

## Book of Stocks

Thursday, December 12, 2013

### Stock Trading as my Profession

(Later on, see Thursday, December 19, 2013: Birth of the Folk Dance Mutual Fund or Folk Dance Small Stock Mutual Fund: A Fund that Really Dances!)

Turn my hobby of stock trading into my profession.

What does this mean? What is a professional?

What is a professional stock trader?

See stock trading and money management as my new profession. (Why do I “throw” money management into this? To make myself respectable? To diminish my old bad feelings about trading? Probably the latter. Do I really want to “manage” money? Of perhaps, while stock trading, I am managing money. . .but in my own way.)

Now guitar playing, folk dancing, writing, even folk tours, would (will) become my fun hobbies.

What a transition, reversal, and change. Feels right. But only long-term will I know if it lasts.

the word “fun.” Fun hobby.

Saturday, December 14, 2013

### Mature Guitar Playing

What is the search?

To find the quiet spot where slow meets fast.

Slow meets fast in the same quiet spot.

This is true in running, folk dancing, and other ventures.

Sunday, December 15, 2013

One Business: Folk Tours

Plus Worlds of Wonder and Necessary "Uselessness"

My business: Am I simply not interested in spending the time and effort in organizing, promoting, and selling it?

Or am I simply un-energized because things are so slow now? No registration, calls, emails, nothing. Am I relieved, discouraged, or both?

Do I really want to build my business? Or am I once again being thwarted, stopped, held back by my so-called "artistic" desires and visions?

What will I do with the books I've written? Good as they are, they are not selling. And I won't put in the time promoting them. Like folk dancing, although I love it, its financially, simply not worth the time or effort selling it. Better to promote tours.

Time to make decision about how I shall spend my time.

So today I say:

1. Writing: Give up trying to sell my books. (Will I still be motivated to write them, if I think this way? Maybe. Like running, yoga, gym, and language study, they are "useless," but important and wonderful; necessary for "other purposes," namely, my mental, physical and spiritual health.

2. Guitar playing: Same category. "Useless," important and wonderful.

3. Running, yoga, and gym: "Useless," important and wonderful: Good for physical, mental, and spiritual health.

4. Languages and study: "Useless," important and wonderful.

5. Stock trading: Same. A hobby "Useless, but fascinating, fun, and, in that sense, even important and wonderful.

This brings me down (or up) to one business: Folk tours.

All the above are hobbies.

I've got lots of hobbies. Five to be exact.

I have one business. Folk Tours.

### Sales

What's the difference between a hobby and a business?

A hobby: No time spent promoting, advertising, or selling hobbies. And little time, if any fulfilling it.

I spend most of my time promoting, advertising, and selling my business. And, of course, when business comes in, fulfilling it, too.

Thus the difference (and it's a big one) between business and hobbies is sales. My business needs sales. So I sell and sell. My hobbies do not need sales. So I do not sell them.

Monday, December 16, 2013

### Scattered Versus Mastery

#### Priorities

I have become a master at guitar, folk dancing, and tour leadership. Should I aim for such mastery in Hebrew? Choose one language, then aim for the satisfaction of mastering it?

Then what about Bulgarian and Greek? If I stick with them, I'll be scattered; I'll never master any language. I'll be choosing scattered with its concomitant frustrations over mastery. Is that what I want?

However, choosing mastery, doesn't mean I'll never read Bulgarian or Greek again. It's a question of priorities. My top priority would be Hebrew. Then, if there is time and energy left over, I can dip into Bulgarian or Greek.

### Mastery and Apprenticeship

The satisfaction of mastery. That's the level, fulfilled feeling I have. That's where I am. (Of course, that doesn't mean I cannot continue to improve. Continual improvement is part of mastery.)

And passing mastery on to an apprentice.

Having an apprentice, or apprentices, would be mucho fun.

Do I have any apprentices? Who are they?

My students. Others?

Tuesday, December 17, 2013

I've done it, organized it, put it together, succeeded.

Now I'm overwhelmed.

Time to re-organize on my new 2014 foundation.

This includes:

1. Writing and guitar playing for my health.
2. Continuing the "squat, running, and more" program.
2. Fitting in stock market glances "for fun and profit."
3. Somehow promoting my books.
4. Selling and organizing for my tours.

Wednesday, December 18, 2013

"Choreograph Songs" for Guitar: Improvise and Compose

If I am playing guitar for my health, and writing, choreographing, exercising, and even studying languages for my health, then why not, as a special, trying improvising on guitar "for my health." And a "challenge," too. Or at least, something different, a "challenge."

Composing for guitar. Like choreographing for dancing.

Choreo for dancing keeps me inspired.

Perhaps composing, improvising, "my kind of jazz" for guitar will keep me inspired.

After all, I've moving past and "beyond" Alhambra in particular, and arpeggios in general. I've freed myself from their grip. I am really now free on guitar!

I could “choreograph songs” for guitar. Improvise and compose.

Thursday, December 19, 2013

### Writing

Should I write everyday, or let it cook for awhile. Lie exercise: After a good day, let the used body muscles rest awhile.

So much of life is getting (in) the right rhythms. Catch the right rhythm, time the wave just right, and everything moves easily. Fight the rhythms and the timing, and it's all very tough, like swimming through molasses.

Is not writing every day wrong, bad, evil? Certainly, it doesn't fit my desired pattern of fixed discipline. But I want to, actually, think I should, exercise every day, and the correct way to do it is to take days off to let the broken muscles rest, regroup, and subsequently grow.

Thus, waiting, resting, taking a day or so off, is good. If it's good for exercise, it must also be good for writing. If I'm to go with the flow, I must first know what the flow is. And I'm flowing out of writing today. Let it rest while it cooks.

### Stocks

Financially and market-wise, I have a new idea.

Trading Idea: Aim for small losses. Put tight stops. Aim to lose less rather than make more.

Mutual Fund Idea: Develop my own mutual fund of small stocks. I like small stocks that are usually under 5. Collect about 20 of them. Not more than 20, maybe even a few less. Hold them for awhile. Watch and learn about them. Let them cook and grow.

The important thing here is to buy them correctly, that is, when they are low. Buy good small companies that are low. Then wait, watch, and learn about them.

This is quite different from trading and day trading. In fact, almost totally different. It may well be “my style of investing.” I like, relate, and am sympathetic to, small companies. I myself am one.

Totally new: Develop my own mutual fund of small stocks.

Folk Dance (Really) Small Stock Mutual Fund:

“A Fund that Really Dances!”

The idea of a Folk Dance (Really) Small Stock Mutual Fund gives me peace, stability and fascination.

Folk Dance (Really) Small Stock Mutual Fund managed by Jim Gold

Wow, what a thought, what an idea! It is so crazy and off-the-wall that I love it! It even “feels” right!

Note: I renamed the fund FDSSMF. Not JGI Fund.

Once upon a time, I joked about creating a folk dance mutual fund. Well, here is a mutual fund creation to my liking.

Is the the FD Mutual Fund I joked about? Should I call it that? Hmm, why not?

Folk Dance (Really) Small Stock Mutual Fund

Managed by Jim (Gold:) (And that name Gold really means something, really has financial clout!)

Our slogan: “A Fund that Really Dances!”

Really dances could mean:

1. Moves rapidly up and down
2. Really moves!

We specialize in (small) stocks that really dance!

Friday, December 20, 2013

Woke up feeling very down this morning. A swoop into nothingness. I wonder why.

Yesterday was a long push into mailing coupled with a new dynamic stock market approach. It was kind of a high.

The down after the high.

Mailing and a new stock market direction. How important is this to my psyche?

I might simply be tired. I need time and perhaps a day off to reflect on and absorb the new direction.

Mailing is same old. But employing someone to do it.

Stock market is a new form, a new direction.

Saturday, December 21, 2013

Last night as we sat talking in the Chinese buffet restaurant in Palisades Park, Suzie said she and April had thought about Jim giving a house party guitar concert.

This idea struck the usual fear into my heart. I immediately said I would only consider it, if I were paid. This is totally true.

But once again, the idea of giving a concert struck fear into my heart. I absolutely hate giving a concert! And yes, I must be paid for it.

However, even though I absolutely hate it, I will give it if I am paid.

Two questions emerge:

1. Why do I absolutely hate it?
2. Why will I only do it for money?

The answer to the second question is obvious: I am a professional and because of this I must be paid. Period. I won't even bother or waste my time going further on this.

But, the first question is the big one: Why do I absolutely hate it? Are there reasons I have not yet explored? Or is it "simply" the tensions it produces?

Yet, I will rise to the occasion, if I am paid. Maybe this is "totally reasonable."

Maybe it is the nature of performing on a professional level. Others are watching, judging, and potentially threatening either future business and/or my ego. Thus, it will always create tension. Maybe this is "totally natural."

### Conflicting Wishes

Part of me wishes I did want to give a concert, just as part of me wishes I did want to lead a tour to the Far East, China, etc.

Why do I wish a want rather than act on a want?

Maybe it is simply a conflicting wish. And the conflict has yet to be resolved.

There's also the "been there, done that" affect. This definitely drains the juice out of any enterprise.

Unless I find a new reason to give a concert, I won't give one.

I need a totally new reason.

Perhaps, subtly, even hopefully, deep in my unconscious, I am "looking for a new reason," one that will energize and inspire me.

Why do I show up a Darien to teach folk dancing? Or even at the Senior center and Monday nights?

