

A New Year

Thursday, January 1, 2015

What will this new year bring?

First idea: Cutting back on technology.

1. A return to Hebrew writing and calligraphy
2. Return to writing (use of computer, but limited).

Friday, January 2, 2015

Direction: Details and Depth Regime

I do want and need a direction.

Is my next direction on of details and/in depth?

Is Hebrew the signal for my next slow-slow, deep-deep, depth-depth direction?

Punctuation and pronunciation: Long, short vowels, etc.

How will this details and depth regime affect:

1. Folk dancing teaching
2. Stocks
3. Exercise
4. Video: Title details and depth, etc
5. Tours:
6. The Jim Gold Show

Details and Depth

As you get older, many annoying desires fall lessen and even fall away. These include the rush to succeed, the need to “get somewhere,” the rush and pressure to “do something, become something, be something, the desire to please others rather than yourself, and many other noxious traits habits.

As you get older, you have more patience and time. Your new patience makes

you ready for the next step: Focus on details and depth.

One learning a day, one exercise, one development, one new detail. One new depth may be enough (even more than enough).

You can focus on this learning all day. Focus on the details and even master them!

Such mastery brings inner peace and satisfaction.

Do less, but more often.

Do less, but do it in depth.

Saturday, January 3, 2015

Doing it in Depth by Focusing on the Details

I think I'm touching on a big deal here in terms of direction of life. Of the many things I have not mastered in life, one is the ability to go slow. In order to know, master, conquer, and impress others, I have felt a constant pressure to learn fast, to go fast. Thus basically, as I drive through life, I am a speeder. And en route, I miss many things.

Now, in the next stage of life, I've lost interest in speeding. Basically, I've "been there, done that." And the question emerges: Now what?

A couple of years ago, I moved into the "depth" phase. Now I'm moving into the next development of the depth phase, which is adding details. Thus the next phase is details and depth.

It means, among other things, going over, revisiting everything I do and used to do, but doing it differently: Doing it in depth by focusing on the details.

Thus Hebrew: back to the first chapters of Ha Yesod to learn about the difference between be and ba, etc. Thus a new focus on the details approach to folk dance teaching (we'll see where that leads.), a new ability to study Pinnacle and even edit my writing. And more. Again, we'll see where all this leads.

Singing in Detail, Songs in Depth

J'ai Rendez-Vous Avec Vous. First example and sample of a new singing direction. Going over each word, a word, several words, and their meaning, essence, etc. Singing songs "in depth," by focusing on a detail.

Sunday, January 4, 2015

Daily Do a Detail

Daily do a detail.

Do that. Dive into a detail and I am saved.

A detail a day keeps the doctor away.

The Pinnacle of Success!

I just reached my Pinnacle Studio program by succeeding (again) in my on-line Pinnacle study!

1. Learned to delete collections. (rt. Click on collections)
- 2, Learned to fill collections: (Drag (latest) import into new collection title.)

I'm so excited I can't do anything else but jump for joy!

How to Handle Success?

First savor it: Rise and fall with its rhythms. Give it time. Like all victories, the rise will eventually fall. (Just as with all defeats, the fall will eventually rise.)

When the fall is over, move on to the next detail.

I've just about finished the Pinnacle "Organize" section.

Savor my victory. . . . Then on to Edit.

Buddhist beautiful saying:

When you are born, you cry and the world rejoices;

When you die, you rejoice and the world cries.

Monday, January 5, 2015

On-Line Learning

Starting with studying Pinnacle, I'm learning something different and rather new:
How to do on-line learning.

"New Ease Year"

It's a New Year and today is the first day of "work."

However, so far, it feels so different from last year and the past years. Those years I felt a sudden pressure to "put aside my life" until at least May because now, the "tour selling season" was beginning.

It's still true: The tour selling season is beginning. But somehow this year, I feel little to no pressure. In a sense, I feel there is "little to do." My tours and even tour selling schedule is "in order." My ducks are lined up in a row. There is basically little to do but what I have been doing all along. Little to no changes. I don't even know how to put all this into words.

I still have to, want to, and will do everything I used to do. But, there is a new feeling in the air. I wouldn't call it a new attitude, although it may come from a new attitude. But, in any case, somehow the sales aspect of the upcoming year feels "easy". The pressure is off.

Of course, this may have something to do with the fact that my registrations are looking good for the upcoming year. But somehow I feel, think, (hope) that it is more than that. In fact, let me state: It is more than that. Post Balkan Splendor tour, my attitude, approach, and feelings have somehow changed.

I'm more relaxed, not as driven, yet just as curious as before. Something has cracked inside, but I'm not sure what it is. Yet things feel (and are) different. This is still fresh and new now. Yet it "feels" very real.

A "New Ease" year? I hardly dare say it!

Let's see where "New Ease" leads.

New Ease Neighborhood

I'm basically approaching the upcoming year with the feeling that I'm free, I'm easy, and I have "nothing to do." It's even beyond the Balkan Splendor birth of "calm, confident, and focused." It's as if I've absorbed that message. I can take it for granted that it is part of me. I'm ready to move on to the next stage, the next residence and place. I'm ready to move into the New Ease Neighborhood.

We'll how "New Ease" hold up during the next crisis.

Tuesday, January 6, 2015

"Fear is the Source of my Motivation

An important truth popped into my mind yesterday just before training with Rick. Here it is:

"Fear is the source of my motivation.

Fear pushes me out of the box, gets me started, gets me going. Not only do I have fear, I need fear. Get to know it, stay in touch with it, deny it or push it away.

Thus, in a sense, all the years of trying to allay my fears have put me on the wrong track. Here are the positives fear has given me.

1. Fear of performing (performance anxiety). After wrong-direction years of trying to "improve" my guitar playing, I finally came up with a totally new, comfortable, and right-for-me idea: The Jim Gold Show.

2. Financial fears: Leadership and business acumen. Financial fears motivated me to build careers in performing, folk dancing, and the tour business. In the process, I learned to be a leader.

3. Folk dancing: Teaching fears expressed among other thing, in my "folk dance

ankle." Butterflies in my stomach before each class stimulated unconscious leadership skills. (Competition with Lee also stimulated and encouraged me to go public with my choreographies. I don't know where that fits in yet.)

4. Tour business: pre-tour anxiety, etc. Helped me "lead like a tiger."

Heightened awareness and the desire and ability and to pounce on any problem that comes up.

5. Stock market: Trading skills (still in development. A new and fascinating "hobby.")

6. Physical fears: Running, yoga, gym and weight training. New ways of dealing with physical (and mental) pains.

7. Fear of computers and technology: Motivated me to learn about my computer, learn programs, social media, and video making skills.

Thus, rather than curse, deny, or try escaping my fears, I shall now search them out. And when I find my fears, I shall love and embrace them! After all, fear is the source of my motivation.

Curing Addiction

How to deal with an addiction?

How about replace one addiction with another?

How do I go about that? What addiction would I prefer?

First let's look at my inner mind: Evidently, I need excitement. I have a need for excitement!

Excitement is a mix of fear and elation. Fear jump-starts the mind; elation is the ultimate reward.

Let's start with fear: I need a new fear, One beyond finance. An non-financial fear.

What new excitement?

What new fear (beyond finance) and elation?

I came up with old standards. But maybe they could become new un-standards. We'll see. Here they are:

1. Building a tour company.

a. A possible fear motivation might be humiliation, the fear I'll let down Richard and Lee by finding no tour clients.

b. Personal of language, history, and culture study.

2. Performing

3. Writing. . . and public readings, selling my books.

4. Folk dancing: building up my groups

a. Promoting my choreography. . . (Seems on hold.)

5. Making videos. And later promoting them.

Of course, there is nothing new in the above. But maybe I don't need something new. Rather, I need to make the old, new, turn the old into something new. After all, what is a renaissance all about?

Wednesday, January 7, 2015

"Curing" Addiction by Replacing it with Another (Addiction)

Replacing One Fear and Frustration with Another

Pinnacle: Can't save or open saved files in Pinnacle. Frustration. Can't do it. How to handle this? Can I figure this out? (Or Barry ask.)

General: Frustration. Anger at frustration, Clouds my mind. Can I stand it? Can I function in such frustration? (This certainly takes my mind off the stock market! New fear, new frustration, new addiction!)

Particular or detail: Focus on exact problem: Figure out how to save and open Pinnacle saved files.

The Pinnacle problem is definitely not based on fear. Rather it is frustration, which makes me angry. Anger is already the higher level, the action level.

Thus first comes fear, then frustration, then anger, then action. I'm motivated, rearing to go, ready to act on my "How (and where) to open the save Pinnacle file problem.

Fear is the Bottom-Line

Fear is "expressed" and often vented through frustration and anger. But fear is still the bottom-line.

Thursday, January 8, 2015

Exceptions

In Hebrew, the gutterals have composite shevas beneath them. (This has to do with their pronunciation.) But, as usual, there are exceptions.

Pinnacle: that's all there is to the Timeline and tracks. I've got it. (I can't believe it. I can't believe I'm getting all this stuff! And through on line learning. But I am!)

Block Lifting and Removal

Is this (post-Balkan Splendor) period and season about removing significant growth blocks from my path? Could be.

Look at what has been removed so far.

1. Performance block
2. Stock market trading block (in the process)

Positive Growth Replacement

1. Ability to perform with ease and fun.
2. Video development.
 - a. Learning Pinnacle
 - b. Youtube and Facebook

c. Better, more detailed folk dance teaching

Development: Since there is no pressure on me to play Alhambra anymore, why not play it with fun and ease.

Next development: legs:

Saturday, January 10, 2015

Escape from Freedom

Catching Cold to Escape from Excitement

Why did I get sick? Why do I have a cold? Why now?

