

Art New Leaf

Wednesday, June 1, 2016

Art is my "Running Wild on the Lawn"

Art is my "running wild on the lawn."

(And it is one of the few places I can practice it.)

Not an ending, but a self-knowledge discovery and conclusion to this "Running Wild on the Lawn" New Leaf.

Alhambra and Artist Self

Forty Years in the Alhambra Search-for-Self Desert

I wonder if my problems with Alhambra, my forty years in the Alhambra desert were "caused" by this search for self? I wonder if my tremolo wanderings were needed in order to discover and accept myself as not only as an artist, but accept art as my essence. Accept that I am an artist,

And this whether others recognize it or not, whether I please them with my Alhambra or not.

Maybe my Alhambra struggles (not it start with "A" as does Art) symbolize my search for self as an artist, or my "art is my essence" self. Thus, whether I express my artistic self by playing the Alhambra slowly, rapidly, or medium tempo does not matter. I remain the same "art as essence" soul no matter how I play it. The audience reaction, if any, does not matter. And whether I do this, play it in private or public is all besides the point.

Only recognition of my "art as essence" matters, that I remain my "running wild on the lawn, art as essence" self.

I wonder what physical and/or metaphysical role, if any, the right thumb and

index finger play in this.

Thursday, June 2, 2016

An Artist is Ever-Searching

My first day as an artist in this world.

I'm feeling lost. alone, down, inadequate, and inferior.

Well, maybe that's not a bad place to be! Lost, alone, down, inferior, inadequate, these places scream out grow, expand, improve yourself!

For an artist to be satisfied and found is a boring. It is an inferior, poor, wrong place to be. An artist is never satisfied and ever-searching.

Lost, alone, down, inferior, inadequate are right places for the artist. Not pleasant, but right.

And in fact, that is where I am.

All my life I wanted to feel good. I wanted to feel satisfied and happy.

I thought feeling bad and unhappy was a sign of defeat and inadequacy.

And it is.

But now I know that feeling defeated and miserable (although not pleasant) is not a bad place to be. They are cesspools of motivation, throw-up spots for improvement, growth and expansion.

Do misery and defeat put one close to fear, trembling even panic? These miserable fuckers can be tremendous energy and growth spots, too.

I can't get away from feeling miserable and down. Nor should I get away.

(Better to jump into them as my essence and friend.)

Happiness

Happiness is the brief bit (moment) of sun you see after climbing to the top of the

garbage heap.

It's good to know happiness.

But there are only a few blinks before the next descent.

Walking Comedy Routine

This past post-Albania year was a year of satisfaction, success, having arrived, wanting nothing, wallowing in success and satisfaction.

Ultimately, it was quite boring, even depressing. When you are being entertained by your kidney operation, and later, by a political Donald Trump campaign, and these events become the center pieces of your existence, you know you've reached the bottom.

And in retrospect, looking back at the year, I have spent it in quasi-rest mode, descending to the bottom. The only hint of excitement was my new way of stock picks in the stock market.

Everything else went into slow self-destruction or at best, treading-water mode. No interest in growth, expansion, or improvement. And I sensed I had no choice but to go through this period of bottom-feeding mode.

What is the result? Today I am no longer feeling good. I feel bad about it. And that is good.

I am at a new place where feeling bad is feeling good. Feeling down, inadequate, inferior, and miserable is feeling good. Or at least right.

I am choosing to feel miserable again, and that is good.

Contradiction makes the heart grow fonder.

I have become a walking comedy routine, and that is good.

Mental pain is part of my Divine Comedy.

But must this misery, pain, inadequacy, inferiority, and discomfort also extend to

my body? Be expressed through my body?

Yes.

Embracing the Artist's Life

Thus being an artist, embracing the life of an artist, living the artist's vision, approaching life as an artist, means, among other things, embracing a life of mental and physical misery, dissatisfaction, struggle, inferiority, inadequacy, pain, conflict, and feeling bad most of the time.

And that's okay.

Tuesday, June 7, 2016

How to Find (Get) Extra Energy:

Push (A Bit) Beyond Your Comfort Zone

Push a little bit beyond yourself, try a bit harder, step a little beyond your comfort zone. Somehow you then wake up, open up a new energy supply.

It seems that often energy is thwarted, stopped up. The extra push beyond your capacity (beyond your comfort zone) somehow blasts the pipes open and an unknown, unseen, hidden, greater energy that resides within you starts to flow.

Some call it a "second wind." It feels like it comes "from Above" – and it does. But since what is above is below, it also resides in you.

The Energy Intersection Line

The energy intersection line (comfort zone line) is where fear and grandeur meet.

That's where you make your daily decision.

Either cross the line and enter the pride-creating, (higher) more intense energy world of grandeur.

Or stay where you are.

Love Song

No one will ever hear my song.

Why?

I'm too afraid to play it for anybody.

Will my fear ever end?

I don't think so.

I wonder why.

Am I really afraid?

Or do I simply want to keep it private, guard my treasure only for myself.

Not even for my beloved wife?

Well, maybe for her.

Only for her? Is that the first ray of sunlight?

The first gurgle of love breaking through the shell?

Do I have to reach eighty before I can say I love you?

Is that the fruit of all those years?

Maybe and yes.

Say it, ex-press it in guitar, song, or any way you like.

Cleaning out the basement.

All I'll have left is love.

Wednesday, June 8, 2016

I feel like my business (tour business) is slipping away, that I'm not really focusing on it, and perhaps I'm not even that interested in it.

Is this true? Is this a new place? Or am I simply preparing for the upcoming storm?

No, I'm fooling myself.

But I'm doing it more for self respect, that I want to do a good, competent, thorough job, than for money.

Self-Respect

I've been on vacation a long time. Time to go back to work.

But with a different attitude. No longer driven so much (frantically and in a panic) by money – although we always like money – but more by self respect.

But truth is, sadly or happily, whether self respect, money, or both, It's time to go back to work.

Time To Go Back To Work

What does back to work mean?

Reorientation. Putting all the collected apples, applying all lessons of the eight month "vacation" year (between October 2015 Albania tour and now) into use.

A cool day shot of energy coalesces the year. (Note how suddenly my back started to hurt. Everything seems to be thrown off kilter.)

Transition is over. The questioning, searching, lost, disoriented period served its purpose. Things have fallen into place. Time to put everything into practice.

Organizing Work

1. Pack for France
2. Videos, Iphone,
3. Teaching fd with laptop and Iphone, etc.
4. Organize Greece. Maroula, fd, etc.

Fear Vacuum

On a positive note, perhaps this year was about giving up ancient fears, or at least have these fears lose much of their grip on me.

I have created a fear vacuum. This makes me feel lonely, alone, and empty.

A vacuum is unnatural and cannot stand. Something rushes in to fill the vacuum.

What will it be?

I haven't replaced the fears with enthusiasm, inspiration, or love yet. But perhaps that is the next step.

Truth is, the departure of my fears has left a (motivation) vacuum in my mind, body, and soul.

What will step in to fill the vacuum?

Could it be enthusiasm, spark, fire, inspiration, passion, (passionate motivation), and even love?

Friday, June 10, 2016

I Like It

Do I dare totally new?

Which ones?

1. Alhambra: Totally relaxed right wrist, beyond the hypothenar, around the outer hand part.

2. Stocks. A selling limit. Around 20% or so and I sell. Gives me some/more control. I like it.

3. A new look at performing:

a. Classical guitar: In the back of my mind, and my dream is: I want to perform. But I may never achieve it in this lifetime. An impossible but continuing dream goal. But somehow the "fact" that I may never achieve it, that it may lie in the realm of impossible dream keeps me motivated. I like it!

4. Singing: Going very slowly over one song, (French in this case). Into depth on one song. A totally new approach. I like it!

5. Languages: Etymology. I like it. Three at a time translations. Interesting and I like it, too.

This may all be about limits. Putting the brakes on, slowly down, focusing on depth. Post-eighty different and new.

I like it!

I May Never Achieve It In My Life Time

And That's Okay!

I may never achieve it in my life time.

And that's okay.

Because I have a goal!

Is having a goal more important than achieving it?

Or is having a goal most important, achievement secondary?

Or all part of the healthy and happy goal-oriented process?

Or is it all part of the process?

Achievement of performance. After glow celebration. Recovery period. Form next goal.

My exercise is shot for today. But maybe I'm on a new path.

Saturday, June 11, 2016

Positive Aspects of Pre-Performance Anxiety

All my (performing) life I have tried to hide, or "cure" myself from pre-performance anxiety. I always thought that if only I was "better," if only I had more skill, daring, and courage, if only I was "different". Then I could conquer or at least

escape from pre-performance anxiety.

Well, those days are over. I realize I can never escape from pre-performance anxiety. And that is a good thing!

I recognize that pre-performance anxiety is my energy rising. It's a chance to use, to employ, utilize this energy in a new way.

I recognize that I suffer, and will always suffer from pre-performance anxiety.

Yes, I now recognize performance, performing and pre-performance anxiety is good for me!

I recognize the positive aspects of pre-performance anxiety.

Now, how to start using this new concept.

What am I nervous about? What is causing my pre-performance anxiety, and creating the new pain in my lower back?

My upcoming tours! France, then Greece. France and Greece.

So, first step: dive right in to my anxiety. Start practicing right away. Deal with these tours today

My challenge: Can I make Greece a fabulous tour? With fabulous folk dance meetings?

Sunday, June 12, 2016

Pro-Performing Growing Pains!

I think the aches in my body, and especially my lower back are about "breaking" into pro performing mode!

