

Argentina and Chile

New Attitude Born

Friday, March 29, 2019

I arrived in Buenos Aires yesterday.

Beginning of the new tour and future attitude.

And what is this new attitude, this new “view” of the future.

My old view was the one of “impending doom.” I’ve had this at least since my Greenwich village days. I remember writing about it in my St. Marks den. Since then (at least, maybe even sooner), it has followed me all life. Thus, constant pre-performance anxiety, pre-tour anxiety, which manifests in the idea that once I’ve done everything I need to do, and can do, and can think of doing in preparation for my tour, and now I finally have free time, all I do is worry about what might happen. In other words, once I’ve done all I can do to control the future, I now continue, not only to think about the future, but mostly to worry about it. In a sense, I try to control the future by worrying about it.

Well, what’s new?

Now I’m thinking, since all my thoughts about the future, whether positive (rarely) or negative (impending doom, etc.) are my own invention, are thought I create, make up, why not choose positive endings?

Obviously, I have no control over the future. The only control I have is over my imagination, and that alone is difficult enough. But I do have it.

So from now on I'm choosing a positive future, a positive ending, one that says, any problems that actually come up, I'll figure out. And if I can't, well then, I'll just deal with it, accept it, and move on. All this has actually happened in the past, but evidently tons of past experience haven't touched my deep-seated attitude. But somehow, I am now ready to look at it, deal with it, and most important, change! Why now, I don't know. Perhaps it's simply that the apple is ready to fall from the tree. Sure I took sixty years, maybe longer, but so what. When it's ready, nothing can stop it. And conversely, when it's not ready, nothing can make it happen.

Saturday, March 30, 2019

Yesterday has fallen. A big day of dropping. Dropped trading,

Yes, dropped trading. What can replace it? Relaxation and thrills? (But a distraction, too.) What can fill the vacuum?

Regarding money, I do not have a lot, but I have enough. That's the difference. I'm satisfied financially. I'm not high or low, but in the middle. And evidently I don't need the thrills of highs and lows anymore either. They have run their course. After many years of dabbling in the market, from day trading to swing trading, up and down, I'm even now and can move on. But to what?

As I walked down the street yesterday in Buenos Aires, I cried, mourned for the lose of this old trading, up and down life.

Nature abhors a vacuum.

What can flow into this new and grand one?

Filling the Vacuum

Writing

Major pleasure benders have fallen away.

I can mention them, or I can't.

But does it really matter if I mention them or not, talk and write about them or not? After all, their fading days are gone; they are beyond fading. They are over, gone.

Great distractions and sometime pleasure releases have been swallowed up by self-growth and transition. Great new vacuum-packed voids have been created.

What will rush in to fill them?

1. Short-term during my tour: Study Spanish with a vengeance. (Vengeance: The only hint of anger energy. Is this a hopeful sign?)

2. Language study in general. Dive into it with a passion. And this, for no particular purpose, but simply because I need a passion!

3. Writing: Dive into writing, with a passion. Now writing does have a particular purpose. And I know I do have a passion for it. Or rather, had a passion. But now that the blocks have been removed and a passion vacuum has been created and must somehow be filled, perhaps now that I am totally vacuum free, now is finally the time to embrace writing fully. Wow, could this be it?

Once said that writing, even though it makes no money and achieves no fame or

recognition, it is nevertheless my true calling.

Well, I no longer have any need to make money from it, and my hopes and desires for fame and recognition, although still present, have diminished quite a bit.

So maybe, with the removal of the grand blocks, the grand distractions, and the creation of the grand vacuum, I am finally ready to drive my total self into writing.

(Note: How I hated to get up this morning. I stayed in bed because I had no passion to rise, no reason to get up. How sad. I used to want to get up early on my tours so I could write, write, write! In my journal, fiction, or whatever. But that passion dribbled away this morning. True, language study, exercise commitments, dancing, videos, photography, art, study, all are good miracle schedule events.

But I've always wanted to be, dreamed of becoming, an artist!

And although I love music and dance, have some interest in drawing, painting, and the fine arts, writing has always been my dream and passion, the place where I have the most freedom.

So evidently, everything is pointing to writing. My vacuum can be filled by a total and grand commitment to it. Of course, coupled with my other miracle schedule events, which will be not necessarily distractions, but rather supplements to my writing life.

Could this dream come true? Am I finally at the place where I can be and say I am a writer? It was my Greenwich Village dream in my youth. Now at dusk, am I in completion stage? Maybe.

It means I will make my money, earn my living, as usual, mostly from tours,

somewhat from folk dancing, and a bit from investments.

