

Abundance

May 1, 2014

This is totally weird. For the last week or so, I've had no desire to write in my New Leaf Journal. And this morning, I woke up with the thought that perhaps the daily need to write in my new leaf journal is over. Could it be that my New Leaf Journal is over? Done. Finished. I have to more need to write in it or that way?

It feels that way. At least for now. Will this feeling last? Or is it a passing phase? Big question. But this morning, I believe for the first time, the idea of the End of New Leaf Journal writing did occur to me, did rise up in my mind.

I started writing it in 1995. It's now almost 2015. That would make 20 years of writing.

Is it over? Hard to believe. The idea of it ending gives me a strange feeling of freedom. I'll have more free time now. I'm not compelled, have no longer the need, to write. At least New Leaf Journal writing. Very new. Very strange. We'll see where this leads.

But note the title of this last and final leaf: Happiness Beyond Public Acclaim: Looking Beyond the Sun. Could this mean happiness has arrived. And this, strangely, through freedom from writing. Is (was) the goal of my writing freedom? Even freedom from the writing itself?

What strange, new and wild questions. We'll see where all this leads.

Why is this happening? And what does it mean, if anything?

Am I entering my corporate phase? Having totally accepted the "gone public stage," (witness such monumental changes as my "loss of performing anxiety" and willingness to play guitar in public via leading group singing, etc.), am I now entering the corporate phase of my life?

Or am I simply fooling myself, ending the old phase of New Leaf Journal writing

and entering a new phase? I'd call it the Post-New Leaf Journal writing phase.

No question, I feel an awesome sense of new freedom.

Business

Business expansion is just about finished. Cuba is just about done; Italy was done a month or so ago. When China is done, I'll be finished with the technical framework setup of my business expansion. The three new tour areas will be set up. Of course, then comes fulfillment, but that is another stage and question.

The other business expansion areas are:

1. DVDs
2. Website: New website design and usage.
3. Excel spreadsheets: Expansion in organizational ability.

Friday, May 9, 2014

Minimum New Leaf

Doing the absolute minimal – but doing something – might be the next New Leaf step.

Saturday, May 10, 2014

I Miss my (Cosmic) Depressions

How interesting. I woke up sad this morning. Why?

I miss my depressions; I miss my cosmic depressions. Even though I am “successful” and business and all is going quite well, I nevertheless, this morning, miss my cosmic depressions.

No question, depression precedes creation. Evidently, I'll need my depression before a new round of creation begins. And notice I'm using the word “depression” even though Rick suggested (and I agreed) that the word “melancholy” better describes my state. Nevertheless, somehow I am mentally tied to the word “depression.”

But perhaps the word itself does not matter. What matters is that I miss my creative state; and that state includes both depression and creation, down and up. Strange indeed is my brain and the working of my mind: I miss my down; I miss my depression.

Where indeed does my depression lead me? We'll see.

The Land of Both

Evidently, I am more than money and business. Evidently, I need my miracle schedule just as I need my second leg. Although my miracle schedule is now not involved with money or business, it is nevertheless vitally important for my soul. I need both legs in order to stand firmly, fully and happily.

One leg is business and money; the other leg is miracle schedule with its guitar, writing, running, gym exercise, dancing (choreos), and study. The Land of Both. Dualism live. Both are vital for my body and soul.

With this new emerging self in mind, my Excel self, I'll start fresh. A New Excel Leaf. New Leaf Excel. Or Excel New Leaf. From the Microsoft Excel spreadsheet which brought, through the help of Barry Walter, the beautiful peace of organization to my tour business! "New Excel Leaf" combines my tour business (and money, which means love, security and power), with my miracle schedule.

That's the name.

Start fresh as a New Excel Leaf!

Alhambra and My New Excel Self

Indeed, this is the first time in my life, or at least in memory, that I've played Alhambra only for me, with no audience or desire to please a future audience in mind.

Only for me and my New Excel self.

To relax, feed my mind, and find, explore, and express my new Excel self.

Could, might my new Tarantella Giminella choreography be in the same New

Excel self category?

Sunday, May 11, 2014

A salesman is a teacher; and a teacher is a salesman.

Church of Folk Dance

I belong to the Church of Folk Dance. It's a "new" (nameless) religion, but it's been around a long time.

Write a new AAA book. Call it: The new (folk dance) AAA Book

Affirmations, Aphorisms, (Aphrodisiacs), and Ali Pasha

It is a wise person who daily searches for a fresh vision. (of life).

What are the three most common words such a wise person says?

"I don't know."

Correct. Right!

Monday, May 12, 2014

I need, want and love self-improvement goals.

I need, want, and would love to have an improvement goal on the guitar. But I don't.

Can I find, invent and develop one? What?

But one of the goals will not be to perform. If that ever happens, it will "on the side" and "by accident." Performing and audience considerations will not be one of my guitar goals. No, like running, language, and other miracle schedule aspects, self-improvement has nothing directly to do with audiences, outward appearances, and external benefits.

It has more to do with finding a reason to live and grow. A higher purpose and meaning. Stoking the inner fire and connecting it to the grander universe. And more.

Well, that's nice language. Good words. But... ?

I don't want to learn any new pieces on the guitar. I've deepened what I play, what I know, as deep and as far as I can go. What's next?

Maybe I'm kidding myself. Maybe my next goal should be a performance. Give a show. But for a completely different reason.

I can't think of or find a reason yet. But maybe this is a scary, on-the-right track. Certainly, I can't think of anything else for now, at least.

For the same reason I would give a yoga class, or a reading, or even a micro-running workshop. (Well, micro-running workshop would be good for a laugh. Perhaps a laugh is what I need. Perhaps I need to put together a comedy routine. A one-man show comedy routine.

Can I mix comedy and classical guitar? And through in the other stuff, too? It certainly would give a lift. And this is a reason to give such a show: to give myself (and, of course, in the process, give others) a lift. A sparkling lift. Good name for a show. A Sparking Lift. Spark Lift.

It's worth getting folks together for a house party, song and a laugh.

Spark is the foundation. Laughs, songs, music, classical, ad lib, writing, whatever, are all off springs, results emanating from the Spark.

Tuesday, May 13, 2014

Indeed, a cosmic sadness has descended upon me this morning. I "have everything" and yet this sadness descends. It is vaguely related to writing and dreaming. Somehow I can't write or rather, I have lost my desire to write. Does that also mean my dreams and dreaming is on hold? Seems like it is.

Or maybe some kind of transition is taking place. The transition of satisfaction and "having everything," And somehow, ho "having everything" is not as satisfying as I once thought.

"Having everything" used to mean, at least in my dreams, the ability to be free to create, which means, to write and to freely and without fear follow the dictates of my

miracle schedule.

Well, I have arrived at that point. Finances and business are good. Things feel as in place as they could ever be.

And yet, in this “satisfied state” I am strangely, (I wouldn’t call it dissatisfied, but sad. Cosmic sadness.

Cosmic sadness is usually the prelude to some kind of creation. I know this intellectually, But somehow, no new creativity or direction comes into mind.

I’m kind of in a limbo state, waiting, watching, searching, and even hoping for the next direction.

Wednesday, May 14, 2014

A Brilliant Approach to Sales and Discouragement

These rules of the game are difficult to follow but very important to remember.

Discouragement: One of the great temptations, often a daily visitor, and the devil’s best tool.

1. Rule one: Never give in to discouragement.

Fight against it. Kick it in the teeth. Ever and forever.

And remember that discouragement is really a black veil of camouflage, a test in disguise, hiding an agenda of good ideas.

By facing discouragement, dealing with it, you can discovery jewels in its belly, and a wealth of good ideas hidden behind its ugly face.

An example of good ideas behind discouragement. Some folks say they can’t and won’t go on my Cuba tour because it is too expensive. This news is always discouraging. And indeed, when I heard it, I got discouraged. However, I soon thought: Can I counter this argument? How to handle it? What should I say? Is there anything I can do about it?

And the biggest, most positive challenge question is: How can I turn this rejection into a potential sale?

And, to my happy amazement, I discovered how.

When folks say the tour is too expensive, instead of explaining why the Cuba price is high, saying I'm sorry they can't join us, and then walking away, I can counter it with: "Well, if you can't go to Cuba with us, why not join our tour of Bulgaria or Albania? These tours are not only less expensive, but twice as long!

Brilliant! Positive, too. Filled with dynamic vibrations. With this approach, I remain in sales mode, which is the best mode, a teaching and upbeat mode!

Thus the so-called higher Cuba price (and Italy), which may discourage some, is a good way to promote the lower priced other tours! Totally brilliant!

The Sales Vibration

On a personal note, notice how positive is the sales vibration. So dynamic and forward looking. The salesman as teacher and motivating force! It is not only good for me, but good for others, too.

Thursday, May 15, 2014

How to Enjoy Myself While in Harness

It is amazing, but I have forgotten how to enjoy myself! I've got my miracle schedule, but somehow I have forgotten it and how to dive into its precepts.

Well, somehow I'm going back to the miracle schedule.

RE tours, tourism, business, I have to admit, I'm not saturated, but I have enough. Imagine that, I have arrived. I have enough. How to handle such a new state?

