

Beyond Resolution: New Infant Vison Life

Thursday, December 13, 2018

Decision Experiment

I healed my “Alhambra.”

On one level, it took forty years. It all began when I tried to improve by changing my right hand position; I ended up unable to play the guitar!

The next level took place during the last three months. This time my left shoulder collapsed; I was unable to play guitar for a month!

But hand or shoulder, forty years or three months, my “Alhambra” incarceration wall, and with it my prison performing wall, finally fell, collapsed, and I am now in a new Land.

Now it’s on to legs. Note, I did not say knees. Legs are much more general and include knees, hamstrings, ankles, etc. Although it seems my leg problems started with my right knee collapse during my Spain tour – and my right knee is my good knee! – this growing pain slowly spread to my hamstrings, a sciaticia-like pain on my IT band sides, and more.

In any case, I sense this is a grand Sarnoian TMS malady created by my conflicted tour attitude. Again I am torn between decisions and can’t decide what to do. I have to finally decide whether I want to perform or not. Yes or no. Being in between, indecisive, locks up and paralyzes my muscles.

I know this tension is related to my tours. Yet, on one level, so what? Knowing it doesn’t stop it from happening.

Once I made an absolute decision one way, I could then reverse my decision and absolutely make an new one the other way. The yes or no didn’t matter. But the absoluteness of the decision did.

First, I softly decided never to perform again. Then next day, in a stunning

revelation while driving to Darien, I realized that just the opposite was true. I not only wanted to perform, I needed to decide I would perform, and this to cure myself! Rather than avoiding my fear, as I had done for years, much better was to dive straight into it. Accept and embrace it. Then the fire of its elements would melt my doubts, conflicts, concerns, and anxieties away, and I would be cured.

And that is exactly what happened. The walls fell, and I was free.

Well, if this “method” worked for performing, will it also work for my legs? Why not?

Let’s assume it will.

How do I go about it?

Seems that first I have to decide to run my tours! Period. End the conflict of should I or shouldn’t I. End my resistance. Dive straight into them, with all their needs and demands.

Do I want to do that?

Well, actually, that is not a good question. It simply leads to the old Gemini-split mental conflict of should I or shouldn’t?

I know what to decide. I must do the tours! No doubts or questions. I must try the “dive in full force” decision and method. See if it works. See its effects on my legs, see if the TMS pains don’t go away.

So this is my New Leaf Leg decision/decisive experiment.

Friday, December 14, 2018

The Age of Audience Arrives

All my life I have guarded myself against criticism that would crush my soul. This defense must have come from some kind of childhood trauma.

But somehow my defenses have ended. Walls have fallen.

I realized how important it is to not only read my stuff aloud, but to read to an

audience. And as a start, my audience is my beloved wife. She has sleep problems. But evidently, reading my writing to her was so powerful, she told me with great relief and happiness, it helped put her to sleep.

Yes, what power and talent! If my writing can put her to sleep, perhaps it can put others to sleep. It could therefore oney maker! Who would think I could create restful situations, help insomniacs, and heal the world is such a way?

I cried this morning when I realized this beautiful and wonderful thing. The Age of Reading to an Audience is upon me. I cry for the deep love I have for my wife, which has suddenly opened even further. I cry for the defensive walls that fell and for my vulnerable infant self which has just released.

I feel vulnerable and open. But I'm not afraid. I don't even seem to care.

A Vision of New Guitar Power

My guitar index finger is coming out as a strong, beautiful, powerful woman! The Grande Feminine, the mother goddess in and through my index finger. No one is practicing in this manner, creating flights of such depth and imagination.

On the other hand, is my flight of imagination distracting me, holding me back, keeping me from plunging, diving into the "Alhambra," "Leyenda," or whatever moment?

No. I'm now running away, trying to escape from my newly discovered Grand Feminine vehicle of power.

An Accomplishment

An Actual Performance

5-8 Guitar Pieces, 5-8 Songs

Mine is a personal internal voyage meaning nothing to anyone but me. For me the ability to play the "Alhambra" symbolizes my belief that I not only play guitar, be that I am a good, nay excellent, guitarist. And I can play guitar in the same room as

Segovia, Bream, etc.

I can simply choose to play the pieces I used to perform. No need to prove myself.

An hour ago, amazingly and naturally, I put together 5-8 playable guitar pieces I used to perform.

Then I'll add 5-8 songs I used to perform.

That makes a playable performance.

My next question: Do I have the physical endurance to sit so long, and play them all in a row?

Tuesday, December 18, 2018

Sales Person/Performing Life

I'm a sales person, a people person, a relationship person.

I have underestimated the importance of people in my life. Which means I "must" perform, for my own good, and the good of others.

Evidently, performing of some sort is my nature. And this, especially if I widen the definition of performing. Thus teaching folk dancing is a type of performance. So is leading a tour. Even guitar teaching, one on one, is a type of performance. In fact, beyond business, so is going to a party, or any social situation.

So I have really been a performer all my life. The only time I am not performing is when I am alone in my room practicing, or writing, or studying, or exercising, or, in other words, engaged in aspects of my miracle schedule. (And these are all subtly in some kind of preparation to eventually perform them, that is bring them to a public.) So if you really look at my life, past and present, I am through and through a performer. Only my denial of this, of my nature, prevents me from seeing it.

And I have denied it, or rather avoiding facing it because I have focused mainly on the internal artistic imagination side, the in-my-room chamber teenage violin playing side.

Why did I do this? To strengthen my internal vision, to strengthen the belief in

myself, and mainly to hold onto the initial vision of Magnificence and Lordly Wonder that I felt when hearing great Beethoven and classical music. That vision was my biggest treasure and I never wanted anyone in the outside world to ever be in a position to take it away from me.

But somehow that vision is not solid, stable, and embedded in confidence. Its technical manifestation was the technical conquest of the "Alhambra."

