, a sleep that can last hours, days, even weeks. One Gold fan and concert goes claims she is still asleep after 15 years!

"Gold's concerts are often picketed by pharmaceutical companies. Squibb and Phizer have sent hit men after him. One gunman was about to shoot Gold from the audience, but fell asleep at the trigger. Peace activists claim Gold's guitar playing can easily create world peace by putting most warring parties to sleep before they even start!

Many want Gold to run for president but his promoters usually fall asleep just as their campaign begins.

"Jim Gold's guitar is a powerful sedative!" claims Matthew Broderick, head music critic of the Phizer Chemical Times.

Some companies want to bottle his notes and sell them on the sleep market.

Gold's playing also threatens local hiking clubs (and local gym registration) since he promotes sleep walking as a form of exercise.

Sunday, November 23, 2014

Performing in Full Release!

I must be anger at something. I certainly would like to be. And maybe, hopefully, I am. A good anger, a righteous rage, would energize me.

Well, I've been vaguely traumatized since I returned to singing. Somewhat in

mourning, too. As I bring up the old folk songs, a sadness and melancholy has been coming over me, even consuming me.

Beneath sad is mad. And beneath mad is fear. And beneath fear is terror and panic. Since the two great emotions are fight or flight, my return to sing in particular and folk singing in general brings up memories of internal flight. Fighting was also present in the forms of searching for jobs and the performing itself. But, although I was obviously going through the fight aspects, by searching and the performances themselves, I rarely faced my fighting self. I mostly sat in front of my retreating, in-flight self. My performances were mostly “in-flight performances – I did them “with the brakes on.”

I rarely if ever performing in full release.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if I could perform in full release!

Well now, forty years later, I believe I can! And I will!

Wow, imagine that. What a victory! And it only took forty years!

Maybe the rising anger I feel is simply a recognition and replay of the hidden anger I felt during all those years of performing. During the last few days I've been re-experiencing the sadness, trauma, and melancholy of those performances. By today I've gone through those emotions. “Been there, done that.” Time to enter stage two: face. deal with, and accept the hidden anger.

Doing so, facing my anger, will free me!

Yes, even better, embracing my anger will free me.

Truth is, I'm not even angry anymore. I used to be angry. But I've somehow worked that out, “been there, done that.” Thus I'm not angry anymore. I'm only realizing I used to be angry.

Well, if I'm no longer traumatized, sad, or angry, what am I? Where am I?

I'm ready to roll! Ready to perform in full release!

Really? Well, yes. What other choice is there?



What are my expressions of repressed anger? A cold. (Note: Same kind of cold I had in Sarajevo created first by anger at my clients, but later realizing it was anger at my impatience. Impatience, I learned was a form of claustrophobia inner panic turned on myself and thus “creating” my cold to distract me from the panic of being stuck, of claustrophobia.

What panic do I feel now? What hidden form of claustrophobia is creating my cold? Probably a replay of the past feelings, a revisit to the old neighborhood. Too threatening? Thus, create a cold as a distraction.

Wouldn't it be better to deal directly with my anger, with my fear, panic, and claustrophobia? And let the energy released from these dealings burn away my cold? Yes.

So, today's project is: Face my anger, rage, fear, panic, and claustrophobia and use the energy to burn away my cold!

### Sound Vibrations

Guitar and singing: The philosophic question:

What is the essence of a note?

What is the essence of a sound?

How can you reveal the essence of a sound?

How deeply can you enter the note by playing slowly?

Why is its essence important in the first place?

Sound vibrations run the universe.

Enter a sound vibrations and become one with the universe

Thus temporarily achieve a perfect inner peace.

Monday, November 24, 2014

### Slow

I'm moving very, very slowly. Not cautiously, but slowly, very slowly. Almost

in slow motion. It feels like I'm walking in thick mud. Slow guitar, slow songs, slow Hebrew, slowed mind, slow everything.

Perhaps this is the road of depth, the transformation method of in-depth traveling. That's the optimistic view.

I'm not sure why it's happening now, but it is. That's where I am now: Slow, slow, slowly dripping into the past while vaguely hoping present slow leads to future growth.

This is the way the ocean liner, "Years of Folk Song Avoidance," slowly turns around and changes direction.

Digging out the past in this manner, is not necessarily painful (in the stabbing pain mode), but traumatic, sickening, and exhausting.

But today I'm moving past traumatic, sickening, and exhausting. I'm ready to roll.

Note: I leaned my Ramirez guitar against a chair and it just fell. It has never fallen before. I wonder what that means, if anything. Here's a nice interpretation: Falling, breaking of the old life; pick up the fresh (hopefully unbroken) guitar and begin anew.

### New Performing Start

On the positive side of this slow-growth guitar and singing movement is: I'm doing things at my own pace; I'm no longer pushing what I can't do; rather I'm promoting what I can do! I've been put on the earth to do certain things, operate and share my talents with others in a certain unique way. Part of that way may well be slow, but in-depth!, tremolo and scale playing. True, to my knowledge, no guitar performer has ever performed tremolos in that way, that manner before. But maybe there's a higher reason I've been traumatized all my life by guitar speed, and am now, finally forced out of the closet of low guitar self-opinion, and forced to be the first.

### Great Leap Forward!

Thus, as a performing start, I'm now offering my best and strongest rather than my worst and weakest.

I'm no longer forcing myself to walk on the performing edge of public humiliation. This is indeed, a great leap forward!

### New Habit, Direction, Attitude, and Life Style

#### Slow In-Depth is my New Direction

#### Doing Less as More

The ocean liner shifts: I'll be adding a new habit of song practice to my already daily habit of guitar practice. This is also a life style, directional, and attitudinal change. It can't all be done in the two weeks leading to my Ada Emuno and Beth Shalom performances. They are the catalysts for the change of direction, and thus point to the road up ahead. But after the shows, I will continue traveling along this new road.

Now I see how "slow in-depth" will affect exercise and folk dance teaching.

1. Slower, explained, more focused teaching

2. Slower, more focused exercises

Doing less as more.

### Performing is Fun!

Note the words: "more focused."

I wonder if this isn't all a long autumn attitudinal mop-up shift which started with my Balkan Splendor tour with its "calm, confident, and focused" attitude, leading to "tours are fun!" Note that my new "slow, in-depth" just introduced "more focused."

Thus, just as "more focused" helped create: "Tours are fun!" maybe "slow in-depth" is heading toward "Performing is fun." Beyond that, heading to even more of "Folk dance teaching is fun!" "Yoga, running, gym is fun!" etc.

Indeed, through my expanded mantra of: "slow, in-depth, calm, confident, and

focused," I am moving towards "Performing is fun!

Tuesday, November 25, 2014

### How to Get Better at Trading Stocks?

#### Winning in the Stock Market

#### Can losing money be called a win?

Let's face two facts and one question:

1. Trading stocks is a fascinating game to me.
2. I'll never stop it, never leave it.
3. Since this is the case, my best question to ask is:

#### How can I get better at it?

Yesterday was a "bad" day. I stopped out on MCP and PHMD. However, what made it not too bad, not even much of a loss, was the stop losses I put under each stock.

So, although it was a bad day with some ("minimal") losses, it was not a terrible day with dramatic losses.

Since losing some money is part of the stock market trading game, I'd like a positive view of losing money.

#### Can I call not losing money a "win?" Why not?

Am I rationalizing? Will it make me disregard, even "like" losses? Maybe, maybe not. My view of losses is totally up to me.

My real question is: Can I, will I learn something from my loss? Answer: maybe.

Maybe, by its very nature, the stock market and trading stocks is a "maybe" game.

You may make money; you may not.

But my total desire and pleasure is to win!

So maybe psychologically, see not losing too much money through stop losses as a win, might be good for me psychologically. It takes stock market trading (trading stocks) out of the old neighborhood and places it in the new neighborhood.

It is my form of gambling and, evidently, I am fascinated by this kind of gambling. And for my pleasure and satisfaction, I must win.

Wednesday, November 26, 2014

### Improvement

I was wWrong about the stock market yesterday. A loss is not a win. I hate losing period. And my stock choices keep losing. Therefore, I'm pulling back for awhile, stepping out until I see some signs of improvement.

Speaking of improvement, I must have improvement in my life. It's the study part of my miracle schedule.

### "Jim Gold Show: Bits and Pieces of Gold" now Exists

#### Ready for Performance

The last month of so, I've focused, not on improvement, but rather on organizing my repertoire, putting my songs, folk songs and even classic guitar pieces in order, organizing my total concert program. In the process, I created the Jim Gold Show: Bits and Pieces of Gold. Although I say "created," it is more of a mop-up, a gathering of old bits and pieces. It's a creation in the organizing sense, taking old pieces and putting them together in a new way. Almost like organizing a tour.

God organized the world. But did He have fun?

I organize tours, and now, a concert program. But am I having fun? Not really. Lots of worry and tension in this organization process. Plus I'm plundering the grave site of old folk songs, stories, and original songs.

In any case, the organization part is now just about over. The Jim Gold Show: Bits and Pieces of Gold now exists; its ready to be performed. Plus a new, upcoming Hootenany program. (Not in place and no name for it yet.)

I need my own kind of name for my Hootenany program.

On Hebrew, and Learning Languages

One reason I'm so slow learning Hebrew is I don't take it seriously. I approach it and all foreign languages, like a warm bath, a "hobby," a relaxation. I let the lovely sound and look of these new words simply wash over my mind. This, rather than taking it seriously by pushing, struggling, making a grand effort, tinging the words with emotions of fear and excitement so they will penetrate.

Thursday, November 27, 2014

Improvement: New Directions

There is only Up or Down

Okay, I put most of the pieces in order. My guitar programs, JGS-BPG show and even the Hootenany show (although not totally ready but easy to put together) are in place as much as they can be.

I'm now ready for a higher goal:

What path can I take to improvement?

Is there anything I can improve on guitar playing, singing, bit presentation, gaida, other? There must be something. Or, have I gone as far as I can go? As far as I "choose" to go? If yes, then I simply in maintenance mode.

Most path either go up or down; they rarely if ever stay in place. Therefore, whether "maintenance mode" even exists in a good question.

Plus I hate so-called "maintenance mode." As I say, maybe I hate it because it really does not exist. Yes, that's the answer. Therefore, give up the idea of maintenance mode. Keep thinking about finding a higher purpose, a higher cause.

I haven't found it yet, but I'll keep looking for a higher purpose of JGS-BPS show.

If maintenance is out, and there is only up or down, what can I add to or create for the JGS-BPG show?

1. Guitar: Back to fast practice. Fast can always get better.

2. Songs and speaking: Improve vocal quality.
3. Speed, strength, and flexibility: These can always be improved. Dancing, running, weights, even yoga (strength for scorpion, etc)

### Plateaus

Maybe “plateaus” is a better word than maintenance. Plateaus of consolidation while the mind consolidates the latest positions (ventures, gains, losses, etc), and prepares for the next move to the next level of up the mountain.