My morning can be, will be devoted to writing. (I no longer have to check my trading in the stock market because it no longer exists.)

Okay, specifically what does that mean?

1. I'm publishing 123 Choreos, and soon Infant Vision. Those are just about done deals, with most of the raw creative work finished. Now it's mostly about gathering, editing, designing, etc.

And this is important, and must be done.

It's not and no longer about creating new stuff.

So I have to divide my writing into two parts:

1. Creative part: writing new stuff
- 2, Editing part: Editing my new or old stuff, and thus creating publish-ready work.
3. Should I also devote part of my day's effort to sales? Writing sales? Selling my books? Hmm and wow. That would indeed make everything, make my writing "real."

That would make me, in my mind, a serious writer.

Sunday, March 31, 2019

I'm in Buenos Aires and it's Sunday early morning. My travelers arrived yesterday. Our first tour begins today.

Today is my first day as a writer.

I woke up, had coffee, studied some Hebrew and Spanish,

So far, except for this journal writing after my language study, I haven't written a thing.

Well, I ended up doing some fiction editing. Maybe editing is what's good to do when the brain is still cold.

Monday, April 1, 2019

Second day as a writer.

Long day in Buenos Aires yesterday, Rich and full. Group is just about together. Tour feels "comforable," smooth, and rolling.

See photos and videos for more.

And speaking of photos and videos, I wonder if I could ever incorporate photos and videos into my journal. Big idea and project. Hmm, I wonder how that would work.

Monday, April 1, 2019

Second day as a writer.

Long day in Buenos Aires yesterday, Rich and full. Group is just about together. Tour feels "comforable," smooth, and rolling.

See photos and videos for more.

And speaking of photos and videos, I wonder if I could ever incorporate photos and videos into my journal. Big idea and project. Hmm, I wonder how that would work.

Tuesday, April 2, 2019

New Type of Personal Victory

(Writing and Stretching as Priorities)

Last night I decided to take the night off and not go on our evening Pena dance and dinner event. (Yes, I would miss something, but I needed that kind of decision.) I told my group I had lots of work to do and might not be able to join them tonight.

What kind of work? Basically, I wanted (and needed?) time for myself, to think, stretch, and write. And for the first time in my tour-leading life, I gave myself this lovely gift of an evening off.

Technically and safety-wise, it was no problem, Our guide Mirta took over and easily brought the group to and from their destination. Indeed, although our group would have appreciated my presence, I was nevertheless not needed.

Result: Fran yelled, "Jim, did I hear you say that you are abandoning us tonight?" I stood there dumb and speechless. She followed with "Who's going to video our event?"

I remained speechless. She repeated this a few times, then backed off by saying, "I'm just trying to put a guilt trip on you."

Her comments made me reconsider my decision. My immediate reaction was to give up my plans for my "needed" night off and join the group. Then I considered my original thought. (Remember, the first thought is 99.9% of the time the right thought.) The group is safe. I am not really needed. I can, in confidence and safety, dare to take the night off. Plus, always take care of yourself first. Then you'll be in good shape, and ready to take to take care

of others.

Today I'll speak to Fran, ask her how she's doing, and deal with last night's upset, if any remains.

On top of this remember: I am now a serious writer. My writing needs come first. Tour leader is second. Thus, I need to take care of my writing needs first! Even though my writing makes no money, and has no direct effect on the tour, it is nevertheless my top priority, Get used to it.

Of course, if the tour is not going well and something needs fixing, I'll jump in to fix it. My mind will not be relaxed and easy, and thus free to write and stretch if my tour is not in order.

Wednesday, April 3, 2019

Writing And Editing Are One

We arrived in Salta yesterday. Sleepy, pretty town.

Our guide Ramirez—he likes to be called Rami—met us at the airport. I liked him right away. Our bus driver is Daniel.

Our five-star Alejandro Hotel has a mezzuzah on its door!

I taught folk dancing in the late afternoon. Then we went to a Pena for dinner and folklore show.

On the plane ride from Buenos Aires to Salta I wrote a fiction story; I wove and edited it out of my Babble writings.

First time I've written a story on a plane. This may be a new way to fly now that I'm a writer. It's also a way of "salvaging" my babble writing.

I can see how editing is re-writing. Thus is editing part of writing. In fact, editing might even be writing itself!

Wow. This is a totally new and novel way for me to view writing: Writing as editing, Writing is editing. The tw are just as connected as eating and swallowing, swallowing and digesting.

