

Spiritual Guitar

An Inspirational and Aspirational Title

Tuesday, January 29, 2019

Effort

Believe it: Starting in Spain, sympathetic thinking with David's Parkinson's created my own version of it: Weakness in my right knee, then calf, then upper leg, tingling, nerve stuff, etc.

And, mixed up and jumbled, the feeling just happened now, after reading about Jenny racing and her inexplicable strange dizziness and collapse during the race based on a "feeling."

I too suddenly felt dizzy (never happened before) after reading about it.

Was it a form of the usual headache and blinding dizziness? Or a sympathetic reaction? Or both? A puzzle. It has never happened before. Why now? And why did she feel that?

Thanksgiving

I am grateful for the incredible adventure I have been on, and to all the guides and teachers who have helped me along the way.

My guides and teachers come as wife, children, family, friends, teachers, heroes, and more.

Who put me on this adventure?

I have to thank the invisible unseen big one.

I'd like to meet him someday. Perhaps I do, every day.

Wahoo and Wail

I had such a grand victory today.

I can't stand it. I'm breaking down in tears.

As I review the past difficult and pain-filled months, I acknowledge that I won two more grand victories over myself. Consequently, my life is transformed.

Outwardly everything looks the same. Inwardly, I am dazzled in awe and shining in delirious amazement.

Can I stand the glory?

No. I'm retreating into tears. Tears of joy? Of pain? Maybe both. I'm twisting in a storm of fructification, breaking down from the wonder of winning such magnificent life changing victories over attitude and self.

I'm crying.

I am free. And freedom makes me wail.

Maybe the above is bullshit. Maybe I'm just mad and have a headache because I'm pushing myself too hard.

But, of course, maybe it's both. I had wondrous breakthroughs and I'm pushing myself hard.

Too hard? I don't know. On the one hand, I love to push my self hard, and the

harder the better. On the other hand, I resent being pushed, even it is by myself.

Gemini's are haunted by dual directions.

Wednesday, January 30, 2019

Bracing for Defense

There is life and there is death; there are the forces of creation and of destruction. They are always there, and they never leave.

Thus life is always being threatened by death, and creation by destruction. It is a never-ending battle.

One place where I need both protection, defense, and creation is my tours.

What do I hate and fear most about them?

First is the flight. I hate staying up all night, arriving at my destination totally blown out.

Secondly, I hate the daily disruption of my miracle schedule. I must get up very early, even 4:00 a.m., in order to follow it. This is quite annoying, but not so bad as the flight.

Is there anything I can do about this? Can I brace myself for it, even "train" for it?

I want to face, and deal with, my tour self-protection and defense, to develop a good attitude about my discomfort.

I need to protect myself against the imagined avalanche of registrations, the overwhelmed and overwhelming aspects of too much work, overload, excitement, and over-excitement that throw my mind out of kilter.

Bracing means recognizing my hatreds, pains, and fears—in particular, those connected with my tours. I hate flying, and I fear the pain of no sleep.

Recognizing and diving into this fear decreases my headaches.

It also increases my motivation.

Ah, I can fear again!

I used to think that money, having a lot of it, would protect me from my fears. No more. Those thoughts are out the window.

I now have a new reason and rational to fear.

Sunday, February 3, 2019

How Injury “Frees” Me

Friday night I somehow blew out my right knee in Darien. I think it happened during my warm-up when I kneeled on the floor, trying to sit on my heels. (But I’ve done that countless times before, and nothing has happened. So why now?)

In any case, when I rose and went to start my class, I could hardly walk. My right knee hurt—in a different way. I thought I could work it out while I danced, but somehow I couldn’t. Result: Saturday, and especially this morning, Sunday, I hurts mucho and I can hardly walk.

I have two reactions to this,

1. It hurts. I’ll avoided walking on it until it gets better. And/or when I walk, I’ll warm it up slowly, so it will function better. (And in warming it up I might even find the muscles

loosen and the pain goes away!)

But the pain and my dealing with it is really a “minor” reaction.

2. The main reaction is my fear, nay panic that I will not be able to function, which means to work, which means to teach dancing and even run my tours!

So the fear, bordering on panic, that I won't be able to work is what dominates my mind and thus this pain.

Another way of looking at it is: While my leg is healing or resting, there are many other things I can do. Actually, my knee pain “frees” me to do other things, like study, play guitar, write, do desk work for my business. Many things.

In fact, there are only three things I can't do while injured: exercise, teach dancing, and run tours.

And of these three, only two cause fear and panic: Teaching dancing and running tours, in other words, making a living, or more, the embarrassment and humiliation of not being able to dance or lead my tour. In fact, strange to say, but embarrassment and humiliation of not being able to lead, do my work, are even worse than the financial worry and insecurity they bring.

So now I know how an injury makes my mind tick.

What can I do about it?

Rather than focusing on the fear and panic of what I can't do or hurts mucho to do, I can take a positive approach by saying this injury actually frees me to do my other beloved activities, knee injury frees me to study, write, play guitar, and do business desk work. That's

four beloved things I can do.

And when I come to the time I must work again, for example, tomorrow, Monday, when I have to teach dancing, I'll deal with it then. I've gotten through worse. Same for future classes, or tours. I'll somehow figure it out when it happens. Meanwhile, do what I actually can do.

And of course, I'll also put aside time today to work on my knee, warm it up, go for a walk, etc.

Plus, and here's another kicker: I have good, well-functioning body parts left over, such as my upper body, and even my left leg! I can exercise them while my right leg is in recovery. In fact, most of my body and mind parts are working very well. Only a small portion, my right leg, is low functioning. So, thinking this way, what's the big deal?

Now this is a wonderful attitude!

I wonder if my blown out knee is part of my push-down- neighborhood knee. Whether true or not, provable or not, I like the idea. Why? It gives me control. It tells me I created my blown out knee, perhaps to keep me down, or fight the up/down cycle of excitement. Whatever reason, it doesn't matter. What matters is the control I give myself over my knee. If I blew it out, destroyed it, that means I can blow it in, re-create it.

And all through my imagination. I like it.

Wednesday, February 6, 2019

Go for the Floppy

I like this new style of guitar playing.

I experimented with Sor Study Number 12.

First, I played it extremely slowly. “Warm-up style.”

Then I played it faster and faster until I played it fast.\

And the faster I got, the faster you go, the more loose, relaxed, and floppy you are.

Not sloppy, but floppy. “Floppy style.”

Sloppy is negative and the down style of old neighborhood playing and attitude.

Sloppy is bad, evil, and wrong. People will criticize and scorn sloppy.

Floppy is a loose, funny, up style, and significant new neighborhood attitude and playing. Floppy is humorous and fun. People will laugh and skip with floppy.