So presently I am there.

Which means I'm ready to move totally from private to public, from the chamber of my imagination to performing stuff in the outside world.

I am already doing much of this through folk dance teaching and leading tours. Evidently, I am now somehow ready to add guitar, songs, and perhaps even readings.

This took place when, two nights ago, I suddenly put together a concert that I could, was prepared to and even wanted to, do. It consisted of all the old pieces I used to play in public. And no "Alhambra," "Leyenda," all the biggies. No need to play them, add them, convince myself that I could perform them for others. They remained in the background as my former confidence building pieces. And strangely, now I play them even better! And with the total confidence of a master! Amazing, but true.

At this point, no need to push or try. Eventually, I think, will come a performance of my guitar, songs, and whatever will leak out by itself, easily and naturally. Somewhere when the place is right and when the time is ripe.

No Day Off. . .Ever, , ,and That's Okay

No day off ever. . .and that's okay.

No vacation, no relief, no change, no new life, no time off. What I'm doing now is it. Includes business headaches, heartaches, tensions, and tour twists.

Don't hope for a "day off." There is none. There is no such thing. Not bad. And I can't even complain because I want, like, and perhaps even need it that way.

Wednesday, December 19, 2018

Edit My Journal

Now that I have graduated to the next stage and want to edit everything I write (a miraculous shift, a wondrous change of perspective!), I wonder if I can, should, will edit my journal. (This puts me on the way to becoming a professional writer. In fact, with this new editing desire, I am a professional writer because what do professional writers do but strive for excellence? And my former impatience with editing killed any professionalism I might have had. Well, I just wasn't ready for it. But now I am! Now, after 40 years of wandering in the desert, I am!

So I stuck some asterisks on today's writing. Eventually, I'll not only edit by "reading them aloud with feeling."

Truth is, I could start this journal editing today. Start on this Beyond Resolution leaf.

Thursday, December 20, 2018

The Courage to be Enthusiastic!

I'm getting disgusted with my negative fear-filled personality. And this with so many good things going!

Now comes a moment of self-doubt: Can I really be disgusted and angry with myself? Perhaps I'm displacing my anger, aiming it at myself instead of someone else?

I don't know. And it really doesn't matter. Truth is, I'm just mad and disgusted this morning. And I'm not sure why or at what?

Well, it could have something to do with Salto, and my upcoming trip to Argentina and Chile. We talked about it at the party last night, and someone (Jeff) had not only heard of the town, but knew some people who lived there! This made Salto and my Argentina/Chile trip quite real. But, as usual, instead of getting enthusiastic about my trip, thinking how great that I can now study and learn all about Argentina, Salto, and the whole new South America area, I instead retreated into my usual tour

negativism, our fears, concerns, burdens, etc.

When I started this business, I used to have, along with lots of terrors, worries, and detail concerns, an excitement as well. This was manifested in my dedication to spending an entire year studying and learning about the new country I was visiting, its culture, geography, history, taking private lessons in its language, etc.

But during the last few years, and especially now, I have lost my enthusiasm and replaced it with annoyance, anger at the annoying details, worries about how much money I'll make, etc. In other words, I've squashed, pushed away, and repressed any possibilities of excitement and joy.

In the past, I had my love of study and learning to offset my tour business miseries. But I've lost, or rather "given up" this love of learning.

Indeed, since Argentina, Chile, and all of South America is totally new for me, I could, if I wanted to, flood myself with new study. I could make this a new beginning, a step into Infant Vision.

But up to now, I haven't. In fact, even though I've been given the gift of a larger tour than I expected, and am even making a bit of money, I still do not appreciate what I am doing, nor the opportunity to open up a new world.

So after describing my present negative attitude, I can see there's a good reason for me to be angry and disgusted with myself!

I don't want my negative and complaining doom-and-gloom tendencies to drown me in my self-created and imagined pit of burdens, worries, poisoned annoyances, and complaints.

Now that I've brought this noxious approach out of its underground closet, I can see it is totally disgusting and I hate it.

Can I free myself to become enthusiastic once again?

Can I change anything?

Absolutely yes! I want to bend myself toward enthusiasm.

Yesterday I had a sales and travel revelation in my car. Here's what I wrote about

my tours:

“Sell it on enthusiasm alone. At this point in my life, that’s all I need. My own enthusiasm will motivate me to pick up the phone, call my travelers, email them, advertise, and promote. My own love of what I’m doing will naturally force me to announce the good news everywhere and anywhere, from folk dance class to friends, strangers, anyone, and anywhere. (I might even announce it to the walls and for the first time have some walls on tour.)

Enthusiasm is the beautiful engine of motivation.

Enthusiasm is my secret weapon.

How can I reclaim it?

Once I am enthusiastic, others will follow.

I’m not worried about criticism anymore. Nevertheless, one often needs encouragement to be and remain enthusiastic. And this, even if the encouragement comes only from yourself!

Therefore, you also need courage to be enthusiastic.

Combine them. Unite enthusiasm with courage: The courage to be enthusiastic.

Infant Vision, Yes!

A New Travel/Study Chapter Begins

I want to (have to)replace fear with enthusiasm.

I can do it through study!

Learn Spanish, and all I can in Spanish, about Argentina, Chile, their geography, history, music, art, dance, and culture.

Create and keep up my enthusiasm!

Infant Vision, Yes!

A new travel/study chapter begins.

Friday, December 21, 2018

Counting on God and my Wits

With the stock market falling so fast, and the specter of all our funds disappearing, poverty, no money, financial ruin hovering over me, I have to rethink my concept of security and protection.

With my financial protection falling to the point of gone, I'm forced to ask: Can I live without my protective financial shield? Well obviously, I'll have to.

Ultimately, since I am an optimist, I have to look at this learning as a good thing. It will teach me that for protection, security, and survival, I can only count on God and my wits.