Well, I need to move on to something else, something new and fresh. Let my tour business sit, percolate, and rest awhile. It's on its road and will take its own course and call on me for what it needs. Can I take a back seat? Can I move on to something else? Easier said than done. But there is no choice.

Yet the tours do hang over me and keep me in harness.

How to move easily in harness, how to enjoy myself while in harness is my challenge.

Guitar: Maybe it's time for a guitar challenge. A music challenge. What could that be? Learn a new piece? Take a guitar lesson? Other?

The Speed/Exhilaration Challenge

Maybe going fast is my next challenge. . . and this in everything I do. Fast, after all, is exhilarating, and breaks barriers. Plus, this time I'll be doing it, not in an attempt to please the audience, but rather, out of boredom and a challenge need.

Speed, and with it exhilaration, has always been inhibited and distracted by my need and desire to please an audience.

But that need and desire is now gone! Not necessary anymore. I'm in a new (musical) place. I can dive into speed and its concomitant partner, exhilaration.

Music, dancing, running, and more: Exhilaration is my goal; speed is my means.

I'm learning how to live in this New Land of (non-audience pleasing, beyond audience) Exhilaration. The focus is no longer outward on audience, but inward on Exhilaration.

Interesting: I've kind of discovered a new goal: Exhilaration. Alhambra exhilaration. Or rather, exhilaration through Alhambra playing. And others, of course.

Tuesday, May 27, 2014

The Anxiety of Return?

Plunge into Tour Preparation

I have a tremendous vague anxiety this morning. Why, I don't know. It has

something to do with the world, with business, with losing control and everything falling apart.

Yes, I have taken my eye and focus off business for this weekend. Today is the first business day after a long Memorial Day Weekend. The anxiety of return? Perhaps.

There is nothing specific up ahead. . .except for my upcoming Ireland, and later Balkan Splendor tours. But, of course, it may well be they that are causing my anxiety. In fact, I know they are!

Thus, is there anything concrete I can do in preparation for these upcoming tours? That is the way to handle this anxiety. Plunge into preparation. I'm not sure how or what to do yet, but that is the way to go.

Wednesday, May 28, 2014

Birthday Challenges!

2013-2014 was about changing my attitudes. Done.

I'm ready for new birthday challenges.

What will they be?

1. Guitar: Speed

2. Running: Speed

3. Yoga: Flexibility

4. Weights: Strength

All these challenges are good-in-themselves.

Why? Because I need and thrive on challenges!

(They good-in-themselves because they have nothing to do with future results in performance and money making. They are untied to any fruits of my labor.)

The best birthday present I can give myself is fresh, new, good-in-themselves challenges.

Power is Fun

Guitar (right) index Alhambra power: It's fun.

Power is fun.

Explorations of speed and power.

What is Folk Dancing?

Folk dancing is a place you come to meet, a social gathering with your friends where you dance together as a community and have a great time. You don't have to dance perfectly., get every step right, or, even dance at all. Basically, you jump right in to the circle, dance with your friends, and have a great time. That's folk dancing. It's not a performing art, but a community get-together, a dance-together. And now we're all getting together in front of you!

Thursday, May 29, 2014

Psychosomatic medicine. My left knee and left shoulder have been pretty fine for almost a year. Then "suddenly," after a session with Rick where I did not warm up, my left shoulder hurt a bit. This "bit" has expanded into a pain so large that I actually have and had to pay attention to it! Same with my left knee. Which expanded to both knees, and legs in general. And all this followed by a big general fatigue.

And all this after I had "finished" with my tour sales campaign and now had "nothing to do."

I've suddenly gone from quite healthy to hurting in two and maybe more places, and general fatigue,

What's happening?

Back to Sarno.

No question, my left knee and top of left foot – a different version of my old "folk dance ankle" syndrome – is related to folk dancing and the fact that I have to

teach folk dancing on my Ireland tour. Why? Because I “promised” there would be folk dancing every night. I had expected, hoped, that I’d have enough people on the tour and could ask Terry, or originally Bobby and Pat, to teach. But that hasn’t worked out. So now I am stuck with the job. And I am totally mad and pissed about it. On top of leading, running, and organizing the tour, and working out the daily kinks, I have to teach folk dancing at night! It is a total burden and even unnecessary at that. I could, at a steep price, have Terry teach it. That would indeed take the burden off me. However, it would cost about 5G and at the steep price, I hesitate to spend it. And this, just for a few nights of teaching. So, frustrated and mad, I’m stuck in the middle. And getting folk dance pains in my leg.

What to do? I still don’t know. But obviously, I have two choices:

1. Teach it myself and save some money. (And stay mad and have corresponding psychosomatic aches and pains.)

2. Have Terry teach it, spend 5G, most of my tour profit. (But be mentally free, enjoy my tour, and have no psychosomatic aches and pains.)

I would be basically spending most of my profit so I could be psychologically free to focus on the tour, and my new project of trying to enjoy my tours and “ride easy in harness.”

Now what about my left shoulder?

That I know has nothing to do with folk dancing. But perhaps something to do with the down, empty, disappointing feeling of finishing tour sales mode, and having “nothing to do.”

The empty victory of success, nothing to do, and concomitant melancholy expressed in my left shoulder. Yes, I know that’s right and the reason the one-shot pain continued and grew. I still have “nothing to do” although I’m trying to fill the void with a return to miracle schedule activities.

But maybe just recognizing the reasons for my shoulder pain will be enough to dispel it. I think it will.

What about recognizing the reasons for my folk dance knee? Note: I called it “folk dance knee” for the first time. I now have folk dance knee and folk dance ankle. Both expressions of resentment and pressure I feel leading and teaching folk dancing.

(And yet I love folk dancing. . .and even running tours! Evidently, love and hate, ecstasy and resentment, go together. This split, dichotomy, is the nature of the beast and a pickle I can’t get out of. Maybe just recognizing my emotions is enough.

Even though I dislike leading folk dancing on my tour, perhaps it is a secret opportunity to grow.

How so?

1. It forces me to learn my laptop as an alternative source.
2. A test to see if I can survive both. Leading and teaching. Leading on two levels.

Left shoulder: directionless, rudderless.

Friday, May 30, 2014

The Healing Monster of Performance Anxiety

Yesterday was my birthday. Yesterday I lead our Teaneck Senior group also gave its annual performance. Yesterday also, before the performance, I had my usual pre-performance shot of terror. I almost fainted with my usual fear. I realized I hadn’t had this shot of fear for a long time, since I haven’t performed, or run a tour for a long time.

This shot of fear, dose of terror, totally woke me up! I recognized that this is life! It is strangely, a healing terror. All my aches and pains suddenly disappeared! This shot to terror to the bow dissolved every worry created ache and pain I had. Suddenly, the “fact” that my knee hurt, my ankle top hurt, my whatever else hurt, they all disappeared in the thunderstorm and hurricane of terror that engulfed my body.

This is the performing terror that I have been trying to avoid for years, well,

perhaps all my life. It is the reason I gave up performing. It is the center of the Upcoming tour anxiety cloud that hangs over me for months before I run a tour. This, since running a tour is a type of performance. Pre-tour anxiety is in the same family as pre-performance anxiety. In fact, indeed, they may be Janus-faces of the same thing!

Thus, no matter how I try, I will never dispel the terror stomach of my pre-performance anxiety, I can only deny and try to avoid situations that create it.

But in doing so, avoiding those situations, I not only avoid life, but I avoid the healing aspects of performance anxiety. This comes through total focus on a tremendous ball of wild, violent, chaotic, all-engulfing energy that swirls, spreads, rises from my stomach.

As I say, strangely, performing anxiety energy is a healing energy. But once must go through with the performance before on is healed!

This is an incredible birthday truth. And, realizing that, for this very reason, I (may) have to return to performing is the most amazing birthday gift I could get.

Is that what my 77 birthday is all about? My new direction. Is that why I have been so tired the past few weeks? Facing this huge monster may indeed have created an incredible, incomprehensible, eerie, mysterious fatigue that I had. All from denial of the monster rising.

The performing monster. The healing, happy, horrible performing monster. Terrifying in aspect, but healing as it sweeps away and cleanses all concerns, aches, and pains in its hurricane wake.

Performing to Heal Myself

This would be a totally new reason to return to performing: to heal myself.

My first reason to perform came when I got married. I performed to make money. That reason is gone, and has been gone for a long time. Now I make money in folk dancing and tours (which strangely, is still a type of performance. But strangely not as anxiety producing. Or is it? Maybe I have been fooling myself all these years. Running a tour certainly creates mucho anxiety. Only somehow, I didn't see it that way

since it was not on-stage, guitar performing anxiety, and was based more on my organizational skill rather than my musical/artistic ones. But even on that score, I could be wrong. Maybe it was all about one big anxiety, one great ball of avoided performing anxiety, with many faces and aspects. I just refused to see it, to look in its eye, to accept it as my fate. Too scary.

But now I see the scare itself is part of the healing. The scare wakes up a tremendous, all-encompassing, and strangely, all-healing energy.

I need the scare in order to heal. Thus, my second reason to perform now is to heal myself.