Saturday, February 9, 2019

Descent into the Maelstrom of Success

Could this be what success feels like in my lower back and legs? Success is hard work. And the pressures are paralyzing me.

Is this the “new feeling” of success? True, I think I’ve never felt it before: heaviness in my legs, most likely emanating from my lower back. It feels like the nerves are on fire.

With success, my dreams of running wild on the lawn are gone. It is no longer a dream, hope, wish, and goal. I am now running wild on the material lawn. I am successfully running wild in reality.

I'm both very excited and happy about this; but I'm also under a lot of pressure to fulfill the demands of my new customers. Thus success is a double-edged sword. I both relish and loathe it. It totally inhibits my freedom because I have achieved the freedom I once desired. Contradictory? Indeed. But true and strange.

My success in solving the "Alhambra" riddle, plus my success in getting the sales gorilla off my back, freeing my mind from calling and selling, has united both business and art in a grand material/ideal fulfillment of my dreams. Money and people are flowing in. And with them come smiles of pleasure and wahoos of excitement and happiness. But also big pressures to fulfill their wishes along with my wishes to do a good job.

So how to live with this double-edged sword? That is the question. The excitement and happiness are no problem. Or perhaps they are! But how to deal with the lower back pressure and fire in my legs?

The excitement and happiness are no problem. I could be wrong here. Perhaps they are! After all, strange as it may seem, the excitement and happiness are causing my back to bend and my legs to fire.

Success, excitement, happiness, could well be my new mode. From out of the cocoon of metamorphosis I have been living in and through since Spain, or rather, since I first conquered the "Alhambra" in September (followed by my left shoulder bout), I have given birth to a new mode of existence. After a lifetime of failing to live up to my goals, I have crossed the threshold into a new neighborhood.

How do I live with these new elements in this new land?

My mind is feeling all the pleasure, while all the “headaches,” the back aches and pressures, are going into my lower back and legs.

Awareness is the tool here.

Is it powerful enough to “cure”?

Fslling into the Abyss

Panic. That’s what I feel in my lower back and legs.

The panic of falling into the abyss.

I’ve underestimated the power of my two grand successes. I’ve lived with this double burden so long so long, I don’t know how to live without it. (The burdens being classical music lack of confident manifested in Alhambra, and sales pressure manifested in ever trying to become a “mature provider” after my free Greenwich village days.)

With the removal of this barrier, I’ve fallen into a limitless pit, a bottomless abyss, a maelstrom of confusion and discontent. Truth is, I don’t know how to live without my walls, without my restraints. I’ve been in son so long, I don’t know how to live in freedom.

Who am I?

I don’t recognize myself.

Starting over. New neighborhood, indeed.

Completion of the metamorphosis is at hand.

This is my new back. These are my new legs. I’m learning how to walk again. (I’ve got

to learn how to walk on them.)

Coming to fruition.

I'm not being rocked by age as I thought.

I'm being rocked by success, fruition, and fulfillment.

Guitar: Coming to Fruition

Yesterday: Combined warm-up and floppy into expressive.

Today: Playing with expression is the culmination of all guitar playing. A total coming to fruition.

Fruition playing:

Tried it on Sor Study 12, Bach Gavotte en Rondeau, Alhambra.

Best Neighborhood

All this guitar practicing is not going to make me any better.

I'm "best" already.

Get used to this new neighborhood.

This doesn't mean I'm not going to change. Change is a law of life. Change I will. It's just that by and through changing, I'm not going to get any "better." I'll just "express" things differently.

Same with exercise: All the running, weights, stretches, etc I do will perhaps change

me, but they won't make me any "better."

Same with stocks and business; Things may change and I'll make more, or lose, more money. But I won't get any better.

Same with everything else I do.

I'm in a new neighborhood, the "Best" Neighborhood.

It's different here. And since its best, things won't get better.

Aiming for The Good

But also playing guitar slow, easy, relaxed, luxuriating in each tone and the feel of each string, playing on the level of finger massage, is good, too. It's good. . .but not better. And certainly not best. Best if over and done with. Why? Because best is all around me. I live in that neighborhood.

So I'm aiming for The Good. Not the Best.

This means I'm not going anywhere.

I'm totally in the now. I'm here.

This is good.

Perhaps this is The Good.

Meaning of "perhaps"

I start with “perhaps” because things are always changing. The next time I play guitar, the mood, time, place, feel, all things will be different.

“Perhaps” signifies change.

I started playing Capricho Arabe and in the middle I stopped saying to myself: Why bother playing this so slowly and sensually if I’ll never play it in public again?

In other words, I was playing it “to get better” again, with the future in mind, for a possible upcoming public performance.

Can I ever get such a thought out of my head?

Should I?

Is there also a second reason to play. With the “some day idea,” with a future performance in mind? (This doesn’t have to mean I’m playing to get better although secretly I always hope I will? Does this secret life-long desire ever end? Am I chasing a wild goose by trying to “move past” it?

Or can both ideas be combined?

Can I play to get better, aiming for a mythical future performance, even while I know I live in Best Land?

Are Good and Best compatible?

Can they live in the same room together?

I’d like them too.

At this moment, I’d have to say Yes.

Performing is a dying hope. But even in myth, it might motivate me.

Sunday, February 10, 2019

Limp and Lead

Maybe I'm supposed to lead, supposed to perform. That is a my God given duty. Maybe He actually gave me a secret purpose in life, a talent that I have to, must, am obliged to fulfill. It is my commandment, my duty. And as much as I try to avoid it, run away from it escape it, The "call" keeps haunting me, coming back to me. I can't get away from it no matter how much I try. Just like Moses.

And this commandment I must fulfill whether I do it well or not. And "do it well" may be only in my mind. But whether in my mind or not, this does not vitiate the commandment. So whether I limp or not, do it full power or not, mess up and make mistakes on the guitar or in folk dance or tour leadership, it all does not matter. With all my flaws, hesitations, self-doubts, bout with lack of confidence, knee and shoulder pains, whatever, I must limp and lead.

In fact, Limp and Lead could be, may well be, my calling card.

Limp and lead in guitar playing means performing with all my flaws whether or either hidden, on display, or both. Yes, my flaws demonstrated and shown in public humiliate me. And public humiliation is one of my greatest fears. But the Lord is saying, "So what?" and "Too bad, you miserable recreant. Along with the talents I have given you comes the strength and ability to suffer, along with its pain and misery. But the fears of public humiliation,

along with humiliating knee, shoulder, whatever pains are really all besides the point. They come with the landscape; they are part of the package. Along with talents and skills come suffering and toils. That's life. Tough. But nevertheless, your role is to lead. The ability, charisma, and skill of performing is just part of, a tool for your leadership. While you lead. I'm, sorry you're suffering with it. Well, actually I'm not sorry. And to tell you the truth, I don't even know why I'm not sorry. Perhaps this lack of self-knowledge is part of my own God problem. In any case, whether I'm sorry or not is also besides the point. You still have to lead and perform. Period.