Because folk dancing is the path I'm on at present. And it propels me with its own momentum. So even if and when I don't feel like showing up, I always do because I "have to." I've made the commitment.

Performing guitar concerts is a path I used to be on. But presently, I am off the path. I have made no commitments. To get back on the path, I'd need some commitments. Presently, I have none, and am presently satisfied this way.

I always suspect and partially dislike the word "satisfied." Thus, I know I am secretly, unconsciously, subtly "looking" for a new reason to perform. I even subtly know it would be "good for me." It certainly wouldn't hurt. Hmmmm.

### Is it Time for a New Story?

Is my resistance to concerts a subtle form of temper tantrum? So many years I was "forced" to play to make a living. I am enraged over the pressure. After all, I should be and am an artist! I shouldn't need to make a living. How dare they! How



dare they force me to be so ordinary, so vile, debased and disgusting. To mix my pure mind in the dirt of materialism, money, earning a living, dealing with the world, selling myself, and other ughisms. How I had to lower myself for years, prostrate myself before others in order to sell. How totally humiliating! And this for years!

No wonder I'm angry and hate performing. I am always forced to sell myself, please my paymasters. But I also had to worry about pleasing the audience. That, after all, was a big part of my job. My living, my life, my existence depended on audience approval. How humiliating, miserable, and dependant is that!

Well, I have plenty of old reasons to hate performing. But, I am presently a new person. Do I need to find new reasons to hate it? Or can I, will I, should I think differently?

Should I present myself with a new story about performing?

Is there a cosmic reason Harry sent me "The World is made of Stories by David Loy? This combined with April and Suzie's house concert idea last night.

Coincidence? Accident? Other? What does it mean, if anything, in a cosmic and directional sense?

Is it time for a new story?

Yes, let's admit it. For years I've been traumatized. First by marriage, then having to earn a living by the risking, seat-of-your-pants, entrepreneurial guitar concert performing life. I was "forced" to learn and develop many "grown-up" skills in the process. And I did. But the process traumatized me. The first chance I could find to drop it, get away from it, I grabbed. And this was the folk dance/folk weekend/folk tour life. This was strangely "easy" for me. Probably because it was more of an organizational and managerial challenge than a performing challenge. Although it was still "all up to me" I didn't feel it in the same way as solo performing where "all eyes were on me." True, all eyes were on me, when I ran dance classes, weekends, and tours. But they were also on other things as well. Thus the intense concentration

directly on me was diminished. That's, no doubt. why it was "easier."

In any case, I'm moving ahead. Where does all this new understanding, self-knowledge and wisdom leave me now? Would I, will I, ever be able to perform again, but differently, with a different attitude?

All the old reasons, along with the old self, is over, done and gone. Only its shadows remain. This being the case, what is my future?

### Protection and Moving On

Maybe part of me wanted, even needed the old view. It protected me. But now I am different. I no longer need protection. I can move on.

I no longer need the old view. A new story can enter since the old one is no longer needed.

The homey, armchair comfortable, cushy sofa, embracing, warm and cozy idea of house concerts may open a new door.

Play guitar pieces with "sitting comfortably in the is velvet warm, living room atmosphere" in mind.

### Embraced by the Circle of Love

One reason I want pay, is for people to pay for (be punished) for all the pain and punishment I feel when I give a concert.

However, if giving a concert. With its warm-bath, living room, lovely feeling atmosphere becomes a sensual, fun, luxuriant pleasure for me, then my listeners will no longer need to be punished by paying. In fact, ideally, I should be paying them for giving me such a pleasant bath of warm, embrace-of-love by the audience" feelings.

What a beautiful twist of attitude, feeling, and idea this would be. And is.

Embraced by the circle of love. How wonderful a feeling is this!

### Bathing in the Glory of a Good Day

I sit and gaze at the green high number on today's stock market increases, (the result of my good work and guesses), and bath in the glory of a good day.

Naturally, all of this can be destroyed tomorrow, but nevertheless, here are two definites:

1. I am on a new "grow my garden" path
2. Daily, I am learning

Sunday, December 22, 2013

### The "Some Day" Affect as Motivating Force

The "some day" affect gathers my forces and points them in a direction. It organizes, focuses, and directs me.

Playing guitar, I always have the audience in my mind's eye. Often it's subtle and hidden. But it is there. As I practiced Alhambra for years, the audience stood in shadows at the back of my mind. Some day I'll be able to play this in front of others, I'll be able to perform it for an audience. The some day affect:

This is also true of writing. Some day my books will be read by others. The some day effect.

Thus, the some day affect unleashes the power, not only connection between myself and audience, but the desire to improve and grow.

Love is the ultimate connection. Some day others will love my playing, love my writing, and finally love me. What greater reward could there be: To be embraced in their womb by the shining warmth of their love.

Yes, some day I'll be loved. And until that time comes, I'll feel subtly ostracized, unconnected and separated.

Thus the importance of giving a future living room concert, or at least believing I will give it. Evidently, without the "some day I will give it" affect, my musical goals and direction vanish, and my desire to practice withers and dies.

This answers the question “Why bother?”

Why bother? Because without connection to others, we wither. The deep knowledge, faith and belief that others are waiting to hear you, read you, dance with you, sing with you, travel with you, know you, and more, ultimately, empowers and inspires you. It raises you up, pushes you to become your become your greater self, to accomplish amazing things, and become better than you ever believed you could be.

Thinking about and aiming for and to give a living room concert is making me practice and giving me a purpose. It’s giving me a purpose to practice and vice versa. I’m practicing with a purpose.

### What do I Really Want in and from a Concert?

#### Who Am I Really?

Strange, when I play classical guitar, I want to play quietly, in the corner, alone and for myself. But when I get up in front of an audience, I immediately feel different. I want to talk to them, face them directly, get them involved immediately, perhaps even sing. Classical guitar and retreating into myself is not what I feel like doing or what I want.

I feel I should play classical guitar to prove to my audience that I have skills and that I’m good. But evidently, my instinct, is to face them directly and communicate with them directly, face to face.

The existence of people, and audience in front of me, changes the entire situation. The audience makes a difference and the difference. They affect and effect me.

Thus the audience, the existence of an audience in front of me changes everything.

Thus again I must ask: What do I really want? Want to do when an audience is directly in front of me. Evidently, my instinct is not to play classical guitar, but face them directly, talk to them, then sing with them, then sing to them. . . and eventually,

maybe play or throw in some classical guitar.

Now that I don't have to prove myself through classical guitar playing, who am I really? And what is it I want?

Maybe classical guitar is on the side, a sideline, and from another world. It reflects the monastery within. But it has a secondary place in my social director self and introduction to others.

This means I've been going against my instincts, practicing against my instincts, for years. My Alhambra practice and inability to play the tremolo symbolized this resistance against myself.

I've sensed this, known this all along. But I did it anyway. It's taken thirty-five years to "see" it.

So a good question is: Why bother practicing classical guitar?

Same question as: Why bother playing or practicing violin?

But somehow, it is not the same question as: Why bother practicing and playing the gaida? Why? Because I shamelessly play the gaida for others. No problem.

I laugh at myself and enjoy laughing at myself when I play the gaida. It's fun.

Could I ever do the same playing classical guitar? Is it too Hebrew serious? This kind of "Hebrew serious" throws a wet blanket over everything. It is not good for me. Plus, it isn't me to begin with. It comes from somewhere else. Where? From all the so-called sophisticated, snobbish, put-down intellectuals of my past. Evidently, up to now, they have haunted me.

They dampen my fun.

But I'm in a new place now. I can drop them. "Been there, done that."

I'm moving beyond my past.

Yes, they damped my fun.

Having fun giving a concert.

The lofty purpose of giving a concert is to have fun.

Naturally, this will also bring fun to others. A win-win situation.

Start with Group Singing

I don't even have to practice singing since, after a few words of introduction, I would start off with group singing. The most fun way to start. Just like in folk dancing, after a few words of introduction, I invite everyone to dance.

As a fun event, does this mean the gaida should be part of every concert?

Possible reasons for fatigue this December month.

Big transformational shocks to my mental system. A trilogy of directions to think and rethink.

1. Stocks.
  2. Concerts.
  3. Re-assessment of social media. Tour mailing, etc.
  4. Folk dancing: My knees are transforming due to Zachian exercise.
- I'm putting the bones in place for next year.

Lovely Xmas card from King and Odette Sinclair, Plus Tom and June Morse.

I don't want to dwell on the past. In fact, more than that, I try to forget the goodness immediately. Re my tours, folk dancing, etc. and the great positive effect I have on others. Somehow it's too painful to feel and even admit my success, the beauty of my connections, and the power of their gratefulness, happiness, and love for me.

It makes me so nostalgic and sad to think about it. So I don't. Or try not to.

Is there a better way? To appreciate and remember the goodness and not be blown away by the sadness and nostalgia.

Why does it make me sad in the first place? A childhood thing? Buried unhappy memories? Other?

Monday, December 23, 2013

My Problem with Hebrew

Back to Beginning. Master the Foundation

Problem with Hebrew: I'm never "comfortable" with it.

Why?

Poor foundation. If a brick is out of place in the foundation the building will always be weak. My Hebrew foundation is weak. Back to the beginning, and learn the basics. A la Kumon. Thank you, Danny.

What to do? Memorize the basic forms of the foundation.

Okay, I need, like, and enjoy playing classical guitar for myself. But do I need, like and enjoy singing? For myself?