My body is breaking and reforming.

My reforming, pro-performing mind is reforming my pro-performing body. I'm feeling pro-performing growing pains!

I have finally defeated Segovia. I'm playing guitar just the way I like!

I'm also finding a new way and reason to sing folk songs. A focused approach to only a few songs: One syllable, one word, and one sound at a time. (These happen to be

in French.)

In fact, the classical guitar approach with its exactness is meeting and blending with my folk song approach.

It is also combining with my depth-charged, etymological approach to languages.

All the above are depth explorations.

Linguistic, musical, artistic: I'm going deep into the soul of sound.

Its an Art New Leaf.

Monday, June 13, 2016

Fear of Injury

Fear of Art/Running Wild on the Lawn

As I enter the world of art and running wild on the lawn, I have a new fear: If I give it my all, make my maximum effort, I will somehow injure myself.

Result is I am holding back, not giving it my all. Living under the vague fear of injury cloud.

And beneath it is a hesitate to jump in, and perhaps a fear of art and running wild on the lawn themselves.

This is happening at the same time as performing and a positive view of pre-performance anxiety and the energizing aspect of fear is emerging.

Perhaps that's what happens when you're a twin, born in the Gemini month of May, where opposites are ever fighting.

What to do about it?

There's nothing to do but be self-aware.

Awareness itself may dissolve the contradictions.

Wednesday, June 15, 2016

Embracing Pre-Performance Anxiety

Why do I feel so discouraged this morning?

Or is this nothing new? Do I feel discouraged almost every morning. Probably.

But there were times when I began the morning with enthusiasm. Truly, I couldn't wait to get up! I couldn't wait to start my day!

What happened? And what's happening now?

And why do my legs hurt so much? In Sarnoian fashion? I haven't "done" anything with them for days. I've well recovered from my two hour Saturday run.

They've had a very thorough rest. So why do they hurt?

What negative things have hit me?

1. I am "returning to work." Tours are coming up, and I'm moving back into tour mode, with all the old pressures that tours entail. But after a year off and in transition, I'd like to return to them with a "new attitude." So far, I reliving old attitudes of fear and trepidation and high pressure.

Am I changed now? Will I ever be able to approach tours differently? Can I ever generate enthusiasm and put this above performance anxiety? That is my "goal." But can this ever change?

What am I going to change it?

A. I'm returning to tech improvement, relearning my computer, Iphone, and etc. skills. So far, I'm only tense. We'll see where this leads. If anywhere.

B. On the other hand, maybe I should just stay the way I am, which is tense. I've discovered that pre-performance anxiety is good for me! Even though much of it is "expressed" through aches in my body, pains in my head, etc. nevertheless, it creates energy, growth, pushes me out of my comfort zone, and in the long run, is good for me!

So what's new? Maybe instead of ever fighting pre-performance anxiety, I ought to embrace it! Embrace pre-performance anxiety. Well, maybe the word "embrace" is too strong. Maybe merely "dive into it" is enough. In any case, can I do it? Well, why

not.

That could be, might be, the great learning I have done during this, my transformation year.

Stock Market Distraction

Where does the fact that the stock market has gone down in the last two days and I lost most of my gains. All that work I put in “for nothing.” Annoying and discouraging.

On the other hand, the stock market is my personal distraction from my great life fear, which is pre-performance anxiety.

If I dive into my pre=performance anxiety will my stock market annoyance go away? Maybe. But for today, the market is a secondary, even tertiary concern.

Deflation

Went to Natalie Beaumont’s reading. I enjoyed it mucho. It inspired me to perhaps, maybe, hopefully do the same. But it raised many questions.

Am I discouraged this morning because writing, especially fiction writing, has vanished from my sights? This along with performing and giving classic guitar and folk song concerts.

These powerful and great art forms, which dominated my life for years, have somehow disappeared from my radar. The energy and gas has gone out of them. Like a deflated, blown-out gaida.

I “wish” they would come back. But wishing will not make it so.

Why have the vanished? Is it because fear of them has vanished? Or because I am now ready to embrace them, dive into my pre-performance anxiety, that I now think of pre-performance anxiety as a good thing?

Is “making peace” with this devil and embracing a new attitude, the reason my desire to give concerts, readings, and write the great American novel and more, are deflated?

I'm not sure.

On the other hand, on a positive note:

I wonder if my legs ache because I am now embracing pre-performance anxiety.

(Note: My "running" legs hurt. I am not "running away" from it.)

A Sarnoian reaction. Return to the old neighborhood.

This means recognizing the importance, dynamism and celebration of this new attitude.

Is that the next step? Will my Sarnoian leg pains disappear when I dive into it?

I hate to predict, jump the gun (and jinx it), but I believe they will!

Jinx it?

Somehow I think that if I give myself positive kudos, If I congratulate myself for figuring out my physical/mental situation, I will "jinx it" and thus destroy it.

Is celebrating a more dynamic and positive way of looking at it? But this attitude hasn't happened yet. Dare I celebrate? Isn't celebration a bit haughty, tainted by hubris? Should I?

Or is it better to look at revelation of this new attitude as a gift? And rather than celebrate, be thankful.

Jinx, Hubris, Predictions, and the Future

Where does the power of this "jinx" idea come from? Do I actually have the power to destroy my own revelations and the march of history?

Is it a deeply held, primitive idea of magic and magical powers? Where does Judaism come in? By placing revelation and history in the hands of God, HaShem, do I relieve myself of this negative jinx idea?

I'd be saying the power of revelation and the movement of history are not up to me, but rather, are gifts from Above.

I can only offer to do my best, make my best effort, But revelation and history of

not my responsibility. They come as gifts from the Higher Power.

Results are in the hands of God.

That's why predictions smack of hubris. Hubris, through its negative effect on the psyche, jinxes the future.

That's why, in my New Leaf writing, I so often say, "maybe," "perhaps," "I wonder if," or put so-called answers in the form of questions.

Hubris, Prediction, and Failure

By predicting the future, you take your energy out of the future. Then you don't try as hard. Your effort (subtly) decreases. This can easily lead to losses and failure.

That's why it is energizing to step beyond your comfort zone.

Sharp Zone

The place beyond your comfort zone is called sharp zone.

Like a tiger ready to pounce, the sharp zone is where your energies are up, your brain is kindled.

Step beyond your comfort zone into the Sharp Zone.

Thursday, June 16, 2016

Listening, Watching, Using

To study the sounds of Hebrew means that I'm planning to sing or say them. This puts them closer to my heart and advanced the "in depth" approach I am now taking to everything.

Sing in Hebrew, French, or whatever.

Speak in Hebrew, French, or whatever, even English as I "plan" to someday to a reading. (Or speak to my concert audience or even travelers and folk dancers!)

Also, when exercising, slowly watching "the sound" of my muscles as I use

them.

Is this progress? Yes.

I like progress.

Older, Slower, Strength, Gaining

As you get older, you go slower.

That is your strength and your gain.

Gains in wisdom come from traveling in depth.

Moving slowly clears up vision. You see clearly as you move slowly and deeply into your practices.

On Depression

But what about depression and the almost daily morning advent of hopelessness, transience, and “Why bother?”

Why does it come? What is its purpose?

That is the great mystery.

Does this cosmic depression have a purpose?

I'd say yes. But what it is, I'm not sure.

Dare I say a greater appreciation of life. Appreciation of the here-and-now, the only thing we can know. Knowing transience and the cosmic “why bother? Depression that follows, at its best pushes you, forces you to be ever present.

To realize the here-and-now is all you've got.

But that's a lot.

Developing A “Here-and-Now” Practice

Future plans are necessary as a motivating force.

However, they belong to the present, existing only in the here-and-now.

How does this knowledge help me? Well, it forces me to focus on the present,

the here-and-now. And deep down, it makes me realize that being depressed is a total waste of time!

Nice to know, hard to do. Nevertheless, seeing depression as a total waste of time is an excellent practice!

Not only is the cosmic depression whining about transience self-indulgent and self-pitying, but as a psychological phenomenon, it is a subtle way of punishing myself, putting myself down, denying my skills and talents, driving myself back into the old neighborhood of weakness and childhood dependence. A subtle way of feeling sorry for myself and wasting my precious time.

Why do I even bother with depression? Are there any positive aspects to it? Why does it even attract me?

One reason is that I like to sleep; death and giving up on life can be quiet restful.

However, best for me is to develop my new practice:

1. Focus on "here-and-now."
2. Depression (cosmic depression with its focus on transience) is a total waste of time.

The main positive idea about depression is "Depression precedes creation." And that is true. And I like being creative.

But at this point in my changing life, can I give up depression and still be creative? Do I still need depression as a crutch in order to create? Or can I bypass it completely, and still create?

I don't know. But I'd certainly like to give it a try.

I'm living in a new place now. I want to try something new: new attitude, new approach, new, new.

I can start with this new practice.

Part of this practice might be to focus on the Eternal Light and keep it there (even

subtly in the background while I am involved in the here-and-now.)

On Overwhelmed

Also being overwhelmed by all the things I have to do, monkey mind, is a total waste of time. It belongs with depression (to opposite side of depression) and, as a total waste of time, is part of my new “meditation” practice.

Friday, June 17, 2016

The Trilogy of Learning: Curiosity, Exploration, Adventure!

Computer Study/Practice as Good-in-Itself

I study language as a good-in-itself. It has no other purpose.

I study music, guitar, yoga, running, most (all) of my miracle schedule events as good-in-themselves. They have no other purpose.