So complain and suffer all you like. And if complaining and suffering will make you "feel better" or help get you through the day, well, go for it. But no matter how you twist and turn, deny or affirm, try to escape or dive right in, nothing will change.

If your new slogan "Limp and Lead" helps get you through, fine. Go for it. Nothing will change. You still have to lead and perform.

Limp and Lead: Part II

Limp and Lead while performing guitar simply means you have to play even with all the humiliating mistakes you make. The blips, slow downs, and missed notes are all besides the point. Your duty and call is to perform. If Lead and Limp is the way

With minor variations, Tour leading and folk dance teaching/leading are same as guitar performing.

1. Limp and Lead while running a tour: humiliating situations is just the way it is.

2. Limp and lead while teaching a folk dance class:

Somehow I feel I can get through this. My knee, ankle, leg, shoulder, whatever problems that come up, are more an annoyance than a terrifying career-threatening problem. (I wonder why folk dance teaching is so unthreatening and “easy?” I wonder why this is.)

Is it Limp and Lead, or Lead and Limp?

Which order is better?

Does the order really matter? \

Maybe.

In any case, this morning it feels like Limp and Lead.

Fear of Public Humiliation

There’s no question I have flaws, make mistakes, am imperfect and have a “limp.”

But can I “admit it” in public? It feels so humiliating.

Is this a pride, arrogant pride problem? Or is it a fear of humiliation problem disguised as a pride problem?

Is there an attitude change I can make that would change, improve, even heal this problem?

Can fear of public humiliation ever be healed?

Is it simply part of the human condition and thus can never be healed, but must be faced and dealt with every time it comes up?

I wonder if fear of humiliation is my greatest fear.

I rarely think of great physical pain. It happens rarely.

But psychological annoyances, terrors, pains, whatever haunt me day and night.

I wonder if the fear or public humiliation is my worst fear.

Does it reach the level of terror and panic? Or is it simply a constant subtle, aching worry? Or depending, can it be both?

I Can Function Despite My Weakness

Let me separate my leadership from my public, my fears of public humiliation from my travelers, clients, and dancers.

Let's be specific.

Truth is my knee problems do not effect my leadership in any way. (Except as a grand annoyance, and removal of my pleasure.).

I can lead whether I have pain or not.

Yes, pain removes my pleasure, but not my leadership ability. From the point of view of my students, folk dancers or travelers, my pain is besides the point. As long as I can lead, they are fine.

And I can lead.

They don't care a wit about my fears (of humiliation or otherwise) or my psychological of physical state.

As long as I can do my job of leading, they are fine.

This is a good first step to know and realize. I can function despite my weakness.

So I can work on my knee attitude on the side, as a hobby.

When I talk about fear of public humiliation I'm really talking about fear of losing my job, livelihood, fear of financial destruction. Thus I'm talking about survival. Pretty deep.

Note all the public humiliation situations I speak about are all work related, about leadership of tours and folk dancing, both presently related to money, work, and survival, and guitar performances, which were related to past survival.

So perhaps fear of public humiliation is not what I thought it was.

What other kind of humiliation is there? There's no such thing as "private" humiliation. Therefore, I can drop the word "public." (It obviously only for work-related stuff.)

So maybe I'm not afraid of public humiliation so much as I'm afraid of losing my job. Always a realistic fear, especially for an entrepreneur. I need to make good public appearances, and keep up appearances, of power, strength, confidence, capability, etc. Therefore, letting my clients in on my fears and weakness is not a good public relations idea. Period.

Keeping up a good public image competence and capability is thus a realistic business need. Telling my clients about my doubts, etc. is a miserable business approach. I am right to fear it.

Thus know my vulnerabilities. But keep them to myself, and a few friends.

Dream of the Future

Fountain of Fast?

Guitar: Alhambra is “easy to nothing” when right thumb is loose and hanging.

Is this position, the relaxed hanging fruit of the right hand, the Fountain of Fast?

I believe it is.

But let’s see if I can keep, remember, sustain, and make it part of my person it over the next few months.

I wonder if I could find a Fountain of Fast for my dance and running body? And even walking?

I wonder if it would go with a Fountain of Loose for myu yoga body?

Indeed, the discovery and diving into0 such fountains are my dream for the future.

Is the above merely a dream, a fantasy, a vain hope?

Or is such a dream realizable?

No question I have discovered it for guitar; no question it works. The only remaining question is: Can I maintain, sustain, and develop it?

The answer to this is: Why not?

Well, if I have discovered it for guitar, why can’t I discover it for running, dance, and even yoga?

Monday, February 11, 2019

What Does Retirement Mean to Me?

What does retirement mean to me?

Well, of course, it means re-tire, that is, put new tires on the old car. So it can drive on, on to new places, new adventures, new daring destinations.

Indeed, I am ready to re-tire.

Truth is, my tours are no longer an adventure or challenge. They used to both scare and excite me. Now the scare part has turned mostly into annoyance, and the excitement comes only from the registrations themselves and happy money I am making. Of course, I was always happy with registrations. Nothing new there. But at least the tour itself was challenging and exciting. I loved studying the language, history, and culture. Now I know enough of the history, language and culture. “Enough” I say, not all. But enough to survive. And that’s all I needed and need.

Sol what else?

Here’s what I wrote yesterday:

Take a sabbatical year off. (Delete Ireland and Romania. Which means let them slide, see what happens. If registrations come in, I’ll lead them. If not, I’ll either cancel them, or try to find someone else to lead them.) With this in mind, and happening, I would have a 15-15 months off until my August Bulgaria 2020 tour. A sabbatical almost year and a half. Wow. How adventurous, daring, and radical! I salivate at the thought of it!

(I wonder, as a Sarnoian, if sabbatical year is what my aching legs are—were?—telling

me. We'll see. But it feels right.)

What does a sabbatical year off mean? What would I do?

1. I finally, after many years of self-torture, conquered Alhambra. Now I can "sit back and enjoy it." Part of my re-tire-ment would be to play Alhambra and guitar all day.

2. Heal myself physically

3. Continue Hebrew

4. Write

That's it. Those four are enough.

Somehow today, guitar and healing are the most important. Hebrew, although drifting into the background as usual, is still important.