Where is the need, love and enjoy in it? Once there was one. I did like singing the folk songs. I know it is still there within me somewhere. Time to find and reconnect with it.

Archaeologist of my Past

My job is to recover and recapture the ancient forms. But in a totally new dynamic with waves of new light blown in from the past.

Bring back my old guitar and folk song pieces, but to play and sing them in a new, free way. The cover of fear and shame is worked through, the field ploughed clear is now torn away. (I am removing) Removed are the fetters, inhibitions, and sticky, tar-pit, nail-down negatives that imprisoned these forms in a still-developing, but small former self.

I am freeing them to fly!

That's my new job as Archaeologist of my Past.

Perhaps that is also the reason, role and subtle purpose of Mashugi in my new novel.

That the purpose and direction of this third stage of life.

Miracle Schedule Revisited

All my miracle schedule activities are (first) good for me, then and thus good for the world. Or vice versa.

Is there really a difference between the first sentence and the second? No.

How about business? Always in the past a question and a problem. But business and marketing are intimately timed together (and almost the same thing!), and marketing as an art, then even that dichotomy is no longer. Problem solved and resolved.

Tuesday, December 24, 2013

Chasing Away Monkey MindThrough the Challenge of Fast

Guitar: A whole new reason for playing fast. To raise myself, get my mind off myself, the “if my mind in wandering – and mostly to negative thoughts – it’s because I’m not working hard enough.” If I’m not, then money mind is winning.

The idea of playing fast for the audience is totally gone. I’m only “doing it for myself,” challenging my monkey mind, chasing it away by diving into the present with a “hard and challenging task.” Any task. This elevates my mind by focusing it, which, in turn, chases away monkey mind with its pursuant, often negative thoughts. Like “is it worth it?” Or what about death coming up? etc.

Stock MarketWatching and Waiting for Things to DevelopGlory in a Good Day

Amazing, but most of my stock market research is done. Now it is mostly a question of watching my garden, turning a bit of earth here and there, pulling out a weed or two, and waiting for things to develop.

I use the word “develop” instead of grow, because I don’t know for sure that



they will grow. One never knows They could diminish, too. Thus watching, and waiting, if needed, is in order.

Strangely, this gives me “not much to do.” My December “month of stocks” in concluding. I must admit I’ve accomplished my purpose. I’m somewhere between peaceful, in limbo, “What now?” and “What’s next?”

Look into and consider other projects.

Meanwhile, let me glory in the moment, in a good day, and a good stock market place.

Wednesday, December 25, 2013

### Shifting Sands: Goals for 2014

Shifting sands, shifting interests, shifting directions and goals.

2013: Last year’s goals were: Computer, video, social media.

2014: This year, I have directions in four areas with new goals within each area.

All are designed to end December 2014. So far they are:

#### 1. Finance

##### a. Market: 70G

How? Watch my garden, and adjust it when necessary. Think 70 G.

Reread Think and Grow Rich with that in mind. (See if it works.)

##### b. Tours: 50 G

How? Jan 15-May 15: Sales everywhere.

##### 1. Calls

##### 2. Aim to fill two tours:

##### 1. Ireland: 30-35

##### 2. Balkan Splendor: 30-35

(3. Poland, Greece, Norway, others. Roll along with Lee and Richard.)

#### 2. Artistic

a. Music. . . give one concert

b. Write. . . write one book

c. Dance. . .

1. Create 10 new dance videos

2. Perfect:

a. "Over step" a la Genc

b. Russian prysatkes and duck walk

c. Greek Tsamikos

d. Put all on video (combine with athletics)

### 3. Athletic

1. Running: Get back to in

2. Exercise and dance:

a. Squats, chins, jumps,

b. "Over step" a la Genc, Russian prysatkas. duck walk, Greek  
Tsamikos

3. Yoga

a. Scorpion, lotus

4. Gym: Find something

### 4. Linguistic and Study:

a. Master Hebrew

1. Read Bereshit

2. Torah Study

3. Memorize basics

a. Write by hand all verbs and conjugations,

b. Write stories in Hebrew

c. Get Hebrew letters for computer

d. Think in Hebrew

Let it Percolate

So far I have new financial and linguistic goals. But nothing new in athletics or artistic. Let them percolate.

New Athletic/Dance Goal

A possible new direction: Combine athletics and dance.

Aim to make a video of: "Over step" a la Genc, Russian prysatkes and duck walk, Greek Tsamikos, and more.

Train with: Squats, jumps, (chins?), speed (fast) running.

Training for an art. Training is an art.

Having a Great Time (Playing Bach!)

Playing the Bach Bourree: I played it upbeat, fast, lively, missed lots of notes but had a great time!

Which is better, playing all the right notes or having a great time?

I'd say having a great time. Eventually, I may have a great time and hit most of the notes. But maybe not. Nevertheless, having a great time playing is the most important message I can communicate.

Thursday, December 26, 2013

Burning Desire

Do I now have any burning desires?

Look at my goals above. Do I find in them any burning desires?

The burning desire to make money is definitely found in finances. Why do I want to make money so much? I don't know. I don't necessarily need it.

Or maybe I do, but for yet unknown reasons.

Possession of money gives me a warm, comfortable, happy feeling. Secure and shining. Right there is a good start.

What about being an artist? That's more for approval and from upbringing; for heroism and glory received from the glowing eyes of others. That's a pretty good social reason right there.

What about study? It brings peace of mind plus the positive feeling that I am growing, developing, advancing. To what? I don't know. But somehow study makes me climb Jacob's ladder; it puts me on the route upward. Perhaps that's my Jewish heritage speaking. My ancestors studied Torah; I simply admire, respect and love study. That's a pretty good reason right there.

What about athletics?

Evidently, I have a low opinion of athletics. It comes from childhood. Athletics is fun; I love to move. I even wanted to be a baseball player when I was a kid. Yet, as my father, and probably mother, too, either said or implied, serious people could never be athletes. Especially, Jewish people. Jewish people became doctors, lawyers, teachers, intellectuals, writers, artists, whatever. Brainy and creative things. Only dummies became athletes.

Thus, deep within, I have a low, really terrible opinion of athletes and even athletics. And yet, I love to move! If so, how can this contradiction exist? It is indeed a childhood scar that I must consider, examine, and hopefully, through awareness, eliminate.

Since I do athletics, I need to accompany it with positive view. There is some heroism and glory in leading a folk dance line athletically. But little to none in running a marathon, lifting heavy weights, or doing yoga postures. Strange, indeed is this view. But looking deep within, I must admit I have it.

Saturday, December 28, 2013

I Love It!

Let's face it The success I am having in the stock market, and tours is very exciting!

Let's face it: I love it!

I also like how organized I am now with goals (based on burning desires) for the 2014 future. Indeed, this will direct and control my monkey mind. Yes, I love it!

Ma's birthday is tomorrow. She always wants me to be happy.

She would be happy for me.

It's always good to make your mother happy, even posthumously.

### Exciting!

It is so exciting to have such positive directions and have it all feel so together. In the past, it would be too exciting, and I couldn't stand it. I couldn't stand all these good vibrations, couldn't stand the excitement. And I would destroy it in order to calm myself.

Can I stand it now? Yes!

That's the difference. And a big one it is.

### Business Direction fo 2014

#### "The Best New Prospects are your Present Customers"

Also, in business (tours). For 2014, rather than working to expand my market, I'm contracting, or rather "expanding inward" that is, trying to reach only my present customers. They are my "small circle of friends," my small circle of friendly customers. They already like me, like what I do; they are my fans. And, at this point, I have "enough of them" to make a business. Let them, through word of mouth, promote and sell the tours among their friends. Better to focus on them, reconnect with them, than spend my time, trying to woo others. See page 51 of Jeffrey Gitomer's Sales Bible: "The Best New Prospects are your Present Customers."

Thus, one peek at Jeffrey Gitomer's book has give n my my sales direction for the year.

Friends as Customers, Customers as Friends:

Mucho Fun with my Customer Friends

A New Reason to Use Facebook and more.

Goal: Staying in contact with my friends/customer base. This is much more fun than “sales,” and the feeling that I always have to try to “sell them.” Truly, I hate that feeling, and that approach. But all my business life, I have been “forced” into it, forced into this uncomfortable, unnatural (for me) position because I “have to make a living.” But truly, I absolutely hate this approach! Always have.

Staying in touch, keeping friends, contacting and reconnecting with friends/customers is an approach I would love. Its mucho fun!

In my mind, I’ve always had a division between sales and friendship. Gitomer suggested a new connection: friends as customers, customers as friends, customer/friends, or friends/customers.

Can I now begin to make that connection? Yes? And I shall. I’m ready to do what I love. I’m ready for fun!

It means just calling my customer friends to say hello.

It means putting some information about folk dancing, culture, or whatever on FB.

It may even mean emailing them some side information (not sure about this emailing. Maybe too intrusive. FB may be better. Check and think it out.) But I could email them to become my friend on FB.

This is a new reason to use FB.

Monday, December 30, 2013

Low Priced, and Penny Stocks

Low prices stocks, small companies, are interesting, fascinating and fun. Penny stocks may be even more interesting and fun. Less to hold onto, more of a concept, often not “real” companies. That’s the research and judgement part for me.

Watch out for the danger part; be moderate and chose small.

But mucho fun the research and buying it will be.

Also remember, it is much easier to buy than to sell!

### Pleasant Month

How to approach the 2014 season differently?

This has been such a "pleasant" month. No sales pressure.