Thursday, April 4, 2019

Today our group will be traveling in two Mercedes to San Antonio de los Cobres and Quebrada de Humahuaca. Such strange and exotic names. We travel close to the Bolivian and Chilean borders and will hit 13,000 feet. I've never been that high. Exciting.

I almost lost my cool with H. Who is acting more obnoxious than usual. It's always mildly annoying, but in past trips it never bothered or affected me much. Why today? Perhaps I'm just tired.

Our guide, Rami, is excellent. He's also a trekker and will be going on a 15-days mountain trek around a volcano which will reach 21,000 feet! Amazing. He's training for it by running, walking, swimming, etc.

I love training. I too am in training, with my next year's project to improve my body.

In fact, so far writing and exercise are the new, emotionally recharged directions of the upcoming year goals.

Friday, April 5, 2019

Be My Own Hero

Arrived in Quebrada de Humahuaca , Yesterday amazing trip through mountains to mining town of St. Antonio de los Cobres, Puna, salts flats, etc.

Settled into hotel.

My mind a bit rattled from standing and walking for the first time in my life at 13,500 feet! Headache, dizziness, a bit nauseous, but otherwise survived. I can do it. This means I can do Peru, Cusco, even Bolivia and La Paz. And become my own hero.

Is it important to become my own hero? Or is it stupid, not worth the effort?

The answer to me is obvious. I can be proud of myself, and free, when I have a bit beyond reasonable goals to try fulfilling, and thus become my own hero. If I don't go this route, the vision of what I could have done will haunt me; I'll live under a cloud of unfulfilment.

So is Peru, and conquering, or rather dealing with my fear of altitude, a good and worthy goal?

In this there are two challenges, one intellectual: Is the study of Peru and culture worth it?

The other is physical: Can my body take it? Can I survive, and even thrive, in the high altitude? And is the challenge and training I'll need to survive, nay to thrive, worth it?

Today, I have hesitantly decided they are fifty-five percent over the top. But of course, with a 45 percent hesitancy rate. Maybe decisions are like elections, you never get 100

percent—55 wins. But of course, there is always opposition. My mind seems to work the same way.

So in my mental election, 55 percent is enough to swing Peru.

We'll see where this goes.

Saturday, April 6, 2019

We're leaving Salta this morning, flying first to Cordoba, then on to Mendoza.

I'm thinking of the new directions and projects born on this Argentina and Chile trip.

Basically, I'm going forward by going backward, or vice versa. On the surface, I'm doing the same miracle schedule activities I used to do. However, internally, my attitude toward them has totally shifted, changed, transformed. And this has been happening in other areas of my life as well.

In my new commitment to exercise I'm aiming for "improvement," even transformation.

Note also how I am not aiming for improvement or transformation in writing, but only asking myself for greater commitment to the writing process, to "take is seriously," so seriously that being a wrier becomes my self-definition. (Improvement will take place by itself when I enter that process.)

Sunday, April 7, 2019

I Like To Write

Yesterday we arrived in Mendoza.

The Poses, Coleman and Ilene, had the wrong tickets, had their flight schedule from Cordoba to Mendoza screwed up, missed our plane, and came five hours later on the next one. We rescued the situation by creating a tour of Cordoba, but that failed to materialize as well. A total mess. They were quite mad. I can't blame them.

Although this minor disaster bothers me this morning, worse is I lost my travel jacket, and as we ate late last night, I went to sleep late with my stomach full and this broke my wonderful routine of pre-bed and thus early morning exercise.

Fascinating, right? A missed plane in a tour disaster is not so bad as losing my jacket and missing my personal schedule.

Which one annoys me more? Losing my jacket or missing my schedule? Although both annoyances are minor, they give me something to write about. I don't like to be annoyed, and writing about it frees me somewhat from that.

So perhaps bottom line is: I like to write!

Solving Problems

But also I'm good at dealing with problems, and trying to solve them on the spot. Whether I succeed or fail is another question. But I push it to the limit, and mentally and physically do not rest until the problem is resolved. Sometimes the resolution is simply that, after doing all I can, I realize the problem cannot be solved. At least for now.

But evidently, my personality is such that I am compelled to give it my best shot and

push to some kind of resolution.

This is a good quality to know and remember about myself.

A big part of me wants to avoid problems, even run away from them.

But I don't. Instead, I deal with them (compulsively and obsessively, if you like) on the spot, I find it hard to move on until they are resolved, one way or the other.

Maybe the deep intuitive knowledge and confidence that I will somehow try to solve problems as they come up is part of what makes me a good tour leader and enables me to have and create my own business.