Writing? I used to have a vision for it. Publish books, put it on my website, etc. Somehow, through fatigue and distraction, that vision has dribbled away. Maybe it will resurrect now that I have re-tire-ment time. We'll see.

Retirement or Sabbatical?

Another question: Should I call it retirement or sabbatical? Although I see my next tour as Bulgaria 2020, I am, after all still working. I'm merely taking a year off. That would be called a sabbatical.

However, there is something about the word re-tire-ment that is attractive. What does retirement mean to me?

Perhaps the idea is not to retire, but to feel retired. As I did when I was twenty-six.

That's when I made the decision to retire, to live my life as if I were retired, which meant, do the things I want now. By doing that, I would always feel retired.

And that's where I am today. I want to retire a la 26. In other words, I want to feel retired.

What's the difference, if any, between now and 26?

The pressure to achieve and succeed is somewhat off. Why? Because I have achieved and succeeded already. Reaching that relaxing and wonderful conclusion is what this year has been about.

I conquered Alhambra and sales self.

I'm afraid to say it, but I also have enough money, at least for today, at least enough to think about and aim for re-tire-ment. But of course, although nice to do with money, re-tire-ment, has little to do with money. It has to do with the courage to follow your vision, the daring to explore. And, after all, I once did it at 26 with no money.

Want or Need

Does retirement mean I don't have to do anything I don't want to do? Really? (Well, that's what I'd like it to mean.)

I'll have to reexamine almost everything I now do.

With two questions:

1. Do I really want to do it?
2. Do I really have to do it?

Tuesday, February 12, 2019

Waiting for the Wind

Here's another psycho-knee explanation: I've solved all my problems (Alhambra and sales), and I'm just lost. Having thus solved my problems, I've nowhere to go, no direction forward (or backward), no challenges, no future conquests, and I'm sinking or rather, have sunk into a directionless pit filled with the hissing snakes of discouragement and depression. But even these snakes have stopped hissing. Evidently, I've gone beyond discouragement and depression into lifelessness.

So, at the moment, I have everything, which means I have nothing. What a strange analysis and place to be. But that is where I am.

I'm used to doing, but I have nothing to do. I'm used to being pushed, either from without or within. But no one and nothing is pushing me.

What do I do in this situation?

Wait around for the next wind.

Up the Ladder

Enthusiasm is totally out the window. Lost interest in everything. Even my small stocks.

Even the stock market I have to recharge.

I'm waiting for the wind.

What a weird place. I feel like I've solved my problems and now have "everything."

Imagine, how dare I complain about having everything?

But I dare.

Solving my Alhambra and Sales problems has always been my goal. In fact, solving all my problems has always been my goal.

But now, that I've solved them. and have no new problems, I feel listless and lost.

Perhaps I need to invent some new problems. And this at least to entertain myself and lift me out of this hole.

Maybe this is all a phony and temporary lull, a disorienting vacation, a short break between inventions and new problems before I take the next step up the ladder.

Ah, I like that. Somehow I forgot and got distracted.

Up the ladder. After all, that's where I'm headed. Even with bad knees, hurt shoulder, failing body parts, low tour registration, missed guitar notes, I can still go up the ladder.

Indeed, I need a new challenge.

What's the next rung?

Wednesday, February 13, 2019

Afraid to Jump

How strange that I have "solved all my big problems" (Alhambra and sales), and finally, after years of struggle, put myself in the free and freedom position of fulfilling my dreams of running wild on the lawn, put myself in the perfect and finished place, the place I've always dreams of being in, and instead of breaking free and running wild on the lawn, I

have retreated into stiff-knee hell.

I am standing at the edge ready to leap into freedom, and instead of leaping, nay flying, I have pulled back hard into the land of worry, stiffness, pain, panic, disability and terror.

In the past, especially when running (or even dancing), when I felt a slight pain, I knew it would pass, and thus I simply watched it dissolve and then blew past it. Now instead, I am diving into it each (knee and leg) pain, embracing them, holding them tight, paralyzing myself so I don't have to jump.

How strange.

I have totally prepared and am ready to jump into the land of freedom, but I have been afraid to jump.

That's my analysis of the present situation.

Starting today, with this realization, can I turn over a New Leaf? Starting today, with this new knowledge and awareness, what else can I do?

Thursday, February 14, 2019

Habit of Success Road

Seems my mind is doing quite well. Evidently, my next struggle is to save my body, the instrument of my soul.

Yes, time to accept my mental victories and move on to the next, the physical struggle saving my body. Specifically, my knees and legs.

Yes, time to get over the shock (of Alhambra and Sales success) and settle into the

habit of success.

Somehow within this habit I include writing. I wonder why. What victories do I find here? First is: I returned to writing class. Second is recognizing my writing is good. (This may tie into my guitar playing is good and my sales are good. A good in general.) Anyway, although it's still a present puzzle as to why, writing nevertheless, does fall into my success mode.

And as such, I shall continue on the conquest, victory, and new habit of success road in all three.

Yes, time to settle into the habit of success.

Today is my cross-over day.

Start Over

Throw out all concepts of who I am, or was.

Start over completely.

As for my body, start from scratch.

I'm not in good shape; I'm not in bad shape.

I'm in no shape.

I can't do anything.

Thus, anything I can do is a victory.

Of course, as I throw out my old self, the lack of confidence self, the one that couldn't play guitar and had to constantly had sell and worry (not earn but worry) about money, is

gone, too.

So what will this new body. . .and mind. . . be?

Today is the first day at zero.

(But note: zero is a step up from minus zero.)

Friday, February 15, 2019: YES

Crying With Happiness

This morning I am crying with happiness and jubilation. I had a great reflexology session with Lynn yesterday. Basically, she said all my parts were okay and that my knee suffering was due to stiffness! My muscles were tight as a rubber band stretched to the limit. And the cure was “simply” stretching.

Basically, she confirmed what Rick said, and what I hoped was true. “Mere” tight muscles. Not the end of my dance or running career, or the end of walking and leading tours. Not the end of my ability to function at all. All the horrors and frightening possibilities I imagined might be, and indeed were taking place, were caused by my vivid and powerful imagination. Lynn’s new “reality check” made my heart and mind blossom again. I walked out reborn, encouraged, with hope and happiness in my soul.

In fact, I felt like celebrating, which I did, buying a seafood everything bagel sandwich, pound cake, and strawberry milk. After eating it all, I felt vaguely sick, thus serving to bring myself down—back to normal” from the intensity of my high.

You might say that's a sick way of handling joy, and I would agree. But who can stand such intense happiness? Indeed, it is a pressure, a wonderful pressure, but a pressure nevertheless. In any case, I'm glad to be pressurized. And today, in the cool of the early morning, I feel absolutely hopeful and great.