I always wanted to find a (new) reason to perform. Perhaps now I have found one.

Facing, Accepting, Diving in

Could it be that I have been facing one of the greatest terrors of my life, and that I have finally “made my peace” with it. How? By accepting the fact that it will never give me peace, and that I have to accept and dive straight into the terror, into the frightening cure itself, the maelstrom of terrifying but healing energy.

And this in order to heal myself!

Actually, the terror has really never gone away. It was only transferred from guitar performance to tour performance. Only I refused to see it.

Terror is terror. Hydra-headed in its Medusa qualities. Period.

Does this mean I have to return to performing? To guitar performing? And classical guitar performing? Maybe.

First, let's start a new leaf by admitting: Pre-tour anxiety is the same thing as pre-concert anxiety, as pre-bookings anxiety, and more.

Although it appears at different levels, anxiety is anxiety. But while it kicks you in the stomach, it also creates curative enzymes that heal you.

A Healing Discomfort

My tours are my next performance.

The performance art of a tour.

This totally explains the pre-tour anxiety cloud that constantly hovers over my head.

But now I see the discomfort of pre-tour, pre-concert, pre-performance anxiety as good for me.

I wonder what effect this understanding will have on my left knee. And left ankle. And left shoulder (which feels much better today.)

I wonder if and how my left shoulder pain relates to guitar performance.

Fear of Your Own Power

Why is the healing energy of performance anxiety so frightening?

Perhaps because of its overwhelming power.

The power is within you. You have that power.

Could imagining the magnitude of your own power frighten you so much? Fear of your own strength. Fear of your own power?

But what else could it be?

Most performing anxiety is based on the fear of what others, namely, the audience, can do to you. Fear of their criticism, disapproval, etc.

But suppose that fear is really an "excuse?" Suppose the real fear is of the strength and power generated within you. And this power is held in check by fear of audience criticism, the mental defense of "stage fright," pre-performance anxiety.

Performance anxiety is about facing and dealing with the power of your power.

Saturday, May 31, 2014

Importance of Motivation

This morning I discovered two large “truths.”

1. In the short run, looking up Hebrew and Spanish etymologies. Although fun and interesting, does not seem to help me learn them.

2. In the short run, my personal stock market “trading” account does not make money. I lose most of the time. Compared my individual non-trading account which is way ahead. Yet I persist to cultivate and play in my personal account. Seems I’m in it more to have fun by winning. Yes, I have more fun when I’m winning, but evidently, losing does not deter me. I stay at it “no matter what.”

What can I learn from this?

1. Although in the short run, my personal account loses money, and etymologies do not help me learn languages, I sense that. in the long run, they serve a meaningful and useful purpose. I sense there is a long-term purpose in my short-run lacks and loses. Somehow “fun and interesting” is important, even vital to me.

What could it be?

Despite loses, my “fun and interesting” approach motivates me to continue language and stock market study. Like endless Alhambra tremolo practice, which never seems to improve my tremolo or my playing, perhaps its long term purpose is to keep me curious, exploring. and motivated.

This means that curiosity, exploration, and motivation are more important than failure. In fact, for me, failure itself, through the challenge it creates, may be what stimulates motivation. Wow!

Sunday, June 8, 2014

Loving the Work I do

Back from our cruise to Bermuda.

What am I crying about? I'm crying from happiness!

I'm so happy to be home and back at the work I love!

What, if anything, has this cruise and Bermuda vacation given me? An appreciate for the work I do and the work I love. And hopefully, to never forget that I love it!

Tuesday, June 10, 2014

"Higher Level of Lost"

With this cruise vacation to Bermuda, something has ended. But I don't know what. And I'm a bit confused. It feels like I'm ready for a new attitude. But I don't know what it is.

Yes, things feel different. I'm relaxed and vaguely goalless. Things don't feel pregnant and filled with meaning anymore. Strangely, this goalless, directionless feeling does not bother me.

A vague pleasantness has crept over me. And I don't know what to "do" with it. If anything. Regarding getting back to the precepts of my "old" life, Rick and Bernice say, "Just do it!" I agree. But if I really agree, why does my lower back suddenly hurt. I almost never hurt my back anymore. I know it is a sign of incipient anger. But at what?

Could it be that perhaps "just do it" doesn't really work anymore. It is not, and has never been my modus operandi. I'm more a "follow the feeling" and a "see where the new adventure leads" kind of guy.

My new adventure seems to be a combo of both feeling relaxed and pleasant, and having the drive, strength and power of my old goals drained out of me. This "should" make me sad, angry, depressed, lost, and purposeless. All former negative feelings. But somehow now, they don't seem negative. Or positive, either. Frankly, I don't know what to do with them.

Maybe this is a new level of lost. (That's what my back pain or stiffness is signaling.)

Also, on top of this, my tours are "full" for this year; I'm ready to move on to next year sales. So that a pressure and fulfillment off my back. (Note the phrase "off my back." Indeed, my back is involved. But how?

Could this no pressure state strangely add pressure? Maybe. Evidently, I like, or rather thrive on pressure. Or at least I used to. Has a change been made manifest over the vacation?

Something feels different. But again, I don't know what it is. It feels like a higher level of lost, whatever that means.

Incorporating Miracle Schedule in a New, Post-Cruise Way

It could also be simply the calm before the tour storm coming up. If this is the case, then my back pain merely signals my old distress, anxiety, and anger at "going back to work." (Again note the word "back.") And this, even though I love my work!

Evidently, work is always a mixed bag. Blending anger and annoyance with joy and fulfillment.

If the above is so, and I think it is, then my new, post-cruise, updated attitude is about incorporating and adhering to Miracle Schedule in a new way.

So my new challenge and question is: How to incorporate my Miracle Schedule into my "post-cruise" life?

1. 15 (or 20)-30 minute a day. Spread throughout the day?

Wednesday, June 11, 2014

Absolutely no enthusiasm today and since returning from the cruise. What to do?

Go through the motions.

Just do it. Fake it 'til you make it.

Post-Cruise Guitar Playing

Alhambra and more: Give up the tremble in favor of the bass.

Post-Cruise Singing

Die Gedanken Sind Frei. Has singing been too powerful for me. Often, I break down crying with the Majesty and Magnificence emotion when I sing.

Are "giving up treble" and power in singing related? Do they go in tandem?

Does giving up the treble open the door to power in singing?

Thursday, June 12, 2014

Post-Cruise Guitar Playing

Alhambra and more: Give up the tremble in favor of the bass.

Or/And:More on Alhambra, Bass, and Treble

Alhambra: Emphasizing the bass brings out my musical, soft side; emphasizing the treble brings out my aggressive, wild side.

Friday, June 13, 2014

Tours: Consolidating Time

Maybe I've gone as far as I want to go with my tours. Maybe I'm stuffed, filled up, have as much as I need and want. Maybe I'm at: Tours done. I've spent the year working almost solely on tours, building up my business, etc. Maybe I've gone as far as I care to, want to, or should go. Time to stop and consolidate.

And while I'm consolidating, to move on.

Yes, this feels right. My tours are set up for the next year or more. Most, I'd even venture to say, all, is in place.

Time to consolidate my tours gains and move on.

Move on to what?

After speaking to “coach” Rick last night, we laid out three goals for next week.

Three Goals for the Week: Stocks, running, and yoga.

1. Stocks: My Strengths

a. Discipline
b. Risk taking
c. Motivation: Stocks are very emotional. I’m stretched between the antipodes of fear and greed, between loving to win and be right, and hating to lose and be wrong.

d. Confidence

e. Individualistic. I don’t follow the herd.

f. Persistence

2. Running

3. Yoga

Making space, Creating a Vacuum

I’ve arrived at and created a vacuum. Tours are over, complete, finished. Something will rush into the vacuum space.

Today, it feels like stocks. It might also be something else drawn from the miracle schedule, or perhaps, something totally new. We’ll see.

Market: The Discipline

I don’t have to buy or sell anything.

Just enter in a meditative state, calm quiet, and watching.

(Good for performing, teaching f.d. and tours, too.)

Saturday, June 14, 2014

“Professional Stock Trader”

Next week begins my new life as a “professional” stock trader. I’ll do it for a

week, then decide where this “experiment with a new life, and display of new self-image and definition” is going.

Sunday, June 15, 2014

Initiating Boldness in One-Week Goals

“Boldness has a kind of genius.” Felix Dennis.

I like that line.

I feel like being bold, and/or taking a chance in something, at least for this week, or even for today. But in what?

The only thing that suddenly comes to mind is, guitar and exercise, namely, running, yoga, and even weights.

Okay, so that’s where I am today, and for this week’s goals.

How do I implement my boldness plan?

Immediately, I can begin this morning by aiming to:

1. Play guitar two hours! How is that bold? I’m pushing the time envelope.
2. Yoga and running: Do the speed run; follow it several hours later with a full yoga session of one deep hour.

That’s it for today. Of course, between sessions, I can study language, etc.

I also like Rick’s idea of one-week goals.

This week is about the stock market, running, and yoga.

Suddenly, my old depression is visiting me again this morning. I might as well keep calling it depression, instead of searching for a “better” name, like melancholy. Somehow, I “like” the word depression. At least for myself. It has more of a bite and strong ring. Besides, it is not melancholy but depression that I feel.

