

Gold Nugget Leadership Life

Wednesday, August 9, 2023

Preparing for the Gold Nugget Life

As I think about doing video readings, and even songs, what is more powerful: hearing it (video or zoom) or reading it (a book.)

What is the Gold Nugget (Folk Dance) Life?

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Let's start with posture:

As a start, the Gold Nugget Life (GNL) means standing straight and tall.

What about fiction? And fictions?

should I make a separate journal and folder for New Leaf Fiction, and another for Gold Nugget Leadership?

Should I separate fiction from so-called reality?

Or should they be combined?"

Since All-Is-One. why not express, expose, and demonstrate this truth by creating one All-Is-One journal? And put it all in one folder?

Sounds daring.

I like to dare. But, although on a higher, refined vibrational level, fiction and reality are the same, does that make it right?

Is the Gold Nugget Life a higher level life? Yes.

Then keeping the scattered, flying, myriad parts of the wandering, jungle-monkey mind together in one journal, is correct. Being correct makes it right. (Or is it still left?)

Thursday, August 10, 2023

What are the new challenges in this new Gold Nugget Life?

First, realize that technologies scares me.

What to do?

Learn and understand it! Start with Youtube.

New Audience, and Technology

What's new in Gold Nugget Guitar Life?

No more in-person audiences to criticize and taunt me.

The video camera is my new audience.

As shield and protector, it is forgiving, and filters out fears.

Yes, video camera is my new audience. For folk dancing, too.

Friday, August 11, 2023

A Wow Thought and Qualitative Leap

Stuff is flowing in tour-wise. Our Greek tour is filling seemingly “by itself.”

An astounding, astonishing development: Maybe I don’t have to hire a social media expert – although I still will; maybe I don’t have to work so hard on getting more customers to fill my tours.

Maybe I have enough. And I can relax, and do other things.

Maybe I’m on the right path, can wait around, be patient, and simply keep doing what I’m doing.

A wow! and wonderful, qualitative leap thought.

Meeting Amalek

Part of the Gold Nugget life is dumping Amalek.

I met him yesterday. Underneath his wide black night hat, he had his usual sneer. (No daylight for him.)

What a downer! All he said was “So what?”

How depressing.

No reasoning with him. In fact, Amalek is depression. And a danger to the Teaneck community. And my personal sanity.

In the future, I will deal with his visitations by burning his ugly hide, and throwing his remains out the window.

As a perfect example of a perishable, Amalek must be perished. The garbage can is his true home.

The bible – Torah and New Testament – is a personal guide to freedom. Read it as such.

Saturday, August 12, 2023

Something breaks and goes wrong every day. (Today it's my website.)

The daily question is: How to stay on the path, and fix it?

Creativity Revisited

As I read about problems in my website, a fleeting familiar feeling of sadness and desperation crept into my Saturday morning brain. Part of me loved this black cloud. It reminds me of my old depression-as-prelude-to-creation motivation mode.

And I like to create.

But do I (still) need the sad rain of the downer cloud to do it? Go with it, milk its contents, write as I embrace it? Or give it up? Or let it pass?

I'd like to meet my neighbors at the upcoming Neighborhood Association Party.

What better way than speaking to them through folk dancing.

Speak to them through folk dancing.

Thoughts of doing a reading coincide with thoughts of leading folk dancing for our neighbors.

Going Public Again(?)

Ah, a performance, a reading, a return to parts of my old pre-Covid life.

A return to live performing (beyond folk dance teaching) would certainly signify a post-Covid growth spurt.

Do I want it? Am I ready? These are questions I always ask myself.

Stretched between resistance and diving.

But maybe I'm on the cusp. . . .of going public again.

Two signs:

1. Public folk dancing for/with the neighbors
2. Public readings
3. New website, and social media marketing guy

Sunday, August 13, 2023

The Happy Guitarist

Practice is the Grand ReminderQuad-ruple Your Pleasure in the Land of Happy Thighs

During last night's yoga practice I had my first good thigh feeling.

Can I stand such goodness?

And remain, at least a few moments, in the Promised Land?

To stand under the sun of success, and live in the happy moment: That's the new challenge.

A good guitarist begins the day with a Happy Pavane. Joining the happy souls dancing in Elysian fields, he enters the land of the dead where they really Live!

A happy guitarist wants to be in both.

He is in both.

How to make periodic visits?

Practice is the grand reminder.