Perhaps this bout of crippling stiffness and leg muscle/knee paralysis is the last strain or rage and anger caused by the crippling anger of being post-eighty. How could such a thing happen to me? Such a young and vital person struck down by mere years? The psychological blow of hearing, and even believing, my high numbers has indeed been crippling. Or better, as Sarno would say and intuit, enraging.

Yes, I have been both enraged and frightened by hearing about my age and its potential descent into uselessness, incompetence, incapacity, and helplessness. The nursing home syndrome. Although I thought I could withstand and never believe these "old age thoughts," they have served to scare the shit out of me. Especially their idea of losing strength has enraged me no end.

And this rage, I believe, took its first strong hold during my Spain tour (and was expressed and manifested in my right knee pain. And of course, all my muscles tightened up under the assault of these fears.

Then these fears continued and deepened when I returned. And stretching, which was the cure, I did less and less. And, in the beginning, I found that even though I stretched less and less, I nevertheless survived. So I continued down the less-stretch path, until now, months later, total terror and panic took over when the pain caused me to restrain my

walking, running, dancing, yoga, all.

And this slow cutting back stiffened my muscles even more until I could hardly walk, and forced me to make a knee x-ray appointment with a doctor, and to, thankfully, call Lynn for a reflexology treatment and consultation.

And she wonderfully confirmed Rick's analysis (and my own hopes, squashed and pushed back by lack of belief) of tight muscles. I'll call it "frozen knee syndrome."

I was even ready to consider a knee replacement! Amazing.

Some folks with frozen shoulder even end up having an operation! That could have been me with my knees. I am so lucky to have a trainer and reflexologist to "explain" what "mere" tight muscles can do.

In any case, that's where I am this morning. At the beginning of a new life! And I am now totally aware of what post-eighty syndrome can create, namely how crippling fear can create tight muscles which, through their own self-fulfilling prophesy, cripple me.

Now it is time to un-cripple myself, to release me from my burden, and begin the next phase of running wild on my lawn!

My Trading Self

Two years ago I started my Fun and Growth Mutual Folk Dance Fund: A Fund That Dances! It's the only thing that's close to my Alhambra victory practice.

And note: this "trading" fund is, and has always been, my financial form of running

wild on the lawn. I love it, especially when it goes up.

What about when it goes down? Will I love it then? Perhaps I will, just as I love my life even in its down time.

I know I've always loved stock market trading more than I dare admit or imagine. It's an integral part of the way I think and mirrors the small-risk life I lead as an as an artist and entrepreneur.

I've denied this because of the criticism I expect to get about my "gambling" with its love of small risks. Well, maybe it's time to admit to myself how much I love it.

This is the first year, actually the first two months, I am winning in my trading fund. Strange how my critics love a winner. I don't hear any criticism now.

Note how I now dare call it a Trading Fund. I love the word "trading." It signifies risk, daring, the gamble of adventure. (Same as my tour business, former concert business, and general life style with its aim of freedom.)

I'm getting braver. My trading self is jumping out-of-the-closet. My free flowing stock market self is emerging.

Saturday, February 16, 2019

I have a philosophy: The world exists in your mind. Change your mind and you change the world.

Long ago I read this in a book about Buddhism, Hindu philosophy, or maybe even Zen. I don't remember exactly.

But it doesn't matter. What matters is that its truth struck me hard.

And still does. It is indeed the artistic view of the world and its creation.

A Crazy, Worthless Goal

Improve On All My Languages

This idea is so insane, stupid, useless, and worthless that it is worth considering. Luckily, I write everything down immediately, so I caught it before it dribbled away.

In any case, the idea is to improve on all my language for no good reason! These languages are: Hebrew, Bulgarian, Greek, and Spanish, which takes in four families: Semitic, Slavic, Latin, and Greek (its own family, but a foundational language. Also I cover the languages of the bible.

Now why would I even consider such a stupid, useless, and worthless goal? "Reasons" came to mind.

First, such a grand linguistic study would occupy my mind, challenge it (in a useless way), give me "something to do.

Second, it would give me a learning focus, a reason, even inspire me to run my tours! Truth is, I'm not learning anything new running my tours. Evidently, I know enough, or what I need to know to run and survive a tour. As I swim in these wild waters, I now, evidently, have my head above the water, and feel I can survive. That's a major accomplishment and victory, but it is done. Finished. Accomplished.

And I'm now in the "What now? What's Next?" stage. In other words, shy bother

running tours unless I can find a good learning, challenging, personal growth and self-improvement reason to run them?

Maybe the impossible goal of studying tour languages has the potential to fill this need. After all, learning all these languages is an impossible dream. And I like, and perhaps need, an impossible dream to follow. Add to this, it is useless, worthless, crazy, and ridiculous. All the motivating values I like.

What good is the body, if the soul residing within it cannot be lifted?

All good questions, and easily answered.

Thus my love and need for languages related directly to my love of music (sensitivity to sound), and my body's need for nourishment (survival in this material world.)

I still think that, in terms of survival in this world, studying languages is useless. (On a material plane, only money making is worthwhile in terms of survival.)

But perhaps that is my nearsighted problem. In my desire and need to survive, I'm focusing only on the material plane. I haven't yet asked the question: Why bother surviving? What is the meaning of life? Why is it worth living? Well, the spiritual plane answered those questions, and fill life with rich purpose.

My spiritual connection comes through music, and was revealed to me by playing the violin, and through this process, opening up the masterpieces of classical music and later folk music. Languages, the spoken word, sound in motion, is an extension of music.

I'm trying to find a rational for studying languages. And I still can't. Perhaps it will never be rational. My reasons to learn languages may always be irrational. I'll never know why

I do it, But somehow, I am driven to do it anyway.

Tuesday, February 19, 2019

Writing Myself Into Health

I'm trying to write my way out of sickness this morning.

After waking up early, I did great Hebrew, then began to feel a bit of a cold, chills, even on the verge of sick. I went back to sleep, couldn't sleep, took two aspirins to heal myself, and went back to my desk, did some email, then went to writing and Swamp Disorder. I ended up writing a treat piece, eerie, haunting, wise, metaphorical with symbols, philosophical.

What a great piece. Now I'm trying to recover from my victory by trying to figure out why I feel sick and by writing myself into health.

I like that phrase. I wonder if it is true and possible. I believe it is.

Maybe, after all, I'm not sick, just burdened by my "back from vacation" feeling (I've been "off" four months), and my upcoming Argentina and Chile tour.

Time for tour mode. Ugh, I hate it. But I must do it. Thus, am I sick, I think. My tour mind is groggy, slobby, foggy, slow, distracted, unfocused, not sharp and quick; not the way it has to be to run a tour. I've got to move back into tour mode, and I will. But getting there is an annoying slog.