Sunday, November 30, 2014

#### Abandoned and Alone, How Will I Survive?

#### Using Performance Anxiety as a Distraction

I’m getting annoyed with my upcoming Jim Gold Show performances preoccupation. I can’t seem to focus on anything else. I’m being distracted from thoughts about my tour business, and other directions.

Distracted? Hmm. Am I “using” my concern, my fear, performance anxiety, etc. as a distraction from a greater fear, a greater calling and direction? Is it like a form of Sarnioian TMS, like a physical pain I create to distract me from something greater and more frightening?

Hmmm. I like this thought.

But what fear could be greater than performance anxiety with its concomitant threat of total humiliation with its subsequent ostracism and total abandonment by society? Isn’t this death itself? Yes.

The question I am then asking is: is there a greater fear than total annihilation, that death itself? If there is, it would indeed top performance anxiety.

I don’t know if there is such a fear. But strangely, I wish there was! I’d like to find it. Why? I could use it to allay my performance anxiety. Plus, I would know from what fear performance anxiety distracts me.

Since I can't presently find one, maybe it is in my interest to invent such a fear. Create a terror greater than humiliation, ostracism, abandonment, and even death itself.

The only thing I can come close to now is not seizing, diving into, being faithful to my purpose on earth, not fulfilling my God-given talents and potential.

But is this really so bad? Maybe. I'd like it to be. (At least, I hope so.)

Perhaps another question is: Will I really die if I am totally humiliated? Does total humiliation, with its concomitant ostracism lead to death. If I am abandoned by everyone, will I really die? Thus, the ultimate question is: Can I survive alone?

Let me start by assuming my performance anxiety is justified, that if I make mistakes, I will be publically humiliated, and subsequently ostracized and abandoned.

What then?

This is my ultimate fear: Abandoned and alone, how will I survive?

This question show how performance anxiety as a distraction.

If I deal with it, I may be able to leave performance anxiety behind.

### Life Force (to the Rescue)

I also dislike being pushed around by fears, or anything else. The power from my "dislike," creates desires.

My power and desire come from Life Force speaking.

My Life Force will push me to survive, alone and abandoned.

Monday, December 1, 2014

### Pre-Concert Limbo Time

Well, I'm in the same limbo state that I'm in a few days before a tour. My mind is totally on the tour, and I can't focus on anything else. However, I still have a few days to kill before the tour arrives.



What to do during that pre-tour limbo time?

Now it is the same thing, only it relates to my upcoming concerts at Adas Emuno and Temple Beth Shalom. My mind is totally on these concerts, and I can't focus on anything else. Yet, I still have a few days to kill before the concerts arrive.

What to do during this pre-concert limbo time?

1. Hebrew?
2. All my other activities (with little to no enthusiasm.)

### Future Benefits

Any future benefits I can see?

Learn new songs in Hebrew. (This will keep me singing and keep my brain moving.)

### Why Bother?

The "Why bother?" question immediately leaps into my mind. I'm not performing or singing anymore, so why bother?

But I am adding singing to my daily practice repertoire. Therefore, learning new songs could easily be part of it. (Would I then bother to learn new guitar pieces? Hmm. Bother learning a new performing anything? Hmm.

Am I going to work on improving my performing technique? Hmm. Why bother?

### Performance Growth and Improvement: A New Direction

#### Giving Birth to a New Business

Well, if I do bother, it would be "only for myself," for my own satisfaction, love of growth and improvement. It would not longer be about making money or pleasing others. Although making money and pleasing others may well be and become an added side benefit.

Am I in the process of finding a new love, a new interest, a new area for performing growth and improvement? That would be lovely, if true.

Well, truth is, I could make some money in this “new” area. I could see it as a “new business.” That would give it extra pepper and spice. Nevertheless, it may be too early to slip into that mode. (But I already have.) Maybe that is the direction I am heading.

But what about my tour business?

Shall I have two businesses?

This means the stock market trading business is out. (Well, I always knew it is not my calling. I always lose money in it. Perhaps all of it is merely a bridge between careers, between “real” businesses. And I am ready to replace it with a larger focus on the performing business.

Of course, I’ll still “glance” at my stocks. But it will be only a glance with few to no expectations.

Adding a new career? Maybe.

I could add the performing business to my tour business (and of course, keep my folk dance teaching business.)

That makes three businesses:

1. Tour business
2. Folk dance teaching business
3. Performing business

It means the music elements of my miracle schedule (guitar, etc.) are entering material reality. Would writing be part of it, too? Would readings, memorization of stories, etc. be part of my show. Indeed, they belong to the “bits and pieces.”

I’d like writing to be part of my show. Can it be?

Would this mean my entire miracle schedule could, would, will enter material reality? A union of material and spiritual (miraculous) reality? Wow, what a development this would be!

Well, since I wrote it down, I sense it is true and is coming.

Giving birth to a new business.

### An Honor to be Called

#### Love is the Ultimate Engine

Why do I bother performing? Why go through the trial, tribulations, fears, upsets, anxieties, etc. of performing? Or running tours, for that matter?

It is an honor. When someone calls to book me, or to register for a tour, why do I feel so great? At first I thought: Great. A potential relief of my financial burden. But now I realize, even more than that, it is an honor, an honor to be called!

That's the social part. But even beneath that, total bottom line, what makes me endure all the pains and miseries of pre-performance anxiety, is my love of music! Honor is the social value; love is the spiritual value. The great meltdown Magnificent I felt as a teenager listening to Beethoven. Then later in folk music, and Pete Seeger getting the whole audience to sing along in Carnegie Hall. Music and union, union through music. Together they equal love.

How I love it! Love is the ultimate engine.

#### Performance Anxiety as a Distraction

Remember I said that performance anxiety is a TMS form of distraction.

Distraction from what?

On the one hand, there is the social threat: Failure and humiliation before an audience threatens me with ostracism and abandonment.

But beneath that, and perhaps even more powerful, is the hidden "threat" from my overwhelming love of music!

This "fear" from the meltdown Magnificence of music is also a threat: it threatens self-destruction: the destruction of my ego. Could this "fear" be the biggest one of all? Could it be the reason I create my TMS performance anxiety?

I'm afraid of the meltdown Magnificence, the overwhelming power of love. Performance anxiety hides it, covers it up, distracts me from the meltdown Magnificence and its overwhelming power of love.

Is love more powerful than social ostracism?

Is the awesome power of God – experienced through the meltdown

Magnificence of music – more powerful than the fear of social ostracism? Maybe.

#### More on TMS Distraction

There is indeed a giant fear involved: that of self-destruction, loss of ego, ego destruction, the dissolving of self. One comes from social ostracism, the other from the meltdown Magnificence.

#### My Foundation

One thing I have obliterated, forgotten, and submerged over the years of fear, is my love of music. Or maybe I have tried to forget them. In any case, this love of music is really the foundation and reason I go through the self-tortures of running tours, leading folk dancing, creating weekends, and even performing!

#### Replace Performing Anxiety with my Love of Music

Awareness is all.

I don't like being afraid.

Dive into love of music; embrace the meltdown Magnificence.

Replace performing anxiety with my love of music.

Tuesday, December 2, 2014

I don't feel very good but there must be some good things happening. Here are some:

#### New Stock Trading Attitude and Method

1. Stock trading: My stop losses saved me! I put stops close beneath my trades, losing little where I could have lost mucho. Some stocks fell 10% but I only lost less than 1 %. A victory of sorts. I'm not only proud of myself, I may have found a "new method and attitude" in trading: Asking how much can I, am I willing to lose, rather

than how much will I, or can I gain. And when I buy a stock, estimating the loss I can and will tolerate, immediately put a stop loss of that amount beneath it.

### Hebrew

2. Doing Hebrew “in depth.” Reading, nay “practicing” Bereshit newspaper over and over, like a guitar piece. Seeing new meaning and depths in each word.

### Performance

3. Performance: Nothing. But I’d like there to be. I’d like to find some new direction in which my performance skills can grow. I’d like to find performance growth.

This would mean learning something new. But what? I already have such a good repertoire sleeping in the corner. Why add more? All I can think of is going deeper, performing more “ub depth.” But what does that mean?

1. Does it mean adding Alhambra and speed?
2. Does it mean video taping to improve myself?
3. Does it mean singing, speech, acting or language lessons?
4. Learning new songs in a foreign language?
5. Maybe I’m at a new stage; no way to grow anymore. It’s a “gathering the pieces” stage. I don’t like this idea, but it’s all I can think of now.

Summary: I want to grow and improve, but I don’t know how or where?

### Practice Performing Every Day

#### Practice giving the Jim Gold Show every day.

How can I make performing part of my new life? How can I improve and grow?

#### Practice performing every day:

Practice giving the Jim Gold Show every day.

How do I “practice performing?”

How do I practice giving the Jim Gold Show every day?

1. Every time I pick up the guitar, sing, speak, move, or whatever, see myself as

performing for an audience.

2. Let audience become part of me; let the audience be part of my daily life.

3. New identity: I am the audience, the audience is me.

### Smooth Transition

This way there will be a very smooth transition, actually no transition at all, between playing – practicing – guitar, singing, or whatever, at home, and playing – practicing – before an audience.

This “smooth transition approach” represents a life style change in attitude. I’m letting the audience in on my life. In a sense, my artistic self has totally gone public.

Why am I doing this? To be more comfortable performing.

### Folk Dance Teaching and the Jim Gold Show

#### A Slower, Deeper, “in-Depth” Approach

My folk dance teaching is part of the Jim Gold Show.

Consciously bring my personality into my folk dance classes.

How?

A slower, deeper “in-depth” approach:

1. Talk more about the dances, history, background, etc.

2. Show, explain, teach more about each step.

### Daring to Squat

Why is my left leg inner thigh hurting, cramping, muscle tightness and hurting, happening now? Does it have something to do with an upcoming, teaching-changing style? Or something else?

The “pain,” the hesitation and fear, started after I tried half-squatting during Karagouna. It appeared after I dared to squat, dared to try.

Why now? (Of course, cramps after Monday night have been building for awhile.)

Wednesday, December 3, 2014

### Self-Improvement as Distraction and Relaxation

Thank you, Tony. Here's a nice realization:

How to deal with my pre-concert, pre-tour, pre anything event limbo state. A great way is working on improving something, anything, but some form of self-improvement. Why? Because improvement is a form of distraction and relaxation.

### Improvement Spurs

In a sense then, "luckily" I have the Alhambra. The fact that I "never get" the Alhambra, never get perfect arpeggios, acts as a spur and keeps me trying to improve, keeps me practicing!