Look how well I handled the Poses air flight situation. After trying every angle to get them on the plane, we ended up creating a personal tour of Cordoba. (I say “we” because I had a lot of feedback and ideas from our other travelers.) By creating this unique personal day-tour of Cordoba, we soon had the other travelers jealous of the Poses! Now they too wanted such a tour of Cordoba!

True, in the end it didn't work out. And I'll probably never know why. But we did push it as far as it could go.

The Eight Grand Emotions of Tour Life

We moved from misery to ecstasy in twenty minutes. But when I learned, via email from Coleman, that their Cordoba tour had failed, I dropped quickly from ecstasy to disappointment.

Why did their tour fail? Maybe the tour guide was there, but Coleman and Ilene

couldn't find him. Maybe the guide never showed up. Or maybe the tour was never arranged in the first place. No matter what, frustration, anger, sadness, and disappointment were the final result.

Well, these grand four emotions, frustration, anger, sadness, and disappointment are part of tour life. They go along with the other four grand emotions—awe, wonder, ecstasy, and joy.

After all, bottom-line is: I love my travelers and hate to see them hurt in any way. I like to see happy, joyous faces, not ones clouded with misery.

Amazing I just said that, But it is true. And this has nothing to do with business or fear losing them as customers. Truth is, at this point, I am not financially threatened as my many past years, filled with the fear of financial collapse and ruin dissolve, love can rise to take their place.

Friday, April 12, 2019

I Like Freedom

Claiming Wahoo Victory

Arrived home from Argentina and Chile.

Hard trip. I am so furious at the torture I have been through! Such a difficult tour. Spinning, headache, fury, and more.

What to do about it?

Nothing but feel it.

Yes, leading and running the tour was a grand accomplishment. But what a headache!

Balance the headache against the accomplishment. Which one do I want?

Do I need both? Maybe.

But I hate headaches. And I love my at home life.

What can I do about this division?

Yes, my headache will pass. So will my accomplishment. Where does that leave me?

All is vanity. Whether I do it or not, I get a headache or create an accomplishment, both in the long run are “beside the point.” But I live a short run life. So this attitude doesn’t help me much.

So moving back to my original feeling: Why do I feel so bad this morning?

Is it because I refuse to claim victory? Am I (once again) retreating from the Grand Wahoo Victory of this tour?

Probably.

After all, putting myself down, especially after victories, has created most of my headaches.

Thus today, this morning, instead of running down the street shouting “I’ve done it! A great and grand accomplishment! Yes!” I have once again retreating into my old shell of denying my accomplishments and retreating from my victories.

And indeed, this Argentina and Chile tour was a victory, and a grand one at that!

Sunday, April 14, 2019

The tears are in my knees, and in right index finger.

Monday, April 15, 2019

Important Effort Question

Birth of a New Attitude

Returned from Argentina/Chile tour with a question:

Is memorizing Hebrew words it worth the effort?

Or memorizing words in any other language?

Memorizing develops and maintains brain power, is a good-in-itself.

It is always a good idea to give my miracle schedule activities my best, my maximum effort, that makes me stronger.

So memorizing Hebrew words is worth the effort.

Dwelling in the Glory

of Magnificent Guitar Playing Freedom!

My guitar playing is amazing; I'm playing on a totally different level. Free and flying!

A sliver of doubt: How long will this last? Will I slip back into the old way of thinking and playing? I hope not. I hope never. Yet it could be. I might. The past is never wiped out.

On the other hand, you can never go home again. Perhaps, hopefully, I may visit that old neighborhood but not dwell in it.

I'm in a "too good to be true" place. And yet I am there. This morning, even with my knees falling apart, I dwell in the glory of magnificent guitar playing freedom!

Freedom, Abandon, Knees

I think I can honestly say I have never played with such freedom and abandon in my life.

Am I really in such a new place?

I think so.

Can I accept it?

Can it flood into other areas of my life?

Isn't that the question? My knees would be the first test.

If I can cure my guitar playing, can I cure my knees?

Well, why not?

My stretch and yoga method has to work. It's the only thing I've got, the only thing I believe in.

There is no other way for me.

First Free Day of my Life

I thought I had lunch with Al today. I called him to check. Turns out we planned it for next Tuesday. I made a mistake on the date, a good one. Today is totally free.

First free day of my life? Feels that way.

What will I do?

Play guitar all day? Maybe.

Wednesday, April 17, 2019

Fun and Joy!

Look how I'm flying through Bach's "Gavotte en Rondeau!"

I love it! So smooth, relaxed, easy, fast, and fun!

How can I allow myself to have such pleasure, joy, and satisfaction playing the classical guitar? It has never happened before.