It brings the question: Would I run tours if I didn't have to? Or is it simply the desire to eliminate the sales pressure? The constant, endless haunting unpleasant pressure of feeling that I have to, am obliged to, have the responsibility, to fill up my tours with participants?

Probably the latter?

Can I ever eliminate this pressure? If not totally, can I ameliorate it somehow?

What would I do? I could experiment, and start the experiment this year, now. I can actually decide to begin this experiment now.

How?

Willingly give up the feeling of pressure to fill up my tours. Begin by not making sales calls.

Should I even stop emailing clients? Well, I could start by devoting one day a week to sales. The group email day. Even the FB day.

I'm asking, "How to approach the 2014 season differently?"

What would I do? How would I lead my life?

I do have the choice!

What's been already done for next season?

1. A big mailing is already going out.
2. All ads are in the folk dance journals.
3. I could add one email a week to the above two.

Then I'd sit around, wait for results, and deal with orders.

Start this “new” approach today! Now!

Make Sales Day Monday and/or Tuesday

1. Big group email to all
2. FB entry
3. Other: Calls, fill orders, whatever.

And that’s it!

Thus, I’m not really eliminating my tour business. I’m just reorganizing, cutting back on unpleasant weights, dispelling the clouds.

Not a satisfying stock market morning. I began by losing 1G. Plus general personal balance a bit down, too.

We’ll see what the afternoon and rest of the day brings.

Question: Do my feelings really matter much in the matter?

Tuesday, December 31, 2013

JGI Folk Dance Mutual Fund

As I went running this afternoon, the total idea popped into my head.

I am starting a new business.

I now manage a mutual fund: the JGI Folk Dance Mutual Fund.

(Jim Gold International Folk Dance Mutual Fund.)

We search (research) for small cap stocks that really dance!

\*100% accurate stock market price predictions!

We never predict the future; we only predict the past.

“We think about the future, but never predict it.”

(JG has forty years experience of poor (less than average, low quality) performance in the stock market.)

Wednesday, January 1, 2014



Ride the is Fascination Until it Peaks

A New Year. Happy New Year.

New Year's eve is a sad time. That's the problem with its false happiness, gaiety and celebration. It's the passing, dying of the old year, memories and nostalgia. Auld Lang Syne.

This morning is the beginning of the New Year. It's an upbeat, better, happy time. New plans move into existence.

What about me? What are my plans?

Wouldn't it be nice to say this is the year I focus on making money, and this (mostly) in my new stock market business.

My focus would be on growing my JGI Low Cap Folk Dance Mutual Fund.

I'd like to make managing and growing its portfolio mainly what this New Year is about. (Yes, of course, I'll keep promoting my tours, managing my Folk Tour business. But that path is already in place and in order. Skill-wise, like my guitar playing, I can bounce it along.)

Thus, my main mental thrust, study and dedication is the JGI Fund. I'm excited about this, too. Fascinated and loving it.

Especially when stocks go up!

Should I say, only when stocks go up? Maybe. But I hope not. We'll see when it happens.

But right now. I'll ride this fascination until it peaks.

Priorities

Yes, it's about 2014 priorities.

1. Top priority is: JGI Low Cap Folk Dance Mutual Fund
2. Folk Tour promotion: a close second

Then come all the rest:

3. Hebrew, exercise, guitar, folk dancing, video mop-up and skill maintenance,

other.

In that case, what shall I learn, what shall I study, how can I improve as a stock picker?

On line study and research only?

Other?

One thing about the stock market: There is no people connection. Yet. Is this good, bad or indifferent? Could there ever be a people connection? If not, how could it I call it a business?

On the other hand, since I evidently want, or need, a people connection, maybe there is one somewhere, only I just don't see it yet.

Also, Lissa Rankin: Mind Over Medicine:

Consider placebo and present mind breakthroughs on Alhambra, knees, stock market attitude, other.

Actually, the bones are mostly in place for the 2014 season. Now I just have to follow orders, dive into my commitments, fulfill my plans, and do it.

### New Year in Guitar

What's New Year in guitar?

Start my morning or any practice "a la Laura."

That means:

1. Start with singing as my personal and audience "warm-up"). Sing solo or group songs.

2. Then play classical guitar.

Friday, January 3, 2014

Obsession of Mad Stock Market Passion Ending

This is the first down stack market day in about a week or two. Does it coincide with the ending of my passion? (Or is it causing the end of my passion, as the bubble breaks?)

Either way, I feel like I am in the process of crashing.

The dream of stock market profession and professionalism is slipping away, drifting, falling and soon to be lying by the wayside?

It feels like this month-long obsession is coming to an end.

Perhaps it is simply that the intensity has run its course. Strangely, I'm not unhappy about it.

If it's true that this obsession is ending, what shall I do?

Move on the next obsession.

And I wonder what will that be?

Next question: How can I put the market aside? Without worrying, watching, etc.?

1. Accept total loss?
2. Have confidence in my waiting, and the choices I made.

I definitely need a new obsession and passion.

Only a new obsession and passion will fill the hole that the stock market left.

I need a new obsession and passion.

Saturday, January 4, 2014

Savoring the Pain to Prove a Point

I haven't hurt my back for months, maybe longer. It simply doesn't happen anymore. I know and understand my back, and am somewhat and vaguely careful when I use it.

Yet, yesterday when I shoveled snow I hurt my back. Not much, but enough to make me notice.

Why and what did I do to make this happen?

Rick's suggestion helped; plus Lissa Rankin's Mind over Medicine book. Yet, I know that a part of me wanted to hurt my back. Why? To somehow prove to "mind over medicine" to myself; to "prove" that, because Rick said "Be careful shoveling," thus suggesting I might hurt myself shoveling. I somehow wanted to prove his suggestion right. This would prove the idea of Mind Over Medicine by showing that merely his suggestion planted in my mind could cause me to hurt my back. I wanted the pain to drive in the point.

Thus, I have a slight pain in my back which I wanted to create! This means that, just as I (my mind and I) created it, so we can destroy it.

But I don't want to destroy it yet. I want it to linger a bit longer so I can savor it.

#### Needed: An All-Consuming Commitment, a Passionate Obsession

Somehow the strength of my commitments have been weakened, and into the empty areas rush the usual cosmic depression.

I need a strong all-consuming commitment, a passionate obsession, to keep me from this descent into the abyss. It almost doesn't matter what the obsession or commitment is; it's only important that I have one. Without it, my wandering mind will drift into the Land of Destructive Negativity and eat me up.

From among my miracle schedule choices, chose one or more.

Monday, January 6, 2014

#### Love of Classical Guitar, Languages and Markets

Since I am no longer 'forced to,' perform, I am free to see how much I need, love and cherish the daily discipline of practice and playing classical guitar.

Yes, I need my music and guitar for deeper reasons than I ever realized.

This may be true for languages as well.

I may simply need to talk to someone, to hear the beautiful, deep sounds of the language both on my tongue, and from the mouth of others.

Thus, I may need language lessons for the human and aural contact. This, rather than a Torah teacher and Torah lessons.)

Does my new “relaxation of my “usual money and financial worries,” free me to see my need, desire, and love of trading stocks and “playing” the market?

Thus, my three realizations:

1. Why I need a language teacher.
2. Why I need to play classical guitar.
3. Why I need to “play” the market. (If this turns out to be true, it would be such a happy realization. Evidently, I want to love the stock market. Evidently, I have deep need or at least a desire, to love the stock market. (Saying the “market” is somehow easier than saying the “stock market.” Perhaps it is my background of disdain capitalism, rich stock market capitalists trading at the expense of poor unfortunate workers, the immorality of it

Tuesday, January 7, 2014

### Nothing Lasts

Very sad about Daniel being fired from St. Pauls.

### Momentarily Loss of Faith in my Vision

Sold my winning stocks too soon. Lost my nerve and faith in my vision for awhile as the market stumbled and my stocks fumbled.

Today's work: Put my tours together.

Let's review the above events, and put them in place.

1. Re Daniel. It's sad, makes me mad, but basically, I don't know what's going on, and there's not much I can do about it except call Daniel and offer all my support.

And I will do that.

### Daily Test of Confidence in my Stock Market Vision

2. Re my stock market vision. Yes, I'll have to admit and face the fact that in December, I actually had a stock market vision. It showed me the "JGI Small Stock (FD) Mutual Fund approach, one in which I am both "comfortable" – a hard word, since riding the stock market is like riding, "taming," (really your emotions, here), organizing, and dealing with a wild horse.

In any case, this vision gave me a new confidence in myself, a confidence which must be daily tested against the market forces.

### Back Pain, Stock Market Vision, and the New Neighborhood!

Relationship of stock market vision to my lower back pain.

I wonder if my lower back pain, which is strangely not going away, has something to do with my stock market vision. A reverse reaction, an attempt to return to the "down comforts" of the old neighborhood.

Seems right. And a long time coming. Using Rick and snow shoveling as my "excuse" to make myself weaker and thus return to the put-down comforts of the old neighborhood.

No question, my new stock market vision is both powerful and propels me into a "new neighborhood of riches, wealth, money, and a new self image of comfort with wealth, riches, and money. This "new vision" of myself truly terrifies me!

Amazing, Even though I've wanted economic security forever, when it actually looms before me, I get terrified. (Of course, nothing is really secure. Or is it? Perhaps even that philosophy is created by me to scare myself and thus keep myself down and in place and thus in the old neighborhood.