Well, what’s new? What to do with today’s depression?

Face it, accept it, dive into it. Then go right through it via the “Just shut up and do it!” approach.

This morning it is playing guitar. "Just do it!" The depression, like a meaningless passing cloud, will pass, disappear and die of its own accord.

Meditative Guitar and Stock Trading

Let's start with guitar. Playing lightening fast, sloppy scales and Alhambra arpeggios requires another mind set.

Alhambra mind set is stock trading mind set.

It is the Meditative mind set: Calm, quiet, watching, waiting, no expectations.

Meditative mind set: for guitar and stock trading.

Impossible Dream

What's the different between a dream and an impossible dream?

I like chasing impossible dreams. I thrive on nonsense and the impractical. They put me on a challenging pathway.

With this Alhambra speed approach, I want to change my muscle structure. Is this possible or a pipe dream?

My goal: play Alhambra fast and clear.

How to implement that goal?

Monday, June 16, 2014

Significant Thumb Shift

Alhambra: Right thumb and the significant thumb shift (toward the inside of the thumb.) "Inside" opens up "inside knowledge."

Idea and Goal: Exercise 3x/day

1. Yoga (2x-3x) per day
2. Run (1x) per day
3. Weights/gym (3/x per week)

Tuesday, June 17, 2014

Guitar

Shifted right thumb and it works!

For every arpeggio.

Mark this date!

Wednesday, June 18, 2014

Guitar: Arpeggios, Alhambra, Leyenda, Prelude and More

In a sense, I'm turning my whole (right hand thumb) technique around again. But this time, it will work.

I'll have to re-practice everything slowly, with new right hand thumb placement in mind. But this time, it will work.

The dream of the stocks is vanishing. I'm running out of gas. It reminds me of 2010 and its great success. At the end, I said, wow, success is really a lot of work! Maybe too much work. Do I want or need this?

Thursday, June 19, 2014

Mainline Artist

Return to the arts for solace and meaning.

At core, that's who I am.

Sure, I touch, deal with, dive into the other aspects of life. They can be fun, fascinating and interesting. . . while they last.

But much as they loom gigantic over my head, ultimately, they are tough-focused sidelines.

I'm a mainline artist. I follow many sidelines on my route to fulfillment and happiness.

Best to remember that.

Note the words “solace” and “meaning.” My art puts me in touch with meaning which brings me solace.

Politics is about power and control. . . of others. But it is definitely, not my route to power. Dealing with politics, is, to me, always totally frustrating. I get nowhere with it, and can convince no one of my political positions. (I wonder why that is.)

But art works for me. It fulfills my mind and soul.

Creating art is my route to personal power.

I have that deep sadness and “wasting my life” feeling. It means I must get back to writing again.

Idea: Take the last year of New Leaf Journal and “rewrite it” or rather “edit” it as if written by Dr. Zany. It would now be called (The New Leaf) Journals of Dr. Zany. or simply:

JOURNALS OF DR. ZANY

(The) Travels in Space of an Artistic Soul

Will (would) this “fictional” approach give me the impetus and motivation to edit New Leaf? Edit it in the form of a fictional character, my alter ego, a separate entity, my “fictional” (Dr. Zany) self. I’d edit it as “someone else.”

I need a fun approach to editing in order to do it.

Would this be the key to “fun editing.”

Friday, June 20, 2014

What’s Next?

Dr. Zany sat in his closet at his hidden closet desk and began to write.

“A down depression hit me this morning.

Why? It has to do with yesterday’s stock experience.

I spent this week trading stocks with my new attitude of a “professional.” I

wanted to become a “professional stock trader.”

After speaking to Rick last Thursday, who said, look at your strengths. That statement turned me around and next day I started trading with my new attitude of a “professional trader.”

Maybe that attitude has been achieved. Maybe I’ve accomplished my goal. And that’s why I’m down. After all, I’m always down after I accomplish my goals.

Maybe I’ve accomplished my professional stock trading goal.

Maybe I’ve also accomplished my Alhambra goal.

Yes, an intense week of stock trading. I crossed the line and completed (the first step?) Of my goal. I became a professional stock trader (for a week.) My goal has been accomplished.

I’ve accomplished my professional stock trading goal.

I’ve also accomplished my Alhambra goal.

Note I said “the first stage” of my professional stock market trading life. What comes after “the first stage?”

Also with Alhambra. What comes after the first stage? If I can now play Alhambra, what’s next, if anything?”

Now that I’ve “accomplished” my stock market and Alhambra goals, re-proportion them to my life. And find a new goal.

New Goal

1. Finish Dé El Salto! by Joel Osteen
2. Finish Jerusalem Post in Ivrit

Amazing how quickly the creation of these new goals lifted me out of my down depression!

Saturday, June 21, 2014

Why the Journals of Dr. Zoltan Zany Blog?

Every morning since 1995 I write in my journal. Some days many pages pour out; other days, nothing happens and I only write the date. But, most important: Every day I write something.

Writing the journal is my daily adventure in self discovery. Where am I going? What am I thinking or doing? Does life have a meaning? Why do I exist? And if I do, for what purpose?

Every morning I start my quest fresh and new.

Today I decided to go public with my journal process.

How? By employing one of my alter egos, Dr. Zoltan Zany. (He is a mature version of Mad Shoe, Sylvan Woods.)

Thus the title: Journals of Dr. Zoltan Zany.

Some say the name Zany is Gold itself. How so? They claim the name is related to the German "Schoen," shifting through seismic Celtic vowel shift, to Irish Goidelic "Shany," and from there, crossing straits England to the English or American "Shiny", then across Europe to the Finno-Ugric proto-Hungarian Zany, preceded by "Zoltan" with it possible Turkish influence meaning of "Sultan" and finally, from there, to the shine of Gold. Thus would the Jim Gold name be transformed into Zoltan Zany. Although the good doctor, in a fit of Zoltan Zany hubris, might sometimes remove the "I" from the (his) Gold name.

Enjoy the mental roll of these journal adventures.

Again the wake-up "swish down" feeling. I felt satisfied and happy with yesterday. Stocks were "satisfying;" my Spanish reading (and Hebrew thrown in) reading direction was satisfying; I could even say my new Alhambra playing ability was satisfying; and the idea of "Journals of Dr. Zany" was satisfying; and yesterday's running followed by gym was satisfying.

And yet, with all this "satisfaction," I still woke up with a swishing down this

morning. What is happening? What am I missing?

Do I miss writing? (I feel somewhat better as I write.)

Is it a direction thing? Or something else?

Could it be both?

Maybe it's a priority thing. Yesterday I somehow placed Spanish, Hebrew, stocks, exercise and even guitar above writing.

Am I once again avoiding the question of how to bring my writing to the world? Which means promoting my books. Which means recognizing their importance. Which means recognizing the importance of writing to me.

And what about music? Now that I can "play" Alhambra, am I chickening out of concerts?

Am I chickening out of book promotion and concerts? No question folk dancing and tours deals directly with people. I'm good with people and I need their connection. However, I also need my alone space. Until now, writing (and even guitar practice) have been my alone space. Yet secretly, I want the world to know about my alone time, my alone thoughts, which, I believe, in some sense, are my deepest thoughts. I want to world to know me. In my writing (and music) private world I practice for the great future moment when I will go public. Yes, some day others will know me. Some day I'll have an affect on them. Some day I will connect my inner and outer worlds.

(A) Zany Vision Blog Post

(The) Journals of Dr. Zany. . . or (The) Dr. Zany Journal

(Collected and Edited by Jim Gold)

This is the zany vision, my totally Dr. Zany All-Is-One vision. Based on the Miracle Schedule. Separation and alienation dissolved. Following my all-connecting Miracle Schedule and rolling the world into One.

Does this mean a Dr. Zany blog post? Hmmm. Maybe that's a good name for it: The Dr. Zany blog post. Or Zany blog. Or Dr. Zany speaks. Or simply The Journal (Blog) of Dr. Zany.

Write as another, under a pseudonym. Instead of Samuel Clemens, use my Mark Twain. Instead of Jim Gold, use my Dr. Zoltan Zany.

Writing under a pseudonym: It's me but it's not me.

Would this free me to go public?

Is it a smart and wise thing to do?

By going public in this manner, will it destroy my business and me with it?

Do I need such a blog venture to fulfill myself, to bring meaning and vitality to my life on earth?

Is this a new venture?

Good questions.

No question, daily writing of the "Dr. Zany Journal" helps me. But will it help others when they read it? I'm basing this partly on the idea that it will. That writing in this manner is important, important enough to dare to go public with it and present (offer) it to others.

Have I gotten so brave? Is my ego big enough to do this?

Maybe.

Indeed, it is a kind of culmination of life's path and work. Others should know where I've been. Or, if interested, at least have the chance to know about it. They won't have any chance if it's not out there in public to see and read.

Dr. Zany is the matured Sylvan Woods... and Mashugi is promoter, advertiser and spokesman.

Difference

Difference in approach: With Facebook, Youtube, emails, etc., I have been, in my heart and mind, subtly and directly selling and promoting my business.