Evidently, money will not protect me. Having money, although wonderful and nice, is not forever, and ultimately, will not protect me. Only God and my wits will protect me.

Saturday, December 22, 2018

Commitment Time

Am I angry enough to finally learn Hebrew?

To commit to lessons, and more?

Hebrew and Spanish conversation teachers.

Like performing, committing to learning a language is "useless," meaning I'll earn no money doing it. No money is involved. (Although I will end up paying for it, paying for a teacher.)

Learning is good on an "inspirational level."

Also I'm sick and tired (I hope) from wallowing in indecision.

Thus time to make a decision:

Hebrew: Yes, I will commit to taking lessons. Or:

No, I will never commit to taking lessons.

Spanish: Yes, I will commit to taking lessons. Or:

No, I will never commit to taking lessons.

Once a week? Once a month? Twice a month? Once a week Hebrew, once a week Spanish: Equals twice a month.

Next: On line teacher, or actual human teacher?

Hebrew: Eti is best, easiest, (and cheapest?)

Spanish: (Martha, Juan, Hilda), Other

Subjects to talk about (a la Greg)

Hebrew: My business, Yanshuf

Spanish: My business, other

Committing to Language Subject

What does such a strong commitment to language study mean?

Like diving into performing again after solving my Alhambra problem, I dare take my mind off business and money.

Certainly, language study (actually any study) ranks as an inspiring diversion, and as such, is a necessary refreshment of the mind. (Note the word "necessary." Wow, I just gave Hebrew and Spanish language study a new and vital importance.)

There is really no choice. I must do this.

(Note: My stomach is churning as I make this decision. Same as the "I must perform" decision. Thus it is right and true.)

Play Guitar with Feeling

To play with feeling every time.

That is my classical guitar commitment and goal. (The starting point of my 2019 commitment and resolution.)

Every time I sit down to play guitar, I shall focus on playing with feeling. This means even scales and warm-ups.

Playing with my emotions, my feelings.

That is my new 2019 resolution and goal.

Overwhelmed is the Way To Go

Committing to 2 languages, plus guitar with feeling:

Is that too many goals, too overwhelming?

But there is no choice. Overwhelmed by my new (2019) goal resolutions and commitments is the only way to go.

Why?

I'm sick of wallowing in indecision.

With this new commitment to playing with feeling, performing itself is even more "beside the point." (Just as playing "Alhambra" is now beside the point.)

Why?

By playing with feeling every time, performing will happen, take place, "by itself," easily and naturally.

Thus as day follows night, performing follows "playing with feeling."

Sunday, December 23, 2018

Miracle Schedule Cures All

That's Why Its AMiracle!

What is my disease? Distraction.

The symptoms of distraction are discouragement, depression, aches and pains, fears of old age, incompetence, losing, etc.

The source of distraction is monkey mind. Jumping from one negative and distracting branch to another.

The cure is to focus on performing miracle schedule activities.

Miracle schedule heals all.

That's why it's a miracle!

Monday, December 24, 2018

Panic and Right Leg

Big deal: terror and panic reflected in the Alhambra chain. Deflected to my right leg.

Revealed when studying Hebrew this morning: Panic that I won't finish Hebrew reading, then suddenly felt that weakness and pain in my right leg, radiating down from the "sciatic-area" in my back.

Evidently, the last three months of Alhambra trauma release have been haunted by tremendous fears, disguised by my right leg pains, hidden behind my right leg (back) and knee.

What were (and are) these tremendous fears? Old trauma returns and revisited: Incapacity, can't make it, old age, childhood fears, trauma. "Can't make it," "You're weak," "You'll get sick if you try too hard!" Those are the constant themes and repeated traumas reflected up from childhood.

Especially hits me today is: "You'll get sick if you try too hard." Yes, I tried hard on my Spanish tour and result is I "got sick," namely, my right leg and knee "got sick."

Am I psychoanalyzing myself? Yes. And doing a good job, too!

These panics and fears are the TMS cause of my right leg pain. I Know it. But how to work it through, and how long will it take to work it through?

I don't know. But evidently, I'm in process.

My problems over the past three months, since my initial Alhambra conquest in September, and subsequent left shoulder freezing, and Spain right knee and leg “deflected freezing” has been restraint. Trapped behind my Alhambra bars, paralyzed by performing indecision, rather than trying or trying hard, I’ve been holding back.

Thus a good answer and solution to my leg and other restraint problems is to try hard, and then try even harder!

Try Hard, and Even Harder!

What is a possible present answer?

Try hard. Fight the fear and panic by trying even harder!

1. Prove to myself that by trying hard, and even harder, I won’t get hurt!
2. Prove to myself that by trying harder, I’ll even get better!

Try harder – or die in the fight!

Give it my total all!

I Choose to Run Wild on the Lawn

My life conflict is between restraint and running wild on the lawn.

Can such a conflict ever be resolved?

Can I choose between one of the other? Or do these twins live together ever in conflict, ever protecting each another?

If I could choose, what would I choose?

No question, I would choose to run wild on the lawn. Joy is the hand maiden on running wild on the lawn; fear is the hand maiden of restraint.

My conflict is the never ending struggle between joy and fear. How to choose one over the other?

Can it even be done?

Okay, enough of this nice philosophy. What shall I actually do?

I do have free choice. That means I can choose between fear and running wild on the lawn.

Okay, I may not always succeed, but I can nevertheless choose to run wild on the lawn.

Yes, I will no doubt have many failures, and many more possibilities of failure. But so what? What's the big deal about failure? I always have failures, along with successes.

Sp what's the big deal in choosing to run wild on the lawn?

Truth is, there is no big deal.

So just do it. When failure comes, deal with it. Then move on to the next running wild on the lawn.

Running wild on the lawn is the way to go, and for me, the only way! I choose joy over fear. Period.

Okay that's settled. Now how to implement the run wild program?