Perhaps I got sick to escape from the excitement!

What excitement? Pinnacle learning excitement, the thrill of discovery, other.

Possible emotional escapes:

1. My cold started after a great folk dance class.

2. Stock market discouragement, exchanging one addiction for another. But actually, escape from the tentacles of stock trading addiction is a relief. Maybe that's why I'm happy. I'm finally free. Maybe that is the excitement I really feel. And it is expressed in the thrill of learning Pinnacle and other learning (Camera, even teaching folk dance class well, easy Alhambra, etc.)

Maybe I am extremely happy about my loss of stock trading addiction, extremely happy about my new freedom. Maybe that's why I got sick: I wanted to escape from the wow joy of freedom.

I successfully replaced negative stock trading addiction with positive Pinnacle learning addiction. (Yes, I may still trade a few stocks, but without the haunting-me-every-moment concern, without the addiction.)

Tuesday was my day of stock trading addiction realization. Wednesday I taught folk dancing. Thursday Zach left. Thursday, after Zach left. After he left, I let myself

succumb to sickness. Why?

When family company left, my mind was free to completely and freely feel my new freedom and freedoms. I couldn't face such marvels, so I got sick instead.

Self-cure on the rise.

Time to face the marvel, and let its fire heat my body and burn away my cold.

My left knee post-folk dancing was also part of that collapse, part of that escape. It hurt for two days, until it was "replaced" by my cold.

With the blanket of stock trading addiction lifted, the wild power of my creative energy has been released.

Sunday, January 11, 2015

Sickness is a Cleansing

Sickness is a cleansing.

Once the old life attitude is destroyed through dis-ease, one re-emerges and is reborn healed and different.

The mucus stuffing up my nose and the snot pouring out were the leakage of the old life. Once totally drained, I could begin again.

Why did I get sick? What old life was I ready to drain?

What did I "lose" in the process?

I lost, was released from, gave up two great burdens.

1. Stock trading addiction.

a. Loss of trading addiction freed my mind and time to study Pinnacle, videos, cameras, etc.

2. Fear of performing.

a. Loss of performing fear freed me to play guitar at my own pace, in my own way, and have fun performing "just about anything" in public.

Monday, January 12, 2015

Shut Up and Dive In!

I feel empty, drained, and lost this morning. Well, this is nothing new for me. Yet every time it happens it is and feels new. Evidently, purposeless, meaningless, and lost is the way I periodically go.

What to do? How to recover? I never really know. Every time it feel different. And yet, it is always and ever the same problem. I invent a temporary purpose or meaning, fly on its wings, raise my spirit, go to wahoo! Land, and when the purpose is fulfilling, I sink back again to the empty, meaningless state.

What to do about it? Perhaps there is nothing to do. That's just the way I am, and I have to ride with it.

Of course, I could realize it is an ever occurring theme, not pay attention to it, and simply dive into the next project, which really could be any project, as long as it is a project.

Diving straight in and connecting thusly is the best way to go, the best thing for me. And it doesn't seem to matter what I dive into!

The ending of the stock trading and Alhambra (performing fear) passions, which drove me to constant attention and practice, have ending. This has left a big vacuum. I have temporarily filled it with Pinnacle, video and camera study. But now that too is "over." Although I can explore them further, I've really gone as far as I need to go.

So I'm at another "What now?" place.

Remember: It doesn't matter what I dive into, as long as I dive in. Pick any pool. It doesn't matter. Dive into guitar playing, folk dancing, tour sales, Hebrew, exercise, other, all of the above, one of the above. Hard to realize it doesn't matter what. Most important is "shut off your brain and move." Dive in! That's what most important.

Thus the answer is simply: Shut up and dive in!

The New Life: The Fun Approach!

Yes, my sickness (cold, etc) was the final drainage and clean up of the old life. A 3-4 day drainage. It's over. I'm ready to move on, dive into the new life.

The new life is free of performance and financial fear. Free of fear's expression through Alhambra and stock trading. Performance and financial areas still require caution and concern. But not fear. That's the big difference.

Where to go now? What to dive into?

Perhaps I might start with the same areas: Performance and finance. But replace my former fear approach with the new fun approach! Aha, I like it!

Start right away. Pick up the guitar and play a fun Alhambra. Check the market for a fun stock. Do a fun video title. And more! Fun Hebrew, fun writing, fun tours, fun yoga and running.

Fun is the new nutrient in my diet. It will improve my digestion. Add it to everything I eat.

Snot fear drip and draining. Sun star ripe and rising.

The fun approach is a total retraining for my future.

Three Principles of/in the New Life

1. It doesn't matter what I do.
2. Dive in to whatever I do.
3. Use the fun approach.

New Beginning: A Fun Alhambra

First time in my life I ever played a fun Alhambra.

Slow, easy, beautiful, relaxed, focused, lovely.

Tuesday, January 13, 2015

Purpose and Meaning through Serving Others

As a artist, a person who thinks like an artist, I start internally with me, then move externally out to them. A business oriented mind, on the other hand, starts with them – what is the external need out there – and moves to me: what can I do to fulfill that need.

Thus it is strange to realize that aiming for others first, doing my thing and things for others, both energizes and focuses me. And because it does, give me something I desperately and always need: A purpose and a meaning!

Thus doing things with others (even eventually) in mind, with the idea of reaching and influencing others, gives my meaning and purpose! What we may call today: connection.

Doing things for others, with others in mind, with the idea of reaching and influencing others, both connects me to others (and thus the universe), focuses me, and give me meaning and purpose.

Without meaning and purpose, I drift into depression, listlessness, nothingness.

Just look at teaching a dance class, leading a tour, giving a performance, or even getting ready for a social engagement. I get a bit “nervous,” concerned, my focus and energy increase, my mind off myself and onto/into others.

Note I said reaching and influencing others. Obvious, I have to reach them in order to influence them. So I can drop the word “reaching.”

Let’s say then, that I like, want, even need to influence others. Does that mean I want to impose my will and ideas upon them? Basically, yes!

Wow. Am I really that kind of controlling person? Well, I guess I’ll have to admit I am. Yes! I want people not only to listen to me (buy my products) but be influenced by me. I want to have an affect and effect upon them.

Is that my main purpose, meaning, and goal in life? Maybe it is. What else is there?

I thought my main goal was to connect with God. Where does He fit into this?

Well, God is both in myself and in others; He is in all things. So there's no conflict or contradiction here. It's a given and besides the point.

Focus, concentration, learning, teaching, leading, creating new artistic works, writing, performing, playing guitar, languages, exercise, stocks, all are about giving and doing a service for others.

How is exercise and stocks (trading, etc.) about others? Good question. I don't know yet. But at least so far, I've come a long way on the purpose and meaning through serving others question.

What does the above mean for me?

Where does fun come in?

Bring others a sense of fun. Bring joy to the world!

(Of course, in the process, I bring joy to myself.) Specifically, bring joy through giving (pushing, promoting) my God-given talents and skills.

1. Writing: Aim to publish
2. Videos: Spread the word on all events.
3. Performing: Aim to perform
4. Tours: Spread the word
5. Exercise, language, and stocks: I don't know yet.

4 Questions

What is their place in terms of serving others?

1. Languages
2. Exercise
3. Stocks
4. Left knee: Why is my left knee acting up? It's had plenty of rest. Could be a TMS. Why and what?

What the top three have in common is that I enjoy them. They feed my curiosity, passion, and fun. But how, if at all, do they effect others? Not at all, as far as I can see.

Good for me, but useless, meaningless, for other.

A Kantian good-in-itself. Is that a good for others too? (It's not a bad-for-others, but is there a neutral-for-others? No. It black or white. It's either good or bad. Thus, as Kantian good-in-themselves, they are also good for others.

Good-in-itself for me is a good-in-itself for others.

Thus, somehow, languages, exercise, and stocks are good for others.

Okay, that philosophical point has been made and is settled.

So what? What is new now? I can do them with full heart and no hesitations in mind. FBut do they have purpose and meaning? Well, since they are good-in-themselves, they must have.

Maybe, although they are good-in-themselves (thus good for me), the problem is that I simply I don't see their affect or effect on others.

What is their affect and effect on others?

They must have an indirect affect or effect. How?

1. By pleasing me, they send positive vibrations into the world.

Since it's all about creating positive vibrations, sending out fun rays, bringing joy to the world, I might as well do my own thing.

Like the sun, if I can shine, others may see, feel, and even benefit from my rays. (Of course, the choice is up to them.)

Is Beauty enough of a motivation?

Wednesday, January 14, 2015

Old

Fear of getting hurt. . . and hurting myself.

Fear of pain. . . and that I'm weak.

A return to the old neighborhood.

The above is all part of the return to performing and clearing out the old neighborhood performing attitudes, cleaning out the old performing mind set.

New

1. Prepare for France
 - a. Edit text
 - b. Prepare photos, Impact, etc
2. Prepare next tour email promo
 - a. Text and photos (even ad video link)
3. Prepare next folk dance promot
 - a. Text and photos (even ad video link)
4. Daily upload to Facebook
5. Start using my photo, video, text skills to sell!

Note how the above 5 relate to Tuesday's writing: Purpose and Meaning through Serving Others. How serving thus energizes and focuses me. How reaching and influencing others, connects me to others, focuses me, and give me meaning and purpose.

Note I said reaching and influencing others. I like, want, even need to influence others. Does that mean I want to impose my will and ideas upon them? Basically, yes!

Well, number 5, using my photo, video, text skills to sell is indeed the way to do it!

New Promotional Approach

Use history, language, folk dancing, everything I know in my promos. Throw in the fruits of all my studies, everything and anything I know. Service for others. Energizes, focuses, and motivates me.