Suppose I "accepted" the "fact" that I could be, nay, am economically secure. Could I stand that idea? Could I be, do I even want to be "comfortable" with economic

security? Well, yes. I'd like it. But it is such a different self-image. Somehow I envision riches, wealth, and money as security and protection against. . . what? Life? Will it really protect me from illness, pain, and even death? Obviously, no. So what's the big deal about money?

It must be that somehow, money measures me against the old neighborhood. Having money, acquiring money, means I have power, competence, and confidence, and thus militates against the put-down self of my old neighborhood. A mental neighborhood I have created in place of my mother.

And now, with my stock market vision, I have somehow moved beyond my mother, beyond the old neighborhood, and into a totally new place! I've truly never lived here before.

### Living in the Glory of the New Neighborhood

What does this New Neighborhood entail?

Self confidence. Accepting inner security, even in an ever-changing, transient (but still transcendent) world.

That's where I'm going. Actually, that's where I am. Time to admit it, deal with it, move into it, accept it, bringing happiness to it, enjoying it, loving it, and living in its Glory. Which means: Thanking God for the blessing of entering this New Neighborhood.

That's how God, the Torah, and money (through the stock market which symbolizes finance, money, wealth, riches, etc) all come together.

That's what my powerful Stock Market Vision is all about.

2014 is about: Living in the Glory of the New Neighborhood

It means rethinking and revisiting all my old attitudes toward the miracle schedule, overwhelmed, business, stocks, and life in general.

It means facing all with confidence and Glory.

Personal Approach to the Stock Market

Seeing the stock market as a test of confidence in my vision. Riding the bucking bronco, through the momentary, daily, weekly, monthly ups and downs.

Test of courage: Having the courage to hold or sell and confidence in my judgement.

Wednesday, January 8, 2014

Who Am I?

Priorities of Purpose

Art is my Path

Who am I? An old question.

I am an artist. That is my desire, hope, and essence. At this late stage of life, with all my experience, I can also finally say: I am an artist. That is my baseline essence and character. It is now beyond desire and hope. It is simply me

That known, what do I now do with my life?

Direction: Which direction do I go?

Organization: How do I organize myself?

Priorities: What is most important?

As a start, I'd say that music, dance, and writing are my primary art forms.

I'd also say that sports, language (study), and stocks are means to my artist end. (Although they also stand as good-in-themselves). They are needed for security and support.

Organization: My ability to organize creates the bridge between (internal) art creations and the outer world. Thus, organization, as witness in tours, folk dance classes, and formerly folk dance weekends, is a vital part of me. It also grows from the internal, the "art of organization" thrust. God created, organized, the world in seven days. Since I am created in His image, I can, want, need, and will do the same in my smaller reflected world.



This knowledge of self and its priorities organizes my day. (Without following the dictates of this inner knowledge, missing this, I wake up feeling a cosmic depression, the down that comes when I'm not following the Who I Am path.

Yes, last month was a stock market month. I had the free time to get this security aspect mostly in order. Now that it is largely in place, I still wake up with that cosmic depression. This means, although an important aspect of who I am, one that must be fulfilled on some level, it is not my totality or true direction. It alone is not the path which will help and fulfill myself, and thus help others and heal the world.

Art is my path. Period.

"Art" comes from the Latin *artis* which means "joint," to join or fit together.

Thus, art means: to organize

I must now organize my priorities.

Organize my writing, music, dance, sports, tours, language study, and more.

That's why the stock market will never bring me happiness and fulfillment. (Although when it goes up, it momentarily frees me from the economic fear and insecurity that ever haunts my life. Perhaps only faith in God can free me from that ever-present anxiety.)

I transferred the above into Infant Vision. Parts of my journal are transforming into Dr. Zany's idea and vision of himself. Maybe this is a good and necessary way to go.

After all, Dr. Zany is me, or certainly a strong aspect of me. Plus I feel that part of my journal are important for others to read. Using New Leaf to compliment Infant Vision may be a good path to travel.

Thursday, January 9, 2014

Classical Guitar

What now with music?

Evidently, I have no, need, must practice and play, play and practice classical guitar. I don't know why yet. I sense, it is not even to perform. Rather something deep in my psyche and physical being needs to play guitar, needs music.

In any case, maybe now that I've conquered my fear of performing, I can go back to classical guitar. Maybe even perform it someday! Hmmm. But, of course, I'd start off with folk songs.

### Physicality Connects Music (Guitar), Athletics, and Dance

The physicality of my classical guitar somehow goes with, connects, relates, motivates and inspires the physicality in my athletics. Somehow can't have one without the other. Physically is related to dance, too. The Japhet aspects of my character. Open, artistic, connecting. (Whereas Shem relates to my morning studies.)

For some reason, my physical being and essence needs to touch, feel, pluck, and play the guitar. (This has nothing to do with money, fame, success, or performing for others.)

### Inward Tremolo

I am moving into an inward tremolo which touches core self where deity and I meet. (Audience, performing, and performance are secondary, besides-the-point, not thought about, but nevertheless, are part of the picture and important.)

My personal need for the tremolo as a self-discovery mechanism.

Friday, January 10, 2014

Let's face it: I like, nay love, the upward path, and the push from beneath and behind that it gives me.

And I have the right areas, means, and directions from my own miracle schedule. Keeping it in balance is my daily challenge.

The great classical music expresses the majesty and sadness of life.

Deep in the hollow hand of poetry's embrace, I scratch the hand of empty longing.

Sunday, January 12, 2014

### The "Why Bother?" Feeling

This morning a specific feeling: Why bother?

Last night we ate dinner at the International Buffet in we Bergenfield with Dave and Leah Roland. Among other things, we talked about my "concert career." The new fact that, since I now know I'd start my guitar performance with group songs( instead of classic guitar), I am no longer afraid to perform or give concerts.

Then we moved to my present lack of motivation to perform at all, and to what might "force" me to perform again. We talked about giving a house concert for no money, or to benefit some cause. But no matter how many avenues we explored, I still could not find a reason or motivate myself to give a concert. In the past, the main one reason was to make money; and perhaps deal with my anxiety about performing.

Now that I no longer have those fears, or even the need or desire to make money performing.

Then, after our dinner, Bernice said, "Well, maybe you just don't want to perform anymore."

That struck a chord. I thought, maybe she's right. No matter how I search, can't find a reason to perform. Now that performance anxiety has disappeared, I say: "Why bother?"

This "Why bother?" feels quite different from former "Why bothers?." It used to be depressing: All is transient, eventually I'll die and be forgotten, so what's the use of even trying. Thus "Why bother?"

But now "Why bother?" feels rather pleasant. I am now totally free to do what I

like, and what makes me happy. Evidently, performing for others is not what I want to do; it is no longer a fear, need, or challenge; it does not make me happy.

I have no burning desire to perform. In fact, presently, I have no burning desire for anything. I had it last month for the stock market. But now, even that is in a transitional state.

I still want to have a burning desire for something. But presently, I can't find one.

Next question: How and where to find a burning desire?

Results of this conversation with myself:

1. I'd like to find a challenge and direction, something important and elevating to ignite a burning desire.

2. Presently, it is not performing on guitar.

3. As financial fears diminish, so has my desire to promote even the potentially lucrative tour business. In fact, would I like to give up all pressure on myself to promote anything? Maybe.

Well, in fact, I could, if I like, give up all promotion. I could say, as of today, as of this moment, I am giving up tour promotion and all other promotions. (Of course, I'd answer and fulfill requests for registration and information.)

Should I do such a thing? As an experiment?

Do I dare do it? Hmmmm.

What about my fears of no money and embarrassment at low-to-no tour registration?

Well, I can handle the humiliation; I can even handle the potential fears of no money. (I can dribble along on folk dance teaching and guitar teaching. Teaching is a low pressure, fun way to make a low amount of money.

Do I even need to promote tours?

Where am I going with all this?

What do I want now?

Today, only Hebrew has a bit of as flicker.

What do I need now? A burning desire.

How do I find a burning desire?

By finding, or inventing, a goal.

Are finding and inventing the same thing? Somehow it feels that finding is more visceral, more "imposed from without," imbued with a strong, god-given purpose. Somehow "invented" (created) is smaller, ego-driven, and diminished.

But is it really? Inspiration come from the Higher Power. Since that Power is everywhere, don't my inventions belong to that Power? Well, yes, if they are inspired!

Thus, it is up to "me" to find, direct, and invent my goal.

Well, that's done.

Now what? Which challenges shall I find, invent, choose?

At the moment, none have arisen.

Thus my commandment: Invent some goals.

I'm waiting for the Voice to direct me.

### Starting Over

Bereshit: As a beginning, I have to start all over again.

Start something completely new?

Tuesday, January 14, 2014

### Destiny and Purpose

Evening: I feel totally disgusted with my life!

I'm not fulfilling my destiny and purpose. I've forgotten it. Maybe I don't even know what it is.

What is my destiny and purpose? Can such a question even be answered? Well, on the negative side, I fell I'm not fulfilling it. But, on the positive side, what is it?

The stock market is a side hobby, a relaxation, distraction, side trip, and play thing. Although it feels great when I win, and miserable when I don't (like today), it never feels like my destiny and purpose.

I sense my destiny is fulfilled through the arts and business. First comes my art creations; then comes business to spread my creations so others my benefit from them.

My art forms are music, writing, and dance. (Folk Tours are ultimately, an expression of my love of music and dance.)