Where do I start?

Truth is, I've already started yesterday. I chose to run wild with Hebrew. I chose to spend all of yesterday studying it! A good start.

Decision

Decide to Survive!

Yes, make a decision. I must make a decision.

(Otherwise I shall die by paralysis.)

After Lynn's reflexology session, I decided to perform.

I said: "I want to perform. must perform. And this for survival!"

Now I'm deciding to run wild on the lawn.

I say: "I want to run wild on the lawn. I must run wild on the lawn. And this for survival!"

Yoga: I've taken my body for granted. No more!

Tuesday, December 25, 2018

Confidence

As I exit these last three months of suffering, I'm taking the benefit of confidence.

Confidence in my:

1. Classic guitar playing
2. Folk dance choreographies
3. Tours through yoga. Yoga will give me the confidence to survive my tours. (I'm not quite sure what this means but it emerges as a thought and sentence in my mind.)
I'm training for survival. I like that.
4. Finance: What to learn from this crushing down market? The illusion of money is not the source of salvation.

Guitar goal:

Strengthen my left hand, clarify and improve my bars.

1. Use Romance D' Amor, Leyenda: Albeniz, Spanish Dance Number 5: Granados, Serenade: Malats, Grand Jota: Tarrega.

Wednesday, December 26, 2018

Yesterday was a good day. I did everything right. Morning Hebrew, guitar, yoga, dance, walk, then afternoon yoga. All good until the scary fatigue set in. This was followed by collapse, Danny's visit, and some reading on Chile and Spanish.

The year 2019 will be totally different.

My new quest is: How to build muscle?

Guitar left hand bar. Focus on the bar passages in the pieces above.

Rising from the Down Hole

How do muscles work? Can I build them up?

Can the muscles of an eighty-one year old be built up?

Why does the question of age comes up?

In this context, the question of age is my new form of the discouragement. By asking, "Am I too old?" I am subtly asking "Is it hopeless?"

Thus I've found a new way to discourage myself.

Actually, my fight against discouragement is an old and never-ending fight. It started in childhood and continues to this day. Only it just takes different forms for different ages. Today's form is: "Am I too old?"

These questions arise in my imagination. Since I create them. I can also choose their answers.

Obviously, encouraging answers are nice to hear.

But what about discouraging answers? Can anything good be found on the Path of Negativity?

Here's something to consider: When I follow the Path of Discouragement to its bitter end, I arrive at a bifurcation in the road where two voices meet: One says things and you are so hopeless and miserable, best is to simply end it all. Give up, throw in the towel, and jump off a bridge.

But strangely, when I reach bottom I hear the other voice which sneers, "What the fuck is the matter with you? Why are you being pushed around by misery and hopelessness? How can you believe such shit?" And I agree with this voice. Anger and rage then comes to my aid and, as the grand energizers, they lift me out of the bottom, shove me off the Path of Discouragement. turn me around, energize my bunnies, and soon I start hopping on upward and in a new direction of rebirth and hope.

So perhaps the Path of Discouragement has something productive to offer after all. Maybe in his own twisted, negative way, Mr Satan is on my side.

And just because I hate him and can't stand his company, doesn't mean he has

nothing to give.

(So if I can interpret and use the power of his grand negative correctly, the anger and raging force it unleashes, can become my grand energizer.)

Something to consider next time I slip and slide into the Down Hole.

Thursday, December 27, 2018

I wonder where today will lead.

I'm just tired of practicing for improvement and perfection. I'm tired of lacing obstacles in my path so that I can occupy my mind with overcoming them. Is perfecting something interesting, or just a distraction?

Maybe I'm just tired today. Time to try and do something new.

Saturday, December 29, 2018

On Practicing Guitar

Better, Deeper, or Different?

If I keep practicing guitar, will I get better?

If I keep practicing anything, will it get better?

If I keep practicing, I know I will get deeper.

And I know deeper is different.

But is deeper better?

Maybe Deeper and Better are incomparable. ("All comparisons are odious,")

Like France and Spain, two countries from the same family of languages, they are related but belong in different worlds.

I'm really asking: "Is it worth practicing?"

Of course, what else do I have to do with my time?

But hidden behind this question are the "Why bother?" and "What is the meaning of life?" questions.

Are such a waste of time, a way to avoid diving into the present? Probably.

Here's the answer:

In life, you never stand still.

You either improve or deprove, incline or decline, go up hill or downhill, get better or worse.

Since improving "feels" better than deproving, improving is the way to go.

In dancing, you improve by getting faster, stronger, and more flexible. Slower involves improving balance.

In guitar, you improve by getting faster, stronger, and more flexible, too. This can improve by practicing slowly, but you also have to practice fast as well.

Running is same as dancing.

Sunday, December 30, 2018

What Do I Want?

A great rebellion and step forward would be to do exactly what I want.

How could I do this?

First: Know what I want. At every moment.

Second: How to do it?

Obviously, number two is based on number one.

So what exactly do I want?

And when do I want it?

Waters of Fast

Maybe 2019 and my New Year's Resolution is to enter stage two of my Alhambra Traumatic Ocean and swim in the waters of Fast!

I know I can do it.

Now I just have to get used to it, get used to the new habit of playing it in the Waters of Fast.

Which means total confidence, flow, and happiness!

Rasgueado and Tremolo on the Same Team

Strange: When playing or demonstrating my flamencan rasgueado I could always play is slowly, and then get faster and faster until it broke into a roll.

But with tremolo never.

But this morning I just did it. I move from a slow tremolo, into faster and faster until it broke into a roll.

This means I can do it. Rasgueado and tremolo are now on the same team.

Tuesday, January 1, 2019

A New Year!

Will anything be fresh and new? Or is it now all about not sliding backward? In other words, maintenance?

And if it is about maintenance, can this itself be and become the new adventure?

Can maintenance struggle ever be "fresh and new?"