With Dr. Zany Journal, I am not selling or promoting anything. Instead, I am

offering a vision, a life style, a way of operating and manoeuver through life.

Does this difference mean anything?

On the other hand, if it is not connected to my business (money making, etc.), if there is no fear, risk, and taking a chance in it, will I be motivated tp do anything at all?

Do I need the fear to motivate me? Maybe.

What would this “motivating fear” be?

Fear of humiliation, fear of embarrassment, fear of losing my business by revealing my deepest thoughts? Other?

Are these fears real? Are they enough to “motivate” me?

What about my strengths? My blog and journal strengths?

Business Lunches

Business luncheons: Perhaps the best and only way for me to view luncheons. To me, business symbolizes/means connecting to the material world. It’s my most dynamic connection. Perhaps all my meeting, luncheons, etc. should be “business” directed. It certainly energizes and inspires me.

Is there any relationship between my blog going public and my guitar playing going public?

Off the bat, I’d say yes.

But how?

Expect isolation and alienation as you grow older. Separation and distance from others.

After all, you die alone.

It’s nature’s way. Face it bravely.

Sunday, June 22, 2014

Living in Subjunctive Mode

As the words “if” and “might be” float by, I wonder, what if I’m living in subjunctive mode?

What if my future ends up so different from my past that it is totally unrecognizable?

What is my direction and celestial favor is no longer in guitar, folk dancing, writing, tours, or even leadership?

What if a change (un cambio) is coming.

What if money, fortune, and philanthropy (how did that word get in there?) through the stock market lies ahead.

What if I became the millionaire as I once dreamed about. What would I do with the money?

Yes, I am happy and satisfied now. Everything is going well. But what if, as Joel Osteen says, “Still, you haven’t seen anything yet.”

What if his chapter “prepara-se para un cambio” is correct.

What if a change is coming.

Monday, June 23, 2014

Possible New Directions for 2014-2015

1. A Spanish Year:

a. Spanish “lessons” with Joe Murphy or Janet Glass check-ups.

2. Take a film course.

3. “Stuck” in stocks for a year.

Learning to Love my Competitive Instincts

A. Until I get “bored” with it. (Why do I put myself down with such statements? Perhaps I still don’t find trading “worthy and important.” I feel “lonely alone” (alienated?) in my new “trading profession.” Evidently, my transitional to

“professional trader” is not complete. Check out “Life of a Trader” books, etc.

I still don't understand why I have such interest and fascination, even passion, for stocks and trading. I still don't understand its purpose and meaning in my life. It has nothing to do with my past and traditions of art, intellect, and scholarship. It has to do with crass material considerations, something my family traditions has always hated. And yet I seem to love it. Indeed, since I discovered stocks and the markets when I got married, and bought a house in Teaneck, and (I forget who Ben someone) introduced me to stocks, and I bought my first stock, and it went up!, I have had a an interest, nay fascination and, I dare say, passion for stocks. And not investing for slow growth, but trading for the speed, excitement, and glory of it!

I can't rationalize this disgusting habit, and eerie, evil fascination for trading, for the risks and rewards of small stocks, tiny stocks, mere thoughts in the wind stocks, but I do have it. The risks and rewards absolutely fascinate me. What can I do to cure myself? Probably absolutely nothing. Can I ever rid myself of this passion? Probably not.

Maybe I should simply accept the fact that I am evil, and am irrevocably drawn to the evil deeds of trading. I definitely think it is bad, bad for my soul, body, and mind, and certainly bad for the world at large. I could be giving the world great art, books, folk dancing, even running a great service like tours. Sure I'll keep doing that, bouncing it along with half my heart, or fully embracing it with all my heart. But nevertheless, I will keep trading. And my fascination, love, and passion for trading will evidently continue. The only thing that may stop it is losing. When I lose, and my stocks go down, I get discouraged. Then I question myself and the time I “waste” on the stock market, and “decide” to quite and do something “useful.” But as soon as my stocks go up again, (and often, even if they don't) I end up returning to the market. And trading. Evidently, although discouragement may get them pushed aside temporarily, evidently, my fascination and passion for stocks never goes away.

Perhaps my competitive instincts are tickled and unhinged in the stock market. Indeed, my interest and passion is fueled by my desire to win. Perhaps my competitive

(sister-fighting) instincts come out directly in the stock market. I hate direct competition with others. But the stock market forces me to compete with “invisible” others, and with myself as well.

Perhaps my disgust with myself for loving the market, and my vision of it as evil, has to do with suppressed competitive instincts of competition with my sister. My mother always said, “I love you twins equally.” But I don’t want equal. I want superior. I want to be first, the most important, and the best, the highest loved. I don’t want my sister to be first, I don’t want “equality.” I want superiority. I want myself to be always in first place!

But of course, such a desire and admission is “horrible.” My mother would cringe. “How could you say such a thing!” she would scream. So I never did. Nor would I even admit I have such feelings. I’d just retreat to my violin room and quietly compete with myself, or deny myself any thoughts of brilliance by telling myself I could never be a professional violinist because, although I love playing, so many others are so superior to me.

Since I am evidently so competitive, but hate to admit it or compete “in public” with others, I ended up developing my own business, and businesses. This way, although I take all the chances and risks, I am nevertheless, always first, always the best (or worst), and always taking charge of my destiny. No one is going to tell me I can’t be first, I can’t win, I can’t take and be showered by all the love in the world. No sharing! No equality! I want it all. And although I may not get it, my psychology is to always work and aim for it.

So if there is anything positive to come out of my stock market trading it is the recognition (and even acceptance) of my competitive instincts.

That’s another thing that Lee did for me. Competing with him pushed me to many higher levels. Perhaps competing (secretly) with my sister has also pushed me to higher levels.

In any case, it is perhaps time to recognize, accept, deal with, and more important,

to love my competitive instincts.

And the truth is, in the stock market trading, my wits are competing with thousands, even millions, of others.

Killer Instinct and "All is One" Philosophy

I love my "killer instinct." I'm proud of it!

Although I never kill anyone, I love to win!

However, I also believe in "All is One." Therefore, rather than beating my opponent (although that's okay, too), I prefer a win-win situation. In these, we all grow, improve, learn something about ourselves, and, in the process, all become winners. That is how my "All in One" philosophy comes into play and blends with my competitive instincts.

My competitive instincts are a great power that I have always had, but always denied. It's time to recognize and change that equation.

Tuesday, June 24, 2014

New Artist/Athletic Self in Formation

Stock market remains a strong hobby, strong interest, even strong passion. But it is still not my calling. At core, I am still the artist/athlete I have always been.

Interesting new term: Artist/athlete. It combines music, photography, video, (folk) dancing, writing, calligraphy, in other words, the traditional "arts," with yoga, running, and gym.

Intellect: Studies and Stock Market:

Necessary "Side Feedings"

Where do "intellect" and studies fit in? They are definitely part of the miracle equation, but they live "on the edges." Like water and fertilizer, they fuel and feed the plant.

My body has been throwing out “new” aches and pains recently. Birth pangs of a new self emerging. Signals of Sarnoian mental activities, reflections of form changes in new mind/body politic, new ideas blending, fueling, and being incorporated in my new emerging self.

A new self forming? A new artist/athlete self. Study, intellect, and stock market feeding the edges, side feedings fertilizing and watering my new artist/athlete self.

Priorities

It's about priorities.

Where does the stock market belong in my Miracle Schedule galaxy?

The stock market belongs in Studies. A practicum.

Lively intellectual movement. Numbers, with emotions attached, moving to and fro. Emotional numbers. With security and the fire of win/lose attached.

Are there artistic attachments to these emotional numbers? I'd like it if they were. But basically, I don't know.

Could there be such attachments? I don't know.

Basically, my aches and pains are birth pangs. I'm giving birth. Forming (creating) a new body to fit my new mind. Giving birth to my new artist/athlete self.

Could I call it the artist/athlete/intellect self?

After all, stock market and studies belong to it as well. The long term name would be: artist/athlete/intellect/miracle schedule self.(AAIMSS)

Or: Artist/Athlete/Intellect/Miracle Schedule Self: (AAIMSS)

This has purpose connotations with its “aim” sound.

The fear of returning to folk dancing plus the confusion over the role of my new stock market trading self has caused the aches in my legs, especially the “knee stiffness”

and “sudden” stiffening in general.

Wednesday, June 25, 2014

I've forgotten my old self,

And I don't know what my new self is yet.

My body aches in many places, and I'm confused. Somewhat lost and directionless. Waiting for the thunder to roll and my tours to start. A pre-limbo land. But not wholly that either.

Where am I then? A good question.

I had a business consultation meeting with Deborah last night. I told her about my Dr. Zany Journal blog idea. She liked it. An important confirmation. However, she said that perhaps I wouldn't like it. Why?

Knowing others would read it, might inhibit my writing. Good point. I don't know if that's true or not. Still, I've thought about this for so many years, Best thing now is to simply take the plunge. “Just do it.” And see what happens.

Some possibilities:

1. Others will read it, hate it, and send me negative comments. Then, at least I'd know its affects, and I might decide to shut it down.