Wednesday, February 20, 2019

Knee Moukntain

The smell and sink of failure is on so many of these. Time to start again, with a fresh view, one of victory!

I'm tired of the pain and put down.

I'm tired of failure after failure.

I want some victories.

I don't need them. I want them!

By arriving at this verbal place, by saying this, does it mean that this old noxious, stinking attitude has run its course? That would be great. (And I sense, hope, it is true.)

Time for a change; time to move on.

I had my first grand victory this morning in Hebrew. I read the entire Yanshuf section with looking up a word, trying to figure out new word meanings on my own. And I succeeded in get all of the new words almost right. But right or wrong, the fact I read through it without looking up a word is my first morning victory.

Yes, the smell and sink of failure is on so many of my past attitudes, covering these activities and events with blackness. Time to start again, to embrace a fresh view with a glorious sun of victory shining on each attitude, and of course, from there, flowing to each activity and event.

Stink and Poison

If wonder is the way to go, and it is, then I wonder how this former stink and poison attitude has effected and affected my folk dancing and folk dance teaching.

I'll soon find out. A class is coming up.

I Like Humor

Preparing for Daniel's Memorial

Lee asked me to play guitar at her son Daniel's memorial.

Her request made me nervous. (That's the old way.)

I said I will do it. Now I'm even more nervous. (That's still the old way.)

But I could consider it an opportunity to see how I think in my new mental place.

Here's the question: Have I developed to the point where I can shamelessly make so many mistakes in public?

What freedom: To play miserably in public, but play anyway!

If I can do this, if it is true, I'd have to admit it's a major victory. And funny, too.

Dare I do this? I hope so.

Do I even have a choice?

My past lifestyle was peppered with constant pre-performance anxiety; ever being nervous.

But I've "been there, done that."

A future adventure would be to try a different lifestyle, one in which such nervousness take a back seat.

This is a nice car to drive.

Tour Freedom

What Does It Mean?

Here's another very important freedom aspect I hadn't considered: Since my finances are better/good, I can look at my tours differently. Since I am no longer totally dependent on tour funds to support myself and family, I am no longer "forced" to please my tourists! If they don't like the tour, or the way I run it, so what? Worst they can do is never come back, abandon my tours, be off my email list, remove themselves as customers. And now the great result of these negative is: So what? Such marvelous freedom! I am not only free to run my tours or not, but even better, when I run them, I am now free to run, feel, and do in any

manner I like!

If I am now free to do whatever as I my tours, what will I do?

I don't think my actions would be much different. And I'll still try to see my travelers all happy. But although I want happiness and satisfaction from my tourists, that is not, and has never been, my core desire, which has always been to please myself, make myself happy. And if others like what I do and want to come along, all the better. Then my sun will shine and those around me can choose to benefit from the warm and light, or not. Everyone is free to choose what they like.

Saturday, February 23, 2019

Moving into a New Language Neighborhood

Language Study as History and Philosophy

Important truths:

My morning Hebrew study is a philosophy and history study.

Why? Because I delve and dive into the etymological roots—history, and meaning—philosophy, of each word. Thus history and philosophy are merged in my language study.

This view of my studies gives them a worthiness and dignity that I love!

(I hearken back to when I was seventeen and going off to college and sitting next to Pop in his rocking chair and listening to him talk about philosophy I had never heard of philosophy but loved it immediately.)

Tours

There's something nice about having a wish, an unrealized goal.

I realize that at this point, my tours are no longer about making money (although that is still always nice.)

But now they are about the gratification that comes from organizing and running a good tour.

Do I have such gratification? Can I get it? Do I want it? Is it worth the effort?

Same with guitar concerts.

Yes, I get gratification from playing guitar alone, by myself and for myself. But could I ever get gratification from playing for others, from giving a public concert?

But of course, that view is from my old neighborhood. During my life in that place my concerts were covered with psychological and financial fears, mostly financial fears.

What Can An Audience Give Me?

What did I ever get from an audience?

What did I ever want from an audience?

What can the audience give me?

(This means concert, tour, folk dance, or any audience. And an audience can be one, two, a thousand, whatever.)

I used to want fame and fortune.

Fame to prove to myself that I was good and worthy; fortune to support myself and insure survival.

Although I may still want fame and fortune, I no longer need it. I have proven to myself I'm worthy, and I have enough money to survive.

So I have enough fame and fortune.

That means, from an old neighborhood point of view, now an audience has nothing

to give me.

Okay then, in my present situation, as I move into a new neighborhood, I ask again:

What can an audience give me?

Answer: The energy of their vibrations.

Will their energy serve to energize me?

Is it worth the effort to get (getting) it?

Maybe. Even probably.

What is more powerful, an infinitive or a gerund?

“To get?” (Abstract, unreal, future)

“Getting?” (Real, fixed, completed)

Today I lean toward “to get” since my effort hasn’t happened, hasn’t been made yet.

However, I know I’ll soon be making it.

So “getting” is coming up soon.

I’ll be moving from “Is it worth the effort getting?” to actually making the effort to get it. Which means eventually (soon, maybe even today or tomorrow) I’ll try it out by playing for others.

I’ll move from “to get” their vibrations to “getting” their vibrations.

Getting their vibrations.

Totally Different Way of Thinking in this New Neighborhood

Audience and I Are Together in this Venture

Audience And I Are One

I just started playing guitar with the above “What Can The Audience Give Me?”

thoughts in mind.

Playing with these thoughts in mind is a totally different orientation. Instead of a tense left and right hand, with my focus on how to improve so I could eventually please my audience, I went to thinking directly of and into them, drawing out from them their energy vibrations. More than they were helping me, which they were, but the audience and I were both together in this venture, the audience and I were one.

What a start. Quite amazing.

Can I, will this, apply to my upcoming Argentina and Chile tour as well? Of course. How can it not?

The Audience is Helping Me

The audience actually is helping me.

I am reaching into them and pulling out their energy.

Their existence is even lifting me up, giving me a gentle and happy push, supplying me with energy, breath, and inspiration.

Tours

It used to be that I, as leader, felt I was helping and responsible for my group and their happiness. But now, they, my group are helping and responsible for mine.

Or more truthfully put, we are helping and responsible for each other.

Audience and performer are one, group and leader are one. All is one.

By including others, the audience of energy bunnies, into mind, body and spirit, I am

creating tremendous expansion and multiplication of my energy!

Finance as a Fun Hobby

Here's a totally radical idea: Expand my stock trading hobby and make all aspects of finance and money my fun hobby.

Turn what was once my greatest fear into a fun hobby.

What an idea!