I have spurs in other areas, too. Getting stronger in gym, faster in running, squats in dancing, even technology (video, skype, etc.), Hebrew, etc.

### No Spurs in Singing

But I have no spur in singing. I find nothing to improve. That's why simply repeating the old known folk songs over and over again is "boring;" that's why I never practice singing.

For singing improvement I can think of only two directions:

1. Learning new song repertoire, say Hebrew songs. And even other languages. Russian, French, Spanish, Bulgarian, etc. (Stimulate brain in memory and tone.)
2. In depth: Better tone, etc. ???? (Number 2 might be achieved through number 1.)

### Creating Alhambra Problem as a Distraction

I have created my Alhambra, speedy arpeggio and speedy scale difficulties as a distraction, as a way of keeping me practicing, and thus keeping me in the music field I so love!

Secretly, I fear that if I succeeded in playing these pieces, I would then have no

need to practice; I would stop practicing, stop playing, and thus give up the meltdown Magnificence that music gives me.

Weird, but true: I create inability to play Alhambra as a distraction from this fear, the fear of “success” which would lead to my giving up music. My inability forces me to keep practicing, and stay in music.

But suppose I moved beyond this fear; suppose I let myself succeed in the Alhambra, arpeggios, fast scales, etc. What then would motivate me to practice?

I'd be in the same place as singing. With singing, I'm considering learning new songs as a challenge, as a means of keeping me practicing.

If I let myself succeed with Alhambra, how would I stimulate my practice? Would learning new guitar pieces be the next step?

Well, at least I know the cause of my distraction: Fear of giving up the guitar, and ultimately, of losing the music and meltdown Magnificence experience I love.

My strange fear is of diving into my incredible love of music, into the meltdown Magnificence (which dissolves, annihilates my ego.)

Bottom line: a fear of ego annihilation (through extreme love.)

If I played Alhambra correctly, would I be entering the meltdown Magnificence experience, and thus self-annihilation? Is that the big fear?

Is it a fear of death? Am I deathly afraid?

Stretched between the antipodes of fear and elation, man hovers over the abyss.

Must I take a chance and jump?

Must I leap into the abyss so I can learn to fly?

Yes.

Truth is, I'm leading a very controlled life, taking small steps and chances within my realm of safety and knowledge. I'm not taking giant leaps, of faith into the abyss.



Losing myself in that manner is just too scary, upsetting, and disorienting.

I'm also afraid that if I ever do leap, I may never come back! Well, that's an old kabbalistic fear that I think I've over come and no longer have. I do believe I'll come back (unlike Oaxaca in Mexico where I almost walked off the porch to test whether I could fly. That was totally off-the-wall, crazy and scary. I can rationalize and say I was sick with fever and Montezuma's revenge, and did end up in the Albuquerque hospital for a week. Nevertheless, I did almost walk off the porch and kill myself. Would that happen again if I dare leap into the (metaphoric) abyss? I don't think so. I believe I have more life experience and am more mature now.

So, in this new state and stage of life, do I now dare to leap into the abyss? Do I dare play the Alhambra?

Yes. There is no other choice but to try.

My upcoming Adas Emuno performance is the same kind of feeling: a leap into the abyss. So are all performances and folk dance teaching, too.

Thus high tension nervousness may well be the permanent state of life. (I'm just trying to constantly distract myself from it, deny and forget it.)

But taking the chance, leaping off this cliff into the abyss, ignites the source of my creative power.

It's a daily event. I'm just in denial.

That's why my knee hurts.

Thursday, December 4, 2014

Congregation Adas Emuno show tonight.

"I Enjoy it!"

This line popped up in my mind last night: "I enjoy organizing and leading people. In tours, folk dancing, group singing, classical guitar, concerts, and more.)

This goes along with my October declaration in Belgrade where I wrote: "Tour

are fun!" Last night's declaration is the next level.

Could that be why I perform? Because deep down, I enjoy it!? Wow.

Even though it annihilates my ego, I also "enjoy" the beauty of meltdown Magnificence. In fact, maybe it is because it destroys my ego, that I enjoy it – or Joy it!

What is joy anyway, but a meltdown of ego.

If all this is true. and it is, why have I bothered suffering from performance anxiety, being so terrified and afraid all these years? Why have I bothered burdening my mind with such shit?

I must have wanted and needed the burden.

Why would I have want or need such a burden?

Well, at this point, who cares? Somehow that heavy terror leaf has now fallen off my tree.

I (may) even enjoy performing classical guitar!

### Performances can be, will be. . . are Fun!

If I enjoy performing classical guitar, and I do,

If I enjoy leading others in song, which I do,

If I enjoy singing, which I do.

If I enjoy kibbutzing and talking to folks, which I do.

If I enjoy teaching folk dancing, which I do

If I enjoy organizing and leading others, which I do,.

then tonight's performance will be fun!

And, since performing is fun, all other performances I give will be fun!

Just as putting stop losses under stocks (and losing less) makes stock trading fun.

I aim to make more, but my method is to always think and organize my trades around losing less.

### Creating a New Leaf

After fifty years, almost a lifetime of suffering from this performing trauma, the heavy burden has fallen quickly and easily from my mind.

The leaf has fallen from the tree. I am at a new place, living in a new Fun Neighborhood.

I have created a New Leaf.

This is just a major new level to get used to.

Friday, December 5, 2014

### Big Performing Break Through!

The final vote is in, the mountain has been moved, the prince of downward motion has fallen. Yes, the decision is made. And it only took 40-50 years.

Start by saying hello, introduce myself. Use a "speech," story, joke, or whatever.

Then move into a group song! Yes. I start my guitar program, my Jim Gold Show, with a group song! It's simple, it's easy, it relaxes me, and, by getting them involved immediately, probably relaxes the audience, too.

When facing a new group, a new booking, a new concert, start my program exactly the way I start my folk dance program, start exactly the way I teach a new group. Well not exactly. After all, one is singing, the other is dancing. But the concept is right: Start simple, very simple. Start with my strength: group involvement and dynamics.

Well, enough of this explanation stuff. It's over, done, and decided. Now let's move on.

1. Say hello. "Introduce myself." Open with a "speech," story, joke, or whatever.
2. The move into a group song.

Wat group song?

Best, I think, is my singing or vocal exercise. Follow this with the Song for One

Note, and perhaps even a scale or arpeggio.

3. Then move into a "real" folk song, like This Little Light, (or Ths Land is Your Land). or another. Plan 3 group songs in a row. Then, like dealing with a new folk dance group (after 3 dances), I'll "know where I am," be relaxed and comfortable, and can

4. Move into other stuff: the "extras" like solo songs, gaida, classical guitar pieces, etc.

But all the "extras," come later, after I'm relaxed and comfortable.

Big breakthrough this! The leaf has fallen.

The only way to practice the JGS is to go in front of an audience.

Start show with group song, Song for One Note

"Choreo" Russian exercise/ sitting squat song

Saturday, December 6, 2014

### Beauty and Peace in Technology and Trading

Question and challenge: How to get a sense of beauty and peace from technology and trading.

Sunday, December 7, 2014

### Learn Songs in Foreign Languages

Learn Songs in Foreign Languages. That's the connect between loves: Tie singing "improvement" and "love of learning" to foreign languages, which I love to learn and study.

The connection is so simple. And it only too 50 years to learn! Start with Hebrew. Then move to others.

Celebration Mode

I'm still in post-Congregation Adas Emuno performance celebration mode. There is so little to practice. I can only stand around a glow in my present mountain top position.

Questions of meaning and purpose have dribbled away.

I have no direction since I can go in all directions.

That means I can go in any direction at any time. One moment play guitar, next moment trade a stock, then sing a song before jumping to stretches and push-ups, then read a Hebrew word before going out for a run, call a client, check an email, send one or two, then write a strong, etc, etc.

Tuesday, December 9, 2014

### Bad Day in the Market

#### What Did I Learn?

Quite down this morning. Yesterday, too.

Did yesterday's stock market loses have something to do with it? I feel socked in the stomach, betrayed, whipped, punished by the market. Strange how personally I take it. My "friend" kicked me in the teeth.

My first reaction is to give up. I'll never be any good at trading. In the past, I lost money. Recently, I've "improved" my performance to "breaking even." This was true until yesterday, when I crashed. Big losses.

Again I say, my first reaction was to give up the whole thing in anger and disgust. But my second reaction is: Never! I'll never give in to defeat! (And this, even thought deep down I don't think stock market trading is "worth anything." It's a worthless and unworthy pursuit. But I do it anyway. I wonder why.)

I'm always surprised, even shocked by my forceful reaction to defeat. "Never, never! I'll never give up! I'll go down fighting. I'd rather die than give up!" This reaction to defeat is what's kept me in business through all the down periods. Evidently defeats who me, remind me of this a strong survival instinct; evidently it's a

deep-rooted part of my personality.

Evidently, I also secretly believe that trading in the market is worthwhile, is worthy. Otherwise, why would I bother with it?

Well, accept it. What do I do now?

Lick my wounds, learn my lessons, and move on.

What lessons have I learned?

1. Maybe my losses will make me even more determined to succeed!

2. My “magic new” approach was to institute tight stop losses under each traded stock. This I thought would inure me to big losses. And my “new” approach was not to make more money, but rather to try to lose less money!

So what happened? I still believe in my “new” approach. How can I learn from my mistakes? What did I do wrong?

3. Here’s what I did wrong:

a. I got greedy, started moving at a dizzying pace, put in too much money, I put my stops too far away, not tight enough. I “believed” they were so low they could only go up. That’s why I placed a wider stop loss. I took a chance to lose more money.

4. Results:

a. Move carefully and slowly.

b. Deal with fewer stocks, but more carefully.

C. Focus more on my potential losses.

d. Place tighter stop losses.

e. Imagine stocks could always go down further.

### Stock Trading as an Art

What makes trading stocks worthy and worthwhile?

Why do I “secretly” believe trading is a worthy and worthwhile activity?

Maybe because the stock market capitalist ethic was “forbidden” by my family upbringing. Yet, I have nothing in my upbringing against “gambling.” In fact, the

leading the life of an artist was always considered worthy, and was always a gamble. The artist was brave, a hero, who took a chance on life, believing in his art over everything else. Gambling to survive in his trade was thus a given.

Thus, I have no trouble with gambling. In fact, part of me believes it is brave and heroic to “take a chance.” But it must be taking a chance for something worthy and worthwhile.

Art is worthy and worthwhile.

What about stock trading?

What about if I saw stock trading as an art!

Hmm, I like that.

Suddenly, I see a “reason” for yesterday’s losses. They taught and brought me something: a trading rationale.

1. My losses strengthened my commitment to trading.

2. My losses revealed why trading stocks is worthy and worthwhile: Trading is an art form! Trading stocks is an art!

Since trading is an art, like guitar playing, calligraphy, choreography, etc. I shall study it, try to improve my skills, get good at it.