2. It will destroy my business. I might shut it down.

3. It will inhibit my writing. If I find that to be true, I'd might also shut it down.

4. Others will find it fascinating. Nice if that is so

5. Others will pay no attention to it. A case of divine neglect. At this point, I believe this will have no effect on me.

Will going public writing about all my aches and pains inhibit me? Will it embarrass me? Will it be bad for my folk dance and tour image, and thus be bad for my

business?

Or will it “humanize” me?

All good questions. However, at this point, I won’t know the answer for sure until I just do it.

Or I may and could “edit things out” of my public blog journal. Editing indeed would “improve” my writing. Another plus. I can still write uninhibited. Then edit for my blog.

Thus a Journals of Dr. Zany would be “different,” An edited “me.” (Already I see an improvement.)

Thursday, June 26, 2014

How to Cure a Listless Day

A sinking of the mind. Yes, yesterday’s Balkan splendor tour billing mishap totally distracted me. I worked very hard to fix it, and fix it I did. In the process, I raised my energy level, distracted my mind, and, in the end, when finished, felt pretty good.

What is the result of this discovery? I need total involvement in a project! Without it, I sink into the mud of sadness, listlessness, and, what I always call depression.

This “depression” state of mind in then, truly, not a reality. It is a mere attitude. And can be totally changed through distraction, by focusing on something, doing something, really anything, beyond myself.

So be it. Even though presently, I can think of nothing important beyond myself and my own inward thoughts, I shall follow this “focus hard on something else” procedure. As I say, it could be anything. But indeed, it has to be something.

Take any aspect of my miracle schedule. Simply jump into it head first. No looking behind, up or back. Just do it and shut up!

Friday, June 27, 2014

Giant Leap

Big decision: I've decided to write a blog.

Today is my first day in blog space.

1. First discovery: I do not need Dr. Zany as a pseudonym. I'm okay with Jim Gold. This realization alone is a giant leap.

2. I shall "start fresh." Either with new material, or old material edited.

3. Now some technical blogging questions:

a. Chronology: Can I edit backwards? Can I enter a blog today, then enter one from two years ago and place it before my first one, that is, chronologically?

Saturday, June 28, 2014

It's vaguely scary, but I have this overwhelming feeling of love for my grandchildren.

Drainage

It seems strange, but somehow my cosmic vision has been drained out of me. Its physical manifestations are in my new aches and pains: Primarily shoulders and knees.

Let's look at each individual part.

1. Shoulders: I believe it came from increased computer use, and this through intense stock market focus and trading. That has ended along with my dreams of becoming a professional stock market trader. So, I think my shoulder problem should subside.

What about the psychological affect of losing, nay, giving up, my dream? Maybe I'm missing something here. It's never good for me to give up. Maybe it's not a good idea to give up my stock market professional trading dream; maybe its good for me in some subtle way, I do not yet comprehend. First, my goal was to get rich. Then, I realized that if I did get rich, what would I do with the money? Nothing. I wouldn't even need the money. So why should I bother with trading in the market? Then I

thought, well, it's because I love to be right and to win. Winning in the stock market is such a challenge in itself. Money, of course, is the measure of winning.

Do I still want to play this game, especially when losing so often happens? On the other hand, just because I lose, is no reason to give up. The only reason to stop is lack of passion, love and interest.

Do I still have passion, love, and interest in the market? I don't know. Maybe I do. And this, even though I see absolutely no purpose or cosmic magnificence in it. It's about security, power, and being right. Is this so important to me? Maybe.

So the stock market remains a puzzle. But I can see my shoulder pain mostly derives from it. Maybe my body energy drainage derives from it, too. I don't know. A puzzle. I also know that the words "giving up" lead to depression. Always better for me to go down in the fight. Somehow psychologically, it is better for me to "die fighting" rather than give up.

Must I then keep fighting the phantom and unnecessary battle of the stock market? Maybe.

I relate shoulder pain to the market.

2. What about knee and leg pain? I relate that to folk dancing. Somehow my energy has drained out of it, and along with it, my energy has drained out of guitar, and even running, yoga, and gym (although slightly reborn with Zach's chinning exercises which revived my chinning hopes.)

No question I need new specific goals. But what and where?

Lost Again

I'm sad. I accomplished and thus "lost" all my old goals. Along with their disappearance, my energy has drained away.

They can never be recovered. It doesn't work that way.

Lost again. I'm in another transition period.

“Professional trader” filled the empty spaces for awhile. But now that financial illusion is over and has drifted into nothingness.

The old is gone, dead, and buried. Throw out everything I used to think and do. The aches and pains in my shoulders and legs are a painful cleansing, a purge of the old self.

What have I lost? What have I gained?

What could be next?

Throw out the old. I need a stem cell replacement of body and mind, a complete change of physical and mental parts.

Fresh Start

As of today, everything totally new and fresh. (Blog and chinning are hints of a fresh start.)

How to play Fresh Guitar?

How to run a Fresh Tour?

How to lead a Fresh Folk Dance class?

How to have a Fresh Investment strategy? (Note “investment”)

How to have a Fresh Writing strategy? (Note “Blog”)

Sunday, June 29, 2014

Yes, I want to get back to work. Dive into philosophy and growth again. So, start today.

How?

Monday, June 30, 2014

Improvement and growth, self-improvement and self-growth, is a beautiful and wonderful thing.

Can I, at this advanced age, improve and grow? Can I, at this advanced age, self-

improve and self-grow?

I never thought about “advanced age” until last month. Therefore, this advanced age section of this question has little or nothing to do with age. It has to do with another “self-blockage” and perhaps and finishing or success in accomplishing past goals, namely this year’s goals.

Yes, I have “finished the year” and am onto, or would like to travel the new road of Fresh Start.”

But in what?

Perhaps this blockage point at which I stand is why “suddenly” my left knee hurts “again” and why the “sudden” appearance of shoulder pains. Sarnoian blockages, change points. My body is once again destroying the cells of the old self so that a new self can step, drift, blow into the vacuum and create the new cells of the new self.

An old, familiar process. But, since every step of life’s way is daily a new step, this one again feels strange, new, different, and fraught with danger. I’m stepping into new territory; I don’t know where I’m going, where I’m heading. And this, even at an “advanced age.”

So, I’d like to self-improve and grow. But where? And if I can answer the “Where?” question, the next one is: How?

So, moving forward, let’s start with “Where?”

Guitar: No new repertoire, but improvement and deepening on the old.

Tours: No new repertoire (destinations) but somehow, deepening and improvement on the old. (Norway 2015 has just been “improved” through Lee’s new itinerary of Norway, Sweden, Denmark.) Also, there is the question: Do I really want to expand any more? Do I really want to have a “big company?” Perhaps small and focused is best for me; perhaps deepening and improvement of service is the best for me. This year was about tour growth. But this year is over. What about next year? Perhaps deepening and service-improvement (whatever that means) is the way I’d like to go.

Folk dance

Exercise: Body Skills:

Writing: Blog (new)

Stocks: Less trading. Investing (whatever that means).

Tuesday, July 1, 2014

"Excited!"

Can't wait to start my new life based on "excited" rather than "nervous." Thank you, Zach!

Wednesday, July 2, 2014

Blessed and Bombed

Blessed by the excited state.

Bombed by: Do I even want to do a blog today?

Excited!

Here's the big deal: Nervous, or the "I am nervous" state has run its course. In its place, excited is rolling in: the "I am excited!" state.

Thank you, Zach.

Now the practice. Executing the excited approach and attitude.

I'll start today with every present and upcoming event.

1. I'm excited about teaching folk dancing this morning, and in Goldens Bridge this upcoming Friday.

2. I'm excited about diving into my morning guitar practice.

3. I'm excited about preparing for my upcoming Ireland tour.

Is this worth a New Leaf? I'd call it Excited New Leaf.

Or, I could call it, after Joel Osteen's book, Break Out New Leaf

Enthusiasm Knee

Left knee as my enthusiasm knee, the excited knee.

Enthusiasm

My so-called aches and pains are aches of enthusiasm and excitement breaking through. (Note "De El Salto" by Joel Osteen in English is: "Break Out").

Thursday, July 3, 2014

Daily March

The daily march toward enthusiasm and excitement. A worthy exercise, meditation, approach, and task.

Idea: Rise 5:00 a.m. with a Purpose

Purpose: Study Spanish (Joel Osteen) and Hebrew.

Guitar: The Super Slow Direction

A new directionless direction. Going over old pieces (Flamenco, etc) very, very slowly.

Let slow EE approach generate enthusiasm and excitement.

Friday, July 4, 2014

My Challenge: "I'm Excited" Desafio

The only reason to know the past is to try overcome it, to move beyond it.

Superarlo.

My biggest challenge (desafio) is to transform "nervousness" into enthusiasm, "fear" into excitement.

(My biggest challenge (desafio) is to transform pre-performance anxiety or "nervousness" into enthusiasm, pre-performance anxiety or "fear" into excitement.)

Cosmically, maybe that's why "De El Salto" and Zach were presented to me about the same time. They represent my next challenge: The EE, the "excitement and

enthusiasm" challenge, the "I'm excited" desafio.