Do it "for the love of it!" Beauty as my motivation.

Sales Fun

Sales are for the Fun of it!

Obviously, money is an important aspect and measure of sales. But more important: Sales are for the fun of it!

So I throw everything I've got into the fun of sales.

Sales gives me a good excuse, purpose and motivation to talk about everything I know. Without reservations and shyness.

Examples: Why play guitar? To sell my tour to Spain!

Secret Benefits of Losing

(In the stock market trading game)

The old neighborhood was full of fear. Fear brings with it panic and pain. And with pain comes the "pleasure" of losing. Losing reminds me of home, of the panic, fear, and pain of my old neighborhood, It's a familiar, down-home, even "friendly" feeling. Even though I "hate" and am afraid of it, part of me still wants it, since it reminds me of my old neighborhood, reminds me of home.

I wonder if that is my secret pleasure and even a secret desire to lose. . . in the stock market. Do I have a secret urge, desire, even impulse to lose? Maybe I do.

Maybe that's part of my (compulsion and) addiction to play the losing stock market trading game. Over and over again, for years, always losing, but never leaving the old neighborhood.

A secret, old neighborhood desire to lose. I may consciously hate it, but secretly, it brings me home again.

That may be why I stay in the game. A dark, hidden, secret part of me wants to lose. Amazing.

Benefits of losing: I return to the old neighborhood. Wanting to win, but secretly

hoping to lose, an endless circular game.

Could the only way out be to leave the game?

Find another addiction. The Beauty addiction. Can Beauty be my motivation?

This is embarrassing to think I have a secret desire to lose. But I do. My wife will not only blame me, but worse, I'll have to admit she's been right all along.

How embarrassing: To think that a down, helpless, miserable, loser place is a secret desire for me. But it is.

Fatal attraction: a secret part of me wants to lose.

That's what creates my long time fascination, compulsion, addiction to trading stocks; they offer of the hope and realization of sudden magical "rewards" in the form of some ups, but mostly downs.

Thursday, January 15, 2015

I'd like to start of strong today. (I'm so sick of being sick!) What to do? Give it a shot. Drift along until it the line of snot ends.

Sickness is my Teacher

What does it Teach?

Sickness is my Form of Victory and Joy!

There is no question that I got sick after two grand efforts followed by success which I call victory. (And victory calls for a victory celebration.)

The question is: Why do and did I get sick?

Since my two post-Balkan Splendor victories (performing, market addiction, replaced by Beauty and Pinnacle), I have been trading water and dribbling.

The big victory was performing and cleaning out the 40-year old neighborhood fears. Smaller victories were stock market trading addiction (SMTA) and tackling Pinnacle.

At the end of all these victories, I was totally drained, open, vulnerable, tired, and consequently, the final cleansing was through sickness.

In any case, that's where I am today.

Two sicknesses (colds) in a row; First, post-Balkan Splendor tour, second post-Performing victory. Also note, my two performances at the two temples had ended. I had put in great effort, won my BS and Performing victories, then got sick after these grand challenges were over.

What to make of this? Could I improve things? First thing that comes to mind is that my low resistance might be due to a weakened immune system effected by my diet.

Should I check out, study, consider and change my diet? Or at least improve it? Maybe.

Or is awareness enough? Be aware of the amount of psychic energy I put into these changes? Be aware of how much rest I need after these intense periods of stress and change.

Or is sickness simply part of the course? Maybe it's my way of convincing myself I need a rest. Maybe I won't rest, refuse to rest, until I am sick! Maybe it's God's way of teaching me, of slowing me down, of forcing me to take off and rest.

Maybe sickness is my teaching. Hmmm.

If yes, what is it teaching me?

I like this view of sickness. But is it right?

What is it teaching me? Here are some possibilities:

1. To slow down. (I hate this idea. So I am rejecting it.)
2. To be aware of my energies. (Better idea)
3. To be aware of my immune system and diet. (Not bad. Somewhat neutral since I hate diets. But I like study)
4. Not fully appreciating my victories! (I like this one!) I resist celebrating my victories, turn this positive energy on myself, and, in the process, drain myself and

become sick. I become sick to avoid celebration! (Wow, I love this one!

Check out Balkan Splendor. I got sick in the middle of the tour, at the highpoint of victory. Same with performing fears. I got sick after my great, free and fun performances; at the height of my victories. It called for a victory celebration but rather than face such self-proclaiming, new neighborhood worthiness, I got sick instead.

I couldn't face or deal with the fun, joy, and ebullience of victory. I'm so used to pushing myself, driving myself to new heights, self-improvement and development. I'm used to "punishing" myself in this way. I even "like" it; punishing, pushing, and driving myself in this way is its own high. And I believe it is good! However, there is a victory and joy aspect that I find very hard to handle. So instead, I run away from it, deny it, and, in its place, to replace it, I get sick instead. Sickness slows me down, forces me to stop, forces me to rest and relax, and thus "celebrate."

Thus, sickness is my form of victory and joy!

How wonderfully sick is that?

I love this explanation, and interpretation of sickness. But maybe, through awareness, I can find another way to celebrate.

How do I Celebratemy Victories?

Maybe my next question is: How do I celebrate?

How do I celebrate my victory?

Basically, I haven't a clue.

I never celebrate victories. I don't know how to celebrate. I know how to work toward victory, but I absolutely have no idea how to celebrate them. Basically, once I reached that "happy, desirable victory spot," I get depressed, retreat, fall down, and run away. I'll do almost anything to avoid celebrating!

Celebration means the same thing as "vacation;" it means taking it easy, resting, relaxing, or, horror of horrors—doing nothing! I don't know how to handle the "do nothing" state.

So I retreat to my post-victory default place. I embrace my celebration of choice, which is, to get sick!

Next question: Is celebrating by getting sick really so bad?

Could I change it, even if I wanted to?

Some movies stars take their "vacation" by signing into a hospital room. There they can get away from everyone, everything, and get a real rest. Their form of sickness vacation.

What about me? I create my own sickness and home hospital situation.

Is that so bad?

Could I change it?

I ask my unconscious: "Do I even want to?"

Masochistic self says: "Maybe I like getting sick?"

"I doubt that" answers my conscious self. "However, up to now, I haven't really thought about another way to celebrate."

Running Wild with Snot

is there another way to celebrate?

I don't know?

So, at least for now, I'll "enjoy" my cold as my form of celebration.

Dive into my snot, cough, sneeze and disease!

Celebrate with flowing mucous!

Let my running nose run wild on its lawn!

What to Learn about Life from the Stock/Market/Trading

1. You never know.
2. Expect surprises. Every moment is a surprise.
3. Timing: Whenever you want it, is besides the point.

4. It's not about money, although money is the measure.
5. Material gain: Whatever you want, is besides the point.
6. It's not up to or about you.

Note how I approach every market screen with a slight knot in my heart: I'm torn between desire for gain (green, up stocks) and fear of loss (red or down stocks).

Stock Trading and Life Goal

My goal: to open every market screen with an empty or blank mind. (I don't want to use the term "no expectations" because it is, in itself, and expectation.)

With a blank, I'll be able to make an instant decision based on present temporal reality.

I can decide what, if anything, to do.

Bland Mind Practice

Practice blank mind.

Practice it at the opening of each stock market screen.

It's good practice, not only for the market, but for pre-performance (the blank mind before the opening of the "performance screen"), pre-email, per-just-about-anything.

But a strong way to start is with the market screen.

Friday, January 16, 2015

Challenge

Trading to avoid writing, choreo, even guitar playing.

Trading to avoid my miracle schedule!

My challenge: Stop trading.

Read, think about, follow, use AA method: One day at a time.

Individual account: Okay. Long term

Personal account: Not okay. Stop. Only long term a la Individual.

It's not about money. It's about avoiding my talents.

Addiction is based on fear. It started with financial fear and the hope I would magically be saved from my fears with magic money suddenly popping up, with no effort, in or through the stock market. This process was intensified with the hopes engendered by trading. Small, dangerous stocks popped fast. That meant possible fast money – and fast saving. . . of myself.

But maybe I've been fooling myself all along, fooling myself for 40 or more years!

My real, bottom-line fear has never been about money, finance, and Bowery-bum poverty. I hate to admit it or even think about it but my fear has always been of diving into my own talents. Amazing. Somehow I've always (secretly) felt that if I ever "let go" and jump into my true self, I would "go crazy." I'd "go off the cliff". A softer version being: I'd "fall off the table."

Trading and the magical cure of the stock market, and particularly trading, has served for years as a distraction from this fear, distract me from my talents, totally diving into them, giving my miracle schedule my all.

Avoiding my talents through addiction. I cringe to even say it. Avoiding a full plunge into my (money-making) miracle schedule.

Ha! Why do I suddenly put money-making in parenthesis? Because my miracle schedule is the means and entrance to the source and center, to my true powers and talents. It is also the source of my purpose, meaning, and cosmic existence.

It is the maw, epicenter, and epitome of my self, the dark hole of talent, the scary, super cosmic connection, the entrance to all and All.

Just as I conquered my performing fear (after 40 years in the desert), I am evidently now ready to conquer my ultimate fear of self. I'm ready to dive in no-holds barred.

Trading has been my (final?) bar and distraction barrier.

Paying for my Education and Freedom

I can say that it cost 10G for the final Personal account trading shoe to drop. But it was definitely worth it!

I'm paying for my education and freedom.

What did I "pay for?" What are my gains?

1. I'll end up making more money.
2. I won't be losing money.
3. I'll hold onto the future monies I earn.
4. I've gained so much (mental/physical) free time!