Talk about a new neighborhood turn-about.

I would take what I once considered my greatest weakness, a post-marriage terror and panic about making a living, supporting myself and my family, and turn it into a form of relaxation, study, and meditative pleasure.

Amazing that I could even conceive of this.

But I just did!

I might even go back to school, become a financial planner, banker, or who knows what? And all as a fun hobby.

It means going to the bank would be one of my forms of vacation.

Paying bills would be another.

Crazy and unbelievable. The best form of running wild on the lawn coming true, bearing fruit, coming to fruition.

Wedding

If money is worthy and valuable, a survival tool, and it is, and fear is a basic survival feeling, and it is, then I just wedded the two.

So this year, here's what has happened so far.

Except for a few more gray hairs and knee aches, outwardly little has changed.

But inwardly, revolutionary changes in attitude have taken place.

Reading My Work

Could I ever enjoy reading my work to an audience?

Certainly, I would want to enjoy it, and be challenged enough to do it. But wanting does not make it so. Until now that calling has not come. I resist and resist. Not only readings, but all sorts of performing.

Why? I don't know.

Well, I have a hint. I'm resisting falling back into the tensions, fears, miseries, and glories of my former career.

Will I ever get past this? Will I ever find a new reason to perform anything?

Only mother time will tell.

Spiritual Guitar

Most of my guitar practice and training exercises in other areas focus on improving technical prowess.

My "contribution," now that I'm older, wiser, and dare to move more slowly, could be to focus on the spiritual aspects.

Am I not ready for this?

What else is there?

This ushers in a totally new way, different way of playing guitar, and even reason to play.

It could spread into my folk dance classes as well, even hopefully my tours—a spiritual

approach beyond the technical, at least for me, since I have enough technical prowess. Enough for me, enough for my needs. And with “enough,” I can now move on to my next level, which is imbuing my guitar playing and other things I do with spiritual meaning (whatever that means.)

Rabbi of the Cave

I'm on my way to becoming the Rabbi of the Cave.

This sentence popped up in my mind. It must mean something. I wonder what? And I wrote it down.

I feel isolated, apart from others. It's self-imposed isolation; but not alone, and never lonely.

Still, I feel somewhat guilty that I want to self-isolate.

Guilt? I don't believe in guilt.

But I do believe in fear. And fear is often disguised in the form of guilt.

Perhaps it is death I fear. I am helpless before the finale, as all is coming to an end.

How sad.

The rabbi of the cave is my corpse. I don't mind being a corpse. I'll miss everyone else.

So perhaps I'm self-isolating in preparation.

We also had a beautiful night of folk dancing last night in Darien. I'm also protecting myself from the break-down love, the overwhelming feeling of Magnificence that I felt for all my dancers.

My ego melted, swept away by the warmth.

This morning, as I wrote, I died and went to heaven.

Perhaps that's where the Rabbi lives.

So do I fear death, or my overwhelming love?

I lean toward the latter.

Why?

Death is overcome by resurrection while Love lasts forever.

Sunday, March 3, 2019

Major Jump

Entering the Realm of Playful Happiness

This feels huge. It is huge.

I'm in a totally new space.

Hard to believe but I have removed all the barriers "Alhambra," sales, etc. I have entered the realm of playful happiness.

I moved from the dream of running wild on the lawn to playing on the lawn.

"Wild" means frantic. Now the frenzy is gone. I'm moving into play, ready to play, happily and blissfully.

Yes, why not go for bliss, top on the line? I deserve it. Plus, I am there already.

Monday, March 4, 2019

True Artistry

I played Bach's Gavotte en Rondeau with true artistry—a goal I've wanted to reach all my life.

Left Hand

Can the clunky, mechanical, hapless left hand be part of the celestial guitar constellation? After all, it “merely” presses on the earthly strings, giving a solid foundational bass of material reality to the notes, but has, up to now, played no part that I know of in the emotional, soaring, and celestial possibilities given to the right hand.

But, of course, that was yesterday’s knowledge.

I’d like to bring the left hand into the game.

Wednesday, March 6, 2019

Spiritual Guitar

The Next Step

It means my guitar playing will be a form of prayer. I don my morning phylactery guitar and begin my quest.

Dare I put my guitar playing on such a high level?

Or will I collapse in hubris?

But again, there is no choice. As to the other life, the other guitar practice form, I’ve “been there, done that.”

There is no choice but to take this step into the next realm.

Time, Eternity, and Guitar

Spiritual guitar practice is no longer quantity practice.

It is quality practice, and five minutes could cover two years.

Ecstasy: the Both Place

Exhilaration equals ecstasy when focused on the Above.

Speed, fast guitar playing, brings exhilaration.

It focuses the mind intensely and, in the process, brings you both down to Earth and up to heaven.

It's the Place you want to be.

I'm not used to this on the guitar. Or any place else.

I have to practice staying in it, get used to being there.

The Meaning of Posture

Posture, standing up straight, means pulling yourself up to the Above Place.

It means aiming and, with success, actually standing There.

And imbuing your body with heavenly healing vibrations.

Balance

Balance means the middle space between Above and Below.

Leg lifts: Focusing on the Above give me a power beyond age.

Thursday, March 7, 2019

Spiritual Guitar 3

The Ultimate Rebellion

Today it's a have fun day and lay right into it!

I miss most of the notes (funny), but I'm really having fun!

What a rebellion against the "right note" system!

The ultimate rebellion: To fuck up completely, and still have fun!

Friday, March 8, 2019

Built for Ecstasy

My body was built for ecstasy and joy. Now is the time to go for it.

Saturday, March 9, 2019

The guitar playing joy and ecstasy of yesterday does not belong to me today.

It must be won again each day, new and fresh, one finger. at a time.

Love (Video) Editing

Get this: Danny loves the video editing process, cutting and pasting, putting one clip together at a time, one piece after another. For him it's a creative process of collecting what's already there and arranging it.

Could I ever learn to enjoy such editing? For my writing, and even my videos?

I wish I could. But that doesn't mean I can.

But maybe I could practice trying.

Editing

Could I Ever Learn to Love it?

Putting existing pieces together as a creative process versus creating the pieces from scratch (what I call creating, glorious and magnificent) and then putting them together (editing, dull, boring, drone work.)

A fancy new way of saying: How can I enjoy editing?

Could I ever change my perception of this necessary work?

Perhaps the idea of it being "necessary," that is, that I am forced to do it and thus

restricted and against my will has something to do with my dislike, nay hatred, of editing.

No running wild on the lawn when it comes to editing. Tightening, held down and back, etc.

And yet I constantly “edit” my guitar pieces, perfecting the same pieces over and over each day. And I enjoy the process very much. Of course, I don’t consider it to be “creative.” It is “mere” technical work.