Remember to practice.

Monday, August 14, 2023

Coding and Web Design

This morning I can't believe I am actually saying this, but I am: Becoming and being a CEO is boring.

Maybe I've just gone as far as I can, want, or need to go.

Filling my tours and collecting money from my customers is fun, up to a point. But after awhile, even that becomes boring. I'm just repeating myself, spinning my wheels, filling my time with rote and boring tasks.

Where is the excitement, romance and adventure?

I need stuff that wakes me up, makes stand up and dance!

Yes, it feels like CEO-wise I've gone as far as I need to go.

Time to add on, move on to something else, creative, artistic and adventurous.

But what?

Coding?

And what happened to all my plans for making folk dance videos, guitar videos, readings, books sales. Have all their energies drifted away? Have they

too gone as far as they can go?

Are they all becoming simply more of the same? “Been there, done that” rote work which has become so “easy” it is boring? No challenge, excitement, romance, adventure, or energy left in them?

I hope not.

But hoping does not make it so.

Perhaps they too, along with CEO, have gone as far as I can, want, or need them to go.

“Give up” these old loves, along with writing fiction (my journal is so nature, it’s part of me) is rather sad. But it could be true.

Fame and fortune have dribbled away as motivations. Perhaps it was always the love of excitement, romance and adventure were always the catalysts that really drove me on. Achieving fame and fortune were part of, belonged, to that romance and adventure.

How, if ever, to re-invigorate them?

New goals and purposes would do it.

At the moment, I have none.

But one thing I know: CEO is done, finished, over.

Now what?

Artistic Adventures

I’ve steadied the ship.

After sailing into necessary and needed organizational and management CEO side trip waters, with its discovery of new lands, it’s now back to the artistic life.

Is CEO an art?

Can one be an artistic CEO? Maybe.

I’ve come home again: How to add CEO to my artistic repertoire?

How to incorporate, to make my JGI tour company part of my artistic adventure.

I need and needed artistic technical help.

That’s what hiring a social (digital) media marketer, with his web designer, was and is all about.

Perhaps the art of CEO is how to design a company along with its people. Or maybe CEO is the wrong word for me. It so smacks of boardrooms, group decisions, and even bureaucracy. Leader, entrepreneur, or even artist, is better. After all, even Pablo Picasso had help.

CEO Art

The CEO art is making (designing) a tapestry out of people. I still don't like the CEO term, but this artistic definition is better. So I'll keep the CEO term, but redefine it. This way CEO joins leader, entrepreneur, and artist.

Tuesday, August 15, 2023

Note: Not a mark. A calm emptiness prevails.

Post-Hebrew: To begin the day is such a manner.

Total vacation ahead: No folk dancing, no nothing. Only html staring me in the face. And the idea of learning to code is a pleasant emptiness.

Free For What?

Singing is different. I do and will use my voice to communicate to others. It is my service instrument. So maintaining its force, clarity, and speaking power is obviously useful and good.

But, if I'll never play guitar for others, why maintain my playing skills? In other words, what is the purpose of playing guitar now that the audience is gone?

Not that I'm complaining. It's taken forty years, maybe more, to get rid of them. Thank God, they are finally gone! I love the openness and freedom this new emptiness gives me.

But my liberated mind, with its new open spaces, also allows me to ask: Free for what?

Advantages

Absolutely no need/pressure to play fast. (Audience is gone: nobody to impress, please, or fear.)

Every note is a placement in heaven.

Folk singing is just the opposite of (classical) guitar.

I've never feared the audience. and have had few, if any, thoughts about impressing them.

But I do like pleasing them.

Folk dancing is the same way.

This is a soft, free day, and upcoming three-week vacation period. I wonder what new thoughts about my post-Covid career, direction, freedom, and attitude it will bring.

Wednesday, August 16, 2023

Avoidance and Distraction

I woke up with another horrible thought:

So many video dreams down the drain. What happened to them? Why can't I do them?

Is expanding my "business" just another distraction.

Am I pushing my tours, working on WordPress website, learning how to manage it, considering learning HTML and CSS code, as a distraction, all in order to avoid being an artist, and creating books, folk dance choreography videos, and even some guitar (and reading) videos, and promote them all?

Now that I'm at the pinnacle, am I falling off the ladder?

Distracting myself instead of aiming and going higher?

Is it fear of effort? Maybe.