Purchasing my Freedom

Buying my Way out of Slavery

I'm purchasing my freedom.

I'm "buying my way" out of 40 years of illusion, fears, and slavery.

How did my slave self suffer during its desert slavery?

1. 40 years of (diving-into-my-true-self)fears.
2. 40 years of distraction and illusion.
3. 40 years of limping. I still managed to follow my miracle schedule, but I did it with by walking with one foot tied behind my back.

On the other hand, to be kind to myself, maybe I had to limp in order to learn how to walk straight.

I had to limp, even walk with a cane, through 40 years in order to have the courage, confidence, knowledge, and conviction to accept, deal with and dive into the creative fires of my true self. It is, after all, a dangerous place. One has to learn how to survive in such an powerfully heated environment.

Thus, as I see it now, my financial fears, with all their side trips, although an

illusion, was a necessary distraction. Evidently, my fears were too hot to handle without a distraction. But those fears, just like my performing fears, have run their course. The leaf has fallen. I'm ready to move on.

Trading and addiction: Like a giant turd, it's on the way out, but not completely out yet.

I wonder if this is also what my cold is about, why I got sick. The cleansing. And my left knee, the sudden hobble.

Thus, to summarize: My biggest fear is to totally dive into myself, to dive into the inferno, the celestial fires of my creative self.

Folk Dancing

Folk dancing is the closest thing to running wild on the lawn that I know. Self-diving. (Dive straight into my creative self.) That's why I'm a good folk dance teacher and leader.

Opening the Gates

Strange, but I'm not tired after this writing. I feel like jumping right to guitar. Have I opened the gates?

Is this what diving into the true self is like?

Fluid Connections

This missing link.

What does diving into the creative fires of my true self have to do with the external world?

What does it have to do with business?

What does it have to do with tours, folk dancing, performances, publishing and promoting my books, etc?

Are there connections? No doubt.

Can I make fluid connections?

The missing link.

Saturday, January 17, 2015

Hard to believe, but I'm feeling slightly better. I'm nervous, but that's better than the eight day sickly state where I've been dwelling. Slowly and cautiously, I'm stepping out of my shell.

I'm both sad and on cusp of energetic. Sad because I'm returning to the world, energetic and nervous (maybe they are the same thing) because I'm facing my upcoming tour to Cuba, later Bulgaria, all my tous, and more.

Am I Ready for Miracles?

New Right Hand: Powerful Pulling and Guitar Playing

The relaxed three-finger Villa-Lobos Prelude Number 1 pulling pattern: Powerful, strong, vibrant guitar pulling, and playing. Could this be the new beginning of powerful guitar playing! Birth of a new right hand with powerful new pulling fingers. What a miracle this would be!

Am I ready for miracles?

But it does feel right.

I have stepped across the thresh hold.

After all, I am in a totally new place.

Such a miracle will also affect my dance and knee.

Words like "should, would, and might" are words of doubt. Will is definite,

decisive. Will removes all doubts.

I've jumped the gun, dropped doubt and grabbing decisive.

Diving In

Note: This morning I dove straight into my strong guitar (no warm-ups), then dove into my yoga exercises, and even dove into my squats! (Focus on abs, sun shine area, shining sun, the solar plexus!)

All with no warm-ups.

What do, or did, warm-ups mean anyway?

Resistance to diving in.

Diving straight in. Evidently, I'm ready.

For social engagement, too.

Opening of the Solar Plexus life.

See the wrinkles in my legs as furrows of new power, rays of powerful light, shining manifestations of the solar plexus.

Sunday, January 18, 2015

Pleasant morning studying Hebrew and focusing.

A vague melting of business into art.

Interesting sentence. I'm not sure what this means but I'll give it a try: Somehow their level of importance is blending into one. Business is becoming calmer and "less important." Art is become wilder, more vital (even though non-financial), and somehow, on a personal level, more important.

Finished my Video Projects

Now what?

Another thought: I may have gone as far as I need for video and pictures, for Pinnacle and PhotoImpact. In other words, I may have completed (as far as I need) my projects!

If yes (and it is a yes), now what?

Monday, January 19, 2015

Lost and the Direction Home

In the material world:

Leadership are my path

1. Sales and business is my method
2. Money is my guide.

In the spiritual world:

Miracle schedule is my path

1. Music is my solace
2. Writing is my guide.
3. Running, yoga, gym is my ???
4. Study is my road to expansion

Both worlds mix as they collide.

Motivation Shift DesiredRe-entering the World

I need a shift in my reasons for doing things, a shift in motivation.

Intellectually, I know my practices and events are good-in-themselves; and this both for myself and the world at large, I know I need to start applying these new skills (developed over the past two months) to the outside material world.

But somehow this knowledge, as key to a new motivation form, hasn't been

turned yet.

I'd like to re-enter the world as a new person with new motivational forms. I know it would be good. But I don't quite know how yet.

Connecting All

I'd like to connect all my miracle schedule forms to the world at large. How do I do that?

I'd like to end the division between material and spiritual, end the conflict within myself, put it all together, see all the energy forms as One.

How do I do that?

Asking the question may well be the first step.

Let's move on to specifics: How do I connect running, yoga, and gym (for the moment, I'll call this conglomerate "exercise," even though it is not my preferred name.) How do I connect this to others? How do I help them by exercising?

Part, in fact, maybe all, of this new motivation is to help others. In fact, if I include myself among the others (a very good thing to do!), then all of my motivation is to help others!

I am among the others; I am part of the others. I am the others. I am other and another. An excellent approach and point of view!

If that is the case, and it is, then all my work, all my miracle schedule, everything I do, is to help others!

Separate is over. All is One.

How to daily plunge into this attitude? How to daily work to fulfill this wonderful vision?

Act of Imagination!

Thus, I am now working toward implementing and fulfilling the All is One vision.

How to start? With a leap of imagination! Imagine every activity I perform, miracle schedule or otherwise, is connected to others (which now include myself).

Get up from your desk and start NOW!

I am the other.

I am one.

All is One.

A grand act by the All-is-One Imagination.

The Trinity Vision

1. I am others
- 2, Work for others.
3. The miracle in Miracle Schedule is: All is One.

Tough love approach. No back sliding. Focus on All is One.

Specifics

In daily practice, practically: How the idea works:

(My) arm rotations are good for others, since I am others.

(Since I am others, arm rotations are good for others.)

A new definition of myself: I am others.

A new self: I am others.

My motivation comes from helping others.

Nothing is different.

But with this attitude, everything is different.

Maybe New Leaf Journal Should Not be Edited

Maybe my New Leaf Journal shouldn't be edited.

Maybe it should be presented, offered, just as it is. For my family, friends, and anyone you might be interested. Posthumously, too.

It is the story of my journey. And it might help others.

And kf my new attitude and motivation and raison d'etre is to help others,
reading this New Leaf Journal might help others.

After all, it is the truth. It is the way I worked it out, the way it happened. (And folks can take whatever parts of it they want, or they can leave it.)

(Hearing Pop's Danny's Bar Mitzvah tape taught me this. Thanks, Pop!)

More on Motivation

Evidently, self-improvement (and financial improvement or gain) is no longer enough of a motivation.

But doing it for others might be.

In fact, doing it for others is.

Thus I connect everything I do (every moment) to the world.

The exercises remain the same.

But the attitude and purpose is totally different.

I am other, All is One.

A conscious new philosophy in action.

How to adopt everything I do – and once did – to it.

New Identity

I am giving myself a new identity. I have a new identity. I am a new identity.

What of knee pain? My knee pain belongs to my new identity, to the other, to the All-is-One universe.

Solar plexus is the poetry of other and All-is-One energy unification.

Tuesday, January 20, 2015

Return to the Past with a Vengeance

Employ New Skills and Miracle Schedule in Total Sales Mode!

Quick shift back to the beginning. A total return to the past. It's as if the last two months never happened. But they did. And I learnt a few skills along the way. Now I can apply them to my "return to the past."

I could call it a Renaissance, but I don't feel that way. Actually, I feel a bit queasy, maybe because I'm also returning to my "fears." What I used to call my fears and pre-performance anxieties.

Well, yes. There is a strange disconnect. I am returning, but somehow those old fears and pre-performance anxieties are "different." They've morphed into "concerns." Or maybe not even that.

Actually, I am returning "different," my concerns, if you want to call them that, are and feel "different."

I am returning. Something is different. But I'm not quite sure what it is.

How to return?

1. I'm returning to my miracle schedule. This means returning to writing, guitar, running, yoga, weight training, and study (of Hebrew).

a. This means all forms.

2. Return to my complete business preparations.

a. Tour preparations – specifically Cuba

b. Tour sales and promos – specifically Bulgaria and Albania. But "throw in" Poland and Norway/Den/Swed.

c. Comb my existing market, Think about new markets.

Return to the past with a vengeance, employing my new skills in total sales mode!

Also, employ my miracle schedule in sales mode!

This is totally new. Employ my miracle schedule in sales mode! Start with guitar.

I basically took a two month detour to clean up my performance mind and improve my video and picture skills.

Now that's done. I ready to return with a vengeance!

Use my miracle schedule skills for commercial purposes.

Connect it to the world.

Use my guitar for commercial purposes.

Connect it to the world.

Dance and balance exercises. Then yoga.

Use them for commercial purposes.

Connect them to the world.

Saturday, January 24, 2015

Giving Up my Personal Account

My computer is back from Frank. I can "start life again.

In the meantime, what has happening?

After many losses, I sold all my Personal Account stocks. I now have zero in that account. I also promised myself I would end my margin and close it.