I'm still a bit self-conscious about it but that is ending. And quick! Soon, very soon, quickly, now, playing with such wild freedom. abandon, and joy is, nay has become a habit.

Pain of Joy, Joy of Pain

Is there pain in joy?

Is there joy in pain?

Could my greatest fear be of my greatest joy, the fear of diving into my joy, the joy of diving into my greatest fear.

The fear of diving into my greatest pain, the pain of my joy, the joy of my pain.

Sounds weird, even masochistic.

But it could be right.

Thursday, April 18, 2019

Strange, but somehow I feel the storm of return, with its bad knees, is over.

Yesterday was totally awful. My knees, legs, were killing me, especially after my morning folk dance class. I came home, stretched correctly, then went to Apple store, shopping, etc., and then finally, in the evening, writing class. I could hardly walk. I went to sleep vowing to heal myself.

And somehow this morning my knees and legs feel better. Why this is, I don't know. Am I fooling myself? Maybe. But maybe not. Somehow the storm of Argentina and Chile return has passed.

Does writing class have something to do with it? Or the fact I've finally finished all my "return" things? Both? Or other?

Saturday, April 20, 2019

The Completion Complex

The Mixed Up-Down Bag of Satisfaction/Depression

I began my morning studying Hebrew out of habit. Then a happy short wave of depression hit me. Happy I say, because it was the first hint of possible motivation.

Although I aim for the stillness of doing nothing, the peace of nothingness, once I arrive I become restless.

Evidently, I am an action person. Resting in place is somehow a vague goal, which, once achieved, is appreciated for a few moments, minutes, even hours, or days, but then I must fill my mind with a new goal.

Such is my personality; such is life.

Sunday, April 21, 2019

Slow and Fast

Guitar:

By playing slowly, slower and slower, you go deeper and deeper. Soon (eventually) you reach the point where slow meets fast.

At that place, slow and fast become the same!

Deep Exploration: The Next Stage

I now have absolutely no desire or need to perform or prove myself on the guitar, no desire or need to get the acceptance and approval of others. That stage dissolved last year. Now, as I approach and am ready for stage two, those desires and that need are totally gone; that road has ended.

I am now free to move on to the next stage: Deep self-exploration based on curiosity, adventure, and a self-improvement motivation.

Wednesday, April 24, 2019

Spiritual Aspects of Money

Consider and think about the spiritual aspects of money, and its connection to language, community, survival, motivation, and making one whole.

Next “project:” Creating and publishing two books. In the process, creating a new attitude toward book sales, communication, etc.

I’ve temporarily “lost interest,” or rather have diminished interest in the fear aspects of money (because I have some).

Well, not true. Fear is forever. It’s only that my fears, at least about money, are in remission at the moment.

Thursday, April 25, 2019

Facing Old Age

Since post-Spain last October my body has been on a downward slant, especially my knees, but Rick has also said the fatigue in my legs was due to, came from my lower back.

In the past, whenever I felt lower back pain, my mind went immediately to Sarno with his concept of anger, etc. And thinking this way, which I’d done for years, actually helped, even “healed” my back! Sarnoian thinking also helped my knees.

But somehow, since Spain, I’ve forgotten or given up Sarnoian thinking. Why, I’ll never know.

Still, since it worked, I've somehow today decided to return to it, to go "back" to it. For back and knees!

Yes. Perhaps the past year, starting with Spain tour and ending with Argentina and Chile tour, has been a long year of transition. I'd gained many things, like Alhambra personal attitude conquest, and given up my internal constant sales pressure. Big victories over myself. But perhaps, during and even because of these conquests, I have been distracted from some core beliefs. And one of them is my belief in the Sarno approach to certain kinds of pain—for me, namely back and knee pain.

For whatever reason, it's time to return to that kind of thinking. Not much has changed in my body since then. Thus, there is no reason, except my own self-created doubts. And I know Sarno says the mind creates "doubts" in order to distract from greater fears.

Since Spain, what have been my greater fears?

Old age. The concept that I am now over eighty has absolutely killed me, destroyed my confidence. That such a tragedy should happen to me! I hate to admit how embarrassed I am to say or even admit this, that I am so ashamed and afraid of being so "old." Eighty? Ugh! Youthful, fun-loving me. Unheard of. But yes, it has happened. And I have been helpless to stop it, helpless before the onslaught of advancing age, its slow, relentless, glacier-like, unstoppable destructive movement and power.

So I have been, on the surface, furious, and deep beneath, panicked about my slow descent into helplessness, weakness, frailty, and ultimately, death.