Fear of failure? Somehow strangely, I doubt it. In as way, I wish I did. Concrete fear of failure actually motivates me. But here I feel more of a vague deadness. Like I'm shutting something out, closing it down, but I don't know what. The artistic fountain of adventure and imagination?

Better to stick with the old fears of no money, and keep chasing money, but in the "new" form of expanding my business.

Am I taking the "easy" way out by expanding my tours, business, and money making? Distracting myself by following known, earthly roads?

Am I also letting mortality haunt my mind, get in the way, as another distraction?

What about sacrifice?

Today I realized that biblical sacrifices of animals, etc are symbolic sacrifices of the ego and its pats, self-sacrifices so that one can focus on higher things.

Am I sacrificing my art by distracting myself with business? No. Distraction is not a sacrifice. It is an avoidance of sacrifice! And, in the process, I am avoiding diving into the dangers of a higher calling.

Ugh, ugh, I hate to think this. But it could be true.

So is expanding my tour business the cowards way out? I'll make more money doing it.

And I'll make less, even zero, creating my art.

Or will I?

Truth is, my tour business is now in place, in order, as much as it needs to be. Maybe I am now ready to actually pursue my art! A grand hmmm!

Thursday, August 17, 2023

It does feel like the beginning of a new era for me.

The Alhambra crumbled, fell. With the advent of the video era. (What was the big deal? I don't even understand it.)

Now working backward.

I'm in a different guitar mood: a dynamic wake-up flow mood. The natural body path may be a fifteen-minute "warm-up"

I'm at the Moses stage.

One video a day for one year, a get-it-out-there year. Folk dance videos, guitar videos, even reading and singing videos. Do it for personal reasons, to remember the stuff.

Distraction, and the Life Task of Artistic Creation

Death is so annoying. So is the fact I'm older, and will soon, or not so soon, eventually, die?

But hasn't this always been the case? Yes.

So death, and dwelling on it, is just another mental excuse, a distraction. Like "business," worrying about money, and more.

All are distractions from the focus on purpose, my life task: artistic creation!

That is my purpose for this life, next life, all life.

Make it personal. Create a video record so I can remember.

Seems this leads to a new leaf. I'll call it: One Year Artistic Creation Video Leaf.

Make it personal, and make it good.

Accept that I'm older, and entering a new and next stage. Since all is flow and change, it's an illusion that I can preserve or even maintain anything. But since all is flow, I can step into the flow, become part of it by creating Flowing Videos.

(They may be remembered or they may be forgotten. But so what? They are personal and made only for me in this life. They are my personal video library, shared by others, all, the world, through Youtube.)

I wanted another reason to make videos, a new attitude. Well, now I've got it. My videos will be "private" and personal. Created only for me, and in my control. They are no longer made for public promotion, sales, and business. (This although they will be shared by all through Youtube).

Friday, August 18, 2023

CEO Guitar

Mama Ring Finger take her rightful leadership place.

As Mr. Brain CEO, I'm running the show.

Take a victor guitar lap. (Dare I)

CEO Folk Dance Tours

Miriam has confirmed and given me the key to my tours. They are indeed, folk dance tours. That is my niche, difference, and strength.

Offer folk dancing every day or night on every tour! Which means I need a folk dance teacher on every tour!

My new job as CEO is to find, train, and mentor others to do what I did: Lead and teach folk dance on tours.

CEO Trust and Verify

As for my website, as CEO, is it better to learn to do it myself, or learn to trust other (experts) to do it for me. Of course, I must oversee/verify what they do, make sure it's right.

A CEO is like a king running his domain. Like my new CEO job, the king's job is to oversee his domain, make sure things are running right.

Sunday, August 20, 2023

I like, want, and need a challenge.

My knees, and body, maintenance of my temple (castle, instrument) is my challenge.

See this as an important "side" issue. "Side" because remembering that through the mind and individual spirit, Spirit controls all. Focus on Spirit is the ultimate cure.

Interpreting Shoftim and the Torah: Make it personal. The ills of the body, along with their negative ideas, shall be cast out, stoned, and killed.

Three Furies

My three tremolo fingers are a bunch of spoiled brats, always fighting among themselves. They don't know how to work together. But if the Three Furies ever learned to coordinate their efforts, and work together, what a powerful team they would be!

Monday, August 21, 2023

Knees, Bookings, Returning to the World

In Cooperstown, NY

See G-d in obstacles. Start with my knee(s).

Bookings, too.