Subjects: The art of trading

Wednesday, December 10, 2014

Quiescence, Doing Nothing, is Also an Art I Must Learn

Let the Market Tell me What to do

Yesterday was an excellent day in stock trading. I did well. Good focus. Most things right. I perfected the art of the close stop. That is, I accepted the small loss at the possible bottom of the cycle. I placed my stops 2 or 3 cents below the low of the day. Some stocks went down further, and I lost money. But only a small amount. And some stocks bounced off their bottom and went up. And I made money.

I concentrated and focused on trading all day long. This is the kind of concentration and focus I need. Trading takes total focus and concentration. Period.

Today is a new day. What to do? If stocks start off high, it may not be a good day to buy, or even trade. Those days can happen. Quiescence, doing nothing, is an art I must learn as well. We'll see. Let the market tell me what to do.

Friday, December 12, 2014

### Adding Calligraphy to my Hebrew Direction

I am going in the Hebrew direction. (With some Spanish throw in for Cuba).

Now I'm adding Hebrew calligraphy. A deepening.

Script and fine writing. My entrance into art and drawing. (Even painting some day?) The love of letters, words, and sounds is my key.

### Pre-Market Meditation

#### No Expectations

Should I go into a pre-market meditative mood. Similar to a pre-concert, pre-folk dance, or pre-tour mood.

What mood would that be? On what would I meditate?

No expectations.

a. "Drop my ego. Fall ways from my personal self. Give myself over to the market. (Give in to the world at large.) Let it tell me which way to go?

That sounds good, and is based on what I've read. Actually, it feels like I'm parroting what I've read. I'm not sure this is really my own way. Truth is, I don't even have my own way yet. My own way to meditate, to "think" about the market.

Start about 5-10 minutes before the opening.

No expectations.

### Steps Toward no Expectation



1. I have to be unafraid. Need a “no fear” state.

a. Stop losses are for the “no fear” state. They can be controlled; they create certainty. Stop losses enable you chose an acceptable loss.

b. Other?

2. What about upside excitement? Is excitement part of fear? Maybe. If yes, it goes with the stop-loss, no-fear state.

Saturday, December 13, 2014

### Boredom

Terrible day in the market yesterday.

Yes, I am excited by the stock market and trying to win at day trading. But let's face it, the main reason I'm in the market is that basically, and bottom line, I am bored. Yes, the stock market it exciting, attractive, fascinating. But the only time I enjoy it is when I win. I hate losing. . .and I always lose! This has been tested by time. Over the years, and presently too, I've only lost money. Sure, I've had a few winning days, and these encourage me to stay in. But over the long run, I lose.

No question, the stock market and day trading is my drug of choice. No question, I am addicted to this losing form of excitement. (I know that if I have a few winning days again, hope will be reborn and I'll be drawn in.)

I also know that the stock market is no longer about money. I have enough money. No, the stock market is purely about winning. Period.

Do I really need to win so badly? I know I am wasting precious hours watching the ups and downs of my stocks, trying to find the right time to buy and sell them, etc. I spend hours and mucho energy at my trading screen. And for what?

Here are the reasons I find:

1. It's fascinating, exciting, and very challenging.
2. Being thus, it distracts me from my basic boredom.
3. It harbors the secret hopes that someday I'll win, become rich, and ultimately,

because I'm rich, I'll be safe from the ups and downs, the travails of life.

I know intellectually that reason number three, (the most important reason) is ridiculous.

Thus, let me move away from it and go to reasons 1 and 2. I'll deal with them together.

The bottom-line problem is my basic boredom. Because of this, I'm ever searching for new forms of excitement. In the stock market, and trading, and dealing with my ever present feeling of greed and fear, I have found a total distraction from my boredom. And this, even though I know the whole process has no particular use, and is a waste of time.

So, what to do? (If anything.)

Can I escape from my boredom? Can I find something else to stimulate (totally and fully engage) my mind? That is the big question.

Survival used to do it. I needed money to survive. Now the money problem has quieted down. And with it, the fear of non-survival has diminished. With this has come a flood of boredom. What will fill my time now?

I can't believe I'm saying all this, but I am. Boredom is my big, even biggest problem! Hard to believe. But it's true. Well, now I am aware of it: I am totally bored.

With this awareness, will my interest, even fascination, curiosity, and excitement with the stock market and trading, decrease? Will I find another way to handle my boredom?

### Self-Disgust and Trading

Strangely, I don't like to use the word "trading" or certainly "day trading." The words "stock market" or just "market" stay interesting, but somehow the word "trading" and certainly "trader" and with it "day trader" is somewhat disgusting to me. I wonder why. Is it the transience of it, the lack of depth? Interesting, indeed. Perhaps somewhere within that disgust I can find a reason to stop my "disgusting" habit of trading. (Of course, on the opposite side, self-disgust has always been a good

motivating factor. I even wonder if self-disgust with trading is a factor in what is driving me to trade! Hmmmm.

Intellectually, I would like to drop the market and trading. But emotionally, can I? I would have to substitute something new in its place. And that something would have to be fascinating, stimulate my curiosity, and be exciting.

Is there a substitute? What could replace my distraction drug of choice?

That is the question.

This raises another basic question: What am I trying to distract myself from?

1. Fulfillment of my talents?
2. Diving into the true me?
3. Taking my skills and talents to the next level? Hmmmm.

I doubt I can just give up trading. I'd first have to find a substitute or substitutes so strong, so fascinating, curious, and exciting, that I would no longer have time, desire, or interest in trading.

Bernice wise comment:

"As you are getting older, the best of you is coming out, while the worse of you is withering away."

("As you get older, the best of you comes out, while the worse of you withers away.")

### Death and Dying

I just got an email from Martha Forsyth that her husband, Dick Forsyth died.

How do I "feel" about receiving such an email? First, I am shocked, surprised, and saddened. Then, I am annoyed and angry. Why are all these people dying on me? They only remind me of my future, and that soon I and all my loved ones will be next. Do I even want to bother thinking about all this? No. I'd rather dance.

How does this help or enrich my life? It doesn't. When I pass on, I'll send folks an email: "Sorry I died. Don't let it ruin your day. Dance on!"

In fact, maybe this is a good epitaph for my tombstone or cremation jar.

### The Teachings of Death

#### On Enjoying the Day

What does death teach you?

It teaches: All you've got is each day. Therefore, enjoy the day, enjoy the moment. It's a mental state, an attitude. Anything that detracts from enjoy the day is "bad," anything that enhances enjoying the day is ""good."

Therefore the validity of my passing on notice:

"Sorry I died.

Don't let it ruin your day.

Dance on!"

### Apologize for Dying

Therefore, people should apologize for dying. After all, in doing so, they hurt others.

For the same reason, one should also apologize for being sick.

Gravestone epitaph of an atheist.

"Here I lie all dressed up

With no place to go."

### Stocks: Holding Longer Term

#### Middle Ground: Another Type of "Trading"

Look at my success in Kinross gold. I bought it very low, when out of favor. After a month or two, it started to rise. Now I have a large profit in it.

Find beaten up, out of favor stocks to buy and hold.

These days its oil stocks.

Look for longer term “trading” stocks. Plan on holding them several months or more. These days oil stocks would be good. (Also maybe that’s why the word “trading” and more particularly, the words “day trading” make me feel disgusted. Too transient; no depth, etc. Longer term trading, minimal of a month to several months, would probably dispel disgust.

This process would help to free me. I would not be glued me to the screen moment to moment, hour after hour. It would give me more free time, mental focus, and calm. A slower, but still focused pace.

It’s the middle ground between all-or-nothing, day trading or holding for years.

Sunday, December 14, 2014

Guitar:

“As you get older, the best of you comes out, while the worse of you withers away.”

Alhambra: My ego (treble in my fingers) withers away while my true (universal) self comes out (bass melody with my thumb) comes out.

Alhambra and Leyenda: Bass is the cake; tremolo is the sprinkles on the cake.

### Celebrate by Having a Party!

What happens once I achieve? How do I celebrate? Bring achievements to others? (Useful service to others.)

I like it: Celebrate by bringing my achievements to others.

Celebrate by having a party!

The JGS Show could be my form of party. Well, why not?

Start with joyful, fun achievement stories and songs. Then even classical guitar achievements somewhere in the middle, when “the time is ripe and right.”

Useful and fun service to others. Of course, end my show with folk dancing. Voila a reason to put in effort promoting my show.

Monday, December 15, 2014

### A Stunning Transformation

#### Creating and Promoting the Fun, Gone Public, Zany JGS Show

Indeed, over the past many years, day trading in the stock market has been my “drug of choice.” I ask myself, what could be more exciting, stimulating, fear-provoking, depressing when losing, and exhilarating when winning that trading stocks in general, and day trading them in particular? What could give me more thrills than my drug of choice?

On the other hand, I partly consider it a negative addiction, especially when I spend so much mental and physical time doing it. And, of course, added to this, my long term have only been losing money negative. In other words, even with no long term success, I keep at it.

Recently, I have been thinking that maybe my addiction is really a type of Sarnioian distraction from something greater. In Sarnioian term, TMS is a pain created to distract one from a greater fear, which, if faced, would create a greater threat to one’s existence and thus an even greater pain. I believe in this idea.

Now I wonder, does my intense and finance destroying trading “addiction” stem from a distraction of some greater fear?

Today, I’m onto something I think it may.

For 40 years I have been in the desert of denial, the land of performance negative. I have been practicing my classical guitar in the distant hopes of “some day mastering it and being able to return to performing with confidence, ease, and even fun! After my performance at Congregation Adas Emuno last Thursday, I realized for the final time that starting my program with classical guitar (to prove that I am worthy) will never lead me to this place of performing happiness.

The next question arose immediately: What will lead me to performance happiness? My immediate model is folk dance teaching. I have a beautiful and fun method of starting people off dancing immediately. “Walk right: This step is called walking to the right. . . etc.). It involved the audience immediately, relaxes them and relaxes me. It is a perfect zany start, fun, funny, humorous, off the wall in its ease of execution, brilliant in its simplicity. And because I have years of experience and mucho knowledge of folk dancing through my tours, etc. I dare to start so simply, with such a simple idea.

That kind of simple “off the wall” start is my Jim Gold Show performance model. There is no thought of “proving myself” first before I can have fun. Rather, at the very beginning, I dive right into the fun.

That is my performance model.

So, how to start my show?

But before that, let me postulate that the Sarnioian reason I addicted myself to day trading is to distract myself from the potential thrills, excitement, and total fun of a Zany Performance. My fear was to step out on stage as my true self. What self is that? My Zany self!