Perhaps I have a very narrow definition of “purpose.” Seems I think that since business is about survival, only business has a “purpose.” But, on a deeper even deepest level, miracle schedule activities, doings, are also about survival. Miracle schedule good-in-themselves activities bring beauty and love into the world. And without beauty and love, why bother surviving?

Thus the question: Could I study and practice computer as a good-in itself?

Note: Study and practice always go together! If this is so, and it is, then how does it apply to my language study? I see reading of language as study and speaking of language as practice. Use of the language (speaking) drive home the lessons of study. And vice versa.

How does this apply to computers? Do I have to use the program (practice) that I study? Probably.

But what about computer curiosity, exploration, and adventure? The trilogy of learning. These beauties take the pressure off and make it fun.

Wisdom, Humor, and Love

Wisdom, humor, and love. These are gifts I have been given, developed. And passed on to my children. . . and others.

In my father's tradition. (Where does Ma fit in?)

Power of Curiosity

The power of curiosity burns away fear and trepidation.

I am hesitant to accept my wisdom, humor, and love because I'm afraid that in my hubris, I'll take all the credit, and, in the process, kill the very gifts I have.

The key word here is "all." (Why all or nothing?)

Better to take some of the credit and give the rest to God.

I have reached the wisdom position.

Admit it.

Part of wisdom is recognizing that my gifts come from God.

It is easier to recognize and accept my wisdom, humor, and love when I realize they are gifts from God.

Sunday, June 19, 2016

I Need an Editor!

I have found a decided weakness in my personality: I simply will not edit my writing! Why this is, I'm not sure. Perhaps I refuse to, or simply cannot.

Whatever the reason, after many years of living with myself, I realize something about editing my stuff kills my creative spirit. It removes all the pleasure of writing, and thus, with editing hanging over me, I simply do not write.

Perhaps if there was a financial incentive, someone was paying me for my writings, I would force myself to edit. Perhaps this is true. But perhaps it isn't.

In any case, no one is paying me to write fiction, and, as for the future, no one will. Plus there is the thought that even if someone decided to pay me, would I even do it? Would it push me to do something I somehow don't want to do? Would it push me to kill my pleasure? I don't know.

In any case, truth is, I need an editor.

Note all the books I've published have had an editor, namely Barry. Without the editorship and help of Barry, I would have published nothing. And note, since I've stopped taking his classes, I've published nothing.

Conclusion: Without an editor I will edit nothing and publish nothing.

Thus, if I want to edit and publish, I need an editor!

Next question then is: Who shall it be? Where can I find one? Should I go back to Barry? Or try to find someone new? (Or both?)

Overwhelmed and Unfocused

Hidden Pre-Tour Anxiety?

I feel like I'm being blow about, and losing my skills. My focus feel scattered. I'm overwhelmed by both minutia and important things I have to do.

What is so throwing me for a loop?

Partly, it is my upcoming tours. They are hanging over my head, and a feel somewhat unprepared. Yet again, I know what to do. Perhaps this is all a due to familiar, pre-tour "overwhelmed and anxious" feeling that I always had, but have forgotten about.

If this is so, what to do about this overwhelmed, unfocused, vague discontentment and anxiety?

Start organizing my France and Greece tours. Top priority. Put everything else aside. Do it now!

Monday, June 20, 2016

Play for the Lord of Music

Secretly, in the back of my mind, when I play guitar, I always want an audience. If no audience is present, still, in the back of my mind, want an audience. Secretly, when I play or practice guitar, I am preparing for a future performance. Even if intellectually, I think a performance will never come, I am nevertheless preparing for it.

Since my desire for audience will never end, evidently, I must find an audience and perform for them.

A permanent audience is best. Where can I find one?

Well, why not perform of the Lord of Music?

The Lord is always watching over and under me. He sees every note I play. There is no escape from His eager eyes. Nor would I want there to be.

Thus, to play for a permanent audience all I need to do is be aware that a permanent audience exists, always exists, and will exist forever everywhere and anywhere. All I need to is recognize this truth; it exists right in front of my nose.

Today I vow to begin this process.

“The Lord is my audience. I shall not want. I shall play for Him forever.”

A beautiful, fulfilling thought.

Will the Lord accept guitar mistakes? Will He criticize them, reject me for making them? I doubt it. In His view there may not even be such things as “mistakes.”

Such judgements may well be only humans.

In any case, no matter what the Lord of Music thinks or does. I know my ego and personality needs an audience. I also know the Lord of Music sits in permanence. And I know my music master cares about me, mistakes and all.

Performing or playing?

Am I performing or playing for my God of Music? Or both?

The word “performing” has judgement and separation in it. The audience sits “out there” separate from me. I sit on stage performing for it.

The word “playing” has fun and joy. It means audience and I enjoy the show together. We are a “we”. We listen, smile, enjoy without separation or judgement.

Unity and oneness reign.

I like playing for an audience. I fear performing for them.

There's the difference.

Thus, I'd say my aim is to play for an audience, to play for my Lord of Music.

Now that is something great, beautiful and wonderful.

"Playing" for the Lord of Tours

Is there a Lord of Tours?

Well, why not? Yes.

Could I "play" for Him?

Indeed, a worthy personal goal.

How does a tour leader "play?"

How do I learn how to do it? How do I start?

Do I make the Lord of Tours my new audience?

Just as guitar notes belong to the Lord of Music, so (my France and more) travelers belong to the Lord of Tours.

I like it. Very mystical and interesting.

Thus I would lead my tours "playing" for the Lord of Tours.

What a challenge and beautiful goal!

Certainly, a totally new approach for me.

How is this done?

Can I start working on fulfilling it today?

Employed by Lord of Tours, Inc

I am no longer working for myself, or leading a tour by myself.

As a tour player, I would be employed by the Lord of Tours.

I work for Lord of Tours, Inc.

Tuesday, June 21, 2016

Physical Plan: My Physical Trilogy

I have a 3-part physical plan. A Physical Trilogy. Having a plan, a direction, a path with the goal of getting stronger, focuses my mind and helps so much!

My general, long-term goal is to get stronger.

1. Gym: Weight and strength training. Arms and legs.

A. Arms. Legs: How? Squats? Squats with weights? Both? Other and additional?

B. Weight training program (Heavy weights):
(Monday/ Thursday)

2. Running. . .Aerobic training (Tues/Thurs/Sat)

3. Yoga: Stretching (Tues/Thurs/Sat)

Language Plan

I also have a language plan:

Study a language an hour every morning, perhaps follow through during the day. The language I study depends on the upcoming tour that I am leading. Next tour is France. Thus, I am focusing on French. When the tour ends, I shall move to Greek. Then Hebrew (which, since I subscribe to Bereshit which arrives from Israel every two weeks, I'll be studying/reading constantly.)

And always etymology.

My general, long-term goal is to learn the etymological foundation of Western (Indo-European and Semitic) languages. This is based on the theory that fundamentally, all languages are One.

Guitar Plan

Note: I have no plan for guitar.

Maybe just traipse along, crawl, playing every day, with the hope and prayer that somehow, somewhere a fresh, totally new and different reason guitar plan/goal

will emerge.

Keep (capere: to take, seize, hold) plucking.

Wednesday, June 22, 2016

Positives of Discouragement and Depression

The Brothers D and D Force Me To Write!

Discouragement and depression are brothers.

I hate these brothers! But nevertheless, I must admit, that working together as a team, they force me to write!

The Brothers D and D visited me again morning. They forced me to write.

What's bothering or discouraging me today? My shoulders hurt. And the question suddenly arose: Has guitar playing run its course? Will I give in to left shoulder pain in particular, and lassitude in general, and never play guitar again?

Indeed, this is discouraging and depressing. But note: The D and D brothers are stepping in again. This discouragement and depression is forcing me to write!

So this morning I say, wait and think carefully before you knock the Brothers D and D.

Another question: Does the distilled misery injected by the Brothers D and D force me to create others things as well?

Seven Motivation Tools

Along with love, curiosity, and fascination, add discouragement, depression, fear, and pre-performance anxiety are prime motivational tools.

The prime motivators are:

1. Love
2. Curiosity
3. Fascination
4. Discouragement
5. Depression

6. Fear

7. Pre-performance anxiety

There is no order to these motivators. They arrive anytime, anywhere, and any place.

They are the bread winners in my world of creation.

Physical and Psychological Motivators

The above pleasure/pain motivators are psychological states.

I wonder if pleasure/pain physical states should be included. Well, why not?

Deep down, I know they are.

Use my Pains as Motivators!

Thus this morning's left shoulder pain could motivate me to play guitar "anyway." Experiment, try, see what happens to the hurt, pain, and where it leads.

Here's where personal choice comes in. Instead of cramping up with fear, huddling in the corner, paralyzed and shut down, use the pains as motivators!

I like it!

A great attitude and approach to use for running, yoga, dancing, weights, whatever.

Helping Myself and Others

A Reason to Edit and Publish

If posting, remembering, and being reminded of these attitudes help me, perhaps they would help other people. That is a good reason to edit and publish selected parts of my New Leaf Journal.

New Guitar Plan and Direction

Expressing my Classy Classical Self

Through the (Classical) Guitar

What is classical guitar playing? It is playing guitar with class, classy playing. To play the (classical) guitar to actually express something. And express something classy.

Now that is new!

Beyond technique.

Expressing (my classical self, my classy self) on the guitar is my next step.

What is my classical self, my classy self? And how will I express it? That is my next avenue to explore.

This is an actual new plan and direction on guitar!

Thursday, June 23, 2016

Return of Diverted Back-Pain Panic

Panic is part of the tour leading territory.