Indeed then, mere knee pain, accompanied by mere back pain, wrapped up in leg fatigue and pain—mere flicks before the great darkness of life-destroying time, Cronus (Kronos) bearing down on me.

So let me now consider once again the Sarno approach, and consider them a grand distraction from my big terrors.

Terror and panic, along with the humiliation and embarrassment (another fear) of having them in the first place, are, in retrospect, a good reason for denial, and thus pushing my fears into mere knee and back pains which I could, if I chose to “do” something about through knee injections, replacement, pills, pain-killers, back operations, etc. All of which I hesitate, nay, refuse to do. (But I “could” if I wanted to. And thus I would have control over unstoppable chronic nemesis.

But of course, in reality, I only have control of my attitude.

And since Spain, my attitude has been one of avoiding terror and panic, and creating knee and back pain in its stead.

But with the completion of my Argentina and Chile tour, it seems I am ready to start anew.

I’m really getting sick of hobbling, fear of stairs, and crippling leg fatigue. Getting sick and disgusted with myself in this manner is a sign of imminent change and growth.

I’m ready to face my old age terrors. In fact, at this point, facing them is better than the constant distractions of these pains!

Plus, after Spain, I gave myself the entire Argentina/Chile tour as another grand distraction. So since Spain I have been distracting myself, chasing new tours and building my tour business which has helped me avoid facing old age.

But now, both tours are over. I feel strangely free.

Friday, April 26, 2019

Publishing and Sales

A Two-Way Street

The nightmare is over. I'm back.

Fear of humiliation and embarrassment ties me tightly, connects me to others.

My next challenge is finding and developing a new attitude towards the publishing and sales of my books.

How would this new attitude be born? And why?

Well, note that my physical nightmare and trauma of the last six months were due to fear of aging. This fear had several components. Among them were fear of death, incapacity, weakness/feebleness, and the inability to care for myself. But a big one, perhaps the biggest one, was humiliation. I was embarrassed to tell others, and even to admit to myself, how old I was.

“What happened to the youthful, dynamic, laughing, easygoing Jim?” I imagined others would ask. “What happened to that guy who gracefully, happily, and with ebullient joy ran wild on our lawns? Now he is old, decrepit, and finished. Not only will we give up on his

business by never traveling or dancing with him again, even worse, we will now feel sorry for him, pity him, and gently laugh at him in his shamefully old and decrepit state.”

But note: my fear of humiliation and embarrassment is “only” related to the views of others! I’m afraid of what they think of me. Thus, my feelings of self-confidence and self-worth are closely tied to how others see, and feel about, me.

I hate this dependence. But no matter how I feel, it exists anyway. Perhaps I can soften it, but I can never totally escape or change it.

Belonging to the human community is just part of human existence. And, after all, although I often hate to face or admit it, I am human.

So, in terms of a new attitude toward publishing and sales, where does this realization leave me?

There is no possible humiliation in publishing. I can do it myself quietly, in isolation, and no one will ever know. Especially if I keep all my books hidden in my basement.

Sales, on the other hand, are totally involved with others. And need their approval in order to succeed. Thus these make me totally vulnerable and open to humiliation.

This is true of all sales work.

The next question emerges: Why bother publishing, if I do not accompany it, follow it, with sales? But the only reason I would do that is because I have the hidden “some day” hope, meaning that some day my books will be discovered, some day they’ll be read, I’ll be known, recognized, and famous. And my hidden hope is that this can and will happen even

after I'm dead. Yes, I want recognition by others, whether dead or alive! (I'd prefer it alive but, if I have to, I'll settle for posthumous recognition.)

This means that all roads lead to sales.

In higher, more exalted terms, sales means love from others. Conversely, love from others means love of others.

We all need love. I need the love of others, and others need love from me. It's a two-way street.

The result of all this cogitating and mental adventuring is simply: To be satisfied and happy in this life, I must not only publish but sell as well. There is no escape. The only exit I might have (and have taken for years) is denial of this truth.

Tuesday, April 30, 2019

I don't want to be pushed around by external events. Yet I want to be open and flexible towards them when they come up.

How to make this compromise with "reality?"

How to keep and follow my miracle schedule during a storm? At least parts of it.

This morning I have a slight headache. Why? I'm being pushed around by upcoming family visit. Plus the Ne Klepeci controversy.

What to do? How to handle it?

New Guitar

I'm finding new flowers of meaning in each note.

I started right away with Renaissance “Allemande.” No legato or scale warm-up. In other words, I “warmed up” on “Allemande,” warmed up on a guitar piece, warmed-up right away (well, I didn’t warm-up. Rather, I used the “Allemande” to warm up. But I warm-up with an immediate dive into the “Allemande” itself. Different, stiff, but eventful in into own way. A new immediate approach.