A mix of feelings. Basically, I feel weird: Edgy, irritated, frustrated, liberated, scared, frightened. Like I fell into a a pit, an abyss. A pit of freedom, an abyss of liberty, free from an old, long-time tyrannical lover. One who had their tentacles around my throat feeding both ecstatic blood and energies into my soul, when the stocks when up, and totally depressing and destroying me, when they went down. But basically, whether up, down, or neutral, these tentacles never left my throat. Although, in the beginning, I invented this lover, eventually she took over and captured, or rather imprisoned my mind and soul.

Now that I have dumped her, I suddenly have mucho free time, and “little to nothing to do.” am free to roam again. What will I do? Where will I roam.

The benefits of leaving her are obvious. With her haunting over, my mind, body, and soul are free. I’ll even, in the end, make more money!

When I dropped her, suddenly, I was open to reading a novel!

But it’s early, only the first day. I have a slight habitual habit of wanting to return, to maybe only trade ETFs like the S and P 500 ETF stock. But I know, or at least feel, that will drag me back into trading which I know is bad for my mind, soul, and heart. Plus it takes so much time!

So I call this writing “Giving up my personal account.” I don’t even want to mention the word “trading.” I don’t want to call it “Giving up my personal trading account” or “Giving up- my trading account.” I don’t even want to mention or think about the fact that I “trade” or “traded.” I definitely don’t want to face it. I never wanted to tell others, or anyone that I “day-traded” or even traded in generally. Somehow “trading” is a dirty word. Always has been. I wonder why.

In any case, it’s over. Today is my first day “alone.”

Let’s see where it leads; let’s see what happens.

Market as Escape and Relaxation

“Appropriately Nervous” About Other Things

Real World: Creativity/ Abyss an Even Greater Challenge!

I wonder if the stock market (my “trading” account) was an intense escape from the world, and even a high-tension form of “relaxation.”

Note: I’m still nervous as I face my computer problems. Maybe without the market, I’ll just be nervous somewhere else.

I’ll be “appropriately nervous” about other things, namely, functioning in the real world!

Stock market: fantasy world of escape (and “relaxation.”) Real world: fiery creatively and descent into the dark abyss.

Entrance into the real world creates “appropriate nervousness.” Thus, where I am headed, were I now am, is an even greater challenge than the former stock market!

Motivation, Nervousness, and the Real World

The real world means facing the creativity of diving into the Abyss! Frightening and glorious.

Thus entry into the real world makes me even more nervous than the stock market! Talk about motivation! There is my nervousness. The nervousness I both tried to escape from and need, and even want!

It has, up to now, been “too hot to handle.” No wonder I “needed” the market. But now I can face it. Can I handle it? We’ll see. But I’m certainly nervous (and thus motivated) to start.

Does nervousness create motivation? Or vice versa?

Does it even matter? (Which came first, chicken or egg?)

I’m just a nervous facing my guitar, computer, tours. (I’m sure I’ll soon able to add performances, folk dance, ei, all things in the real world. As for high-level nervousness and close-felt panic, these hot creative/abyss fears puts the stock market to shame. The market was just a game. A waste of time, living in escape from freedom

and myself.

The creative/abyss world is the real world.

Fires of the Alhambra

The stock market (trading: I dare say it!) as a giant escape from the fires of the Alhambra.

The fires of the Alhambra are in the right hand finger tips.

The fun is in the fire, but you have to jump in first.

Performing is the most scary of all. Always has been.

By removing the stock market, have I removed the veil and opened myself up fully, without protection, to the existential terror. Is that why I'm so tired, can't breath, short of breath, suffocating, etc? Am I having a heart attack? Or panic attack?

I sense it is a panic attack. Cuba is coming up soon. Also, selling season is here and my other tours are coming up. Plus no more veil of stock market. Everything points to a suffocating panic attack.

Sunday, January 25, 2015

Freedom Path

Totally empty is my being. What is this all about?

Seems I've cleared all the paths, and with this empty road up ahead, there is an empty road both inside and behind me. Emptiness all around. Nothing to look forward or behind to, nothing to look up or down to. Sounds like a deep depression to me.

Seems like I've lost or given up everything. I've entirely cleaned out the closet. This resultant cleanliness has stripped away all purpose and raison d'etre. Right now,

today, I have no desire to do anything at all.

All my miracle schedule paths and events have fallen by the wayside. A grad nothingness stares me in the face.

What a strange year, what a strange feeling, what a strange place. Complain, complain, complain. What a kvetch, kvetch, kvetch.

In one sense, I'm a success. I've totally cleaned out all the so-called "negatives" that peppered my life. Certainly, the stock market loss has cleared a freedom path. On this path, I see free time and fear walking hand in hand.

My free time factor is full of emptiness; my fear factor, well, today that has diminished a bit. But until I fill the fear factor with purpose, I'll stay down on the bottom of depression hill.

Indeed, everything seems and feels meaningless and purposeless today. And I can't go backward to reclaim it. I can't look to the past to find a future purpose. Even my miracle schedule stands in abeyance.

Yes, it is evidently a big deal to remove the market obstacle, lift the trading veil, open up my panic pit, and clear my path. Look at all the witches flying out of my Pan (all) panic pit, my Pandora's (all-gifted) box.

Pan, panic, Pandora: the three words all contain "all." Yes, everything, all, has fallen apart. Falling Apart is my now title. Yesterday, I was in a Pan-ic. Today, less so. Yet, nevertheless, even today, I have replaced pan-ic with the all/nothing, everything/nothing state of emptiness, meaninglessness, purposelessness, which ultimately means depression.

On the one hand, I've been in this place many times before. On the other hand, each place is totally new.

Well, it is new. See yesterday's writing to find out why.

I am now free to fall into the abyss, grapple straight forward with terror and panic, jump high or fall low.

What to do with the emptiness of my Freedom Path?

Just got an email expressing interest in our Albania tour. Picked me up immediately. Sudden purpose and meaning filled my mind.

How strange are these up/down states I go through. And feeling-wise, each one of them is totally true.

What can one do but ride the waves as they come? The black storm cloud is as true as the blue sky with brilliant sun.

Emptiness Pit

The Pus of Hopelessness

Maybe part of the terror I was avoided mainly through the stock market distraction was this emptiness pit, that cosmic vacuum of meaninglessness, purposelessness, directionless, the terror place deep down in the abyss.

Today I dove directly into it.

I removed the veil, stripped off the bandage, and the puss poured out.

This empty spot, the pit of gloom, is one of the curses of a good imagination.

Distractions

The timeless question is: What is the meaning of life?

A frightening, panic-creating, terror-creating, cosmic-depression creating question.

It's a frustrating, powerful question. No one can really answer for certain.

Thus we distract ourselves from facing it.

Life is full of distractions we create to help distract us from this unanswerable question.

Free choice is the power to choose our form of distraction. (Or, as John Paul Sartre said, "Man is free to choose his form of slavery.")

Without a disciplined distraction, without an anchor, you can drift aimlessly about, and eventually go mad. Without an anchor, your mind can eat you up!

Distraction is a good thing, and the only way humans can handle the “What is the meaning of life?” question.

Are some distractions better than others?

Maybe. My miracle schedule activities may be better than drugs, drink, gambling, or whatever. Are they better? I don’t know.

But ultimately, they are all distractions.

What form of distraction do I like?

What form of slavery shall I chose?

Are some distractions better than others?

Are some pathways better than others?

This leads to the question of up or down. Do some pathway lead us up, toward self-improvement, growth, expansion and the light?

Yes.

Do some pathways lead us down, toward self-destruction, diminishment, and contraction and retreat into darkness?

Yes.

Light and darkness, pleasure and pain, some paths are definitely better.

Are some paths are better than others? Yes.

The problem with the market was:

1. Going around in circles
2. Getting nowhere
3. Spending lots of time in it. Thus “wasting” my time.
4. Not improving, growing, expanding. My technical market “skills” were getting me nowhere. I had thus gone as far as I could go. A dead end.

Guitar: Diving into and Living in the Fire

Guitar: I'm practicing "diving into and living in the fire."

Why? A hotter path. More dynamic, pleasant, and fun. But torturous to get there.

Monday, January 26, 2015

Dive into my Passions: Living in the Fire

Life in the Fearless Land of More

One thing that has descended upon me over the past few months is a kind of deadening arrogance. It's an "I've been there, done that" kind of state. A "There's no place further to go" state. No more to do, no more to grow state.

It as "There's no more I want, and I want to more" state. The McIsaac state of More has dribbled away and vanished.

It's an arrogance that I know it all already, been there, done that, have enough money and enough of everything. Etc.

How and why did I arrive here? What does it mean? Intellectually, I know it is a state of illusion. Yet emotionally, that's where I've been dwelling since the grand success of the Balkan Splendor tour.

Is this arrogance a twisted for of after-glow state? Is it the personal push-down from old and stale successes?

Where did my More go? Why have I driven it into a corner? Or rather, into the basement?

Yes, part of this listless "no-more" state has enabled me to "relax my financial reins" and thus both remove my performance fears and lift the stock market lid. The latter has freed me to dive into my passions and live in the fire."

This is an excellent development.

Hopefully, the new fearless state is the result of the last two months of strange inner turmoil and psychic changes. It is the new neighborhood I want to live in.

What's new? Fearless. Fearless diving into my passions, fearlessly living in the

fire and fearlessly embracing its burning pains of terror and ecstasy.

The burning pain of ecstasy, and its opposite, the sucking, suffocating pain of terror. Living in the turmoil and fiery challenge.

It is the place, the neighborhood, I want to live in. I want to drive toward the fearless Land of More.

Start my practice today.

If no registrations for tours come in, will I return to the Land of Fear? If that happens, transform fear into determination.

Combine fear and fire the Land of Determination.