But maybe it isn’t. Or maybe technical work is also creative work.

Border and Funnel

Running Wild Horizontally and Vertically

Restriction must be my greatest life trauma and fear. Thus running wild on the lawn is both my greatest dream and nightmare. Why nightmare? Because in order to survive in this world, and function in society and life, and wanting to survive, I’m always intuitively choosing to “restrict” myself in my daily work and life. Evidently, part of me both wants and needs my own self-imposed restrictions. It is called discipline, the practice of order. And I like order and discipline. I don’t see them as a punishment, but a blessing.

So did the Lord when He created the world.

So can’t we work together?

Can I somehow merge running wild with my own version of order and discipline?

Isn’t it time for that? I’m entering a new place. Can I merge my two grand loves, my love or running along with my hatred of restrictions?

I used to call them “restrictions.” But now I would call them the practice of organizing, order and discipline.

They are the border around running wild.

Or rather the funnel through which I run wild.

In this vein, I could begin my Jim Gold Choreo editing today.

I like the word “funnel” because it funnels my energies, flows them in an organized direction. Borders simply enclose the field which just “sits there.” The only dynamism and direction to grow and expand would be upward. But actually, that’s okay. I like upward. So maybe I need both funnel and borders. Borders give me vertical or upward growth, while funnel gives me horizontal or sideward growth and expansion.

This is a grand breakthrough. A cause for celebration!

I’m combining two great opposites: the desire for freedom (running wild on the lawn), and the need for order (border and funnel).

And let’s face it:

I love order.

I love discipline.

Look how I cling to my beloved routine (discipline). I thrive and relish my miracle schedule of morning and daily activities.

What is a schedule but an ordering? What is an ordering but a personal command to follow a discipline?

Freedom without discipline is chaos, and very scary.

And discipline without freedom is an empty box filled with meaningless restrictions, a casket, really.

You need both to thrive in this world.

Sunday, March 10, 2019

End Age-Related Thinking

Put an end to my age-related thinking.

The end is in sight, time is short, time to sum up your life,, gather your creations together for the next generation, etc. is not a good way to think.

Better to think (at any age) the future is always wide open.

Wednesday, March 13, 2019

I've always needed a weight on my head.

But the weight has been lifted.

I'm not used to living this way.

Thus, after my lovely long run, and follow up short run day, I have created a new distraction in my lift buttock and lower back.

Distraction from what?

Knees? But they were a distraction from post-eighty fears. I've worked that one through.

Distraction from excitement, joy, many tour registrations, fulfilling my dreams, dreams come true, etc.?

I'm entering a new land, the Land of Joy and Excitement. In the past, I've only been able to stay there briefly before I plunge back to the "more comfortable and familiar" land of worry, strife, anxiety, and pain. That's the land I know, and although partially miserable there, at least I'm used to it.

I'm not used to living in the Land of Joy and Excitement. And if I touch it, I'm certainly not used to staying there long.

It's a new place, a new and frightening land.

Guitar

Index finger is the pointing finger. It reigned during the long period of Confusion.

Could the ring finger be the happy finger?

I'm taking my first steps in a new place. Could my ring finger be my happy finger, the reigning finger in the Land of Joy and Excitement?

It feels like a state beyond freedom.

What is beyond freedom? Joy and excitement? Or inner peace along with joy and excitement?

Friday, March 15, 2019

Healing Myself

Although, parenthetically, others can listen in if they like, my guitar playing is not for others; and neither is my "Alhambra."

My guitar playing, along with my "Alhambra," is to heal myself. Period.

And as I say, others may listen in—if they like.

Powerful Legs! And Competent, Too

I went running, and for a few moments, minutes maybe, I have it my all. Put in maximum effort and went as fast as I could. For a few moments, I put all my concentration into my legs, I "saw" my legs, and while I did it, they felt competent and powerful!

The moral here is: If you give it your best effort, maximum focus and concentration, you end up feeling competent and powerful.

Saturday, March 16, 2019

Priorities

My first goal must be: To bring myself back top health, to cure myself.

How?

1. Stretches, yoga, run, gym

2. Guitar, songs

3. Even writing.

4. Could folk dancing be part of this? Yes. If I see it as my cure first (inward, directed toward myself), rather than my business (outward, directed toward others.) Later, as I get “better,” inner and outer can be combined. But first, take care of yourself. Taking care of others will then naturally follow.

Sunday, March 17, 2019

Now that I’m almost eighty-two, I can really start breaking barriers! I both know myself, and I don’t care much anymore.

Example: I just played Allemande on classical guitar, then I suddenly switching to singing J’ai Rendez-Vous Avec Vous!

Such organic shifting has never happened before. Will it usher in a new organic and real relationship between singing and classical guitar?

Also this idea came up: Paradoxically, my ailments are also are my strengths. Meaning my ailments can reveal my strengths!

Here’s how this idea arose:

Bad knees and bad back are part of the payoff for success and a successful life. Hmm. The success syndrome SS. Also add the drive to finish any and most things I do. The

accomplishment syndrome AC. Once I start something, it's hard to stop. In fact, I often can't stop myself and keep doing it way beyond my barriers and reach the point where the drive to finish, the urge to complete is so great it feels like it's killing me.

(Which me am I talking about? That's another question)

My obsession to complete things is a strength and a weakness.

How can I heal myself? I don't know.

Seems like only awareness of the roots of my ailments can help or save me.

Paradoxically, my ailments are also are my strengths.

How do my ailments reveal my strengths?

First, which ailments am I talking about?

1. Lower back and knees are the big ones. Yes, stretching helps and is necessary. But most important for me is remembering Sarno and the Sarnoian approach. It is the mental, psychological, and emotional solution that has always helped and saved me in the past. I don't know or see why it should be any different now, in the present, when I am older.

Leading the Edited Life

My whole body is breaking down, aching, singing, in restraints. I'm being editing into and out of existence.

I'm breaking down and into the edited life.

Yes, the limitations of safety and the safety of limitations are raining and reigning down upon me. HP, the Higher Power, is ushering me into the Edited Life.

I'm hoping Creator Man will show me the Art of the Edited Life. He's sending down master developers to open my path. teachers with strange names like Choreography book, Infant V Editing, and even Tours.

They slow me down, grind me as they ground me.

An hitherto unknown teacher name Guitar-in-Depth was subtly and surreptitiously opening my path through slow, focused, edited guitar style.

Now other teachers are appearing. Back Encroachment was the first, along with Miss Knee Management, otherwise known as Knee Mismanagement. Yes, I may hate them but they are still my teachers. The only question is: What will they teach me?