Well, yes, in the sense that every day is a new day.

New Happiness Sales Method!

Running Free and With Satisfaction on the Lawn

Note the change from "running wild on the lawn."

Wild is no longer necessary, because it is dropped the manic element. From pushing and hard, running has moved to free and easy, And ladled with fun.

All this because of my new "happiness sales method."

Will it work?

Well, whether it works or not does not matter. It will be my sales method nonetheless.

And what is this new method?

My new Happiness Sales Method is based on courage and enthusiasm.

What role does courage play?

Easy: One needs courage to remain enthusiastic!

From now on, my New Year's Resolution is to work with the rules of my new sales method.

What are the "rules?"

1. Sell through enthusiasm, silence, and self-light.
2. Never push for a sale again.
3. Never look for a new customer again..

This means I shall let future customers "fall into my lap."

Why will or should they fall into my lap?

Enthusiasm means "in God" (en-in, theos-God). The shine of enthusiasm should convince them. With God's help, how can I lose? (But if I do lose, it is also God's will. Losing has lessons I may need to learn. So if lose, using my new method, that's okay, too.)

Add to this method "silence and self-light."

Enthusiasm creates shine which creates self-light. Thus no need to speak, convince, or push. Shining is silence is enough. Or at least, from now on, all I want to do.

Thus, since courage and enthusiasm run the world, within this new 'sales method' contains total happiness.

Through the power of enthusiasm and freedom lie total happiness.

What about courage?

It takes courage to remain enthusiastic.

One is ever surrounded by the sea of negatives, existing in opposition both

without and within, that assault the soul.

It takes courage to oppose them and remain enthusiastic.

Thus the Happiness Sales Method is born (in New Year's Resolution) this first day of January 2019.

"The famous are rarely significant, and the significant are rarely famous."

How to Recover?

Learn to Stop and Glow

I am totally wiped out by this writing.

What to do? How to recover?

Should I lie down, rest, go to sleep?

Or dive into my next project, whether it be guitar playing, language study, exercise, or whatever?

Which of the above activities will be most refreshing, relaxing, and energizing?

I got up, walked around the room. Then my first thought hit me: I should take a few moments to glow, relish, and appreciate my accomplishment, which in this case, is writing.

How to "express" this satisfaction, even joy of accomplishment?

Learn to stop and glow.

Did I just say that? Yes. Sounds new and good to me.

Truth is, the Wow of Accomplishment knocks me off my feet. Maybe that's why my first reaction is to lie down, rest, and even go to sleep.

Evidently, the Wow of Accomplishment is one of the purest forms of enthusiasm.

The old habit is now returning. I'm getting a headache.

My teenage habit of repressing its power and wonder is giving me a headache.

Evidently, this is an old trauma. And it has only taken eighty-one years to face

and deal with it!

And deal with it I must, if I am to enter the Happiness Era.

And I will.

In fact, it's my next venture: How to be kind to myself and be happy?

Implementing my new sales method is my first step.

Appreciating the wonder of the self-discoveries in this writing is my second.

Learning to shout "Wahoo!" is the third.

New Look at Headaches

This is indeed a new look at my headaches, namely the ones that come whenever I repress the joy of accomplishment.

Now I'm wonder if all of them come because of this.

Let's assume that's true. How does it work?

First I accomplish something. Then the joy of accomplishment rushes into my brain in a powerful "Wahoo!" stream. This joyful bubbling is immediately blocked (by an image/dream/vision of four-year-old me running wild on the farm lawn and my mother commanding "Stop running wild on the lawn!" This vision slowly turns into an internal command which all my life I now interpret as "Halt your enthusiasm!" Thus I squash and squelch my joy of accomplishment. I'm in a rage. I throw a tantrum. But instead of yelling and screaming, I turn the tantrum on myself and get a headache.

Since my teenage years (and perhaps even earlier, although I don't remember it) this has been my life long pattern.

Time for a change.

Headache in my Knees

I just got up from my desk and walked to the living room. Note: No stiffness or pain in my knees!

I'm wondering if since my Spain tour, this tantrum hasn't moved to my

hamstrings and knees!

Wondering? My wondering is tainted with doubt.

According to Sarno, doubt is one of the great distractions, ways the brain diverts rage and helps maintain TMS.

Thus rather than doubt my headache. with its anger/rage/tantrum flow, better to know this tantrum has moved into my knees. Better to believe it has! Know it has! And with that discovery, move on from there.

Put the Joy of Accomplishment into my knees.

I don't want to believe I've found the solution.

But I know I have.

I've been holding myself back with these self-limiting beliefs, like forever.

Why? Who knows? And who cares?

Time to move on. To Joy of Accomplishment and Enthusiasm.

The knee and hamstring issues should go away quickly, soon, and now. I don't need them anymore.

Wednesday, January 2, 2019

New Day, New Year, New To-Do List

1. Make new videos of my classic guitar and songs. For my new audience: Posterity (a la Ginger)
2. Make new videos of my dances (also for my new audience: Posterity.)
3. Video readings, too

My "goal" is to move from "I have to perform" to "I want to perform."

I've already eliminated "I have to perform." I don't want to ever do it this way it again.

I'm now on the half-way transition bridge between I-have-to and I-want- to. Videoing is the half-way point.

New idea: Play each piece as if I'm videoing it. Everything now goes before the camera, slow or fast, with the brakes on or off.

The Family Visits Alhambra

Alhambra: Thumb (bass) leading, the grown-ups are present.

Thumb and fingers all equal, same volume, all family members are equal.

Grown-ups leading, or family equal are two ways of playing the same piece. Both are good. Just different.

Thumb (bass) fast, or fingers (treble) slow:

Both are good. Just different.

The Purpose of Playing Guitar is to Make me Feel Better

The main purpose of playing the guitar is to make myself feel better. If others happen to listen in, and feel better too, all the better. They are welcome to listen. But they are secondary.