Start practicing now with tonight's upcoming Golden Bridge folk dance teaching. Perhaps that's why De El Salto and Zach have come my way.

De El Salto in my Alhambra

Maybe Dios will give me a cambio in my Alhambra, too.

It may be the only way.

Saturday, July 5, 2014

First night of folk dancing in Golden's Bridge. Dinner with Cindy and Michael Rosenbaum. Driving up to Golden's Bridge, I had some thoughts:

Nervousness and Pre-Performance Anxiety

1, I'm not nervous or anxiety before a performance, but angry. Why? I feel responsible; I have to take care of them. My so-called nervousness or pre-performance anxiety masks my anger. The push-down, put-down is my way of turning my rage against myself, and thus denying it. My mind creates my nervousness as a distraction from anger. The raging bull remains in the closet.

Before I realized this, I came up with three "solutions." Take a year off, take two months off, take a week off at the farm this August. Finally, I came up with "back to writing. I even thought of going back to Barry's writing class to help "organize myself." (I may still do that. We'll see.)

But now I have a plan:

1. Finish and publish Mashugi. (In saying this, I realize his/my sales phase is done.)

2. Start: The Adventures of Sir Isaac Mashugi: From Archeologist to Cosmonaut. The Travels of a 78 year old Wunderkind through the Spaces of this World.

3. All my other activities, be they business or miracle schedule are side trips before the main event. And what is the main event? Writing my fictions. Because

imagination is a higher reality than the workaday world.

What's new?

Since college graduation, I have dreamed of being a writer.

Now I am in a financial position to be one! I feel safe and secure in my new state (Careful: Always put "safe and secure" in quotes.) At least I have enough money to totally pursue my dream of being a full time writer.

What's new? I could, if I wished, give up everything else and only write.

Do I wish this? Maybe I do. Something to think about. But wow, what a wonderful place to be!

Do I want to stop everything else and only be a writer?

Maybe.

Indeed, I could "retire" and just write.

If I do, what would I do? Two hours a day. (At most)

1. One hour new writing 2. One hour editing.

The rest of the day I'd fill with "side things."

Sunday, July 6, 2014

The Positives of Overwhelmed

"Llega una inundacion" An Inundation of Goodness

I did the beautiful Spanish. That's a nice start.

I'm getting a bit flustered, overwhelmed, by all the things I "have to do."

But better to be overwhelmed, than underwhelmed and depressed as I've been over the last few days. Indeed, at least overwhelmed focuses me, and raises my energy!

Perhaps this is the "Llega una inundacion" Osteen is talking about.

Stepping out of my doldrums with a new view of overwhelmed as an inundation of goodness.

Overwhelmed: the Abundance State

Thank God I'm overwhelmed again!

The abundance state of overwhelmed is a wonderful, positive "distraction."

A positive non-Sarnoian distraction from the energy-sucking vacuum of depression.

"Abundance" goes with "excited" and "enthusiastic."

Abundant Alhambra

Slow, easy, relaxed, wonderful: I just played a beautiful abundant Alhambra.

Monday, July 7, 2014

Blessed with Abundance

Reorganized a bit.

Lots of unencumbered, abundant and happier work.

A great fear lasted almost a month. Somehow it has been lifted. I don't know why it was there in the first place.

Perhaps it was to move my mental attitude from negative to positive, from "overwhelmed" with its negative connotations, to "abundance" (excitement and enthusiasm) with its positive message of how wonderful to be blessed with abundance.

I want to be "smothered" with wonderful avenues of labor. How much better than drowning in nothingness, emptiness, and no direction depression.

I'm not going back.

I'm starting a new path. It started today.

Tuesday, July 8, 2014

Shift in Perspective

The "Grand Children Effect"

Upset this morning; I don't quite know why.

It started yesterday afternoon when I got home from a great workshop with Rick.

What is bothering and confusing me?

1. Stocks: I'm shifting my stock perspective from short term day trading to longer term stock growth. This is a combo of Zach's ideas, and perhaps having gone as far as I can go in day trading. The final blow came yesterday when I sold HEMP and CAMT too early. HEMP went up 20%, CAMT went up 54%. I sold both after they rose %10. Too early.

This has happened many times before.

Why change now?

Maybe I'm simply ready. In any case, I have a new stock vision and perspective: I'm shifting from short to long term. This shift will take away part my fun; but it will also remove anxiety and constant watching of the moment-to-moment stock movements.

The word "maturation" comes to mind. Is it a maturation? We'll see. In any case, that's where I am today.

2. Paula and Danny left their electric piano here for Bernice. They put it in the dining room, which, along with the instruments and books, makes the dining room a total mess.

Time to clean it up.

But how? Where to put all my books?

Along with this question, came Danny's question, "Will paper books disappear?" (replaced by electronic books?) Also his statement: "Your generation is uncomfortable with computers while mine wants to be with their computer devices all the time."

This generation statement, along with his help on my Droid smart phone, not only shifted me back to computers, made me realize I'll soon be reading books on my Droid's Kindle. I'll also be learning language their, too. And doing research. And on-line learning. And more.

Danny initiated a computer shift in my mind. I'm seeing things differently now.

I can even get rid of some books! That means easily clean up the dining room. I can throw out books from the basement, and place some dining room books on basement shelves. (If I want to read my thrown out books again, I can find them in Kindle! What a shift in perspective that is!.

That's why I'm upset and distracted this morning.

Two Big Shifts. . . plus One

1. Stock market shift
2. Book reading shift through computer/droid use.

I'm "learning to live in my computer devices." And liking it!

Evidently, I am ready for a change. "When you are ready to learn, your teacher will appear." My gurus came in the form of grand children. I'll call this the "Grand Children Effect."

Third Shift Ground.

3. All this has combined with my shift from pre-tour/pre-performance anxiety/nervousness to pre-tour pre-performance "anger at my responsibility and "taking care of others, and basically, giving up my vision in favor of caring for others" – always a bad idea! which has lifted the veil of nervousness from my mind. This has "relaxed" me before the tour. Truly, I don't know quite what to do with this new state. How do I run a tour "relaxed" and in a fun state? It has never happened before. Again I'm on new ground. The Third Shift Ground.

4. Also a shift from lack to the blessings of abundance.

Performing at Carnegie Hall

Taking the Anger Medicine

I wonder if and how this new realization of pre-performance anxiety, of nervousness as veiled anger will affect my so-called classical guitar performance.

Concert performance: The words drove terror into my heart. But how about exchanging it for anger? I could then give my first classical guitar performance in Carnegie Hall. (Terror strikes again. But again, how about exchanging this terror for anger?)

How would that work? How could I exchange terror for anger?

Anger at those in the audience who would criticize me. And ruin my fun.

What fun? What fun did I ever have playing classical music?

Why in my room violin fun; in my room violin ecstasy fun, melt-down magnificence fun, fun beyond fun. Glory, really. Glory and ecstasy fun! That's what my audience and my critics would be ruining. Also they would be distracting me from my music and ecstasy vision. I would be "taking care of them" by "giving them old preconceived standard traditional notions of music, music the way Horowitz, Heifetz and Segovia playing it. Their "worthy" way instead of my "unworthy" way. All old put downs. But all based on anger and rage at repressing my glorious self, and the glories of the mad violin playing I envisioned.

If I could perform classical guitar at Carnegie Hall, in the Carnegie Hall of my mind, I could perform anywhere.

Well, if I take my anger medicine, maybe I can.

Performing at Carnegie Hall in a relaxed, calm, fun manor, and running a tour in a relaxed, calm, fun manor are really the same thing. The source of glory and abundance are the same. Ripping the veil of nervousness and revealing in the anger are the same. And reveling in the revealing dispels all nervousness!

How Dare They!

That teenage, in-room violin vision was my most sacred and beautiful vision. How dare the Carnegie Hall critics ruin it! In "How dare they!" I see total rage and anger.

Embrace "How dare they!"

Note: It's not a question mark but an exclamation point! I want and shall lead an exclamation point life!

Lead my Carnegie Hall concert, lead my tour, lead my life.

Focus. . and Carnegie Hall

Basically, it's a problem of focus.

The audience distracts me from violin vision.

On the lower level, audience is secondary; on the upper level, all is One.

I can change this through better and stronger focus.

What should I focus on?

Why my glory, melt-down magnificence, ecstasy, "fun" violin vision, of course.

My vision has always been there. But in the past, it was in the closet. But now I've lifted the lid of so-called pre-performance anxiety and its hand-maiden and so-called nervousness revealing the healthy anger beneath, the beautiful anger of freedom! It is out of the closet. I'm out of the closet. I'm uniting inner and outer, upper and lower, as I stride onto the public platform.

Wednesday, July 9, 2014

My Carnegie Hall Concert

How dare you try to ruin my vision!

Don't even think about it!

I'll crush you like bug, if you even try!

Moving Beyond. . . in Public

Okay, I've gone beyond dare (to ruin my vision)

Next Step: Go beyond my (Alhambra) boundaries on stage.

Break the bonds, but on stage, in front of everyone.

"Moving beyond" is part of my vision.

Breaking the bonds, “moving beyond in public” is my next step. (No one in Carnegie Hall, will dare ruin my vision.)