My idea of a most daring, courageous performance is to simple step out on stage with “no plan in mind” and improvise the whole show. Look around the room, see who and what is there, and depending on the immediate situation, create the show “on the spot” in Zany fashion.

In other words, I’d like to bring my zany, off the wall, mad shoe fictional characters to immediate life on stage.

Would that be more thrilling than spending hours trading stocks? I don’t know. Maybe. But it’s worth a thought and try.

### New Career Fashion

And I’m in a new place, a good place, a free and open place, and ready, in new career fashion, to give it a try.

Practically, what does this mean?

1. Design new flier: Jim Gold Show – Bits and Pieces of Gold.
2. Experience/experiment: Look for JGS performing jobs
  - a. Include folk dancing. This needs small crowds (100 and under) in special rooms.
  - b. JGS Show can also be offered without folk dancing.
3. How to create my program? Design it on the new performing base-line philosophy: Fun is the bottom line. Or expressed in the negative: If it's not fun, its not worth doing.

#### A Possible but Limiting Thought and Name

(Another name: The Jim Gold Zany Show: Bits and Pieces of Gold). Or Bits and Pieces of Gold: The Jim Gold Zany Show. Or is this too limiting, give the serendipity all away, strap it in, limit it to Zany mode alone? Maybe.) I want it to be zany, but that is my secret, the secret to be revealed during the show, not before.)

Note: As soon as I got up from my writing about the JGS Show ideas, my day trading desires feel softened.

I'm turning the ocean liner around. Maybe that's why I'm so tired after each writing/performing revelation.

#### Giant Transformational Challenge Idea and Question:

##### Promoting as Fun?!

The JGS show is moving toward fun.

Can I making promoting JGS fun?

Then: How can I make promoting JGS fun?



Whirlwind Storm and Brilliant Sun

Later: A sudden rush of total emptiness, hopelessness, and down, down, down. Down to the empty bottom. I haven't felt such a down in months, maybe even years. True, I can't find another dance room with a good wooden floor for Monday night. It seems vaguely hopeless. Is that the reason for the down? It's an annoyance, irritation, but not strong enough.

I wonder if this sweeping down has something to do with my cold turkey exit from stock trading addiction.

Wow, strong stuff. Am I romanticizing it? Or am I right?

I'd like the romantic version to be true,

After all, I am a romantic and like romantic answers. Also it would explain the sudden down emptiness and give me credit, even kudos, for taking such a cold turkey action. In other words, I dared to understand, the leaf finally fell, years of strain have finally ended, I finally stripped myself of this grand Sarnoian-type distraction, and am entering a wonderful performing freedom and wild aspect of my true self, all this makes me happy!

How to live past the stock market trading distraction and within this new life in my performing self: To arrive at this next question ultimately makes me gloriously happy! It is a victory beyond measure!

So why the fantastic smashing down? Maybe that's way addiction exits work. A sudden storm clears away the last vestiges of the old chained, blind, distraction life; then the clouds pass; a new day dawns with fresh blue sky and shining brilliant sun.

Tuesday, December 16, 2014

I Need a New Fear

I am totally knocked out and depressed this morning. The thrills and fears of money and the stock market are dribbling away. What will now sustain me? What will distract me from my true self (whatever that means.)

I'd like to feel this since-marriage, financial thrill-and-chill area has distracted me from my true self. But suppose I'm wrong. Suppose the thrill-and-chill area is a basic aspect of my true self. Suppose without it I am lost, directionless, and empty – just as I feel now. Suppose I'm a thrill-and-chill kind of guy and I "enjoy" or rather am thrilled by distracting myself from my true self?

Suppose distracting myself is my true self. And without distractions, I am lost.

Suppose at heart I'm still a mad shoe, running wild on the lawn kind of guy. Well, that's true. No reason why that should change. Therefore, it's true, although I may have temporarily forgotten it.

Indeed, I could say that thrill-and-chill is part of the running wild on the lawn, mad shoe kind of guy's true self.

Well, suppose this is so. (And it is so.)

Now what?

If I'm giving up or rather, moving away from money fears and the stock market, what will thrill-and-chill area will replace them? What place of wonder, amazement, and new learning can I find?

I don't know. But I do know I need one. I lost my thrill-chill center. I need a new one.

That's why this morning I am lost, down, and depressed. And until I am "distracted" by something new, I'll remain down and depressed.

Are distractions my necessary crutch to deal with life? Are am I diminishing the importance of such "distractions?" I could also call them purposes and directions. And within these purposes, lie thrills-and-chills. Or at least I need to find a purpose which has within it thrills-and-chills.

Does that mean I need to scare myself? Maybe.

Does that mean I need some fear as part of the mix? Maybe.

Does that mean I need to do the things I fear? Maybe.

Well, if yes, I need a new fear.

A new “distraction.” A new purpose. A new meaning chocked with wonder and awe. (Awe is another word for fear.)

Well, what is awesome and fearsome?

What do I fear?

I feel complacent, dull, washed out, and down.

I need a new fear to wake me up, stimulate me, put me on the path.

How to fear again? What to fear again?

Can I find a new fear beyond money, finance, and the stock market?

Is performing really enough? Haven't I “been there, done that?” What new paths and adventures can I find in it?

Well, maybe performing is not enough! Again, how sad and depressing. I've come all this distance, spent all this time practicing, and when I reach the so-called Promised Land, and am no longer afraid to perform, I find that performing my not be enough. It's a “been there, done that” place. Yes, I may do it, just as I keep teaching folk dancing, but there's nothing that new in it. Unless, of course, I add choreography. Choreographing a new show will keep me interested, just as choreographing new dance keeps me interested in teaching folk dances. And that is indeed pleasant to do.

It's okay. But not thrilling. No thrills-and-chills there.

Can I make my old paths thrilling and chilling?

Or do I need to find a totally new path?

Of course, everything I do is a “distraction.” Maybe I shouldn't make such a big deal about all this and simply dive into my next distraction with full force.

Maybe the thrill-and-chill comes from the full force dive.

It's also true that since I returned from our Balkan Splendor tour, I've somehow resisted “diving in.” First my cold stopped me. I did get sick during and after the trip. It took longer than usual to recover. But after and since then, I've also been affected by

a kind of smugness. I could call it a “success smugness.” A kind of “I’m a wonderful, successful tour leader, folk dance leader, all kind of leader, my finances are successful, and I’m, in general so successful and wonderful that I really don’t have to do anything, prove anything, show anything. I can basically stand around and glow for the rest of my life.

What a stupid, smug state! But partly, that’s where I’ve been since end of October. Perhaps this stock market and mental crash it just what I needed to wake me from my smugness slumber. We’ll see.

Maybe this has simply been another form of (post-Balkan Splendor) glow-and-rest period masked in smugness and slumber. During this rest period, I solved and resolved the performance problem. And that is, was, and will be a big deal!

Strange how resolving performance went with my trading stock market crash. I wonder if they are cosmically related. Every ending is a new beginning. Does the ending of one mean the beginning of another?

In fact, I would say this post Balkan Splendor six (seven) week period was about solving the performance problem.

The shock has worn off; performance problem solved; cycle completed.

Now it may simply be time to move on.

The crash of my stock market trading and my performance problem solution must be cosmically related. One releases the other. Stock market crash releases, frees my mind and energy to dive into performance. (Is this how they are related?)

### The Romantic View

As a romantic, a mad shoe, run-wild-on-the-lawn, awe and wonder kind of guy, I love the romance of giving things great meaning! Resolving my performance problem has great meaning and is a great victory! Time to dance for joy!

Then move on.

Result of all this: Performing is not such a big deal.

### Long Term Perspective

If performing is not such a big deal, does that mean the stock market is not such a big deal either?

“Not a big deal” for the stock market means thinking long term, 3-6 months or more) fluctuations in price are not a big deal. Thinking long term.

Introduce long term thinking into my (financial and other) life. A new, long term (and better) perspective on stock markets events. And other events as well. (Learning, etc.)

Wednesday, December 17, 2014

### Complaining

This post-Balkan Splendor/return-to-performance period between end of October and December 15<sup>th</sup> has been a very torturous, difficult, twisting period. The step into the future by returning to the past, or digging up the past to step into the future in a new way, has been gut-wrenching in its own way.

First came Congregation Adas Emuno, then Temple Beth Shalom Hanukkah party. Yesterday I gave the final of the two shows. I'm now finished.

The whole digging-up-and-working-through-the-past has been quite depressing. In the process, I've created an entire new show. I found the final resting place of classical guitar, which is last place, and place of gaida, which is first place, the place of songs, speaking, stories, etc which is first place as well. It's a reckoning with the new me, the one that developed over the last 40 years; it's an entirely new show.

Now that the shows are over, what did I do? What did I accomplish during this depressing, return-to-the-past period which felt like performance therapy with myself as the therapist.

Where am I now? (Not who am I?, but Where am I?)

I'm totally tired, depressed, and everything aches. Seems I've lost all the gains I made over the years. I'm back to square one, whatever and wherever that is. I've only got complaints, but of course, that is what my journal is for to air and voice my complaints, to whine aloud in full force, to bitch and moan to no one in particular. Maybe all this complaining will free me from complaining; maybe I'll finally and ultimately get tired of whining. (For truly, I have a blessed life, and in reality, nothing to complain about!)

But the truth often has nothing to do with feelings, so let me continue to bitch, whine, moan, and complain on. Even though intellectually, I know I have nothing to complain about, evidently I still need to complain. Maybe I'll just spend the day complaining. It might do me good.

### Intense Performing Therapy

I feel like I've gone through an intense therapy in which, for the first time, I've had to face the anger, rage, and pain that my guitar performing career brought me.

I've been exorcizing ghosts from my past performing career. The result is an entirely new show, but not an entirely new career.

Maybe that's simply what this whole process has been about: Exorcizing ghosts. Now that they are exorcized, and the resulting expression of this is a new show, maybe I don't even need to perform anymore. Maybe whether I perform or not is now no big deal one way or the other, Maybe I'm now ready to drop the whole thing and "move on;" to something new... whatever that means or may be.

Yes, it would, might be pleasant to perform somewhere again. But do I really "need" it? Maybe, and maybe not. As I say, performing is no longer a big deal. Maybe the performing journey has done its duty, done its time, served its purpose, and is thus, no longer needed.

How depressing is this thought. All these years spent, all my talents and skills developed, and all for no reason and to no avail.

### Religious Reason to Perform

Why bother performing? Since it is now no big deal to me, the only reason I can come up with is that it will give others pleasure.

It is a “selfless” reason.

Is service to others enough of a reason?

God gave me a talent. It’s depressing to do nothing with it, to let it lie fallow in the fields. Is it my duty to expand, develop, and deliver it to others?

I don’t know.

What about self, and the artistic (self-involved) concept of self-growth, self-improvement, self-development. Does that fit in, square with service to others? Can the two go together?