The main reason I want to play, really must play, is to make myself feel better. Jobs and happiness for other may emerge from my playing, That's fine. But again, its primary purpose is to make me feel better. Period.

Friday, January 4, 2019

No Pushing Expands

No pushing. And only responding. Is this what's new for this new year? Aside from no pushing in business (no cold calls or "cold" emails, etc. only responding to

emails, etc.) it means no pushing to learn languages, Hebrew, no pushing for learning and studies. No pushing means no internal pressure, to do or let things happen “naturally/easily,” whatever that means.

It may somehow also mean rereading yesterday’s New Leaf writing to remind myself what I wrote about, and to follow through on today’s menu.

Belief comes first; then comes action.

First I believe I can (or can’t).

Then my mind figures out how I can do it (or can’t do it.)

A “natural” song the emerged yesterday after I played classical guitar was “Dark as a Dungeon.” I suddenly crossed my legs, sat back in my guitar chair, put my guitar over my right leg in “folk song position.” and began to sing it. No effort, easily, “naturally.”

Where this will lead, I don’t know.

Where I want it to lead is to finding my own “natural” voice. Where, like performing on guitar, I find a piece (song) that I can sing effortlessly, easily, naturally.

Is wanting to do something, the same as believing I can do it?

I want to sing naturally.

I believe I can sing naturally.

Now will my mind will figure out how I can find a way to sing naturally? We’ll see. (Secretly, I believe it can and will. But I don’t want to jump the gun.)

Not Pushing also means finding guitar pieces I can play easily and “naturally.”

Well, I’ve already done that. Now it’s on to singing.

Doubt and Second Guessing

Doubt and second guessing hits. (The Gemini factor?)

Evidently, these Doubt and Second-Guessing twins are part of my self-management style.

Am I comfortable with the “lax” life, no-push, “re-lax-ed” life style? Can I even do it?

Are they merely part of a mental blip, a momentary New Year’s pause on my life style road?

I like the “re-laxed” life style idea. . . .

We’ll see.

Doubt

Is doubt a form of self-sabotage?

A healthy form of wisdom?

Or both?

Doubt comes from the root “dwo” two, or double. Two sides of the same story.

From Slow to Moderate

An important shift:

I’m playing Alhambra and Flamencan tremolos at a moderate tempo.

Moderately. (I’m not playing them slowly anymore.)

Pleasure in Tremolos

A New Experience!

This is something new: a new feeling.

I am actually finding pleasure in playing tremolo! Playing it slowly/moderately, confidently, and powerfully!

Pleasure in both Alhambra and flamencan 5-finger tremolos.

Pleasure? Finding pleasure. I believe this is a first!

Pleasure

Finding, and actually accepting actual pleasure in what I am doing: (You, my audience, may find this strange but) This is totally new for me.

I've always considered myself a fun-loving guy, or at least that's what I project publically and on the surface. Well, that's my public image, on the surface image. Actually, deep down I'm other things as well: A part-time depressive (I see depression as an important hidden part of my creative side), serious, doubting, reflective, philosophical, scholarly. curious and more. That's why, after all I started my New Leaf Journal. To show others that I have a serious side and with feeling other than fun and laughs. (Of course, this does not obviate fun and laughs, the wild, off-beat crazy side of me, which I totally love as well.)

My basic problem and search has been how to find pleasure in gone public things, bringing my art and wild fantasy humor craziness to the public. Freezing up my crazy flow and combining it with discipline, all in front of an audience.

Well, I'm working on it.

Tremolo pleasure is my first break in the wall, my first step forward.

Finding Pleasure in Business

Could I find pleasure in business? That would be another major victory. (Does the word "moderate" have anything to do with it?)

Indeed, finding pleasure in business would be a wonder.

How would that be done?

I could start with emails.

And the fun of creating crazy ads, the fun of advertising.

Maybe I could write crazy email answers/responses, too. A la Stephanie.

Pleasure is a Motivator

Why is it even important to find pleasure?

Because pleasure is a motivator!

I'm looking for a new form of motivation.

My business form of money-making motivation has often been fear-based. So it's important to remember the pleasures in money: It's fun making money!

Pleasure is the fun-based form of motivation.

Note sudden blinding headache flash. Could it be from the Pleasure principle victory above?

Saturday, January 5, 2019

Artistic Anger

I'm supposed to be calm and wise because I'm older. But instead I'm just mad-mad at getting older.

Maybe that's one of the hidden benefits of old age: You get madder!

No question age and aging free your mind, so you are free to get madder! You can scream in public and not get arrested.

Yes, I'm supposed to be wiser, and a counselor to the young--and I am. But I'm also madder. Perhaps that's part of the counsel I can give.

Rage Guitar

My first experiments with Rage Guitar: I am immediately loose and powerful. Note my Allemande. Then ring finger power in my Gavotte en Rondeau. I released a spring in my annularis finger.

Use the anger approach in exercise: When pain or discomfort rise, instead of fear, try anger.

Tuesday, January 15, 2019

Now It Is Gone!

Climbing Out of the Old Neighborhood

Yes, I am successful. Since Spain I have eliminated two great barriers, lifetime barriers, really.

1. Alhambra, which symbolized my lack of confidence in classical guitar, classical music, and my classical performance anxiety barrier. Even though I was a professional performer, and played classical guitar in public for years, I've nevertheless had this lack of classical music performing confidence since high school. But now it is gone!

2. The constant inner need to sell, which symbolized by constant post-marriage fear of poverty, and ending up a Bowery bum. I've had this inner pressure on me since I got married. But now it is gone!

I should be feeling success! I did it!

And I did feel it for a day or two.

But then I retreated into the old neighborhood. And with this retreat came TMS pains in my lower back and legs.