Start my Financial Growth (through work) Today!

I'm rereading Body for Life by Bill Phillis. Excellent philosophy.

He says, "Every time you accomplish an objective, it's not the end of anything; it's the beginning, the starting point for another stage of an ongoing journey of progress, development, growth, and adventure."

I like it!

For me, financially, I have ended the trading path. However, I could start a new path, making money and measuring my money growth only through work!

Financial growth only through work. Imagine that. To see growing numbers as a good-in-itself source of motivation, and way to measure financial accomplishment.

A new way of seeing success:

Success is not an ending, but a new beginning.

I love it!

Ironies of the Stock Market

One of the ironies of the stock market was the thrill of potentially making money without effort. It turned out to be just the opposite: lots of effort and lose of money.

Tuesday, January 27, 2015

How to Handle Far of Diving In? Dive in Further!

I really liked working on PhotoImpact pictures, and art in general. Very peaceful and serene.

Then came my folk dance nightmare: I taught folk dancing in my house and lost my way. People scattered all over the place. Couldn't find my Toshiba, files, speaker. Nothing went right. Totally lost, confused, bordering on panic and a mess.

Why the nightmare?

I awoke, realized it was caused by my fear of diving in. I loved my PhotoImpact art, was drawn into it, felt totally involved, and feared I would dive in, get lost and go crazy in the passion process!

I feared I would dive into my passion.

How to handle the fear of diving in?

Dive in further. Dive in all the way. Dive in, stay there, then go even deeper! Do all this and see what happens.

I might ask: How did such a lifetime fear of diving in emerge? How did I "learn" that by diving into my passion I would get lost and go crazy. Or rather a reversed order, I would go crazy and consequently get lost.

Thus I have somehow equated passion, diving into what I passionately love, with the fear of going crazy.

I have mixed feelings about crazy: On the one hand, I love it, admire "crazy" revolutionaries and "mad artists; on the other hand, I fear their off-the-wall, unbridled passion.

Where did I "learn" this? Probably during my 4-year old running-wild-on-the-lawn state where Ma said, "Stop, you're running wild!" Which meant, you're acting wild and going crazy. The lost part probably comes from denying my crazy nature and, because of that denial of such a vital part of myself, am going crazy.

Hmm, wow and interesting. Crazy as a vital part of me. And when I reject it, that's when and why I get lost. Thus, I will never be found until I embrace my crazy self! And my crazy self is found and embraced when I dive in!

Well, at this point, so what? I'm sick of my divided self and living in fear of that self, which is, of course, myself! I'm dumping my diving terror along with its braking resistance and crazy panic.

My purpose, meaning, and destiny is now to dive in totally wherever and whenever I can! My goal is to dive into the fire, burn like a candle and shine like the sun, and see what happens.

Summary

I will never be found until I embrace my crazy self!

My crazy self is found and embraced when I dive in!

Thursday, January 29, 2015

New Freedom, New Alhambra

Has my dropping of the stock market created a new freedom, a new relaxation, an opening for a qualitative difference (in right wrist relaxation) in my Alhambra?

Dropping of the stock market is a symbol of dropping old and ever-haunting financial fears. It is a big deal. It has ushered in a new form of mental freedom, symbolized in, among other things, a new Alhambra and arpeggios.

Is this true? Has it really happened?

Believe it. I believe it has.

Replacement Therapy is Working

Replacing One Addiction with Another

I've replaced my stock market addiction with addiction to perfect Alhambra playing, in particular, and an addiction to perfect arpeggio playing, in general.

Believe it.

I'm dropping doubts and moving to absolutes.

Land of Absolutism

An addiction to Absolutism.

That's what I want; that's what I'll take.

I've been living in the Land of Doubt, the doubt neighborhood most, if not all, of my life. I've "been there, done that." I'm ready to move.

Yes, I'm moving to a new neighborhood, the absolute neighborhood located in the Land of Absolutism. I need it, deserve it, am ready for it.

Relationship Between Stock Market and Left Knee Freedom

Relate my stock market freedom to my left knee freedom from stiffness and pain.

Stock market (finance) fear poisons have been eliminated from my body.

Friday, January 30, 2015

Go for the Different

This is really stupid.

I know every day is different. My life is spend trying to experience every day as different. A New Leaf is about every day being different.

Every folk dance class I run is different.

Every tour I lead is different.

Every yoga session is different.

Every gym work out run is different.

Every run is different.

Every day is different.

Every moment is different.

Therefore, every Alhambra is different. Every Leyenda is different. Every day of

playing classical guitar is different.

Why work to create a “perfect” Alhambra, one that will always be the same, when every day and every Alhambra is different?

It is really totally stupid to think that way.

Give it up. Go for the different.

Sunday, February 1, 2015

Language Immersion in Hebrew and Spanish

I’m performing replacement therapy.

I replaced my stock addiction with language addiction. I’m doing my own form of language immersion in Hebrew and Spanish.

Should I give up the word addiction and use “love” or “passion” instead?

Probably.

Downs Among the Addictions

How About Adding a Writing Addiction

Why the down? Perhaps because I have left out fiction writing with its wild and soaring life of the imagination.

I have left writing out of my new and brilliant miracle schedule addictions.

What about adding a writing addiction. Perhaps I need a writing addiction to make myself whole.

Maybe addiction is a good word. It is very strong.

What about a writing addiction.

Wednesday, February 4, 2015

Focus is Relaxation

Focus is relaxation, relaxation is focus.

If this is so, and it is, then business/work can be as “relaxing” as language study, writing, or guitar playing.

Look at my folk dance teaching classes. I find them “relaxing” in their intense focus.

Thus, why can't tours and the detail work of business, in their intense focus, be their own form of “relaxation.” Truth is, they can be.

This would erase the line I've drawn between business and art. Both require focus. Thus both can be relaxing.

How to start this new way of thinking:

Begin with my upcoming Cuba tour. It is obviously focused. Now see it also as relaxing.

Organizing and running the Cuba tour is its own form of relaxation.

Start by putting the pieces together today in a “relaxed and focused” or “focused and relaxed” manner.

This is the next step. Balkan Splendor “calm, confident, and focused” now morphs into “relaxed and focused.”

Its own form of focus is relaxation.

Rather than hurry, rush to finish the details of business so I can relax (in the future), make the focus on business itself my form of relaxation (in the present.)

Beyond Day Trading is Investing

Stocks: I've dropped day trading and margin. Next step is investing. Slow, easy, long term and steady. Learning about the company, building positions, study.

Its own form of focus is relaxation.

Fear of Body Falling Apart

Should I drop the fear of my body falling apart, if I don't exercise, etc.? Do I need it, want it? If yes, why?

Mental Protection from the Upside?

Do I need mental protection from the upside as well? From the ravages of success? From over stimulation, too much excitement?

I always thought I want to calm myself up.

Must I learn to calm myself down? Maybe.

What a question!

Thursday, February 5, 2015

Urges, Creativity, and Slipping into the Old Neighborhood

Is my urge to write dying?

Is my urge and ability to choreograph new and fresh dances dying?

Is even my urge and ability to run dying?

Has my creativity in these areas run its course?

Or is this all due to some kind of pre-tour anxiety? Or rather, "concern" since I'm not anxious in the usual old way?

Am I in the middle of another "passage?"

Teaching Videos

Video and Youtube: I suddenly saw using Youtube and video and creating new "Teaching Videos." Folk dance teaching videos with explanations, visualizations, and verbalizations of the steps (with my back to the camera, as if teaching class.)

Somehow teaching is not "creative" in the old artistic sense. But it is "different." I'm explaining the old, not creating the new.

Could teaching ever be "creative?" I don't know. But I'd like it to be. I'd still like to create and be an artist. That desire never seems to die. But is the urge and ability still there?

This urge-dying attitude all began after I got sick in January. The post-Balkan Splendor sickness. Somehow it drained mucho something out of me.

Am I sick? Am I not creative?

Or am I simply scared? (The intensity of my cold frightened me, scared me into a corner. Into the usual, "I'll get sick if I do too much," old neighborhood routine.

Uncreative, losing my urges. Did my terror, fear, fright, scared of sickness, cause me to "simply" slip into the old neighborhood? Sounds like it.

Sniffles and Sarno

Sniffles and Sarno. Check out the psychology of sniffles, and the affect of colds-fear on my psychology, body, and life.

My symptoms are a slight chill, slight drippy nose, right shoulder stiffness (that came later).

Let's deal with them one at a time.

1. Slight chill: Could be incipient recurrence of cold(my fear.) But could also be from sudden inspiration, the chill of Magnificence. (I sense this is so.)

2. Slight nasal drip. Can't figure this one out. New post-cold form of TMS, my own invention called NMS: Nasal Myotis Syndrome.

3. Right shoulder stiffness: Guitar comes to mind. Suddenly and finally, I've conquered the Alhambra. What fears does this success engender? Resistance in my right shoulder.

Three-Month Winter Transitional Review

Benefits: I removed two grand impediments.

1. Performing fear impediment
2. Stock market trading impediment

In the process of healing myself, I developed a cold sickness cleansing. It caused a slight return to the old neighborhood.

But now sickness is over, performing and trading benefits are in place. I'm ready to move on.

New Ideas and Directions: Teaching

Write only for teaching

Videos folk dances (Youtubes) only for teaching

(Running only for teaching? What does that mean?)

(Tours only for teaching? What does that mean?)

Choreos only for teaching

Creative urges only for teaching

Is this the transition? Out of self and into others.

Out of artistic creation (service to the self, my self) and into teaching (service to others.)

Is teaching others better for my own learning? Probably.

Friday, February 6, 2015

Desarian to Follow my Miracle Schedule!