France: Woke up[with crippling back pain. Total panic attack in my lower back. Haven't had this for years. Reminds me of my Raleigh folk dance workshop, when, on the day of flying down I had a terrible back panic attack and could hardly walk.

Just finished most of my France preparation. Then thinking and planning a Spain 2018. Then woke up with am with crippling back pain.

An "obvious" panic attack. Although, I hate to feel or believe it. When will I get of these pre-travel anxieties, the pre-tour panics? Answer: No doubt, never. They go with the territory. I just don't want to face it or admit it. If I run tours, give concerts, or do even whatever I do, I will be forever scared, on the edge of panic mode.

Yesterday, I did tell Pam and the dentist and David that I am living under a cloud. I hinted at this panic. This morning it hit in full back-diverted mode.

How do I know it is "diverted" and not "real?"

Because I went to sleep feeling totally normal, and woke up with this back ache. To my knowledge, nothing physical "happened" during the night as I slept. I didn't twist, turn, or lift incredible weights. I did nothing to "hurt" myself. Yet I woke up

with crippling back pain.

I went to bed thinking my preparation work on France was mostly finished. Well, maybe most of the details are in place. Only the panic of actually running the event remains. And will subtly remain until it is over.

Panic is part of the tour leading territory.

Panic and Excitement: The Tour Twins

Maybe if I can dive into the panic, excitement will follow.

Is this a moral judgement? Am I saying that excitement is “better” than panic? Certainly, excitement “feels” better. But does that mean excitement is better than panic?

How can I have one without the other?

Panic and excitement are twins, two sides of the same coin. And deep in my heart, I know panic and excitement are part of the territory.

I like to focus on the excitement, curiosity, imagination, adventure part because it is more pleasant. But the guts, courage, and bravery part of leading tours are the feelings and dealings with panic.

Perhaps also, that’s why I don’t like to tell people, or myself, how exciting it is running tours. This because deep down I know there is also panic.

Can I tell them there is both excitement and panic? Probably not, since panic will not sell the tour. And I am always selling.

But panic is something I should definitely know about, recognize, and deal with. Without acknowledging its fantastic power of fear, I’ll get crippling back aches instead. So the choice, although unpleasant, is easy. Dive into the unconscious stream, the swirling vortex of panic. Get sucking down into the dark, black, frightening, asphyxiating, claustrophobic, terrifying bottom. Let the caustic seas roll over me. Let myself be drown, beaten down, sucked beyond the vortex of despair, discouragement and depression. Know the winds of these unconscious bubblings, these unhappy feeling are vaguely pleasant compared to the black trembling, whirlwind, storm clouds of

panic.

Panic!

"Panic Practice"

A Transitional Year: Tours and Concerts

This is the visceral panic I have been trying to forever avoid. It is the reason I do not, am afraid to, give concerts. I fool myself by thinking if I practice guitar enough, become an "expert" in the Alhambra, that finally I'll be able to present myself in public proudly, and most important, without fear!

But truth is, fear will always be with me. And close beneath "mere" fear is panic. These will never go away!

If I can deal with panic, and its diverted form of crippling back aches, and lead tours, maybe I could also give (go back to, go forward to) concerts.

Tours are about panic. (Maybe excitement, too but that comes after dealing with panic.)

Concerts are about panic. (Maybe excitement, too but that comes after dealing with panic.)

Maybe for me, tours and concerts (twins in the performance anxiety arc) are mostly about dealing with panic.

It has been a transitional year. Maybe, hopefully, partly through this France diverted panic back ache experience, I can learn to face and deal with panic. This would be a huge jump, a major leap. I could not return to, but rather, go forward to giving concerts.

Leading tours and leading/giving concerts are similar in that both engender panic in my heart.

My France tour could be my first "panic practice" tour?

Giving concerts could also be a form of "panic practice."

Results of Panic (France Back Ache) and "Panic Practice"

Does this France back ache mean I could return-forward to concerts? I think so.
Wow, indeed.

More on Panic

Panic is panic.

I have the same panic leading tours as I do giving concerts.

I have to lead tours, so I have to deal with my panic. (Usually by trying to avoid facing it.)

I don't have to, no longer have to, give concerts. So I no longer have to deal with my panic.

The one constant, the one shadow hanging over tours and concerts is panic.

I know I cannot dispel this shadow, blow away this dark cloud. How to throw light on this shadow, deal with this dark cloud?

Perhaps only by diving into it.

Giving Myself a Different Message

Panic practice means constantly giving myself the message that "I can handle the situation when it comes up."

I'm good at improvising, dealing with the situation when at hand, I have a good sense of survival.

Monday, June 27, 2016

Memorializing Barry

Tears and Laughter

How can I memorialize Barry? How can I "take something" from his upcoming demise? How can I remember him?

One way might be to internalize Barry, take him into my heart and mind for

good. How? By becoming more computer independent, giving myself more computer “I can handle it: computer confidence. To think of him every time I struggle with a computer problem. To take him into my head and heart as a my personal, internalized (but distant) computer savior.

True, he’s not dead yet. But that will happen soon. I’m mourning and preparing.

A few moments ago, I sat down and cried my heart out. Death is so sad. I can’t stand it. But stand it I must. Or at least I can sit it. (A bit of levity among the rocks. I wonder where that came from. Black humor on a dark day. But it lightens the heavy cloud.)

Tears and laughter. What else can you do?

My Personal Barry Walter Memorial

Computer problems come up: I can do it! I’ve got the spirit of Barry within me, watching over me, guiding me.

(I’m crying again.)

Another Barry Memorial Idea

Give that house concert we were always talking about.

Take Something from Failure

The idea is to take something from failure.

Is death a failure? (It’s certainly not a success.)

What else could you call it?

Are humans failed creatures?

What else could you call us?

Wednesday, June 29, 2016

Improvise!

Waking up with back ache every morning. Then it “works itself out” and is okay during the day.

I haven’t had a back ache for years. Why now? Why suddenly now?

I “sense” it has something to do with upcoming tours and my incipient hesitation to face and deal with my panic about them.

Panic about the upcoming unknown. How will I handle the tour and/with all its unknown aspects

What did I discover about tour panic in particular—a total pain in the ass which has been displaced from my ass and moved up to my back, and concert and other panic is general? What is my “solution?”

Remembering my ability to improvise.

Remember: I started my tours to more freely give myself the gift of improvisation in choreography. Tours have given me the cultural knowledge and thus freed me to improvise and choreograph freely in dancing. This is my success. I now improvise freely, and choreograph freely. All because of tours.

Tours have freed me to improvise. (“Create” is another word for improvise.)

My tour victory was born in panic. Panic has been part of every tour preparation. It is the black ghost that follows me everywhere. What is this ghost trying to teach me?

That I have been given the gift, the power of improvisation. Is it also easy? I don’t know. But I can say I’m good at it.

Maybe improvisation (creating) is also easy for me. But I hesitate to say it.

In any case, improvisation is my answer to panic. And the more faith and confidence I have in my ability to improvise, the more panic will fade.

Perhaps improvise should become my daily affirmation.

Hmm, not a bad idea. Especially before tours.

Maybe even every morning.

After all, life itself is an improvisation.

Improvisation and Lower Back Pain

Will the improvisation affirmation chase away my back pain?

Maybe. Let's put it into my lower back and find out.

How does this stew work?

First view the France tour panic stored in my lower back; then inject the salve of improvisation.

Improvisation: My survival tool.

"Return to Life" Differently After my Transition

This panic/fear back ache also has something to do with "returning to life."

It involves tours but it also includes returning to folk dance teaching. Returning to tours and folk dancing means returning to (the pressures) of life. After all, I've been off the past two weeks. Now I'm returning.

After my transitional year, and my two weeks off. I'd like to return "differently."

How can I do that?

Add/accept the truth of improvisation to my life!

Improvisation and the New Neighborhood

Improvisation is a survival power God gave me.

By denying my improvisational power, by panicking, I deny God. And I certainly don't want to do that!

Since I am a believer in the Higher Power, evidently, deep down, believe in my improvisation power. And this has always been so.

Why have I for so long denied it so long? Why have I let Pan into body and brain, and created panic? Good question.

Panic is part of the old neighborhood. The light of God shines in the new neighborhood. Through music and more, I've always known about the new

neighborhood. Part of me has always lived there.

Post-transition I'd like more of me to live there.

(Of course, all of me would be even best. However, that would be perfection and that is only achievable posthumously.)

By focusing on the power and importance of improvisation, more of my self will definitely move into the new neighborhood.

Language Study

Blocks and Freedom

I could read a word definition or grammatical point once.

I could memorize and believe it.

But I keep forgetting. I look up the same word or grammatical point over and over again.

Why?

Evidently, it seems I want to stay dependent on the dictionary and/or grammar book.

Such dependence is old neighborhood, with its lack of confidence, weakness, and dependence.

Believing right away is new neighborhood, with its confidence, strength, and independence.

In this new post-transitional era, which neighborhood shall I choose to live in?

I'd like to spend more time, or even live in the new neighborhood.

Languages, Tours, Enthusiasm

I have no enthusiasm for baby sitting or traveling old, known routes on tour.

How can I create enthusiasm?

Language learning? History? History in the new language?

Technology? Photo and video? Other?

Something totally new and different?

Or am I simply resisting a new and fresh vision?

I think it is the latter.

Thursday, June 30, 2016

Facing the Unknown

Try this: conquer morning back pain through improvisation. Or rather, (morning) back pain means improvisation, is improvisation. Incorporate improvisation into my morning back pain.