Wednesday, January 15, 2014

### New Businesses Born

During the past month, three new businesses have been born:

1. Stock Market Mutual Fund
2. Concert Business
3. Book Sales Business(and writing)

Where do I stand presently?

Back to writing. And as adjunct: Book sales.

How to pursue book sales? My Facebook "blog". Add pictures and videos. But in the service of writing and books. (Throw in a few comments on tours and fd. But mainly, promoting my books.

An important truth: Constantly promoting my books, even if there are no sales, keeps me writing!

Friday, January 17, 2014

### Jim's Law of Happiness

Begin every day by improving something.

### On Becoming a Millionaire

Should I become a millionaire in three years?

Why?

For the joy of accomplishment.

Should I “expect” it? Do I dare even think it?

In order to become one, I must first accept it. Be ready to receive it.

Do I dare? At first, I tremble at the thought. But regarding this fear, I’ve “been there, done that.” And this for years. I’m basically through with this fear. It’s part of the old neighborhood and I don’t live there anymore.

So I might as well accept the “fact” that I could be, would be, will be, soon, a millionaire. I might as well use the Think and Grow Rich unconscious, autosuggestion. “Self-deception” method of conducting myself as if I were already in possession of this material thing!

This concept, the idea of being a millionaire, is so foreign to my way of thinking. It is “beyond my wildest dreams.” And yet, it is a distant dream, an amazing unbelievable accomplishment. Me, a millionaire! I can’t believe it, don’t believe it, won’t believe it. It is basically sinful and wrong and bad to be a millionaire. (That’s my unconscious, upbringing thought, indeed, a basic part of the old neighborhood.)

And yet, as I move into and now live in the new neighborhood, why not? Why not become a millionaire? What a challenge and accomplishment it would be. I’d be (shamefully, quietly, and amazingly) proud of myself! Me? Do such a thing? Accomplish such a thing? Absolutely, amazing.

And yet, why not? It could be done. I could do it.

So, living now in the new neighborhood, and having first aimed at \$70,000 by the end of the year, shall I now up it to a million by the end of three years?

What a goal! What an accomplishment! Something to aim at “for its own sake.” I have nothing to do with the money; I can’t find any purpose for using it. Accept the joy of accomplishment. Well, that in itself is a worthy goal.

Extirpating Worms and Filling my Mind with Flowers

Strangely, the idea of becoming a millionaire might take the pressure off and relax my mind. It would take the “too good headache pressure off by creating a new goal to “pressure” me, to focus my mind and push me to improve in an upward bound glorious way.

What is glorious about being or becoming a millionaire? Of course, I know that becoming and being an artist is glorious. No problem there. That’s how I’ve been brought up; that’s what I believe.

But becoming a millionaire is “dirty,” wrong, unclean, bad, and ultimately evil. Only capitalist slobs become millionaires. A true artist remains poor and “with the people.”

Oh, how I detest this rubbish now. Living in the new neighborhood has no place for these unworthy, ancient and tainted proletarian, poor-man, victim views. But I still see these old ideas crawling, like worms, in and through my mind.

First step is to extirpate them. Second step is to grow new seeds of loveliness in their place, based on the beauties of money attainment and millionaire-ship.

I don’t need the money. But it’s an accomplishment!

Sunday, January 19, 2014

Stock Market Trading as a Fun but Useless Pursuit

If seen in the way, trading can be a good-in-itself

Let’s face it: The stock market, and especially stock market trading, is a useless – but fun pursuit.

My manic ups and downs, however, touch the addictive, and thus, unhappy quality. They subtly deal with deep fear. and the sudden, unexpected, happy fantasy of escape from that fear. Through imaginary and real piles of money.

This is the inner process that introduces, ushers in, addiction.

Seeing stock market trading as a fun game, well, that’s fine. For awhile. Seeing it



as a “serious pursuit,” an important skill and talent, is useless. . . unless, of course, the money you might make will eventually be used for a good cause. But simply to pile up more money, for no causes at all, or simply for the illusionary cause of diminishing your fears, (And its opposite, accumulating mucho power. . . for what?), is an empty, useless waste of time.

Creating art is more worthwhile and better.

Why?

Suppose you create art and no one ever sees it? Well, there’s always the hope that even posthumously, your work will be discovered and appreciated by others.

This cannot be true of money.

It all gets down to knowing yourself. Trading is fun. Keep it that way. Art is fun, too. Keep it that way.

Monday, January 20, 2014

### Training the Mind

#### Daily Seize the Habit of Definite Purpose

A lot of this has to do with training my mind to daily focus on a definite purpose. Not waste its time wandering aimlessly and purposelessly about. and falling into the abyss of depression. (By definition an abyss is a depression.)

Daily give my mind something to do. This way it will not be able to “eat me up.”

A definite purpose would be learning, nay conquering Hebrew!

My headache may is because I’m furious at myself for letting my mind wander away, drift into aimlessness and purposelessness, and thus walk off, nay fall off the cliff into the Depression Abyss.

The best – and only cure – is to fix my mind on a definite purpose, any purpose, and go for it!

That’s it. Period. I’m back on track now.

Guitar: Alhambra 6x/day, and Leyenda, too.

It is a physical training purpose.

Plus 50 squats a la Zack. And plan a definite purpose, there too.

Tuesday, January 21, 2014

### Intense Focus and Muscle Change

Guitar and thighs:

Guitar: Leyenda, VL-Prel. No 4, Alhambra, and Bach Prelude in Dm.

Thighs: Rick's Blood-pumping, abductor-pushers intense up and down the ladder, arms, too, etc.

Can muscles be changed through intense focus? I'd say they can be.

Wednesday, January 22, 2014

### What About Death?

What's about the transience of existence and passing on?

What about death?

I say: Get you financial and material affairs in order, arrange the inheritance, then forget about the dark fucker.

Set up your estate, and plunge into life!

Perhaps my Infant Vision, Inc. will not have a plot. It will be more a conversation and philosophy.

Thursday, January 23, 2014

Wouldn't (would it?) Be "great" if my stock trading morning became more "routine." More a steady, daily work, with less up, downs, expectations, and fluctuating emotions.

Of course, isn't the drama part of the fun? Well yes, well no. Maybe this means

I'm almost ready to pass on to the next stock trading "professional" phase, whatever that may be.

Friday, January 24, 2014

Rendering Useful Service

Vibrations of Fun, Excitement and Challenge

B'simcha Vibrations of Joy

Does trading stocks render any useful service?

I know the pillars of my business, performing, playing guitar, leading folk dancing, and running tours, even writing books and making CDs and DVDs renders useful service by bringing pleasure, joy, and knowledge to others.

But does trading stocks render any useful service?

Does gambling (in general) render any useful service?

Maybe it's the same question as: Does learning a language, learning Hebrew, render any useful service?

I can say about trading, learning languages, and other, that its challenging, and, when it works, fun and exciting.

Does that make these activities a useful service?

Does "fun, exciting, and challenging in itself" count?

In that case, does "useful service" even matter?

Is "fun, exciting, and challenging" even more basic and important than useful service. Is useful service merely a by-product?

And does "fun, exciting, and challenging" create subtle vibrations of joy that, through telepathy, pass on to others, and thus indirectly create for others joy, fun, knowledge, and elevation?

Maybe.

This means that "fun, excitement, and challenge" FEC, these vibrations of joy, FEC vibrations, are bottom-line important, and my bottom line in general. They are the

internal starting point and, for the artist, the bottom-line source of his inspiration. They thus connect to the Higher Power through b'simcha.

Of course, it's not a joy in a down market, when my stocks descend and lose money. But downs in general belong to the challenge aspect of "fun".

The broader sense and meaning of the word "fun" must include the difficulty, struggle, unpleasantness, and pain of a challenge.

In its widest sense, fun includes challenge.

Thus the question: Is having fun enough? Do vibrations of joy carry the day?

Answer: YES!

Put new effort into stock organization. Feeling disgusted and discouraged. Why? Anger turned inward. Mostly W, partly stocks.

Saturday, January 25, 2014

### JGI Business Growth

Evidently, I'm ready to move on business growth. That means how to "hire" both a marketer – a marketing person, and a "secretary," someone who does the paper work, answers emails, organizes my tour registrations, etc. Actually, I'm not quite sure what the "secretary" job description is.

Strangely, my fear is not of failure, but of success! What happens if my tour business succeeds and suddenly lots of people start calling, emailing, and registering. I'll be overwhelmed. (On the so-called rational side, I think, I should worry about such a "problem?" But I do.)

How do I handle success? How would I deal with it?

That's why I think I should prepare for it, "just in case."

Thus the question: How do I look for, find, and hire a marketing person and a "secretary?" What qualifications should they have? And what exactly is their job?

Organization and Priorities

Sudden sadness: I feel my artistic life is slipping away into a morass of JGI business development and stock market trading.

My former artistic life, namely writing, playing guitar, and even making videos.

What to do, if anything, about this?

Is this sadness due to the death of my old life? Losing, giving up, my old existence?

Am I really “giving up” my artistic life? Or am I in “pause mode,” stopping for awhile as I transition into other forms?

Probably both.

Can I ultimately keep them all? That is, expand JGI business, trade stocks, and keep writing, playing guitar, studying languages, and even making videos?

Maybe I must, in some form, keep them all. To maintain my balance, inspiration, and sanity.

Maybe it's a question of organization and priorities.

Dear Richard (Duree),

Passion is a wonderful thing. A lifelong passion is even better! As for enlightenment, only self-enlightenment seems to work. And what a task that is!