“Moving beyond” on tour, too. Ireland is my new start.

Performing Means “Moving Beyond”

Performing now means “moving beyond.”

How I perform in Carnegie Hall will be how I perform on tour, and even in folk dance class this morning. Thus, upcoming Ireland represents my new beginning. (As does organizing Ireland in my notebook, packing for Ireland, this morning’s folk dance teaching, and Goldens Bridge folk dance this Friday.)

Daring: No Choice but to Dare

Do I dare stand in front of (my Carnegie Hall audience, play in moving beyond mode, and nothing comes out. Zero, nada, nothing happens. Silence and nothingness on the platform.

But what other choice is there? I have no choice. I must take the chance since performing is no “Moving beyond.” Moving beyond in public means taking great chances in public, daring to jump off the cliff in public, daring to err and look like a fool in public. It’s all part of moving beyond.

Have a sense of humor: “Well, it didn’t work today. Maybe it’ll be better tomorrow.”

(Note: “It,” not I, will be better tomorrow.)

Sudden “Back Breaking” Signals Break with the Past

The “break” in my back (sudden spasm last night) signals, points to, and symbolizes my break with the past. Basement, dining room, and den cleanup and reorganization symbolizes discarding the past and making space for a new future. Ron’s

Ireland letter symbolizes the same. (Note: My back “broke” after both events took place.)

Thursday, July 10, 2014

New Artistic, Athletic, and Folk Dance Goals

It's the same old shit Ireland tour, Balkan in the background, and money “problems” expressed through the stock market (that's another downer today) are all hanging over my head. They have seeped into my artistic and athletic self which have taken a far back seat. My routine and schedule is off; and my body and artistic mind are drifting away and falling apart. It feels like a continental shift, and I can't seem to do much about it. Unconsciously, and maybe consciously, I'm bordering on the helpless state.

What has happened over the past month or so? I was doing so well all year, and “suddenly” everything is shifting. My artistic mind and all my former artistic goals have drifted away; in the process, my athletic goals have drifted away with them. Continental drift. My older self is and has been “falling apart.”

What's happening? What has happened? Why has it happened? The so-called tour business has risen to take over most of my mind. Well, that's okay. But I don't want to leave my artistic and athletic self behind in the process.

What about my study self? Well, that's being somewhat fed in Spanish and Hebrew studies. Also upgrading Droid practice. But video and computer skills are also drifting into the distance.

What about my folk dance self? Where has choreography gone, and their concomitant youtube videos? Is that part of my artistic self drifting away? Maybe. Folk dancing is a place (the only place) where artistic self and business self combine. Thus it may also be affected by artistic self drift.

What is happening? Strange and uncomfortable, indeed.

Business self is doing okay and pushing hard.

Study self is bumping along: In Spanish, Hebrew modes, and hopefully Droid

modes.

Financial self is wasting its time in the stock market. I'm working on how to handle, or at least cut back, that disease.

But I definitely want to, need to, reconnect with my artistic and athletic selves.

How to reconnect? Maybe I need to establish some new artistic and athletic goals.

Are new folk dance goals part of new artistic and athletic goals? Maybe.

How and when do I start? Today, of course. (And these goals would have to continue on tour to Ireland.)

1. Guitar goals: Carnegie Hall performance
2. Yoga, run, gym
3. Folk dance: Collect, video, put new dances on Youtube.

What about writing and blog? That has totally disappeared for awhile.
Interesting.

"Imaginary" Guitar Playing (Warm-Up) Technique

Start immediately (Alhambra, etc) without warm-up by "playing" pieces in tempo but almost silently. Let the unwarmed up, stiff fingers roll across the strings hardly touched or even making a sound. This until they are warmed up and sound comes out.

Friday, July 11, 2014

Stock Market: God and the Devil

Are the aches and pains, lack of energy, loss of artistic, exercise, and even study direction, that I've been experiencing the past month caused by my intense involvement with the stock market? Namely, trading mucho in the stock market?

Is that what is sapping my energy and focus?

I know the stock market and trading stocks is "not good for me." Plus I'm very bad at it; I always lose money.

Yet somehow I am continually drawn to it, and keep trying, “no matter what.” Why? At first, it was to “make money” and become financially independent. And this, to free my mind and body so I could become an artist.

Well, that rationalization is over. I became an artist in spite of my financial problems. Now I have enough money to be sit back a bit, and have enough financially secure not worry about money. Now finally, I can “become an artist.”

Only instead of becoming an artist, I’ve given up art in favor of stock market trading! How ironic. The means has turned into an end-in-itself. In the process, I have lost energy, purpose, focus, and given up my artistic, exercise, and even study dreams. I’ve traded them in for “trying to win and be right” in the market.

I must admit that I have been deeply attracted to the idea of “free money,” that somehow, when my stocks go up, God is on my side.

Well, perhaps it is not God who is on my side, but the devil. He’s the one who stands next to me when I win, fooling me and convincing me to continue in my folly and un-chosen call.

Indeed, I know my call is to be an artist and leader. Other than as a major distraction, stock market trading has no role or place in my life. It would be better financially and focus-wise better for me to avoid it. Totally. Or at least be minimally involved. But I only start to think this “positive” way when I lose. Losing in the stock market is my wake-up call; it reminds me of my deeper reality.

Paradoxically, winning in the market is bad for me, and losing is “good” for me. Winning keeps me on the fool’s path riding with the devil. Losing reminds me of who I am, my real talents and skills, and my true calling.

Stock market trading has been my major distraction.

What does it distract me from? My true calling.

Why then have I paid so much attention to it then? Why have I continually fallen into the devil’s trap?

What is God trying to teach me?

Obviously, He is trying to lead me back to my true path, the road of artistic and leadership growth.

How is He teaching me?

This past month, He has rained fatigue, and new/old aches and pains upon my body. This is the first time stock market trading has effected my physically in this negative manner.

Am I finally ready? Is this my "final" calling?

Ready for what? Calling for what?

Minimalize my stock market involvement and maximize my art and leadership abilities.

I think I'm ready.

Can I trust myself? We'll see.

Sunday, July 13, 2014

The Sleeping Challenge

Facing my (Fearful/Awe-some) Talents

I wonder if, for all these years, I have been subtly trying to avoid facing and dealing directly with what I do, and with my implementations and fulfillment of my talents.

I wonder if I have been subtly avoiding my challenges. And distracting myself by delving into "foreign" and "alien" (non-artistic) fields like stock market trading.

I have not faced how hard it is to do what I do, the incredible energy and focus challenges that every public performance, whether it be concerts, folk dance teaching, tour leading, bar/bat mitzvah or wedding booking, etc. entails.

Indeed, such ventures are scary. My entire emotional being is involved; I am constantly on the line for public humiliation and embarrassment. Plus, if I ever mess up, I may indeed lose not only my next job, but have my name blackened, and even lose my career.

Thus, on one level, my entire being is totally threatened. This, indeed, is scary. That's one reason I may well divert myself, distract my mind from these terrors by plunging into "alien" fields, like the stock market trading. By doing so, I secretly hope I'll be saved from these terrors. The dream of wealth and being "taken care of" by the stock market, which, I believe, is God in disguise, is a potent palliative. Whenever a stock "magically" goes up, I believe God is on my side. And vice versa.

Well, I'm giving up trading. What will be left?

Facing the dragon.

I'm ready. The time is right.

(Besides, what else is there to do?)

Folk Dancing, Tours, and Talents

I have called teaching folk dancing, and even running a tour as "easy" (compared to giving a concert). But it is definitely not. Perhaps calling it "easy" is another way of avoiding facing my fear-ful, awe-some talents. A way of distracting myself from the terrors of diving into my talents. . .and to my calling, purpose and very existence. Because, after all, why do I exist? Why was I put on earth? To fulfill my talents, and by doing this, serve others through my talents, of course.

Monday, July 14, 2014

Maybe my "sudden" (de repente) gift from God, for today, tomorrow, the following weeks, months, and into the future, is going back to my true calling and talents, to being an artist.

It doesn't feel like a wave or inundation, but rather a quiet ripple. "Suddenly," in a soft, quiet way, my shaking, frighten bottom has been pushed away, and in its place, a soft, quiet, artistic foundation.

Alhambra: Targeted Speed Exercises

Hope springs eternal. A new start brings new hope.

Will work and practice in a new way, in a new state of artistic mind, bring me Alhambra? And with Alhambra, will come all the other artistic goodies.

How to practice differently: Maybe I need (sloppy) targeted speed exercises to make me more comfortable with the rising flood.

This in dancing, too.

This kind of break-out, fast and wild practicing could really make me a great guitarist!

Is that what I've been afraid of?

Perhaps my next stage is the "quebranta break-out" stage. Getting comfortable traveling at break-out speeds, high speeds, fast and wild.

Tuesday, July 15, 2014

A nice healthy burst of self-disgust would be nice.

The stock market and trading challenge has run its course and been broken.

I need a new challenge. Something to frighten, push me, and awe-struck me.

Practice speed. Develop an exhilaration muscle.

The skin part of the exhilaration muscle is in the right hand finger tips.

So ends a New Leaf.