When my back pain arrives, think improvisation! My back pain is not only reminding me I can improvise, I'm good at it, but it's also telling me to improvise.

Improvisation deals with my fear/panic of my upcoming France and Greece tours, and ever upcoming fears and future panics of the unknown.

I face the unknown every morning when I wake up. (Voila back pain.)

I face the unknown before I'm teaching folk dancing, leading tours, or even in the stock market.

The unknown is my right hand man. A tough cookie, but, like a bull, handleable through improvisation.

Stomach churning, that burst of fear/excitement pre-performance energy is the sign, voice, and call to improvisation.

So is fear-induced back pain.

Progress, Confidence, and Strength in Language Studies!

Way to go! Progress, confidence, and strength in language studies! I took my first steps today.

How?

By following the prescription I invented yesterday.

I read a page of Hebrew without looking up words in the dictionary! Instead, I

underlined the words I didn't know, trying to figure out their meaning as I read. But didn't look them up in the dictionary (or grammar books) until I finished reading the whole passage!

Then, once I finished reading, I looked up the words I couldn't figure out or didn't know.

Way to go! Major step forward in linguistic confidence, progress, and strength!

How to apply this new confidence, strength and progress to (my lower back and) improvisation.

Improve my retirement attitude and skills.

Think retirement. Then move on from there.

Friday, July 1, 2016

The Writing/Performing Connection

Uniting Private/Public Self in one Great Barrel of Fun!

And It Only Took Fifty Years!

A strange happiness engulfed my being when Ellen Golann said not only that it would be a coup if she could put my name on her flier, but, more important, that she liked my songs, and even more important, that I might play guitar on her Weekend.

Why did this make me feel so strangely good?

Because I thought: "Well, I might just do that, actually perform at her Weekend with Lee Otterholt.

Me perform? Play again in public? And actually want to? It seemed so strange that I might actually desire, but more important, actually enjoy playing in public. It was the "enjoy" thought that me me feel strangely good.

And I wonder, is the daily down and lack of enthusiasm I wake up with due to

the fact that I have (temporarily?) given writing? And, of course, performing? (But the secret desire to connect in this manner remains hidden in my heart.)

Is there a deep but secret relationship between my writing and my performing? I know there is. But I have never admitted, faced or dealt with it.

By performing I do not mean performing my classical guitar. Rather, I mean standing in front of an audience and improvising, simply ad libbing. Same thing I do in private when I write: I sit in front of my keyboard and verbally simply ad lib and improvise.

Thus for me, performing and writing are similar, two sides of the same public and private self coin. I might even call them the "same", or better, it is all one coin! All is One.

My approach to both is similar, the same.

To reiterate: Only difference is performing I do in front of others, writing I do alone. But both are improvisations. Writing is verbal ad libbing and improvising. Performing is verbal ad libbing and improvising using songs, stories. Gaida, whatever all thrown in. It is my gone public garbage omelette. And I love my garbage omelets!

(Tours are event ad libbing and improvising.)

An amazing discovery and connection.

Happiness and enthusiasm will return to my sphere when I start writing again, and, dare I say, when I start performing again. . . but integrated in the new way. It will return when I cement in the relationship between writing and performing.

Perhaps I stopped writing because I need a new connecting reason to do it. Indeed, the connection between performing and writing is new. will feed each other.

Note: Once again I must thank Lee Otterholt for opening up a new, positive direction. First it was choreography. Now it is performing in my new Write/Perform love.

Formerly, my performing was motivated and even controlled by fear, panic, and pre-performance anxiety. But strangely, no longer. I've somehow lost my classic guitar

performing burden. Alhambra and its tremolo friends have somehow fallen into “doesn’t matter nothingness.”

By merging my love of writing with my (hidden love of) performing I can unite my private and public self in one great barrel of fun!

I know the above is true. I just have to recover from the realization that, after a life time struggle to connect these passions, they have finally come together.

Making love to the audience with the fun-loving power of my ad libbing penis backed by gutsy balls of improvisation. What could be more fun!

And it only took 50 years!

Sunday, July 3, 2016

Jim Gold Show Format

Appearing and Disappearing

A vast group sing, (totally) improvised, with lots of “things” or “bits” to draw from.

(Tours: Same format and approach)

“Things” or “bits” to draw on:

Group and solo songs, gaida, stories, ad libs, classical guitar, readings, bits, other.

Resistance!

Just Shut Up and Do It!

Amazing is the power of resistance! Amazing is the lock-up strength of my resistance, hesitation at diving into the powerful stream of the action present.

My hesitations, reservations, hold backs, fatigues, why bothers, and more are all (or at least 90-95%) resistance to diving into jumping into the maelstrom of the present task.

How to fight resistance?

Just shut up and do it!

Monday, July 4, 2016

The Jim Gold Show: Gratefulness

Somehow arrogance is being replaced by gratefulness.

And somehow kindness.

I'm grateful I can do anything. That I can even play a few notes on the guitar, sing a song, or get a sound out of my mouth.

Instead of being arrogant, secretly snobbish and mad at Ellen G (and her "type"), this time when I spoke to her I was kind, helpful, and somehow grateful.

Grateful for what? I don't know. But the feeling was definitely there.

Why have I suddenly become so kind, gracious, arrogantless, and grateful? I don't know.

Somehow as my pep, vigor, and angry drive, killer desire to succeed, make money, and compete with all opposition has dribbled away and is disappearing into the dust, in the vacuum has come a calm, quietness, humility, and gratefulness.

How this has happened, I don't know. But somehow now I feel grateful not only for my existence but for any abilities and talents I have, for the gift of developing them, and coupled with this comes a strange new desire to give them away.

A New Free-dom

I'm giving the Jim Gold Show for nothing. No cost.

The Jim Gold Show is free!

What will this totally new attitude and approach do to my brain? Where will it lead me?

Why give it away?

Because I am grateful. To express kindness, grace, and gratitude.

Free! Free-dom and More

The idea of giving away my show, giving away my songs, stories, ad libs, readings, and even my classical guitar. all for free. (Does this include my books, too? I think so.)

What will this do to and for me? I don't know.

My business with its money makers are tours and folk dancing. Beyond that, everything else is free!

A new direction: What will this do to (and for) me?

Friday, July 8, 2016

Searcher

How do I see myself?

I see myself as a searcher, an artist, vaguely lost, and ever searching.

Although I am a good leader, social person, social director, good with others, a teacher, a performer, I do not see myself that way. These are public functions, good in themselves, but the ten percent, visible tips of the iceberg. Ninety percent is below.

I see myself more as a loner, monastically inclined, philosopher, fascinated by the inner workings of the mind.

Basically, I see myself as an artist, vaguely lost, and ever searching.

Somehow a great whack in the back from Rosie for liking Asturias, and (in my mind) subtly suggesting I play it for her.

Of course, she suggested nothing of a sort. It is all in my mind. But what exactly is in my mind?

All the miseries of guitar and Alhambra, and Leyenda practice. This morning I absolutely hate it, I have a headache, and I want to give up all guitar playing completely!

Never again do I want to play guitar! I hate, hate, hate the whole venture!

Is this really true? Do I really want to give up all guitar forever and totally change my direction?

I'm totally enraged about something. Touched off by Rosie's email, I've fallen off the cliff in a blinding, headache struck bolt of fireball thunder. I can't think straight. Thus sudden downfall as caused a wild storm in my brain.

I don't know. I wonder what this means? If anything. Maybe just a momentary flush of anger, rage against my former life and all the psychological guitar suffering I've gone through.

In any case, right now I want to give up all guitar completely, give up the pressures of guitar, and even writing! And start all over in a totally new direction!

And consider the Nike flavor.

Perhaps and maybe the reason I have such a sudden vomiting headache is that even the idea of playing classical and even folk guitar is a form of "going backward" of throwing myself backward. Into the "been there, done that." Into the dead past, etc.

The idea that guitar, any kind of guitar, is no longer in my future but only represents, not a renaissance but a dead form of my past. And I'm furious at the idea must go backward.

Many of my goals and purposes have already been accomplished, fulfilled, and finished.

1. Guitar performance: Long ago done. "Been there, done that."
2. Tour purpose:
 - a. Learning how countries folk dance, and the freedom to do it my way and go choreographer. It was the purpose of organizing and running my tours. Result: Confidence in my knowledge of folk dance forms and choreography. Thus now it is a: "Been there, done that."
 - b. Making money. Still alive, good, and continuing purpose.
3. Folk Dance Weekends: Of course, done and gone.

4. Writing: Dormant.

Next Purpose and Challenge?

1. Building a JGI company? I never did that before.

Does reading Shoe Dog by Phil Knight and his formation and building of Nike have something to do with it?

2. Languages?

3. Other?

4. All of the above?

5. Retirement (whatever that means)?

The End. . . and/or A New Beginning

I am crying and crying.

Is it a sadness from giving up, losing, dying of the old? The mourning of loss?

Am I in the process of giving up my guitar, my entire former life, my way of thinking and doing things?

Is it the mourning before transformation?

Or just today's form of misery?

Is this what the trip to France means? Will coordinate, coalesce, coagulate, and stimulate.

A totally new approach to tours, touring, and more.

Monday, July 11, 2016

How to Handle the Anxiety Monster?

France, Performance, To Do List, Anxiety Coach

Indeed, after my Golden's Bridge teaching this Friday, I have fallen apart. I have let myself fall apart.

On top, or at the bottom of this, is my usual worry about my upcoming tour.

This time it is France. But the country or place doesn't matter; it may shift and change. But the preceding, pre-tour, pre-performance terror that engulfs my being constantly reappears and feels ever the same.