In any case, I love your passion for scholarship.

How to keep the passion flame burning in a “damp” world: That is always the question. However, since it is the life force and without it we would die, for that reason alone we want to guard and keep it. When I think about the difficulties making a living in the “impossible” folk dance world, and whether or not to drop the struggle, I hear a voice saying: “Better to go down fighting.” So I re-emerge and begin again. And I'm always glad I do because there is such joy and fulfillment in creating and following your passion.

So keep writing those great articles. Writers almost never get any feedback.

Their readers may love what they write, but all they do is smile to themselves, meditate, and maybe take a walk. Almost never do they call or email the writer to thank him for the influence they've had or power of their ideas. That's just the nature of the beast.

But you never know the affect and effect your writing is having on others. Negatives are often the entry point. Depression as the prelude to creation.

Lots of luck,

Jim

P.S. Have you thought about putting all your folk dance articles together in one book and publishing it? Does such an idea appeal to you? Or have you done it already?

Monday, January 27, 2014

### Why was I put on earth?

This morning I feel I am wasting my life away by not writing, or playing music. I avoiding a significant passion, and "the reason I was put on earth."

Why was I put on earth? To write, play music, to create art and be an artist. Everything else is, in a sense, "besides the point."

My stock market, even tours and folk dance teaching, are "mere ways of earning a living." Yes, of course, they render concrete service to others., and thus, in a lower sense, they are good. Nevertheless, I feel I am taking "the easy way out" by "giving in" to their "needs, necessities, and callings" And my own need to make a living. Yes, I do need to make a living. But that is not necessarily my calling.

I somehow feel my "that's why I was put on earth" calling is and comes through writing and music.

What does this mean for my present. . .and future?

This morning I'm annoyed bordering on mad (at myself, of course), somewhat ashamed, and wasted.

Yes, I have the money. Why am I not doing what I am supposed to do, what I am put on earth to do? The purpose is before me, but instead, I'm getting caught up

and lost in the means to the end.

Does it take a down market to remind me? (This may be the hidden blessing of a down market. It reminds me of my true purpose.)

Why? Why am I avoiding my calling?

I should be turning out book after book. And self-publishing them as they come. As for promotion and others reading them, always a few will. Beyond that, it too is “besides the point.” Others reading my books is not up to me. My job is to write them. Naturally, I’ve love others to read them. But that is a secondary, even tertiary concern.

Thus, building a big JGI company is not my role. Not my calling. That’s why I’m not doing it.

Every day of my life is a pyramid of priorities.

At the top of that pyramid, art and freedom point to the sky.

Wednesday, January 29, 2014

### Taking my First Exhilaration Steps

Did I have a headache yesterday because I broke through on my guitar? Fast, exhilaration playing. I broke my head, I broke through, and my head ached (hurt) because I “broke it.”

By breaking it, I entered a new land: Exhilaration Land.

Is it the post-Mama exhilaration headache? The past-Mama exhilaration Land?

Truth is, post-Mama exhilaration headache: I’ve “been there, done that.” I’m ready to enter past-Mama Exhilaration Land.

I’m just not used to it. I’m now taking my first exhilaration steps.

What is the Land of Exhilaration? It is the Golden Land, the place or Land where the true essence of my name, the Gold name, can shine and be fulfilled. Where the promise is redeemed.

Practice and get used to being (living) there.

In my work, wouldn't it be wonderful if I could bring the Land of Exhilaration to the people! Now that is a real service!

Shall I make it my life's work? Shall I make it my calling?

Andrew Carnegie asks: What is your purpose?

Shall I make bringing the Land of Exhilaration to others the purpose of my life on earth? Through music, dance, song, tours, writing, other.

Why not? What calling could be better?

Thursday, January 30, 2014

Short term, and maybe long term, too: What is the down market telling me?

Spend the month of February on tours! And perhaps, spend most to all my time on tours. (Throw in books and guitar, too.)

Selling and promoting; plus creating new tours for 2015.

Friday, January 31, 2014

### Where Did I Go Wrong?

Stock market: Where did I go wrong?

Wednesday, January 22, was my high day, my highest day. Since then its been going down, and real fast, too.

Personal down 10G, Individual down 5G. Total down 15G. In one week!

And I'm down with it. I am knocked and shocked and stunned, shocked and feeling really down.

Where did I go wrong?

1. I started believing Red Chip knows more than I do. Thus, I should hold on to their stocks rather than trade them. Result: They are all down; I've lost most of my money through them.

2. Greed killed me on PVCT. I held it too long. It rose so high, and I started "believing" this is the one that will go on forever. Result: it crashed. I lost mucho on



that one.

3. I can also add, maybe I bought too many stocks and my focus became sloppy. I'm not sure about this, and I doubt the "bought too many stocks" part. But my focus becoming sloppy could indeed be correct. I starting believing I was right, on the right track, and that my so-called luck was becoming a skill and that my ups would go on forever. A fog of false confidence enveloped my brain as it descended upon me. This is the most dangerous kind of thinking! An illusion, indeed. And it came crashing down this week. This illusion is another place I slipped off the couch and went wrong.

What is my strategy? I'm not sure. But I think the strategy I used, at least for a month, was "correct." Buying crashed stocks from Finviz list. And selling them early when they went up just a bit. Small gains. That worked, at least for a month. Maybe it will work more.

Maybe buying low and small gains is my strategy.

Also, what do I believe in? What is my "belief?"

One of my beliefs (hopes?) Is that marijuana stocks are on a long-term rise. Therefore, I will hold that list for a year. But keep a small amount in them.

What about penny stocks? They are, indeed, fun. I put small amounts of money put in them. These small fries make me laugh, tickle my insides, no problem. They're worth 5-10Gs.

### Tours

Re tours, and Kliti and Ventsi encouraging, reminder letters: So many friends and the great activities we have done!

All these outside people "depending" on me to get customers. And I'm humiliated by small to no registrations, when I don't get customers. I'm not really trying, fighting, giving it my best shot.

Sell, sell, sell! Fulfillment will come later. It's very slow now, and I'm beginning to feel it. Others are depending on me and I don't want to let them down.

Talk about purpose and reason for being on this earth.

Tuesday, February 4, 2014

Beyond the Stock Market; Beyond the Security of (Making) Money

Maybe I'll find another reason to do the stock market, one beyond the security of money. (Since I am now so discouraged about that. The down market has knocked my account and my brain for a loop.)

Loss of Artistic Purpose

It's a values thing, and it seems my values are for shit, or have fallen away, or have been forgotten. A transmigration of values. Somehow they have slipped into oblivion.

What has happened to me? I'm not quite sure. But no question, the shit has been temporarily kicked out of me. My so-called "belief" in the stock market has crashed. And this, even though deep in my heart, I never believed in it in the first place.

Somehow I've gotten sucked into it because of two reasons: 1. A desire for economic and personal security. 2. An inner emptiness. The excitement, ups and downs, and challenge of beating the market distracts me from facing and dealing with an inner emptiness.

What is this emptiness? Lack of artistic purpose? Other?

How (if at all) can I fill it?

Did I ever have an artistic purpose?

Yes. I wanted to be a (famous) writer. I also wanted to play the violin well, but I never considered that a calling. Not original enough. Writing expressed total individuality. (So did song writing.)

Strangely, performing never did. Nor folk dance teaching, tour organizing, weekends, and all the other things I do. Even things I do in the miracle schedule.

Giving Up the Writing Dream

Strangely, only writing and through writing can I totally express my freedom, and release, in freedom, my wild mind.

So maybe my loss of purpose and inner emptiness is caused and found in my "lack of writing," in "giving up the writing dream and ghost."

Violin, guitar, singing, and music have the soaring. But not the freedom for my wild mind. Too many technical restrictions. At least up to now. Folk dance choreography also has too many restrictions; it is somehow material and "earth-bound;" it "needs a body."

But in writing, the sound of language, the wild use of words, I can fly through the universe. Boundaries vanish. I'm free to go in any direction I want. Boundless and soaring. What could be better?

#### The "Both" Solution

Maybe there is no answer. Maybe you have to do both.

Maybe you have to soar and materialize, write and promote, create and get your stuff before an audience.

Creating and promoting are two separate worlds; so are idea and material, idealize and materialize, soul and body. They will forever be in conflict as they attempt, with some success, to work together.

Secretly, in back of my mind, the audience is always working, always waiting; secretly, I am always practicing, writing, working to ultimately, one day, reach them, and get their love, (respect?), acceptance, and approval.

Thursday, February 6, 2014

#### Death of the Old Writing Self

How sad. That playful person, the old me, who wrote all those books is vanishing.

Somehow, I feel my writing days are over. I'll never write fiction again: the funny stuff, way out, far out, falling off the table walking off the cliff, insane and absurd sense of humor books.

That wild, off-the-table self seems to have vanished into the "been there, done that" land. How sad.

Death of an old self. Yet I feel I cannot bring it back. Dead is dead. Only a new, fresh start can revitalize it, or rather, start a new phase of something.

Today I feel I should never write again. I should drop the whole beautiful, but ancient, self, and move on to the next.

What is next? What is presently living? What is vital and new?

Only stock market, Hebrew, and classical guitar playing come to mind. And the vague shadow of running in the background.

It's very sad. I used to have a dream of being a writer, and a famous one at that. All my books would be read and my wonderful, funny, off-the-wall personality would be loved and appreciated by many in the world.