Friday, May 3, 2019

Back to the Stretch Religion

Family is here. All is well.

This morning I woke up early. Happily, I’m feeling disgusted with myself. Self-disgust means my energy is returning along with my focus.

I’m getting ready to go back to work.

What is work?

As a start, take care of my body. Go back to the stretch religion. Add writing.

Saturday, May 4, 2019

Rebirth in All Keys

What do young people symbolize?

Rebirth, regeneration, renaissance, starting over, a fresh beginning.

What does it mean to me personally?

I could start over as a “young” new guitarist, start fresh on my guitar.

Imagine, after all these years of practicing, suffering, trying every possible technique, I having finally got it right. I found my way of playing.

Example is, of course, “Alhambra.” But now I must also add “Allemande,” the Bach “Gavotte,” and Bach “Gavotte en Rondeau.” These three are my “new” pieces. Now I can and do play them in my “new” way: Expressive, emotional, and often slowly.

Played this way, even “Alhambra” is “easy.”

Sunday, May 5, 2019

A True Running Wild on the Lawn Program

Let me talk about pain this morning.

I woke up with pain in my lower back. It’s been mild during the past few months but this morning it was really bad.

Rick related the stiffness pains in my quads to lower back pain. He says all are connected, and even mentioned stenosis.

I haven’t had back pain for years.

I used the Sarno method, analyzed my anger, found its source, and when I did, the pain went away. Same with headaches.

These days instead of headaches, I get mild flashes of blurriness, which I know are related to headaches.

Again, when I realize what’s bothering or angering me, the blurriness disappears.

The pain in my quads, lower back, and knees, although not completely new, has mucho intensified since my Spain tour last October. I even went to get knee x-rays, which were analyzed as arthritis in both knees. This analysis made me focus even more on my knees, which absolutely did not help them. It may have even made them worse.

What is the result of the pain analysis above?

Before, when I used the Sarno method, with its central focus on anger, I healed myself, I faced my anger, found its source, dealt with it, and these “displacement” pains went away.

Ma nishtanah? What has changed?

A main difference is I no longer use the Sarno method. Somehow I have slowly given it up, replaced it with a “spa-type therapy” with its physical explanation of pains.

Truth is, I don't get angry much anymore. In fact, it seems I haven't been angry for months, even years.

Could this slow descent into a non-anger/non-rage state be the reason for my back, knee, left shoulder, and quad pain?

Is it time to return to Sarno?

Where, after all, has my anger gone?

Has it really gone away?

Or has it simply been repressed, now displaced and manifesting itself in back, knee, and blurry headache?

I sense it has.

Although my downfall may not have started on the October Spain tour, it somehow solidified there, and has been coalescing and solidifying ever since.

The denial of anger may be partly due to success. Tour registrations are up, savings are better, the stock market is up, all meaning my financial situation is improved.

And this offers me a financial situation in which I no longer have to worry so much about money.

I've always yearned to be in such a place.

But as the Chinese say, be careful what you wish for. This success partially destroys not only my motivation but, perhaps even more important, the source of anger, which came from financial worries.

In other words, financial worries made me afraid. Fear generated anger. Fear and anger went together. And even though I hate fear, hate to be afraid, and hate worry, those emotional states also enraged me, and the rage, coupled with appropriate and inappropriate terror and panic, in turn, motivated me and caused me to act!

When my anger goes astray, it descends into my body parts. When I "put it back" in its rightful motivating place, my pains disappear. And I get on the sales and money-making trail again.

Note the word "sales," once my grand nemesis is now a big positive in this equation.

Perhaps, in sales, I work out my anger.

Note also, I fulfilled my wishes. I've become, in my mind, financially successful, I have given up my hated "constant pressure to sell." This, with my constant put-down

“Alhambra” approach, another source of put down and creation of worry, fear, performing/terror, thus mucho motivating, getting me to practice hard every day. etc.

In other words, I’ve fulfilled my wishes, I am a success, but am I still angry?

According to what my body is saying, the answer is Yes!

I’m angry because so-called success has destroyed my motivation. Well, I know that’s true. I’ve said it for years. But today I am more convinced than ever. Success, making money, removes my “need to worry,” which is really my need to be motivated about something.

I need to have goals to aim for.

Presently, I have weak goals, No, actually I have none.

I’ve become an empty success with nothing I really want.

I need grand goals, even impossible dreams, ones that I desperately want to fulfill. If I don’t find them, I’ll eat myself up with displaced aches and pains.