Evidently, this condition of stage fright, pre-performance anxiety is somehow built into my psyche. And though I have spent years fighting to control, dispel, crush and deny it, nothing works. No use arguing or fighting with it.

Evidently, as long as I act, perform, put myself on the line, pre-performance anxiety will never go away. It's part of the job, goes with the territory, and is here to stay. Period.

Since that is the case, what's next?

I just purchased an app called Anxiety Coach. Why? I'm on a "new" quest: How do I handle this anxiety monster?

First question of doubt is: If I deal "directly" with my anxiety, will I make it better or worse?

I don't know. But I've never tried this "direct" method before. It's worth a shot.

One thing I know, I've always believed in diving into my anxiety, with the idea and hope, that by "embracing is directly, it will somehow dissolve by itself. And sometimes that has worked.

I'll call this method: Anxiety Diving.

There is a touch of romance in this method. I secretly believe, and actually not so secretly, that diving in makes me a hero. My suffering, and not backing away from suffering, my fighting the dragon in place, somehow makes me a hero. And I like being my own hero.

It's a form of hero worship.

Do I need to be a hero? Do I still want to be? Do I really need to dive in every time? Maybe.

Do I even have a choice? Good question.

Maybe pre-performance anxiety is simply the nature of man. Like the need to

eat and sleep. There's nothing I can do about it but deal with it.

Eat, sleep, anxiety, and the rising of the sun. All in the same ever-more basket. Nothing I can do to change them. All I can do is "deal with it."

Okay, so how do I deal with it? How to deal with pre-performance anxiety? That is the next question.

Up to now, diving in and wrestling with the monster is the method I've used, the only one I "know." Maybe that is the best method for me.

Or is there's something else, something I can learn from the Anxiety Coach? We'll see.

Indeed, the hero always dives in and wrestle with the monster. And everyone likes a good fight. Maybe I do to. That's the attraction to the dive in method.

But is there another way?

Or can I "fine tune" this method?

Or am I simply stuck with a new monster wrestling with every upcoming performance, and that's the way it is?

Dragon Fighting: Method I

Maybe part of my problem is that I keep trying to deny that this monster exists, keep trying to avoid facing her/him. I deny how powerful this monster is and how deeply he/she is embedded in my being. Thus, as I attempt to hide, my anxiety mounts. And spreads into my body in the form of aches and pains.

And the more I hide, the greater my anxiety.

But perhaps, when I jump in to wrestle the monster, struggle to strangle my dragon, when I am directly involved in action, the anxiety will disappear.

When the cave man fights the bear, he's not anxious. He's too busy fighting, busy dealing with the immediate present.

Anxiety is worry that the bear may or will appear, At any moment. Nothing to do" but wait and worry about what might happen, and how to handle it.

That's the bear of anxiety on your back. Indeed, hard to bear it.

Isn't it better to fight the bear directly, in the here-and-now? And this, whether the bear is real or imaginary.

Sounds good and right. This is a thought and method I like.

Warriors

Warriors fight fear. That's why they are so admired.

And fear never goes away.

But neither do the warriors.

Time for a New Self Image

From Nice Guy to Warrior

I see myself as a nice guy smiling on the dance floor. Friendly, sweet, laughing, easy, dancing, and having fun.

I hate seeing myself as a warrior fighting a savage beast, ever fighting the dragon of fear both in myself, and for others. I hate to see myself as vulnerable, afraid, savage, and fighting for my life. Somehow its embarrassing that, as a leader, I should be so vulnerable.

But I am.

Maybe it's time for a new self image.

Well, what would that image be?

A warrior? A warrior! A warrior.

A warrior on the battlefield, determined, vicious, and daring as every moment I fight my monster and, when winning, smiling in glorious victory.

Everybody likes a warrior; everybody likes a winner.

But what if I lose? What if I give up? Is there any glory iin losing? Humility yes, but glory no.

In any case, win or lose, the battle goes on.

What choice do I have? Only fight to win!

Change my self-image from nice guy to a warrior.

From mild-mannered Jim to a fighter.

The Secret Me

Truth is, this has always been the secret me. But somehow I don't want to, or rather, didn't want to look at or admit it.

Perhaps this old self image originated, was born during childhood, a long time ago. I imagine Ma saying, "Stop fighting with your sister!" Implying, of course, that fighting is not good. Teachers in PS 7 also said, stop fighting, fighting is not good.

In any case, I grew up mostly afraid of fighting, retreating from fights, indeed hiding from my strength and toughness. (I rationalized it by saying I was too skinny to be strong.)

Yet my toughness was shown in my determination to do things my own way. To secretly, in my mind, never be pushed around. A nice guy, ever smiling rebel ever secretly plotting while knowing that no matter what anyone said or wanted, I would (quietly, unobtrusively, even secretly) only do my own thing.

So I was strong and tough but secretly and in my own way. Thus privately, I fought for or just did what I wanted. Publically, I just smiled a lot.

So, privately, and in my own mind, I was always aiming to be my own hero. And I always fought my demons. So what's new now? Why are tours any different from concerts, from doing my own thing as a writer in Greenwich Village, from going to France at nineteen? I just don't remember being so frightened during that time. But, of course, my only responsibility was myself. Once marriage came, all that changed.

Somehow, I remember being much more daring as a kid and even in my twenties, but much more frightened once I married and "entered the world" with its work and worry about money.

(I don't remember any fear when I prepared to conduct the Music and Art orchestra. Only excitement. Was any part of me afraid? I don't think so. But how

could that be? Perhaps I felt it but didn't know what it was. Like punching Sonny Buel.)

Since marriage and "growing up," taking adult responsibilities, these worries have really never gone away.

Running tours is just an extension of them.

In any case, they have forced me to face my demons, and meet and wrestle with the monster of pre-performance anxiety.

The biggest trauma was getting married and accepting adult responsibilities. I jumped into the water and I can't get out. No escape. I cannot go backward.

Only forward.

What is forward? Is there ever a way to marry burdens of adult responsibility with the teenage excitement of conducting the orchestra?

Wednesday, July 13, 2016

Limitations/Anxiety and Spartan Labor

Time to Spartan up. Time to break through some limitations.

Which limitations? Which ones shall I start with?

How about pre-performance anxiety? How about this mornings cramping, tight or pulled muscle pain in my middle back?

Anxiety and limitations are coming up together.

What is the relationship between anxiety and limitations, and how can I have them feed off each other and work together?

My miracle schedule activities remain the same. How to use the limitations/anxiety equation into Spartan labor?

How to use my fears to push beyond limitations?

Thus, my daily job is to consider my limitations, then push beyond them. My daily job is to push beyond my limitations.

Where do I start? Any miracle schedule event.

When do I start? Right away.

Fine Tuning my Stock Technique

Small stocks are "different." They dance, move, and jump.

Nevertheless, after a good conversation with Zach, I ask: In their own limited, different universe, should I "impose" some rules of my own?

1. Sell after %20 gain or loss? (30%? Or is that piggish?)

2. Or hold for a year "no matter what?"

Somehow I like and lean toward number 1.

Go Beyond Yesterday's Limitations

Go beyond yesterday's limitations.

Push slightly beyond yesterday's limits.

This is a great purpose and philosophy.

Now if only I can daily feel it deeply and remember it!

Thursday, July 21, 2016

Touring France

Awe and Wonder in Disguise

We're in France. I'm leading my France tour, and we're finally staying overnight near Quimper, getting ready to visit the Fest Noz.

Dance-wise this tour has been nothing, but I must say Normandy is beautiful, and so far, so is Bretagne. However, note, it is my seventh day on tour and I'm having the first "I'm getting sick of this tour" day. My first "I want to and am ready to go home" day.

It happens during every tour. Naturally, I always seem to forget the past and go through the same mental states.

What then, am I actually sick of?

I like our nine travelers (all women), our escort/guide Valeria, and our driver Luis.

Even though there has been no dancing, a disappointment, the program has nevertheless been jam-packed with excellent events, sight seeing, historical sights, etc. No wonders of the world experiences, but excellent nevertheless. The World War Two memorial at Omaha and Utah beach, beautiful country side in Normandy, lovely Bretagne city of St. Malo, and the British/Welch/Gaelic feel of this province.

Plus I've been learning French and doing good morning exercise routines.

So what actually am I sick of?

True, its been hard traveling with several one-night stands. But we've seen a lot, and I'm not really bothered by the one night stands.

So what actually am I sick of?

I don't know.

Could it be that I'm simply tired? Maybe, but even that doesn't bother me.

So what actually am I sick of?

Truth is, I don't know.

Could it be that I am wrong? Could it really be that I'm not sick of anything? And even better, could it be that deep down, although I'm disappointed because there have been no folk dance meetings with local dancers, that I am actually happy on this tour? That I am disappointed, yet nevertheless happy? That no dance groups is a minor disappointment (also aided by the fact there have been no complaints from my group. The group is really an excellent one) and that, for some basic unknown reason, I am actually happy on this tour?

That my fatigue and "sick of it" feeling is really a feeling of wonder and excitement is disguise?

Wow, imagine that!

Totally new, indeed.

But I am mentally, physically, and spiritually ready for “something new, indeed.”

Wednesday, July 27, 2016

Tours, France

The Main Problem

A mess in the barnyard, but it's not my fault.

Well, actually, long-range it is my fault. The tour program is my responsibility. Two days before the tour started Vered Travel send me a final program Vered Travel. Thus I didn't have time or focus to carefully look at the changes. Plus, I thought that I could handle any problems that came up “on the spot” byh working with Luis, our driver and Val, our escort and “guide.”