Now that dream is vanishing. . .or has vanished completely. I've given up hope and the dream as well. How sad. But what can I do? Gone is gone.

Evidently, not only do I know I will spend no time promoting my books, even though they are already on Amazon.com, but, since I won't be promoting them ever, and my dream of being a famous writer is gone, I won't even be writing them anymore. Why bother?

Unless I can find another reason to write them. But presently, I can't. How sad.

Why write if my book creations simply remain in my closet and basement? And, (like folk dance teaching, which at least pays a little money), I resent spending any time promoting them.

In fact, I resent promotion, advertising, and pushing myself, my products and services (on others), in general. Always have.

It's sad and it's a shame. I hate to give up my charming, inferior, off-the-wall self, the one that comes out and is expressed so freely in my writing.

I hope I'm wrong; I hope it somehow returns.

Saturday, February 8, 2014

### Time for a Fresh Start

Time to move on.

What this means, I do not exactly know.

But I do know it's time for a fresh start.

Sunday, February 9, 2014

Interesting. Can I say the stock market "professional" goal has been accomplished. I went "as far as I can go" with a month of dedication to the stock market. I went up and down, spent mucho time, learned what I could.

What have I learned? What have I accomplished?

1. I may have made a little money. (We'll see where the post-bubble marijuana stocks leave me.)

2. I discovered (re-discovered?) A pattern in my trading personality. It is based on greed, illusion, and not seeing the bubble. It is definitely my trading weakness: It has not happened in 4 stocks: NBG, PVCT, AVTH, and finally the marijuana stocks. All shot way up quickly, I prayed for more (greed), watched the bubble break, watched them descend just as quickly, and ended up either breaking even, or losing money. A total waste of time, effort, and emotion. Unless, of course, I actually learn something.

Did I learn something? Only time will tell. We'll see what my actions will be when the next stock shoots up.

### Goals: Classical Guitar

Classical guitar fresh start.

How so? New 2014 guitar goal:

1. To play great! Yes.
2. Culminate in a CG "April" house concert?

Let's start with number 1:

What to give? How to accomplish this?

Program will include: (my "graduation" challenges)

- a. Alh, Ley, Bach Prel. VI Prel 4, maybe Alard
- b. All 5 Flamenco (including Zambra)
- c. Other

Program order:

Add Hebrew and Bulgarian

Monday, February 10, 2014

10,000 Times: Eureka, It Works!

Like Edison, 10,000 times, failed tries, before he invented the light bulb.

Me: 10,000 times before I get the Alhambra, and arpeggios.

This morning I discovered deep relaxation in and across the second joints of the right hand fingers.

Hope for a flowing Alhambra is reborn.

Eureka, its definitely works!

Now if I can focus on it, remember and keep it.

Finding the spot:

Relaxation across the second joints of the right hand fingers: that's the spot.

Works for rest stroke sales, too.

Accept it, Stay Even

Move into it and Move on

Don't get too excited about this.

Just accept it, move into it, and move on.

Similar to stock market bubble highs and lows. Stay even. Don't ride the highs and lows. Accept the even, move into it, and move on.

It obviously works. Period. End of report.

Maybe I'm not supposed to perform; maybe it's not my calling

Maybe I'm not supposed to perform (on classical guitar, or anything.) Maybe guitar (and violin, music) is my form of prayer, and is (thus) private.

Public prayer and worship is through leadership; my public prayer and worship is through folk dance teaching (leading), tour leading, and other leadings.

I've always felt uncomfortable "performing," I've never felt uncomfortable leading, leading group singing, folk dancing, tours, etc.

Also, when I write, I've felt I was put on the earth to do this. Only in writing do I feel that. Is that another form of inner prayer and freedom.

Plus I have no calling or need to read my writing in public. No need to "perform" it. (But it doesn't make me uncomfortable, since it is mine, my voice.)

There must be a lifetime reason for this.

Do I want other to hear this prayer? Well, the prayer is personal but not private. Actually, I don't care whether others hear it or not. Actually, it is besides the point. They can listen, or not. I really doesn't matter.

Well, if it doesn't matter, that's why I have no need or desire to promote or push it on an audience. If they happen to be there, that's fine. But if they're not, it okay, too.

As I say, for this kind of personal prayer, audience is besides the point.

But audience is definitely necessary for group leadership. I can't lead singing, dancing, or a tour without a group. Obvious, but also my talent, and social calling.

Social director, indeed.

Tuesday, February 11, 2014

### Languages: A Constant Difficulty and Challenge

Languages, Hebrew, Bulgarian, Greek, *ve od*, are always going to be so hard. I always forget the meaning of words; I must repeat them over and over again in order to remember them, Etc.

Yes, languages are always going to be hard. A constant difficulty and challenge. But maybe that's why I like them.

### Orgasmic, Ecstatic Guitar Playing

#### Not a Bad Place To Be

Am I getting into orgasmic ecstatic guitar playing. (Note: without a question mark after it) Only for me, of course. Private and religious, ecstasy private and personal, religious and mystic, all in one.

Orgasmic, ecstatic guitar playing: Not a bad place to be.

### Orgasmic and Ecstatic Playing Are My Next Step

Note: I am somewhat ashamed, or rather uncomfortable, using the word orgasmic with guitar playing. But I'm not ashamed to use the word ecstatic with guitar playing. And yet they are connected, and, in one sense, almost the same thing. However, orgasmic is connected with sex, while ecstatic is connected with art and dance and music, and etc. The so-called "higher, more acceptable" forms. And yet, they combined earthly and heavenly and are thus totally connected. Ecstasy (orgasmic) in body, ecstasy and orgasmic in fingers, ecstasy and orgasmic in mind. What really is the difference? Separation comes only through cultural upbringing and habit.

But now I want to move beyond that. I want to combine orgasm and ecstasy;



and I want to do it playing guitar.

Orgasm and ecstasy are my next step, my next direction, my next connection to the Higher Forces.

Wednesday, February 12, 2014

I feel so discouraged and drained this morning.

I wonder why.

1. Does it have to do with orgasm and ecstasy as my next guitar step? Going from high to low?

2. Low tour registration? No results from my emailing?

3. Dan Botkin new tour ideas? (Somehow I doubt this. But maybe I shouldn't. Somehow there is a heaviness to this new direction, more accounting and paperwork and an added distraction from my main purpose in life, which is. . .? Art and writing.

4. The "heaviness" from my new idea of collecting all my past New Leaf writing in a new book of Guitar/Performance, whatever?

In other words, the low before the storm of new commitment, the depression before the creation. (Less tours clients will give me more time to compile this book, etc.) I have the money, financial freedom and time to do this project. But oiy. . . what a project? My aching back (note an unfounded pain and "fear" of the upcoming snow storm, etc. A distraction from the main "book: heaviness. . . ?

It's not one book; it's actually 5 or 6 books, and reviewing all my New Leaf writing for the past 10 years or so. From 2005 to the present. A post-stock market project. Ugh, no wonder I'm feeling heavy.

Thursday, February 13, 2014

### Rest, Relaxation, and Self-Amusement Time

There's a blizzard going on outside. The day is gone. Basically, I'm off.

Where am I?

I'm at some transition point, some breaking point, some new direction point, some "and I need a new direction" point.

Guitar: I've done both fast and slow, and succeeded in both. I'm at a "now what?" point.

Languages: Hebrew and Bulgarian: They're okay. I'm still chugging along, learning, and somewhat enthusiastic.

Writing: Perched over the abyss. Hating, hesitating, not wanting to commit to a total rereading and overhaul of my New Leaf, and creation of several books.

Exercise: Running, yoga, gym: Again perched in space.

Business: Aye, there's the rub. I've done all I can, all I know, in tourism. I've "finished" my sales ploy. I've touched every corner, done everything I know. Sent letters, emails, limited calls (that's vaguely new). All the ads are out. Basically, I think I'm done, or gone as far as I care to go. Maybe there are new areas out there to explore, but I can't think of any, and, since I can't, I'm not interested or certainly inspired to pursue anything.

Basically, I'm finished with selling and even promoting tours. I've gone as far as I care or want to go.

Thus, business wise, it's time to move on to something else. What or where, I don't know. But business as I know or knew it, is over. On to the next, whatever it will or won't be.

So, basically the way I see it now, and for the next few days (even weeks), just amuse myself until something better comes along.

It's rest, relaxation, and self-amusement time.

### Communication

Best communication is face to face. (Should I implement Skype and other face-to-face services?)

Second best communication is phone calls. (Should I call my clients and staff

more often? Probably.

Third best communication is email.

Questions for my staff:

Running tours is "easy." A technique we know how to do.

The magic question is: How can we increase sales? Promotion and marketing.

What can we do (you, we do) to market the tours?

Friday, February 14, 2014

New day pending.

#### A strange and Lovely Feeling of New Freedom

Having "finished" my tour sales period, and thus "given up" on tour sales, I feel rather free.

What shall I do, if anything, with this new freedom?

#### Pleasant Guitar-Playing Feeling

A pleasant guitar playing feeling is also being born. I have solidified, coordinated, combined, and somehow merged the fast and slow Alhambra/arpeggio (technique) episodes.

Evidently, I'm ready to go on to the next stage of guitar playing. This one is over. So many stages, so many levels. And I never really "conquer" it completely. Really, every day is a new day, a day of jazz and improvisation. Although my technique does improve, there is really no fixed skill or technique. Depending on mood, every day is different. The fleeting pleasures of daily life.

So be it.

So ends a New Leaf