I'm getting disgusted with myself. Hopefully, I'll stay disgusted with myself!
Get ahold of my brain! Stop this do-nothing, downward madness descent.

A tour is coming up. Focus! Desafian frio. If they dare to defy and challenge the cold, they I shall dare to follow all my miracle schedule things. And this in spite of the detail pressure of my Cuba trip.

Maybe my next challenge is to stay anchored during the storm. In this case, the storm is my Cuba tour. My anchor is following the dictates of my miracle schedule.

Without my anchor, I'll be lost in the storm. And so will all my followers.

Therefore, rearrange my priorities, not only during the storm, but at all times.

1. First comes miracle schedule

2. Second comes "work:" Putting/keeping my tour together.

Can I do this? Is it practical? Is it possible?

But, it it very important. Try!

Save my Shoulder Program

Focus on right shoulder down when mousing on the computer.

Turning Business into a Miracle

My first thought: Following the miracle schedule is even more important than business,

My second thought: Even better is to make business a part of the miracle schedule! Turn business into a miracle. Now that is a challenge!

Cuba Tour

My Balkan Splendor tour was calm, confident, and focused.

My Cuba tour challenge is: Make business part of my miracle schedule. Specifically, it is to make my Cuba tour part of my miracle schedule.

Only God can turn the Cuba tour into a miracle.

But I can help!

Lack of Moral and Active Leadership

The politicians who won't work to destroy ISIS are basically cruel, cowardly, stupid people. Cruel because their lack of action hurts other; cowardly because they are servants of Fear, and stupid because ultimately, they will be hurt, even destroyed, by their cowardice.

Sunday, February 8, 2015

Doing the Right Thing!

Swimming through the ocean of distractions.

I know what's good for me.

Follow the dictates of my miracle schedule.

1. Two hours a day of language, Hebrew in the morning, and later Spanish (and

after Cuba, Bulgarian) is an excellent idea.

2. This with running, yoga, and gym. Daily.

3. And business added daily to the mix of miracles.

4. And throw in writing, music, dance, computer design (art, video, phot) and miscellaneous studies.

Fill these forms! (Look at the clock, if I have to.)

No matter what happens or how I “feel,” following these precepts daily is fundamentally good for me!

Just do it and shut up. Good things and good feelings will follow. Why?

Because I’ve done the right thing!

Doing it keeps me sane, centered, healthy, and well.

Do it on my Cuba tour.

Monday, February 9, 2015

Remember my focus. Do a photo for fun.

Interesting psychological observation: I used to think that sinking into, then dwelling on depression was a “good” thing; it was a place I should know about. I thought that knowing and dwelling on depressing moods would somehow lead me to be creative. The depressing self was somehow the creative self. It was a subtle return to the “old neighborhood, which, in its own way, was somehow creative.

But I’ve morphed into thinking differently.

Now I know that my miracle schedule is the best place for me! Following its dictates with passion and commitment is my best and anointed path. Period.

Dwelling in and on depression is not only not creative, but has become a waste of time. It is no longer useful or even interesting. My depression self is out of gas; it has run its course.

I no longer need or even desire to explore aches, pains, and cosmic meanings. I know them all. Been there, done that.

Now I know what's good for me; I know the right thing to do.
I'm ready to do it!

Cuba Journal

Wednesday, February 11, 2015

Arrived in Miami. Off to Cuba in two days.

Thursday, February 22, 2015

Language

Idea: Take language speaking lessons. Hebrew, Bulgarian, Spanish. Exercise the mind and especially the memory!

Second Life

with this Cuba tour, I start my Second Life!

Based totally on the miracle schedule!

My miracle schedule now includes business. But I'm not sure how yet.

Friday, February 13, 2015

On Feeling Nervous

Learn to accept feeling nervous and live in the storm!

Saturday, February 14, 2015

It's 6:00 a.m. in Havana, it's my first day here, and already I want the tour to end. But this could be just beginning mode. I always have the "What am I doing here?" and "Why am I doing this?" feeling on the first day off all tours.

Could those questions be my form resistance to change, to my present, "uncomfortable" situation?

Would a dive into miracle schedule change m mood?

I am, indeed, so out of kilter.

Monday, February 16, 2015

Watching the Monkey Mind: The Psycho-Trilogy of Feeling

I've got that "can't wait to get home" feeling. And it's only the beginning of the tour and a great tour at that!

What to do about this feeling?

Basically, nothing. Just feel it. Watch it, see it shift, change, drift in the wind, and pass on to something else! Feelings, like the wind, drift in and out. They seem to have such substance and meaning while they are here, but soon they are gone, and the monkey mind jumps to something else.

The "can't wait to get home" is a feeling of frustration mixed with sadness. Well, I may understand how it feels, but so what? It's deeper, and more important meaning is that it, like the wind of the mind, will pass. That's what perspective is all about.

So, what to do with miserable feelings?

Feel, watch, wait.

The "feel, watch, wait" order seems best.

Three modes work together in the Psycho-Trilogy of Feeling.

Sunday, February 15, 2015

One can find excitement in a storm. But can one find an excitement in depression? Maybe.

Can one find a positive in the negative? Always a challenge.

Although a positive may feel better, that doesn't mean, in the cosmic teaching sense, that it is better. Often we cannot know this until years later.

Monday, February 16, 2015

The Wrinkles of Time

The wrinkles of time
Like the handcuffs of time
Are outrageous, scary, absurd, and funny.

Tuesday, February 17, 2015

Say "Good Morning" to Mr. Down, and Move on

Note the immediate morning feeling of discouragement, this time with Spanish. The form it took is: "I'll never learn or master Spanish. I forget the meaning of the words right after I look them up. Learning Spanish, plus all the other languages I want to learn, is an impossible task. Why bother, in the first place? Give up, Don't try, etc."

I want to "alentarse," to encourage myself but instead discouragement comes out. Mr Down is so often present; his head keeps popping up. I wonder why.

Is this only with me? Or do most others also have these visits.

Well, it really doesn't matter about the others. I can't really know about them. But I can certainly know about myself. And indeed, I do have many visits from Mr. Down.

Why does he like me so much? Why so many visits?

Should I let him in my house and work with him? Or simply close the door, deny entry, and shut him out?

True, I'm a friendly guy and I do want to get to know him. But truth is, I know him pretty well already. What more is there to know? Truth is, he offers nothing new. Just the same old down every day. So why should I even bother with him?

Maybe best is simply to say good morning, and move on.

"In Cuba, music is compulsory; lunch is optional."

Idalmys Gonzalez, La Terrazas guide

Friday, February 20, 2015

Leaving Cuba today.

Tours as Works of Art

My tours: Each tour as a work of art.

Back Home Again

Sunday, February 22, 2015

Stocks

If not for money, then why?

"I like to build." Paraphrasing Phil Frost. I am building something in my stock portfolio. Next question: What and why am I building?

Hard to believe, but I am graduating to a point where money and the panic of incipient poverty is no longer the issue it used to be.

Investing is just plain fun, especially in small companies.

Tuesday, February 24, 2015

A useless pursuit: Why do I even bother?

Spending time learning three useless languages. Or rather, languages I'll never need to use or speak with others.

Post-Cuba Commitments

1. Miracle Schedule

- a. Study: 3 languages
- b. Music: Clarity and perfecting of flamenco pieces in slow modifications.
- c. Physical:
- d. Writing: (FB?)

2. Business

- a. Youtube videos

- b. Improve and learn camera
- c. Learn Salsa and other Latin dances
- d. Organize 2016 tours to Cuba and Greece

(Move Israel and Balkan Splendor to 2017)

(Note how business has merged with study creating MS.)

Wednesday, February 25, 2015

Live in the Frustration of the Unfinished

Learning to Live – and even Relax – in the Storm

Put the few Youtube videos I've created on Youtube now.

In other words, postpone my need to finish, attack my need to be done-with-it syndrome. Learn to live in the frustration of unfinished business. Learn to even relax with a room unfinished.

That is a challenge!

I got through the “when will this fucking Cuba tour be finished” frustration in Havana. I can try and do the same with Youtube videos.

What is a tour but a storm. What is creating and putting up all the videos on Youtube but another kind of storm.

Unfinished business is a storm.

Learn to live – and even relax – in the storm.

This approach and philosophy will also help me learn languages, which are always unfinished.

Ever on the Path, Never Finished

This whole concept of hoping, wanting, and needing to finish is ridiculous. How did I ever get such a misconception?

Truth is, I'm never finished, never ever finished with anything! I only reach a (temporary) stopping point. (Then later I pick it up and continue again.) That is life!

Why do I ever put myself through the tension of having to finish? I don't know.

Embrace the "Ever on the Path, Never Finished" philosophy.

A good place to start practicing is my Cuba Youtube videos, and Hebrew, Bulgarian, and Spanish.

So what's the rush? Why rush at all?

You may stop, but you are never finished.

All things end, but they are never finished.

Pleasing the Imaginary Others in my Mind

My rush to finish is created to please imaginary others in my mind! To answer their call, their imagined need, their cries.

For example: Hurry up and. . .

1. Finish what you start. (Hurry up, you're slow): Ma
2. Finish Cuba Youtube videos: My Cuba tourists.
3. Finish Hebrew (learn it thoroughly): Jim Schwartz
4. Finish Bulgarian (learn in thoroughly): Ventsi Milev
5. Spanish: Strange, but no one, in particular.
6. Make money: Bernice

The free man takes his time.

Thursday, February 26, 2015

Worshipping the Temple of my Body through Exercise

Exercise: running, yoga, stretching, weights, is part of my miracle schedule. I know that without it, I will be unhappy. Yet a part of me wants to test my limits. And part of that test is to try stopping aspects of my miracle schedule. In this case, it is stopping my exercises. Why? To see "how long I can last."