These goals have to be so high, so difficult in fact, that they create worry, fear, rage, even terror and panic in me!

Tuesday, May 7, 2019

How can I start over, start something new, begin afresh? Oh, how I yearn to! I’ve either lost or forgotten my way.

During the past few family reunion days, my knees were a total distraction. But this short, hidden, tense period is coming to an end. I'm ready, starting today, to return to my life.

How to infuse it with new possibilities is always the question.

Wednesday, May 8, 2019

Obstacles

I hate obstacles.

But they force me to grow and expand.

Example:

1. Hebrew Bereshit website changed. I lose my on-line dictionary. Plus dropbox CDs. Result so far: I'm reading slower, more carefully. I d may even be "forced" to drop Yanshuf and move on to the bible!

2. Family visit/cousins reunion: Hard to break my daily routine and habits. Tension and discomfort. But so many benefits!

3. Knees. What benefits will my knee pains will bring? Possibilities are:

a. Greater self-awareness. (Is their increase due to pressures of family, cousins weekend, etc. Also add the Ne Klepeci controversy. We'll see.

Thursday, May 9, 2019

Maybe money is not as important as I thought. Or better, maybe the money problem has been “solved,” at least for awhile. I have enough to survive for at least a few years, and perhaps more. This puts me in a new position.

More on Success

Maybe I’m angry because so much of my present life has been squeezed into a tour business box, when really, deep down and at heart, I’m a crazy artist.

Resentment at my “successful” business situation. It puts more pressure on me to do (even more) business, which pushes me even further away from my original goal of being an artist.

Maybe that’s my problem; and it’s manifested, or ex- and de-pressed through the distraction of my knees, coupled with eyes flashing in blinding rage.

To be an artist has always been my dream.

Business and money-making were simply the route to security, and the money I made was supposed to free me to be one. The means to the end. However, somehow during the success process, I’ve forgotten the end, and I’m stuck in the means.

Well, that’s a lot to be angry about!

No wonder I’m mad.

If I’m on to something and the above is true, then it’s time to make some goal and priority changes in my miracle schedule and business life.

What would they be?

As a start, it seems that now, business (and money) should come last, and miracle schedule events should come first.

Business last? Business last?? Business last???

Business last!

Wow, do I dare?

A fifty-five year life-style, flavored with fear and terror, reversed, turned on its head, down the drain.

But I have no choice but to do it.

Ugh, I just felt a shot of fear and panic in stomach. Or was it my heart? Or both?

Well, fear and panic have been my guides in the past. Why not now?

It means that business, tourism, even the stock market, all of which are involved with money and therefore my security, would all be shifted, changed, pushed to last as priority in my life.

Terrifying. But real. . .and possible.

My deep-seated resentment started last October when I led my Spain tour. I started to feel that, by leading tours in general and the Spain tour in particular, I was wasting my time. Rather than the tour business, I should, nay, want to be on the artistic trail. Which means mostly writing books and, maybe, playing guitar.

With the resentment my knee, leg, walking, all problems were exacerbated. Or did it cause them?

And then, of course, I added the Argentina and Chile tour on top of it. And registrations came in so well, I was happily overwhelmed. But in a schizophrenic way.

Now the split is resolved. Business comes second. The way is clear. I only need the courage to do it.

Business as Fun!

Here's a radical thought: If business is now in last place on my agenda, maybe it could fall into the category of fun.

Imagine, business and fun!

I never thought I could say or even conceive of such a thing. But I just did.

But with the loss of fear, along with its last-place placement, why else would I do it?

Sunday, May 12, 2019

The subtle, subtle pressure of playing the Gavotte "near-bridge work" fast has destroyed it. Play it slow, slow to counteract the destruction, and give it a rebirth mode.

Comb every remnant out of the old life.

Depth

“Alhambra”: Actual focus on the bass improves tremolo automatically. Slow or fast.
This is the total solution.

Is this the great discovery of “Alhambra” depth? I know it is. I know it has to do with competition with Segovia, but why it has taken so long, why I have never accepted it all these years, is a question I may never be able to answer.

But I’m ready now.

It’s so obvious, so easy, so simply, so crazy. Why did it take so long?

My ego got in the way. I had to prove myself against Segovia. I had to give up my ego. An egoless “Alhambra.”

Sunday, May 12, 2019

The subtle, subtle pressure of playing the Gavotte “near-bridge work” fast has destroyed it. Play it slow, slow to counteract the destruction, and give it a rebirth mode.

Comb every remnant out of the old life.

Time for a New Leaf. I’ll name it “Depth.”