If I come up with the answer yes, that would give me a reason to promote my show.

Why promote it? It is my (God-given) duty. He put me on earth for this purpose. That’s why He gave me the talent and with it, the determined persevering personality to pursue, develop, and even promote my talents and skills.

Note I’m slowly wending my way into a religious reason to perform! I personally don’t want or care to. Witness the “no big deal” about performing. But God is “forcing” me into it. He knows is good for others. Since He knows all, He may even know, that showing up, performing, displaying, sharing my (His) talents is secretly good for me!

Truly I need a reason to push me out there and show my stuff. Maybe if I can’t personally find one, God will. Since I’m thinking and acting like a spoiled brat, He’ll step in to shove me out the door in spite of myself.

I know about the financial reason for running tours, and even teaching folk

dancing. But I have no financial reasons to perform. And yet, some aspect within myself (within my soul) is calling me to perform.

Could I find another reason, something beyond finance, to perform? (And even to run tours or lead folk dancing.) Once finances are solved and settled (and part of me believes they are) then is there another reason to do things, to do anything?

Is there a higher religious or spiritual reason? And if there is, do I even want to step on this path?

### Looking for a Reason to Promote (and Perform)

I need (want) something to push me to do the unpleasant and scarier things that is not financial. I need(want) to find a non-financial motivator.

What or who will motivate me to do anything?

God, my wife, other?

Survival and finance used to be, and still are, my main motivators. But is there anything else? (Of course, I am “secretly” looking for a reason to promote and perform my show.)

### Promoting

The hither to now unpleasant work I resist is promoting. Performing follows by itself as obligation and contract.

If I promote, I am (secretly) committing myself to perform.

Thus promoting is the key, not performing.

Note also: If someone calls me to perform, I go. I never turn down a job.

Therefore, it's not a question of performing but of promoting.

Thursday, December 18, 2014

### Two Month Emotional Trauma

I feel like I've been through a long emotional trauma, returned to my past



performing life, combed it out, dived into and through my classical guitar trauma, with the final result being an entirely new program. In this new JGS show I've just about given up the need for classical guitar. I can find absolutely no reason to play it, unless, of course, it is during a lull in the program, somewhere in the middle. Yes, there might be a place for it there. A minor place, a minor need. Maybe after a half hour or so, maybe after gaida, songs, folk dance, songs, then classical guitar?, folk dance, and ending. Thus, a potential program order might be:

Thursday, December 18, 2014

#### Positives of Promotion and Sales

Yesterday, before my Wednesday folk dance class, I discovered the positives of promotion and sales.

Promotion and sales energize me.

Thus promotion and sales, not necessarily for finance, but for energy and inspiration!

#### Jim Gold Show Order

1. Intro and gaida
2. Singing lesson and group songs and maybe some solo songs.
3. Folk dancing
4. More songs and group songs
- (5. Optional classical guitar (if it feels like a lull)
6. Folk dancing
7. Ending: with folk dancing, or a song. It depends.

Throw in verbal and horizontal bits along the way, magic, spoon playing (teach the audience how to play spoons), call someone up and give them a gaida lesson in public, or guitar lesson in public (play D chord while audience sings Row, Row, Row Your Boat, drums with Barry, etc)

I also need a good ending. It used to end with folk dancing. Now: end either with folk dancing or group or solo song.

### Time to Return

#### Time for Rebirth, Renaissance and Regeneration

Are the aches in my legs, my chills, and apparent lessened physical condition part of the performing-past-visit trauma? Or are they “normal?” I believe the former.

Time to get back into condition.

Time to return to healthy physical practices.

Time to return with:

1. Healthy physical practices
2. New JGS Show
3. Promotion/Sales as energy and inspiration!

Friday, December 19, 2014

#### End of Classical Guitar Performance:

##### Freedom at Last!

Yes, this morning I feel like playing classical guitar. Playing is just good for my fingers, psyche, mood, mental well-being, and even physical health.

But I will never play it for the public again. In that sense, classical guitar is like Hebrew, in particular, and languages, in general: I love their sound and study: yet there is absolutely no need for me to use them in speaking. As tour leader, I only need English.

Classic guitar is the same. I don't need it for public performance. In the past, it was only used to “prove myself.” Now that I no longer need to prove myself, I no longer need it.

I'm in a new place, a new neighborhood. Classic guitar, like language study, is only for me, for private use and pleasure.

As for the desire to perfect and perform classical guitar for the public: those days are over!

The Jim Gold Show may have one, or at most two classical guitar pieces. Or it may not. If they appeared at all, they would be placed somewhere in the middle. As this if the performing situation calls for it.

Classic guitar now belongs in the category of 'bits and pieces,' similar to my magic coin trick, short story, or throw-away line.

It now becomes a lovely hobby, interest, and falls into the miracle schedule of study.

### Classical Guitar, Violin. . . and Gaida

Like Hebrew, would I now want to play and perfect classical guitar just for myself?

Is "for myself" enough motivation? Maybe.

But public classical guitar performance days are over.

Finally, I am free!

Free to love classical guitar playing as I love my teenage violin playing. Practicing alone in my room, I let my mind roam and fly through the universe, opening it to Magnificent Meltdowns. What fantastic flying experiences and dreams I had! I soared, as my violin carried me upward.

Well, on this basis, should I return to my violin? Classical guitar and violin? Hmm.

And throw in gaida? But that is part of the new JGS story.

Another deep question: Did I ever really love classical guitar? Or was it always an excuse to "prove myself?" I never wanted to be "just a folk singer." Anybody could do that. I wanted to distinguish myself, stand out from the crowd, be different, show my talent and music skills. Mere folk music was "too easy," I could never proudly (or

was it arrogance?) just play that in public. Even flamenco was not enough to show I was sophisticated and musically educated. (Perhaps I was a secret snob.) That's why, when I "discovered" classical guitar, I knew I could appear on the public stage as "different" from other folk singers, as differentiated, above them, higher, and, of course, secretly better. Ultimately, all this never worked in creating performing ease and happiness; constantly trying to prove yourself never does.

Of course, I know I loved violin playing and the fantastic violin literature. Classical guitar was really a "lesser instrument," more limited in its emotional expression, plucked rather than bowed, creating dying notes rather than sustained ones.

I often cried when I sang folk songs, or heard violin pieces. I never cried when I played or heard classical guitar. (I was amazed and pleased by the sounds, but never raised to the Magnificent Meltdown level. But strangely, I was in folk music. Folk singing (and some folk singers, like Bob Dylan, Pete Seeger, Carnegie Hall sing alongs, even Tom Lehrer (for humor), and more, had such a strong human element, as well as lovely, simply, beautiful meltdown music.

Perhaps I always "used" classical guitar but never loved it.

Lots of hmmmms here.

So why play classical guitar at all? What purpose does it now have in my life?

Besides its snob appeal, was there ever anything I liked about classical guitar?

Why not play violin instead?

Should I squeeze in both? (Watch out for "shoulds."

These questions shake me to my core.

Most of my classical guitar playing and practice was based on my feelings of inferiority. Thus I used classical guitar to "prove myself."

Prove what? Prove myself worthy of having fun, of letting loose, singing, grabbing the audience by their lapels, their throats and necks, and dragging them happily into my circle of singing, smiling, zany off-the-wall humor, laughter,

meltdowns of Magnificence, and mad shoe dancing with me.

### (Group) Everyone Singing as Meltdown Magnificence

I am questioning the entire foundation of my classical guitar playing. How I hated Alexander Bellow and his stiff-assed lessons. He epitomized the snob effect in classical music. In fact, that has always been my conflict: The extreme magnificent beauty of classical music along with its snobby, stiff, tuxedoed, wordless presentation on stage. And how I loved Pete Seeger and how he immediately spoke directly to the audience and asked them to join him in song. All of the stiff-assed Carnegie Hall audience singing with him! (Of course, they were a folk song fans, not a classical music audience). How magnificent was that! A true Magnificent meltdown, but with people all together in unity and harmony. Beethoven made real!

The Magnificent Meltdown of everyone singing together. How I love it! Unity, harmony, dissolution of egos into one world, all the good things. And this found in group singing!

Everyone dancing together, no one left out: That is and has always been my ultimate folk dance teaching vision. It is also my bottom-line though when leading all my tours. It is the Meltdown vision in folk dancing and tours. I see now it also exists in singing. Folk singing, groups singing, everyone singing together. And I am social director of my audience, all of us singing together. A beautiful, bottom-line vision.

### Finding Meltdown Beauty in Classical Guitar Playing

Of course, it could also be that I was so involved in proving myself that I never let the potential beauty of classical guitar penetrate my life. Unlike violin, and my teenage violin playing period, my mind was then open and totally free to experience the magnificent meltdown. No financial or ego obligations.

But now that I am free again, with no pressure to perform or prove myself through classical guitar playing, perhaps the same beauty that existed in violin playing

can now be found in classical guitar playing.

Saturday, December 20, 2014

### Raising the Level of Folk Songs

Do I dare to use my good guitars (Ramirez, Rubio, etc) for “mere” folk music? Bring these expensive, rare, good, great guitars to my folk songs shows, to my JGS joke and humor show, to my Thing Table with it gaida, spoons, magic and more?

Dare I “lower the levels” of my guitars, “reduce” them and their value to “mere” folk music?

On the other hand, could I be, in my mind, “raising the level of folk music” by using my valuable guitar to play my folk songs in public?

I like this idea, view, concept and direction.

### Raising the Level if Folk Songs: Guitar Transformation

It’s gone from a classical guitar that happens to play and accompany folk songs during a public performance, to a folk guitar that happens to play classical guitar pieces during a TJGS show public performance.

Will all this push me to see folk songs on a “higher” level, more worthy and beautiful? I hope and think so. Well, what else could it do? it is actually happening before my eyes. Only I’m not used to it yet.

### Lowering the Level of Classical Guitar Playing

I’m also lowering the glory and drama of classical guitar playing. And that may (will) remove the classical terror I’ve been afflicted with all my life. Thus lowering of classical guitar playing is a good.

Achieving some kind of balance.

### Free at Last!

All my snobbery and elevation of classical music to a highest level beyond my reach has been a fancy way of putting me down, holding me back, keeping me from my

true, enthusiastic, humorous, off-the-wall, joking, outlandish, zany, mad shoe, running wild on the lawn self.

Now the blocks are broken. TJGS show has been born.

Thank God, I'm finally free!

### Inventing Physical Exercises

Something new: I am actually inventing physical exercises that combine upper and lower, combine most parts of my body. Based on yoga, gym training, squats, lunges, etc.

Another level of training, exercises, movement, etc. We'll see where these new inventions will lead.

### Rick's Teaching

1. Warm up lightly

2. Toss out the order

Apply to TJGS show and exercise.