This retreat has been in the making since Spain. And this because our Spain tour was, despite its miserable guide setbacks, a successful tour. A great program, and lovely country. And I handled it very well despite our terrible guide.

During the space of time between the end of our Spain tour (November), and January 10 or so, I broke through my long time barriers, and enter the land of extreme personal and attitude success. I entered the land of Yes! In truth, that's where I am now.

That's why I've been having these "flash success" headaches.

These are similar to the headache I had after my standing ovation high school assembly program success many years ago, when, instead of feeling the glory and magnificence of such an ovation, I blocked it off by having a terrible headache.

By finally breaking these attitude barriers, I've created absolutely great personal victories.

I'll have to learn how to live with and in my new attitude. Learn to lead my new

life with it, beyond Alhambra, beyond performance, and beyond sales pressure.

Self-pleasure and love are another success, part of the victory chain.

Doubt

Now comes the doubt part. And the headache with it. Could I really be so smart? Did I really figure out the source of my TMS pains? Could I really be right?

Doubt keeps me in the old neighborhood. It is frightening and different to step into a new one filled with the shiny objects of success. More comfortable to live in the darkness I know than in the light of what I just invented.

Evidently, for me, doubt is part of the acceptance process. I'll just have to doubt until it passes.

Change, especially acceptance and integration of a new attitudes, moves slowly, comes slowly.

Today's Rage Guitar Affects

At least for today, my guitar playing has gotten stronger, my tone stronger, louder, and more powerful, and my ring finger has made its way into the game as a power player.

Wednesday, January 16, 2019

Two Websites?

Separate and New

End of the road. End of a road.

A couple of days ago I spoke to Dale Adamson. She told me she has five web sites. I was shocked and amazed. But I didn't know why. . . yet.

This morning a "new idea" occurred to me: What do you think of having a separate website for my books, my writing, my New Leaf Journal, all. A literary

website. Clean and separate. Separate website, separate business, separate life. A clean split. Call it Jim Gold Literary Website? Or something else. Whatever. A clean split.

As soon as I thought of this possibility, a sense of peace and calm came over me. Or shall I say surged through my veins, ripped through my body. I liked it.

Inspiration and Doubt

First comes the power of wild inspiration, and the idea descends from heaven and smacks me in the head. Two websites. Wow! What a great and fascinating idea!

Now come the doubt and pullback. Is it really a good idea? Is it right for me?

Doubt comes with a bit of depression: I was so high riding on the wings of inspiration. Now I'm so low, brought down to earth, crashing as doubt sets in.

Maybe this is the "realism" process. First inspiration, Then doubt, and depression both of which temper the wild idea and prepares it for "reality," prepares it to be realized.

Thursday, January 17, 2019

The Freedom of Lo Ichpat (I Don't Care)

Integrating my Life

This is another amazing breakthrough. And nobody can tell me whether to do it or not. No reason or help to consult with anyone else. It is all up to me.

What is this breakthrough? The decision that I must have a readership, folk must read my writing, and now.

Example is my Carlos the Cloud piece. Barry read it in class. Everyone liked it. I know it is good.

My first thought was to now "collect" it as part of my new Infant Vision book, then start rewriting the next short fiction piece. I have about 30 short fictions in the book. So at this rate it will take me months to finish, maybe more.

But after Barry read "Just Do What You're Told" in class, and then suggested

some improvements, I realized I had no motivation to improve it. No reason or energy to try making it better.

What then would motivate me? If I knew someone else would eventually read it, if I had an audience beyond Barry and writing class, if I had others to read it.

Where can I find these people? And now, immediately. Folks that will motivate me to improve and perfect my writing?

Answer: They are on my email list. They are my email list. That is my following. That is my audience.

Therefore, somehow the time has come to integrate my writing with my website, integrate my writing with my audience, integrate the various aspects and pathways of my life. And my website is my vehicle. (The hell with Amazon, publishing, long-range hopes, etc. Maybe for the future, but not for now.)

Therefore, time has come to introduce my writing to my email list, to link my short fictions, and even New Leaf to my tour sale email mailing.

Which means its time to put my writing on my website. And link them.

This is my way of finally integrating my life. Making business part of my miracle schedule. The total All is One approach.

No one can tell me whether this is right, wrong, good for business, bad for business or what. This is simply a personal decision. Putting my writing out there, even making it part of my sales pitch, integrates my life! All the pieces now fall into place. There is no longer a division between art and business. All is one, And All is One.

I feel totally good, nay great about this! Yes, I may be humiliated when folks from my email list, my customers, read my writing. And it may even be bad for business. But I don't care! Lo ichpat!

Next step: How to do this?

Take Carlos the Cloud: Here's a way I could relate my fiction to travel: "One thing about clouds is that, like you, they like to travel."

Also I can somehow connect them to health, folk dancing, whatever. It really

again doesn't matter how I do it. Why? Because I'm at a wonderful new "I don't care" place! Whether I lose business or gain business, I don't care! (Of course, I'd rather gain it, but again, that is now secondary.)

I could have a story a week. Call it in my emails the Story of the Week.

This is a whole new ball game. It started yesterday when I asked, "Should I have a separate website for my writing?" When Barry said the direction of websites is to consolidate them into one, I realized that's why should I reinvent the wheel. I already have a website. I just have to integrate my parts, my other lives, into it. That means my customers may "get to know me." If that happens, will it be good or bad for business? I've not been able to answer that question for many years. Now I have the answer: I don't care. Lo ichpat. I need to do it. . . for myself. If my customers like it, great. If they don't, too bad. Such is life. Can't please everyone. But at least I can please myself.

Saturday, January 19, 2019

Pressure

Creating an Enjoyable Pressure

I want to do my old things without pressure. Old things like Alhambra and Performance (A and P). and old sales pressure (OSP): do them and more, without pressure.