I was wrong on two counts.

1. The strict driving laws in France prohibit drivers, under penalty of fines, etc to make certain changes. Little flexibility. Thus, even with extra money to offer hard to impossible to change the program.

2. But The Main Pr0blem was and is: Vered Travel should not change the program two days before it begins! I had already advertised our itinerary. Travelers expect it. And they are right to expect it. Vered Travel making changes two days before the tours begins is simply wrong and bad!

Yes, the tours program is my responsibility. But it is Vered Travel's responsibility to keep the program their original program. Changing it two days before, with the cover and so-called protection of asking for my “permission” is simply bad and wrong!

Carpe Deum, Seize the Moment Mode

Next question: We are here-and-now. Carpe deum. I'm in seize the moment mode:

What do we do about this?

Tuesday, July 26, 2016

Drama of Tour Leadership

My Secret Love of Hard (Difficult)

Drama of tour leadership. An interesting term. I've never said or called it that before.

I like it.

Tour is coming to an end. In a few days I'll have an empty space in my brain.

I'm going to miss the drama of leadership.

Perhaps I like this business more than I thought. Perhaps I even love it!

But Tour is such a difficult child, so challenging, emotional, pushing me to and beyond my limits, bothering, annoying, pricking and paining my sleep-filled lazy brain, even inspiring me. So hard on so many levels.

Could it be that I, like a Spartan, secretly like hard?

Could it be that I, like a Spartan, secretly love hard?

Why would I want such a difficult child? And why would I, God forbid, even or actually love it?

Secretly, I love hard, love the challenge.

Love

But why should loving a challenge be such a secret? Is it mother talking? Probably. But at almost age 80, am I not ready to move beyond mother?

Yes.

But how?

Every tour is a turning point. How is France tour a turning point? What changes in attitude, service, and more are taking place in my brain to make it so?

Could love of challenges be one of them? Could I be an "out of the closet," no

longer secret, lover of leadership, tour leadership, tour challenges, and the tour business? Will all resistance to this aspect of my true self drop after this tour?

Somehow I feel I have said most of this before, that I am repeating myself. And perhaps this is so. On one level, all remains the same. But on another, I am moving down, deeper, lower, to another level in depth.

Deeper into love.

Love of the tour business and all the people involved in it.

Love for my guides, drivers, clients, all. Love for the oneness, the group unity I create, the sparks of joy and tsuras in a giant circle of love.

Is it really about creating more love? Maybe.

And yet there is nothing new in what I have just said above. I do feel I am repeating myself, that no new leaf has been turned. I am not starting fresh, but repeating old ideas, old terms, "been there, done that" language and phraseology.

In fact, it is rather depressing that I can find nothing new to say, no new way to say it.

I know depression precedes creation.

So far nothing new on the horizon.

What is the next stage?

Giving away what I know? Other?

Thursday, July 28, 2016

Today our guide (or tour escort) Valeria, just about quite in a rage.

"They don't respect me and I can't take it anymore," she basically said.

Yes, parts of this tour, especially the last few castle/chateaux days, feel like my first trip to Hungary. Folks are dissatisfied and unhappy, and the tour program is a bit of a mess.

How do I "feel" about all of this? Well, part of me, most of me feels like I've

been through all this before. And I have! It's more of the same with a very a quiver, sliver, and slight French variation. I've been through screaming unhappy travelers, mess-up itineraries, programs that don't work, late arrivals at hotels, pressured visits to tour sites, just about all of it.

So what does this mean? Most of it simply rolls off my back. I deal with each situation day by day, and that's it. Not as much sweat and worry about the consequences.

The main and most important consequences are that my tourists/travelers will never come on another tour. That I will lose my customers. But that too has happened so many times, and I have survived that again, I'm not happy about it, but again it a "what can you do?" situation. Their decisions are not up to me, so once again, I'm sorry about it, I hate to lose a customers, but what can you do about it? We've done the best we can in this imperfect situation. We're professionals and have given it our best shot. Maximum effort is the best we can give and do. And we've given and done it. Nothing else to think about. I just don't have the energy, time, or even interest to worry about it. It's on to the next day, next subject, next challenge and problem, if one arises. And the next subject is dealing with today, today's tour details.

However, it is quite unprofessional for Val to quit, to give in to her emotions, and give up her tour escorting on the Paris extension. Yes, she's hired another guide for us, so she has covered herself. And that is good. She is not abandoning her responsibilities and leaving our tour group in the lurch.

Nevertheless, it is

1. Costing her a lot of money to hire someone else.
2. She is losing a lot of money by giving up her guidance.
3. Emotionally, she gave up, ran away from the challenge, instead of diving in a confronting the "disrespect" situation. Not good. And truth is, she was handling it, standing up for herself in her own way. This difficult situation is "good for her," in that she can practice standing up for herself. By leaving, she is learning nothing, but a new

run away technique.

Oh, well, as a friend, colleague, team partner, older person, and “wise one” on this tour, I’ll tell her. Maybe it will make a difference in the “new start” life she wants to begin.

And personally, to me, her action of leaving, giving up her Paris guidance in the wake of this “war” challenge is quite disappointing. Evidently, I can take anything she does but I hate running out and quitting. But at least she is covering our tour with another guide, so I’m not put out that much.

Friday, July 29, 2016

My Mistake

France tour ending today. I’m heading home.

Thank God!

This has been a tough, strange tour. Reminds me of my first tour to Hungary. However, the most disappointing part of it was that, except for the Cornouille Festival, there were no meetings with local dancers, and no dancing. If we had those, even the schedule mess-ups could be tolerated.

So, if you combine no meetings with local dance groups and the itinerary mess-ups, I’d have to say this tour was a failure.

Imagine my using that word “Failure.” But it came to mind immediately, so I wrote it down. As I’m saying it, I see Jean in my mind saying, “Why go on a Jim Gold tour?” Then paraphrasing here: “Except for the Fest Noz Festival, the itinerary was just like every other tour.”

Yes, she was negative but I agree.

True, Eileen and Margie loved it. But they are not folk dancers. According to my folk dance standards, verbalized by Jean, this tour was a failure.

Am I being harsh on myself by saying this? Maybe. But it’s true, nevertheless. WE failed to meet other groups. Thus, on that level, it was a failure.

And it is my fault because I cancelled the original groups I had. Yes, there would have been a substantial financial loss, if I had not done so. But, in retrospect, I should have taken that loss. The original program was so rich in groups. And if only for my personal satisfaction, I should have kept the original program anyway. I remember cancelling it in a minor fit of rage and fear, rage that so few were registering, and fear of the financial loss. Indeed, as a business man, these are legitimate fears and rages. But as a Columbus adventurer, these fears of financial losses and rages at lack of registration must be reconsidered in the light of my personal vision and desires.

Thus, in retrospect (and with the idea that hindsight is always 100^ correct, I should have kept the original program.

But I did not.

Yes, it was my fault. I gave in, submitted, to fear and rage. I let fear and rage push me out of my lovely dream and beautiful “perfect vision.”

My mistake. And I paid for it with an unhappy tour, which created unhappy clients, and an unhappy, dissatisfied Jim.

What, if anything, can I learn from this?

Protect and Nourish my Dreams

Truth is, I usually don't make mistakes like this. What happened this time? And now, with my finances more stable than ever, why did I give in? I don't know.

Did the “habit” of fear and rage conquer the dream part of my brain? Maybe. Probably. Definitely!

Why did I let that happen? I don't know.

Again, what can I learn from this?

Probably that I should stay more connected with the dream part of my brain. That the dream part may well be the best part of my brain!

My dreams are the best. The rest is trivia, hogwash, and although materially significant and obviously ever considered, should not, in the long run be given in to.

Columbus would never have discovered America if he had given in to his fears and rages.

The great lesson from this France disaster/misjudgement/ mistake lesson is the total importance of my dreams!

Fear and rage can destroy my dreams. Be ever aware of these twin sisters. Fight against their dominance.

Protect and nourish my dreams.

Sunday, July 31, 2016

Inspiration and To Do

Here are my first thoughts upon returned from France yesterday.

1. Classical guitar was(is) for inspiration. Period. That is its purpose in my life. Not to play it publically, but rather to inspire me to greater things.

Susan B had the idea of going to Fest Noz in France. But never came, never joined our tour. In the cosmic sphere of things, her purpose was not to gather clients from her dance classes in Quebec, not even to join us. Rather, in the grand scheme of things, her purpose was to inspire me to create the tour!

Same for classical music, violin, and its subset of classical guitar. It's purpose was to inspire me to fulfill myself and my talents, develop my skills in areas I am good at. Like using my artistic talents and adventurous personality in areas of leadership, dealing with people, and organization.

Some things are to inspire, others are to do.

For me classical music (and guitar) is to inspire. Folk dance leadership, folk singing (which is easy for me), tour leadership, solidifying and coalescing social director skills are for me to do.

Parentetical Classical/Shadow Paragraph

(I have no classical competition or shadows over me in writing and folk singing.

But somehow this is a sentence I do not want to write. Writing it, creates an existence, and I don't want this existence anymore. Plus, I have just gone past it. Under the rubric of inspiration, this competition has just ended!)

Writing

What about writing?

I have my own talent in writing. I have my own style.

Writing actually goes with folk singing!

Writing and Folk Singing

Writing and folk singing go together.

I have my own style in both. And I don't mind going on stage with them; I don't mind going public.

Grand revelation and new place to be!

The Next (Post-France) Step

Now, how to go back (forward) to writing and folk singing.