Considering return to bookings. A new and next challenge: Can I stand and deal with functional nervousness, dive into material life.

Do bookings and knees go together?

If I did bookings, I sense I'd rise (definite), I might rise (doubt) above the challenge on knees.

Should I play around with doubt in this manner? No.

Truth is I know I would rise above it. Why? Because I would have to! The existence of others, my commitment and responsibility to serving them, which means performing, leading, and teaching them would force me, command me to rise above my worries and ills and function. That's what work does. Forces me, pushes and command me to rise higher.

Sure by rejecting work, saying no to performing and bookings, I am deleting my nervousness, the unpleasantness of my fears. But I am also deleting my highs and victories. By turning down bookings, saying no to nervousness, I am living a grey cloud, free from fears and anxieties, which feels vaguely pleasant. But in reality, I'm living in a permanent cloud of defeat.

I wonder if this winless, victoryless life is reflected in knees going up and down Jacob's ladder stairs, and expressed through knee pain.

No question knee pain is an obstacle. But what, on a cosmic level, does it mean? And how can be handled, even cured?

Tuesday, August 22, 2023

I am under total TMS attack, including both legs and lower back. I can hardly walk.

I can't admit how much I am in conflict, actually hate, this so-called Cooperstown and Farm "vacation." Half of me does not and didn't want to leave the house, didn't want to leave my wonderful world of work and study; and the other half me agrees with the first half. That makes a whole. All of me did not want to go on this vacation. And, in spite of that, due to family obligation, all of me went. And of course I didn't want to face my internal resistance. But it resisted anyway, and the war began, resulting in an almost crippling TMS attack. Every step hurt. I could hardly walk.

Today I recognize that the war is on. Yesterday I lost.

Can I win today?

Positive signs are that I'm totally conscious of the struggle, the war within me. There is no "real" pain. Only TMS. Crippling, awful, painful, debilitating, but ultimately, empty air, no physical damage, and, once the storm has passed, no mental damage either. Only the clear sky of awareness. And with awareness, the sun will shine.

Work is Vacation and Vice Versa

Also I may not want or ever be able to take a “vacation” again. In fact, post-Covid I’ve arranged it so that my work is my vacation, and vice versa. Always. On vacation I work, and when I work, I’m on vacation. No difference anymore.

Could lack of realization of the maturing of the Vacation/Work, Work/Vacation life, and philosophy, be the cause of my TMS attack.

My new challenge then: Somehow I have to combine both. It’s okay to work on vacation. And even on vacation, with family all around me, it okay to work, in fact, for me, it’s good to work!

Somehow, my business is my life, and vice versa. Learn to accept and love it. Realize how fortunate (fortune/lucky, or destiny?) I am to have created such a fun, fulfilling, and profitable life and life style.

How to make family part of my business, how to include them, even if only in my business thoughts and discussions, may be my next challenge, question, and step.

There is no relief from my work. Nor do I want relief because I love it!

Part of my resentment against “vacations” is that I hate leaving my work and the wonderful life style I and I has created.

Well, now I’m bringing I all with me on “vacation.”

Will today’s realizations dispel my TMS? If it is TMS, it should happen quickly, almost immediately. And it is TMS. Only doubt is its killer.

What about the heavy load of email responses?

Part of weight lifting: Weight training on the job.

(Weight training needs rests between lifts!)

TMS and Power

Hidden under the TMS legs is power!

Fingers, too.

Power is the ultimate fun!
Is it the ultimate joy, too?
Are they twins?
Yes!

No-Doubt Land

In No-Doubt Land the opposites disappear.

Wednesday, August 23, 2023

On the farm. Playing guitar in my old room. Plus dwelling there. Meeting and playing with my old self. Fascinating.

Thursday, August 24, 2023

What's new?

1. Open morning with quick email scan? Check out the field?
2. Practice stairs. Up and down five times.
3. Kne bends (in bed) both directions.
4. Alhambra fast, smooth, and rolling. Cooked and done. Wonderful.

Imagine, playing classical guitar for fun!

Practically unheard of. . . until now.

It started yesterday on the porch in back of the farm as I played the Flamencan dance Zambra.

Now to extend it go Alhambra, and Leyenda. . . and on and on.

Imagine, and the idea was born on the little Jimmy farm.

(Next two weeks of New Leaf Journal lost, deleted due to computer and Nordic Back-up glitch.)

So ends a New Leaf