Today's mantra (and perhaps a mantra for every day) is "Toss out the order."  
But of course, all done with judgement and wisdom.

### Death and Transitions (Transfiguration)

"I'm sorry (my condolences) about the passing of ????"

Transitions are so difficult for us mortals to cope with, deal with, and fathom."

Sunday, December 21, 2014

"Jim,

I thank you so much for the wonderful book you sent; I was so pleasantly surprised when it arrived. It picked my spirits up for the day. It is such a charming

read; I will enjoy it for weeks cause that's how long it takes me to read a book especially when I want to digest every sentence. Thank you ; it was so thoughtful.

Love, Carol (Monjak)

This letter from Carol reminds me that during the last two months of exploring my performing past, the "crazy, mad shoe, off-the-wall, run wild on the lawn me" has been drained out of me.

What does the appearance of this letter mean?

Combine my Victories!

I'm at a new place, in a new neighborhood. Time to:

1. Promote my books and Show
2. Write more books!

I've solved my performance problem. Now what to do with it? Nothing? Minimal? Move on to something else? Markets and finance? Other?

Or, I'm at a crossroad; I'm ready to combine my victories!

1. Writing: Back to my crazy self-releasing off-the-wall fiction.
2. The Jim Gold Show! A new vehicle for a public expression of my crazy, self-releasing, off-the-wall, fiction self.

Monday, December 22, 2014

Entering the Writing and Photo/Video World

Toss out the order. I am spinning. New places I am.

New things to do: Two biggies.

1. Organize all Infant/Mashugi writing
2. Canon camera. Set up and learn.

(3. Bounce TJGS along.)

What's new:

I'm entering the writing and photo/video world.



Monday, December 22, 2014

Good Line Editing Feelings

A good feeling suffuses me as I line edit my Mashugi.

Tuesday, December 23, 2014

"Hobby" Plans

Strange, I've solved my performance problem, my performances are over, and this morning, I feel like I never want to perform again! But now, I don't want to perform again for a totally different reason. It's not because I'm afraid, yes my fear of performance and performing is gone! Rather, it's that performing per se has run its course. I'm finished, done what I've had to do. I'm ready to move on to something else. And as I look ahead, the tour sales season is coming up in two to three weeks.

Last year my two slow months of November and December were devoted to the stock market; this year, they've been devoted to performing, diluting, dissolving, and chasing away the performance demon that has haunted me for 40 years.

I've chased it away, gone, finished. A victory, indeed. Purpose fulfilled. Now I'm ready for something else.

As I see it, here's my plan.

1. Jim Gold Show "hobby": Performance/preparation. Done.
  - a. Performing sales. Barry finishes his card. What is sales plan? How much will it cost? Is it worth pursuing? Etc.
  - b. But I'm moving on and past it.
2. Writing project "hobby": Spend the next three weeks or so, the pre-tour sales period, editing and finishing up the Mashugi Chronicles, or whatever I plan to call them.
3. Camera and video: Maybe learn it.
4. Day trading "hobby": A new account.

### Passionate Hobbies

Can you have a passionate hobby?

Can you have several passionate hobbies? Or does the idea of “several” dilute them, thus lowering the passion?

Maybe they can be passionate at different times of the year.

Passions for different seasons.

Wednesday, December 24, 2014

### On Changing my Financial Strategy

Round and round I go.

Am I trading stocks because I am basically bored?

Or, am I trading stocks to make money?

Actually, the answer is both.

Why am I trading stocks?

I am trading stocks, not only because I want to win, but because I want to make money. After all, when I win, I make money. Obviously, winning is making money.

Over the years, I have only lose money trading stocks. Obviously, my strategy no good. Not evil, but bad, wrong.

Am I ready to move on to a new strategy? Have I been hit on the head enough? Or am I still too bull-headed to change?

I hope I'm ready to change. I would save so much time, effort, and, I would make more money.

Am I ready to change yet? Intellectually, I want to. But emotionally, I don't know.

### Classic Guitar as Meditation

Classic guitar as morning meditation.

Classic guitar for meditation, in general.

It's the right mood for the audience, too.

Slow, beautiful, tone, meditation on tone, on sound.

Meditate (medicate) myself and the audience.

The right quiet mood has to be established. That's where the audience can and could fit in.

### Meditation Moment

Am I secretly striving for that great Meditation Moment, the Quiet Moment where all is soft and beautiful. I am high in my secret attic room chamber, studying and at one with universe.

How long would I last in that room? I don't know. Maybe a day or two. But it is so refreshing and enlightening.

Could I plan being there one day a week? Take one day totally off? For study and meditation?

What would such a day look like? Could I do it?

What day would it be?

Or even few hours of each day.

I see myself taking two hours after morning's work is done. . . in the early afternoon.

Studying Hebrew. . .

Thursday, December 25, 2014

### Let Them Fluctuate

Next stock market challenge: For the next few weeks, (2-3 weeks, or more) watch my trading account rise and fall. I've chosen "good" stocks, or at least they've been chosen near their bottoms. Now, to give them time to rise. This means letting them fluctuate, leaving them alone while I "make and lose money," that is, let them

fluctuate.

This would be an exercise in patience, and long term thinking. It would also free my mind to do other things. It's also "something new," and new way of "investing."

Meanwhile, I may search for a few more end-of-the-year low ones to purchase and hold.

Let's see where all this leads.

Healing the World through Meditation  
How Doing Your Own Thing Helps Others  
or Tikkun Olam in Miracle Schedule Form

Do you believe in spirit?

Do long distance, subtle healing vibrations have an effect?

Here are my morning thoughts:

Wonderful. The pressure to play classical guitar fast and for others, to impress them, is gone! Only meditation remains. Lovely.

Classical guitar now relate to Hebrew, writing, and running. All have become forms of meditation.

A rebirth of Miracle Schedule as meditation.

How does miracle schedule meditation heal the world?

Evidently, I'd like it too. Helping others would give it more power and significance.

How do miracle schedule meditations heal the world?

They heal it miraculously!

Like quiet telephone calls, meditations send helpful, vibrations to others. Even though I perform them alone, nevertheless, they heal the world.

Alone in my living room, when I play my beautiful guitar. I am helping a distant soul.

Does this distance soul have to listen?

Maybe not consciously. But slowly, softly, these long range, faithful, subtle, long distance healing vibrations have their effect.

All thoughts as subtle vibrations affect and effect the world.

Thus are meditations “useful.”

Thus to sit in a corner and “do nothing” can be a useful venture.

Friday, December 26, 2014

### Beyond Alone: The New Neighborhood of Wow!

#### Making The Jim Gold Show my Life

I've been very sad lately. The idea of visiting my family during Xmas makes me (and has always made me) sad.

I'm changing the view of my childhood from happy to sad.

Why?

During most of my life, during the good times (the running wild on the lawn times), I see myself alone. Alone at age 4 playing at the fountain, alone squashing and killing ants, alone running wild on the lawn at the farm, along walking in the fields under the brilliant beautiful sun, alone playing in and by the brook, alone in my room playing the violin.

Memories of my best moments have always been alone.

As for with others: Playing basketball and conducting the orchestra were high moments. Not often and not that high, but nevertheless, better.

Even today, my writing high moments are alone. I run my business alone. As a leader, although others are obviously involved, I am at the top alone; I lead them alone.

Yes, it was the only place I could run wild on the lawn without being shut down (by my mother?)

The dream and ecstasy creative state of running wild on the lawn was my

highest vision and experience. It has guided me throughout my life. For years, I kept it “pure and private.” afraid that by bringing it into public view, the criticism of others would crush it, and, in the process, crush my best dream, my melt-down Beethoven music visions, my most beautiful self.

Visiting my old musical self, returning to the old performing years, has brought back, resurrected, all the negatives of that period.

Since I have experienced my best visions, highest moments, and most positive states alone, I ask: What is the meaning and significance of alone?

I am stronger, wiser, and different now. Stronger to visit the past, wiser as I look at it, different in that I’m not afraid to go public with my running wild on the lawn vision.

So, although my childhood, and even the last 50 years or so, have been buffeted by sadness and repression, presently, I am ready and able to move forward differently.

First sign is I’m ready to perform in public under a new name and rubric, and in a new manner. I’m ready to spread and display all my wares to the public, put all my things on the Thing Table, and talk, discuss, laugh and cry about them. . . in public. My new vehicle, self, and victory is found in my new creation: The Jim Gold Show.

Financial fears have been another crushing curtain I have set up over the years. Almost like a backache, I created the financial fears to distract me from my greatest desire: to run wild on the lawn.

Up to now, running wild on the lawn in public meant falling off the cliff, losing my livelihood, being ostracized and abandoned by my paying audience as well as my loved ones.

But, for some reason, I am now past that. I’m no longer afraid of running wild on the lawn in public. This is proven by the creation of my new vehicle: The Jim Gold Show. Also, the idea of slowing (or even giving up!) Most stock market trading (another curtain of camouflage) is another sign of dissolving my (ancient) financial distractions and diving into my running wild on the lawn dream.

I am in a new place, a new neighborhood.

I'm ready to become and present The Jim Gold Show in all its aspects.

Everywhere, at all times, in tune and ready to display my running-wild-on-the-lawn self. To make The Jim Gold Show not just a performing vehicle, but incorporate its creative freedom into all of my life.

Wow! What a new direction!

Now I ask: What do I do to implement this beauty?

### Moving On

#### Bring Light to the Dead and Make Corpses Dance

I don't want to spend my life in sadness. But the above is the truth. Luckily, I've got my wild sense of humor, sense of the absurd, and sense of meltdown beauty to save me. (Maybe I can even do the beauty without the meltdown, although, I must admit, the meltdown is part of the fun.)

No, I want to recognize the blocks of childhood, digest the miseries of blocks sustained in the 50 or so years of adulthood, and move on.

What do I have going for me as I move on?

For starters, and good finishers, too, I have:

1. My wild sense of humor
2. Running-wild, off-the-wall imagination
3. Crazy sense of the absurd

Luckily God gave me, endowed me with these magnificent qualities. They make me laugh at the absurdity of tribulation and incongruence of adversity; they make me feel great!

They are the shining part of the shining light.

What then is my goal?

Bring light to the dead and make corpses dance:

That's what I want to do for the rest of my life.

Saturday, December 27, 2014

I feel squeezed.

On the one hand, my space is being invaded. Danny is here. Zach and Precious (his girl friend) will soon be here for a week. An upcoming short-term squeeze. But I sense, it's not the big one.

Something else is squeezing me. A new personal development and direction is brewing inside, squeezing me in a larger manner. I'm not even sure what it is.

Here are some ideas:

1. New investment stock market (and trading) strategy. Leaves me open and vulnerable to me "true, running-wind-on-the-lawn thoughts. This vulnerability, from which I have protected myself so long with financial fear distractions, places me on a somewhat new road with a new open (and vulnerable) attitude. I'm not sure what all this means, but I'm sure it means something.)