In a sense, it is a test of strength. But now I know it is a stupid test; maybe even a test of my stupidity. Why? Because at this point in life, I know myself pretty well. And I know that following all aspects of my miracle schedule is fulfilling, satisfying, healthy, and make me happy. Why then, since I now have this assured knowledge, would I test myself? Answer: I don't know.

But I do know the testing is stupid. More important, it has run its course.

Just as I have committed myself to language study, Hebrew, Bulgarian and Spanish until at least my Bulgarian tour in August, so I shall commit myself to exercise. The turning/stopping point was my massage with Stan. No longer can I afford, or want to, destroy my body. Now I'll return to worshiping the temple of my body through exercise.

Aha, I like that new phrase: Worshiping the temple of my body through exercise.

Exercise as a religious rite. And why not?

The miraculous is God's creation.

The practice of my Miracle Schedule is my religious rite. By following it, I worship the miraculous.

Rites of Awe

Nervousness and Pre-Performance Anxiety as Awe

The so-called "nervousness" I feel before folk dance class, a tour, etc. is a form of summoning my energy. I call on personal and celestial powers to help create a new, fresh, beautiful, awesome, powerful, unifying event.

Thus "nervousness" or pre-performance anxiety" is a form of religious calling.

(Note: I was not nervous, felt no re-performance anxiety before my Wednesday folk dance class. Result: I did a terrible job. No energy, body ached, etc. I did not give my best. I was just too tired; I didn't even have the energy to be disgusted with myself. But I am now!)

I need a new term for "nervousness" and "pre-performance anxiety," one that

includes the awesome, miraculous aspects.

“Awe” is a good word. It includes fear and nervousness, but also has wonder behind it.

I shall see nervousness/pre-performance anxiety as awe

Before each event, folk dance class, tour, other, I feel and perform the rites of awe.

A necessary and respectful event.

Practiced with respect and reverence.

A totally different way of looking at my nervousness/pre-performance anxiety.

Just as I approach my public performances with awe, could I approach my “private practices,” with awe as well? In other words, as a start, could I practice guitar and physical exercises (arcanes) with respect and reverence? In other words, in awe.

And adding my email letters to each person as rites of respect, importance, awe, and reverence.

Monday, March 2, 2015

Bordering on self-disgust and hoping it will arrive.

No desire to write fiction.

Note my sudden plunge downward. Why? Look at my desk. It is clear. Look at my schedule of things to do: it is clear as well. I’ve basically finished my return from Cuba. The downward plunge is the empty space in front of me.

The explanation is simple. The fix is simple, too. I can either fill it with miracle schedule events and be happy, or continue my plunge.

So let me reorganize; let me put together my most up-to-date new miracle schedule.

Tuesday, March 3, 2015

I wonder if I'm just "getting bored" with the English language. Therefore, I'm looking at Beowulf in the original.

Playing Guitar for a New Audience

I'm not playing guitar for others.

I'm not playing it for myself either.

Rather, I'm playing it for an inner unknown audience, a group of strangers, new souls, hidden and mysterious, residing within me, but an audience that I have never met before.

I'm playing for a group of interested souls, non-critical, non-judgemental strangers.

They're almost other-worldly, other planetary, but how can they be that if they reside inside me?

Who are they? Who is this new audience?

Yes, it's nice, wonderful, peaceful playing for them. I play whatever I want, and whatever speed I like. I play slow and deep, calm and even, fast and wild. They don't care. They just sit there appreciating what I do. Really nice, indeed.

Wednesday, March 4, 2015

New Shining Audience

This quiet, slow, peaceful, unreachable, eternal, shining, total acceptance, internal angel spot can only be reached with great maturity, after the carvings of age and time.

One must be old and wise and seasoned and experienced in all the critical hurts and external audience barbs, and gone through the shield of creative beauty to reach the bald and shining spot of the Beauty of the Shining Audience. The place where internal meets external in quiet and peaceful glory of here-and-now infinity.

Years of criticism and suffering can carve away a place beyond criticism and

suffering, a place of peace. The smiling androgynous land of Bald and Shining Heads.

Es Un Gran Desafio

I have touched the Bald Land of the Shining Hearts in my guitar playing. I love this place!

Is it possible to bring it to my business organization work? Es un grand desafio. (It's a big challenge.)

Si, you escribir a tu me ayuda con la lengua.

Thursday, March 5, 2015

Change

Let's see what I can do with my body. Next challenge.

But is it my body? Or my mind, in a different place, expressed in and through my body? Somehow I think it is the latter. But how and where?

It means I'm in a different, a new place. Aches, stiffness, Sarnoian pains of growth and change. What's happening? I don't know yet.

No question I have grown; no question I have changed.

Where and how is the question. Once I know, my aches will go away.

New Level of Depth

Newbaseland/Newbassland

One place I'm heading to is another level of depth.

A break through. (The breaking part is the aches part.)

Check out Alard, the New Shining Audience, Alhambra, Leyenda, Granados opener, etc.

Changing the right thumb slightly in Alhambra (and other pieces) does give it a new importance, and with it a new importance to the bass.

Is the new importance of the right thumb, and new importance of the bass, part

of the new depth? Note the convergence of “bass” (and even “base”) and “depth.”

Yes, symbolically, new depth is new importance expressed through new thumb and new bass (base).

My Newfound Land, my Newfoundland is New Baseland, my Newbaseland, New Bass Land, my Newbassland.

I am establishing a new base. Digging up the foundation disturbs, tears up, breaks the old earth, creating part of the ache. (I won't call it pain because it is not.)

I like the romance of it, the romance of (creating) a new base. And expression through the Alhambra and more bass.

Too hot to handle too much.

Sunday, March 8, 2015

The Affirmative Life

Pain and Exhilaration (The Pain and Exhilaration Twins)

Pain and exhilaration work together.

Pain (along with aches) leads to exhilaration. Exhilaration leads to pain. One cannot exist without the other.

They (Exhilaration and pain) are twins is the fight for the affirmative life.

On its down cycle exhilaration leads to pain.

But since they are twins, is pain thus a gateway to exhilaration? Maybe.

Should you avoid pain? Or plunge in it, dive through it until you reach its Janus-faced opposite exhilaration side?

Of course, using good judgement, my inner hero would say the latter. And I like heroes.

Aren't morning aches and pains (and for that matter, all aches and pains), hidden heroes waiting to walk the streets?

If you're afraid of the pain, you'll be afraid of the exhilaration.

Within pain lies exhilaration;
within exhilaration lies pain.

High Intensity Training

Working with exhilaration and pain is a form of high intensity training.

Pain is a given.

Exhilaration you have to work for.

But you do have a choice.

Monday, March 9, 2015

Running

Experiment: to protect my back on running speed (High Intensity Training or HIT), and in general, tighten my abs (stomach).

Answering Market Research Letter: Two challenges

1. Focus on one at a time
2. Not get overwhelmed.

If I succeed in focusing on one at a time, I will not get overwhelmed.

I feel basically, full, rich and sad.

I don't know why. Spring fever?

Tuesday, March 10, 2015

Not Writing Fiction

Am I vaguely happy because I am not writing? Not writing fiction, that is. What

a strange thing to say. Why am I even saying it?

But, for some reason, it arose in my mind. And the first thought is what gets written in my journal.

Happy because I am not writing fiction? How could I say such a thing? And why?

Somehow the pressure to write is off. Is that a good thing?

If I don't write fiction, where can I soar? On earth, in my business, in the material world?

Do I still need to soar? Have I been "cured?" Or has it been transferred to earth, to earthly things, to my business and to dealing with people around me.

Can I soar with others? Can I soar with others around me?

Or can I (could I) only I soar alone writing fiction?

Has crazy Mashugi, Zany and Mad Shoe Sylvan gone totally public?

Or is this simply a "phase?"

But I do feel somewhat "free" of the "burden" to write. Especially fiction. Strange, indeed.

Was writing fiction a burden? Maybe.

A responsibility? Maybe. At least to myself.

But for some reason, I have "worked it through." The need feels over and past, I'm ready and free to move on to others things. What things? I don't know. Maybe even new and future fiction? But for now, that fiction aspect is quiet, and even feels quite totally satisfied. The need is over. . . at least fro now.

If the need to write fiction is over, is the need to play guitar over as well?

Shedding

Amazing. Writing (fiction) and guitar: What will I do with myself if I have lost, or dropped these two pillars of existence?

Is this happening with stocks, too? Have I gone as far as I can go in the stock market merry go round? Or am I simply discouraged because yesterday wa a bad day? No, I think it's a bit of both. Part of me does say, I've gone as far as I can go in the stock market. The bite is out, even though it's pleasant when the stocks go up. We'll see about this one,

But I feel I am in the process of dropping or shedding much of my old world.
So far writing, guitar, and stocks come to mind.

If the above is true, what will fill this tripartite vacuum?

Candidates that immediately come to mind are: exercise, video/photo, languages, and even the tour business.

If I'm not going to be writing anymore, or hardly playing guitar, this frees up a lot of time. I'm "free."

What to do with my time? Perhaps for awhile, nothing.
See what happens.

Wednesday, March 11, 2015

Spring Energy Rising

I'm feeling edgy, nervous, as if I've taking my eye off the ball, and am on the verge of falling into a hole.

Is that why my back hurts? Some vague warning of impending doom? I've been cocky; my cocky time feels like its run its course.

Could this vague nervousness be Spring energy rising?

I believe it is.

Feels like the long winter slumber of vague energy wanderings is coming to an end.

If yes – and I believe it is a yes – what does that mean?

So end a New Leaf.