Or rather, create a new pleasurable pressure, a soft, fuzzy, furry, tingling, fun inner pressure that I can enjoy. A pressure that is a fun feeling, an enjoyable pressure.

Dropping the Old Modes and Connections

of Excitement and Fear

Maybe excitement is not what I want, at least excitement in the old sense, the one which meant fear is the other side of excitement.

In my old way of thinking, fear and excitement went together, two sides of the same coin. When you climb up the mountain of fear, excitement starts at the top, and

continues as you go down the other side. Thus excitement and fear are intertwined, brothers or sisters, and are both part of the Fear and Excitement family, living under the same roof.

Monday, January 21, 2019

Finding the Right Word

The idea of doing things with others in mind may be right, but the word “service” itself may not be the right word for me.

What would be a better word, a better way of expressing it?

I like the word “expressing.” Very artistic. It lives and shines in the artistic tradition.

Thus “expressing myself through service” is better, although not best. It still contains the word “service.” Somehow, perhaps because of the way I grew up, that word is demeaning to me. (Somehow I see it as “The free man does not serve. He is his own master. Only a slave serves. Etc)

The wording is a minor problem, but it is my problem nevertheless,

How to deal with it?

I’ll need another word, another expression.

What could it be?

The first thing that comes to mind is: Performing for others? Closer, but not quite. The word “performing” is still somewhat tainted. It somehow it smells and smacks of the “slavery of service.”

So I’m on the right track, but I still don’t have the right language. For me.

The hope and path of improvement puts spark in my life.

Thursday, January 24, 2019

Write Foot and Guitar Foot

Write Leg and Guitar Leg

I have two feet. On a physical level, they are the right foot and the left foot.

On a mental/spiritual symbolic level, they are the write foot and (based on the footstool) the guitar foot.

It means when I think of my right leg, I write – express myself through writing, and when I think of my left leg, I play guitar – express myself through guitar playing.

Commandments

Spiritual Foundations

I had commandments for years, both inner and outer. They were: to play the Alhambra well (and thus be able and free to perform, and to make money (sell, sell!))

Well, both commandments have been, at least in my estimation, fulfilled.

I feel free! And empty.

Yes, first came the glories and wahoos of freedom and success! Then came the plateau, that is, I'm satisfied and happy under this sun of success. Then came the subtle undercurrent of dissatisfaction, fed by "Now what?"

Let's face it, as this plateau of success starts to dissolve, I ask once again "Who and what will command me now? What must I do?"

Evidently, I need some musts and shoulds to propel my life forward, to motivate my flattened, formerly satisfied mind.

And the commandments I felt, Alhambra and sell, were both inner and outer commandments. Inner in that I did them to give myself pleasure, confidence, and satisfaction, and outer, because ultimately they were "for the world, to give to others, for my audience." Inner and outer.

Evidently, I need new commandments. (Strange and ironic, that I should be writing "Do What You're Told" about commandments.)

In any case, so far I've come with write foot, and footstool guitar foot.
(Commandments to write and play b'simcha guitar.)

Legs are foundations. Write and guitar, both related to music, are my spiritual foundations.

Since I am an artist, and these are the arts, writing and guitar(music) and my two legs. When my two legs dance, the third art (of dance) is introduced. For me, this triad, this pyramid is my spiritual foundation. (I may be milking this a bit, but I wrote it anyway.)

Saturday, January 26, 2019

My deepest emotions get hidden and disguised in my easy going outer manner. It's a "talent and skill" that I was born with, that God gave me. That's why folk dance teaching, social directing, and even running tours is "light and easy."

Yes, my humor and easy going public manner is good. And I am happy for it. But there is more.

The Shame of Singing

First I have to deal with the shame of singing, of letting my voice and feelings out, the shame of letting my emotions ride free and in public.

Everyone is watching as I scream, cry, pour out my anger, rage, tears, hurts, pains, and crying. (That's why I never became a folk singer.)

Same in classical guitar-only its less visceral. Also the focus on hard technical mastery keeps me away from and avoiding my feelings. I have to get it technically right first, Then I can "express" myself. But of course, I never gert it technically right. There is always more, or I can work to play it technically better. Thus I never have to deal with or express my emotions. A perfect and perfected method of avoidance. (And that's why I never became a classical guitarist.

Now as a graduate of the post-eighty school, dare I release myself, express myself,

all my feelings through singing, and even classical guitar? Yes, it's frightening and scary. But if not now, when? With this self awareness and understanding, do I even have a choice?

Writing

Light, Philosophic, Funny, Metaphoric Fiction

In my light fiction my deepest emotions are expressed but indirectly; they come out disguised, hidden, in symbols and metaphors.

That is good, It's funny, philosophical, and wise.

Expressing myself, writing this way, is somewhat easy for me. But there is more. Perhaps that is why I write my journal. To express that "more."

At Peace with the War Within

One of the reasons I hide out is because I'm afraid if I go public, people will criticize me. In other words, I'm on defense. I put up the walls and armor and stay in my castle to defend myself.

The question now is: Am I strong enough to come out of my castle? The answer is yes.

Most daring would be to express myself in public. But first, and also daring, I must be aware, and be able to deal with, and express these feelings in private. I must first be at peace with myself. Ironically, at peace with the war within.

Leaving out "Am I?" and jumping straight into "I am."

I am ready to take the leap beyond the quest for technical excellence. I am ready to step into the cesspool of emotional expression.

Monday, January 28, 2019

A Different Power

Sadness descends. Back to work. Loss of freedom. Fear, tight, the blanket descends, imprisonment, cover, grave.

Sad that I'm going back to work.

I had such a great schedule, and now it is being disturbed, nay destroyed by the pressures of going back to work.

Can I make it different this time?

Can I keep my freedom and my schedule, and go back to work?

Has the month of January strengthened me, given me a different power, and the courage to keep my freedom while I go back to work?

Indeed, that would be different.

We'll see.

So ends a New Leaf.