2. New camera and video editing programs.

3. New writing in conscious, running-wild-on-the-lawn style.

4. General unease with my "running-wild-on-the-lawn release and upcoming changes in life style attitude.

A visceral touch of fear just struck. Now I'm certain this squeeze feeling has to do with this the falling away of my financial fear wall, and the new openness to run-wild-on-the-lawn life style. This new openness will soon translate into everything I do!

I am now open wide and vulnerable. My inner mad shoe, running-wild-on-the-lawn self is ready to roll. I feel vulnerable, squeezed, and quite uncomfortable.

Why the "squeeze" word? Is it another form of blanket, put-down, de-pressed, and other old neighborhood feelings? Probably.

Yes, now my racetrack is wide open, my horse ready to charge out, and fly! It's scary. Exciting, too.

Today, I'm in scary, squeezed, pre-charging, pre-flying mode.

How do I step beyond this barrier? Good questions.



First thing is to think differently. Dive into my new attitude. Doing will then happen by itself.

Indeed, I am starting to think differently.

I'm scared of being free, of running-wild-on-the-lawn. Thus, my first step is to dive into my fear, dive into my scared.

Should I start with our company. With Danny, then Zach and Precious. Indeed, this would be going public with the "new me." How do I do it? How do I even start? (I'm already trembling inside!)

Imagine what I am now thinking! The above "starting with company" is actually too scary. I don't think I can do it. Wow. An unfaceable fear right before my eyes!

I must retreat to my room and hide. Where's my violin?

So my biggest fear is running wild in public. Whether at home before my family, or outside the house before any kind of audience.

#### Kind Heart

(Note: There is hope: I do dare run wild in private. Mad shoes are alive and well in my room. I have no problem running wild in private. The question and challenge now is: How to translate the mad shoe running wild into public mode.

How to become a running-wild man. And include a kind heart.

Interesting that I should "include a kind heart." That means my original running wild idea was "only for me." Others, my family and the public were not included.

Now I've added a kind heart.

Kind heart is for others. This is definitely an advanced form of running wild. A qualitative leap. It's the key to new running wild in public direction.

#### Bottom-Line Kind Heart Belief

There is no question I bottom line believe in a kind heart. It is the basis of "including everyone in the folk dance circle, in my constant thought of unification and

oneness when I lead my tour groups, and my discomfort when people are separate, distant, and alone, and of course, ostracized from the group. It is the heart of my All-Is-One philosophy.

There is no question a kind heart is bottom-line me. It was even present in my teenage room when I played violin all day. I found it in the melt-down Magnificence of my Beethoven symphonies, where the entire universe blending and melting into One. I feel it when I lead tours. After saying to myself, "Why am I doing this? Why am I going through all the torment and tzuras of running a tour? It is so hard! Why do I bother?" Then we meet our first folk dance group and I melt into that Beethovian All-Is-One ecstasy.

I don't know why I have this meltdown, kind heart feeling. But I do. Perhaps it is because I've felt so left out all of my life. My running wild feelings, the essence of my inner self, have been too sensitive, too vulnerable to bring to public light, hidden so long in the closet. Thus did I suffer in private and in silence. Perhaps that pounding is the source of my mind heart feeling.

But whatever the reason or source, it is definitely a bottom-line part of my essence. The reason I can be a social director with kindness. The reason I would never humiliate anyone on the folk dance floor, or in public.

Perhaps if I focus on my kind heart, it will be easier to run wild in public.

My wild, crazy, off-the-wall humor with its love of the absurd is all based on (has its foundation in) a kind heart.

This is the new key to running wild on the lawn.

### "Mature" Running Wild On The Lawn Update

#### Including a Kind Heart

In my original vision of running wild on the lawn, I am four years old. My mother is watching me and she finally says, "stop running wild on the lawn." She implies I'll hurt myself; running wild can be dangerous.

But I am no longer four years old. Time to update my vision.

How?

By adding a kind heart.

A kind heart reaches out to others. A kind heart yearns to include others. A kind heart is now an updated (conscious) part of the new. mature running wild on the lawn me.

Should I rename my running wild?

Shall I call it: Mature Running Wild On The Lawn. Although the name may be a bit clumsy and heavy, it's the right idea with its qualitative difference.

Sunday, December 28, 2014

Repetition: Stay on one page of Hebrew. Read it over and over again. It deepens my knowledge

### The Protection Racket

Finance and Alhambra (and classical guitar, in general) have served as "protective" curtains (covers) over my running wild. They have protected and prevented me from coming out from behind the rock.

Interesting that I say "protected" me. Very Sarnoian. A "positive" view of my running wild disability. It means running wild is also threatening. Why? At least in motherian terms, I could hurt myself, even kill myself; I go over the cliff.

My Alhambra dysfunction protected me from running wild on the guitar; constant financial fears protected me from running wild (in my artistic self?); kept me glued to the ground so I could make a living and develop my business skills; in the process, it "protected" me from releasing my true Mashugian writing self.

Evidently, during this 40 year period, I needed such protections. But no more. I'm dropping the lids, moving out from under the rock.

1. The Jim Gold Show is my first step.

2. A more balanced, calmer, stock portfolio and trading approach.

3. Repetition approach: Repeating Hebrew pages. Slower, confident, more focused, deeper. Repetition approach to learning video, camera, social media, and computer techniques.

We'll see what else follows.

### Alhambra and Coming-Out-from-Under-the-Rock

It's sloppy; I'll miss the notes. So what? What's the big deal?

At this point in my life, the most important thing is coming out from under the rock! Missing notes, being sloppy, is all secondary, even tertiary.

Plus coming out from under the rock may eventually lead to un-sloppy and the right notes! Besides, the right notes are the out-from-under=the-rock notes!

### Running Wild with a Kind Heart

Running wild with a kind heart is a safe, "stable," abundant place to go. With people all around that I love, it grounds me. Running wild in the safe place, I won't go over the cliff. And if I do, I'll fall into Kind Heart Canyon, a beautiful valley filled with the soft waters of love.

Yes, for years (40 years?), I have avoided my family. One reason is the deep, overwhelming love I have for them. Feeling, dealing, (and acting) on that overwhelming love is my "family form" of running wild.

Running wild with overwhelming love.

Finance, Alhambra, family love: all were blanketed by the "curtain of repression avoidance." It protected me from the depressing, push-down aspects of my upbringing.

But that's over now. Running wild with a kind heart is the abundant, beautiful place for me to live. I want to run wild on its lawn!

1. Finance

2. Alhambra

### 3. Family love

#### The Fire of Love

The fire of love:

Rushing through to finish, not savoring the moment,

Avoids the fire.

Not rushing to finish, savoring the moment:

Enters the fire.

The fire of love.

Monday, December 29, 2014

#### Expect Surprises

Expect surprises. That is the best stock market approach; it's probably also the best approach to life. (See below how it is happening in my tremolo, arpeggio, Alhambra, guitar.)

What don't I know? is another best question (based on this "expect surprises" approach.)

#### Reverting to Old and Easy Right Thumb Position

Alhambra: My right thumb position has changed. It seems to have reverted back to my old, and easy position, the one I used during Bolando Valdes-Blaine lessons, when I had no problem with the Alhambra, arpeggios, or anything else.

Could I have made a 40-year right thumb position mistake? I remember changing my thumb position when, around age 40, I decided to "improve."

Add to this my 40 years of self-confidence change (calm, confident and focused), and I've got a winner.

Along with this new reversion-change thumb position and placement, there is a new focus on the thumb itself, and the bass line as melody and of great, high,

paramount important.

A 40 year slew of self-confidence is now also flowing into my reverted thumb position as well.

The 40 years of indecision on whether the important part is treble or bass, has been decided. Clearly, it is the bass. The thumb. Treble is secondary (ever tertiary).

Expect surprises!

Indeed, one of the surprises and sudden changes I talked about in the first part of today's writing.

Tuesday, December 30, 2014

#### Do Less, Deeper Focus

Hebrew: Maybe my direction is to do less with deeper focus.

Maybe that's my direction in general.

Maybe doing less with deeper focus will bring some joy to my video study, which is presently polluted by pressure to achieve.

Do very little, with focused depth. See where it leads.

I am yearning for a higher goal where I can funnel into Oneness.

Could it be through music. Is the guitar now open?

#### Running Wild on the Guitar Lawn

After arpeggios (Alhambra, Flamencan, etc), next step in running wild on the guitar lawn:

Bach: Bourree in Bm,

Bach: Gavotte en Rondeau,

Sor: Etude No. 12, and more

Wednesday, December 31, 2014

### Vacation Review and Summary

Touch of self-disgust this morning. Not sure why. I'm hoping for it, though. Self-disgust is the first sign of energy rising.

My "vacation" has lasted from end of Balkan Splendor to now; two months (November and December.) Now I'm tired of vacation, tired of drifting, ready to "go back to work," ready to teach dancing again and return to tours. I'm not even sure that's it. But something is creating a touch of self-disgust.

Let's review the "vacation" and its accomplishments.

1. Guitar and performance. Here is my major accomplishment!

A. I put The Jim Gold Show together.

B. No fears of performing.

C. By "dropping" classic guitar from my performance, my classical guitar playing has become daring, and improved!

2. Video: Checked out Adobe and Corel video programs. Neither one is as powerful as Pinnacle. I'm returning to Pinnacle and will learn and "master" what I can.

3. Writing (vague return to Mashugi)

4. Stock market: More stability, calm.

5. Hebrew, exercise, other. No comment.

6. Folk dancing and tours. Nothing. A vacation.

I'm just about ready to begin the new year.

Any resolutions?

### Emptiness, Meaninglessness, Depression, and Writing

#### New Year's Resolution

Yet this emptiness, meaninglessness, and depression is still following me. Does it have something to do with writing? Is it because I am not writing?

Again, am I avoiding my true gone-wild, off-the-wall, crazy, mashugi calling?

Something different for the year. If I wrote, and committed my mornings to

writing fiction (not journal or “realistic” writing), would my depression and feeling of meaninglessness vanish?

Yes, my Jim Gold Show is together, yes, I’m not afraid to perform, yes, my classical guitar playing has improved, but on a deeper level, so what? What does it have to do with writing?

What does writing have to do with the New Year?

Writing my fiction is the land of dreams, and future plans.

Is writing the “real” running wild on the lawn?

Would writing pre-Hebrew, first thing in the morning for an hour be a good, worthy, different, and real running-wild-on-the lawn New Year’s Resolution? Would it really be daring! My true self gone wild.

Push it in front of everything else. Is it right and worth it? Do I, would I, will I dare?

So ends a New Leaf. . . and begins a New Year!