How to combine this with language study?

And throw in tours "on the side?"

Monday, August 1, 2016

Post-France:

Guitar has served its purpose. I am essentially giving it up. At least in the old way. The old way of playing, thinking and attitude is dead. Served its purpose. "Been there, done that. And for so many years!

Perhaps a new attitude will emerge. We'll see.

Meanwhile I am replacing it with dance.

Wednesday, August 3, 2016

Giving Up Guitar, Writing, and Stock Market

Giving up guitar, writing, and stock market. A big deal.

This until and unless I can find a new reason.

A new reason to play guitar, write, or do the stock market.

But now, post-France all three have fallen away.

Friday, August 5, 2016

Rick's Law:

"The less you do, the harder it is to do it.

The more you do, the easier it is to do it.

Turn off your brain and move!"

My New Stock Rules

A system to bring peace and inner stability to my trading.

Selling rules:

1. 20% (25%?) up: Sell the stock

2. ?? down: Sell the stock

Buying rules:

Buy at bottom, these I'm doing okay on.

Post-France Guitar Cleansing

Freedom to be Me

There is absolutely no reason to play the guitar anymore. No public reason. No more performing, no nothing.

And yet, I am playing it.

The post-France "no guitar" means I have "cleaned out my brain." Old reasons

for playing guitar (some day I'll perform again, some day I'll be able to play Alhambra well and perform it) are now totally gone.

My old mind, guitar direction, and guitar approach has been totally purged, cleansed. I'm on the cusp of a new direction, new meaning.

I don't know why I'm playing guitar today and again, but for some reason I am. Perhaps the reason will reveal itself as I go along. Perhaps not. But evidently, for some unknown reason, I need to play. Therefore, it's time to "turn off (shut off) your brain and just do it."

Perhaps this time, I will truly play the way I want, at my own pace, with no clouds of Segovia and others hanging over me. Perhaps this is the place of doing it my way, of total guitar freedom.

Could total writing freedom lie ahead?

Could stock trading freedom, set by following my new rules, lie ahead?

This turns the corner on guitar, singing, writing, stocks, and more.

Sunday, August 7, 2016

Love my Business

Arnold and Anne Guminksi's just registered for 2017 Poland. I need to start the Excel files for all my 2017 tours.

I'm feeling a touch of love for my business.

If I could learn to love my business, love my business, that would be a major leap, jump, transformation.

How could I love my business? What is there to love.

In the past, I've usually felt overwhelmed by my business. Or annoyed by it, by the fact that I even have to, am forced to do it to make a living. I hate being forced to do anything. Any yet, when I am forced, my better self, even best self, usually rises to the to the occasion and I grow and improve.

In any case, evidently I'm ready for another change, nay transformation, of attitude. I'm in the process of loving my business, I'm ready to love it.

How will I do that? We'll see.

A Dancer and Choreographer: What is it?

Miracle Schedule Self Choreo Transformation

I wonder if my exercises are dance exercises in yoga choreographic form.

Am I evolving into a dancer as well as a dance teacher? And (especially) a choreographer? Moving as bit beyond folk dancing.

Will my exercises, and even running, have more of a choreographic artistic meaning? Hmm, interesting change and development. I may even be on the cusp of transformation.

Miracle schedule exercise/movements evolved and pushed toward to art of dance.

Monday, August 8, 2016

Barry Walter Memorial

Memorialize Barry by handling my computer questions and problems with the attitude: "I can figure it out."

With the memorable fact that everything is eventually washed away, broken down into nothingness, and all deeds, acts, and creations eventually forgotten, the question of "Why bother?" and "Why go on?" emerges again and strongly.

The simple answer may well be: What else is there to do?

Also, in the background, the power of the mind to create illusions of truth, or conversely, the truth of illusion, is a great driving force.

We are always free to create our own attitudes. Our personal illusions of truth, live our lives in the light and truth of our chosen illusions.

Thus, why not chose life: Future, creation, dynamism, a shining presence, and power? It's simply more pleasant, fun, and even joyful to pass the time that way. Just because, in the end, death comes along to wash everything away, is no reason not to chose life.

Friday, August 12, 2016

Back home. Got my computer back. Can function again.

Some positives:

1. Outlook back to 90% normal. (Still missing group folders. Why? And where are they?)

2. Found Joe (through Frank) as new Outlook 2010 expert.

3. Tooth improving, although not completely better. Look into implants.

Can I now return to "normal" and my goals? Almost.

Sunday, August 14, 2016

A Useless Question

What can I do about my thoughts, brain and attitude, if anything, about the annoyance of having customers?

I love getting them, having them, and even them themselves, but hate the annoyance of their imposition, of dealing with them.

A love/hate relationship, but leaning more toward love.

Maybe this is a useless question, and I shouldn't even waste my time asking it. But maybe not.

Charge into the New Season

What do I want to do with this two-week "vacation?"

Seems I want to put "everything" in order: My business, my schedule, my life, my ducks in a row, so I can charge full blast into the upcoming new season!

What does that mean?

Business-wise, it means (among other things):

1. Straighten out email, files, etc. Know about computers.
2. Get my tours in order
3. Folk dancing, too.

Relating to the above, relating to business above.

1. Exercise ("dance/choreo practice"). Relate to folk dancing and choreography
2. Language: Continue study
3. Guitar and song: Total question mark

A Possible New Morning Order of "Schedule"

Introducing Love of Business

1. Language study
2. Email. This would mean business (email) becomes part of my miracle schedule. It would mean I love my business! A major shift here.
3. Exercise

If this shift in style, attitude and self, is what my two-week vacation brings, that is major.

Just got this great email from Joan Priestley. Very inspiring. Maybe I should add making folk dance videos. The folk dance aspect to my of my personal and business growth.

First time I've ever said that, used this combo, combined personal and business growth. Does that mean that both are falling into miracle schedule land, unifying and blending. That is itself would be a personal miracle. (Has "dropping" guitar helped make this transition by freeing my mind for new things?)

Also, why would such a letter come just at this time of asking questions vacation, questing, transition (in my life.)

In any case, here is the letter.

“Dear Jim,

I had the pleasure of meeting and dancing with you, several years ago, when I was in Westchester County. I have to return there in Sept, and would love to know your dance schedule this year. It is time to update your website! It lists only your 2015 dance schedule. Also, I have mastered several complex dances, solely by watching your excellent teaching videos, that you posted on You a Tube. Thanks so much for taking the time to do that service.!

Sincerely,

Joan Priestley

PS- I am the lady who had a bad hip problem, back then. Now, I have a new hip replacement device in place, and it works a lot better than the "factory issued" model. I greatly hope I can get the opportunity to dance with you again!”

Monday, August 15, 2016

Sleeping Giants

Guitar, Songs, and Writing

A tremor of desire to play guitar and write.

Why did these sleeping desires rise today?

Nice to read Joan Priestly’s letter above. It tells me that others benefit from my You tube folk dance videos, and that I am doing a good social service by putting them out.

It encourages me to create more videos.

But is this kind of “social encouragement,” kudos from others, really a source of motivation? A bottom line personal source of motivation? Certainly, it doesn’t hurt.

But does it help?

Does so-called “helping others” or “doing good things for society” really motivate me? Or is my bottom-line motivator an “artistic” one, that is, one of personal,

creative satisfaction, and growth?

What is my artistic calling? My artistic motivation factor? It is the question: Am I creating something new? Am I learning something new? Is my vision and viewpoint expanding? Am I growing?

Evidently, the bottom line motivation factor for me is personal, self-induced, and creative. It is about growing my personal vision. And seems to have little or nothing to do with helping others. After all, my running, yoga-like exercises, helps no one but me. And somehow I am mucho motivated to do it. And this, even if no one ever sees it, appreciates it, or compliments me. It is a solo pleasure. It creates sunlight, and obviously, that sunlight shines on others around me. But they do not cause or create the sun. I do.

Helping others, doing good for society, may indeed happen almost by accident, as a by-product.

It is quite bold to say, but my job, my calling in life, my talent and God-given talent, along with self-motivated developed skills to create suns, to create light, which will, by its very nature, shine upon others.

What does this say about my guitar playing, singing, and even writing? Let's start with guitar playing. It is now no longer "for others." My desire and need to perform guitar or even sing has long ago died. My desire to publish and be read still exists. But in permanent frustration, since I will do little to nothing to ever promote it.

Why do it? Why bother playing or "practicing?" Why bother singing? Why even bother writing?

Well, perhaps the first question to ask is: Has my desire really died? Or does it and will it simply exist as a "permanent frustration?" Certainly, this is true for writing.

But how about guitar and singing? What about bookings and shows? True, I don't have the time, energy, or even interest to promote performances. But that doesn't mean they cannot still exist in my mind as long-term, permanent forms of permanent frustration. And there is even the possibility that, as they lie sleeping in long-term

frustration in my unconscious, that some day, these sleeping giants may emerge as important and worthy of promoting again!

Thus emerges the idea of “some day.”

Amplified: “Not now, but perhaps some day.”

Maybe there is a hidden reason that I still “want” and even “need” to play guitar, sing, and write. For the “some day” effect.

Which way will my life and future go? I don’t know.

Today’s truths, with their focus on folk dancing and tours, may not be tomorrow’s truths. My interest, styles, and modes of existence may change. The sleeping giants of guitar, songs, and writing may some day wake up, leave, nay leap from their caves, rise in importance, and rule, even dominate my existence.

“Who knows?” Followed by “be prepared.”

These may be the best questions.

So-called “practicing” guitar, songs, and writing keeps me prepared. For what? I don’t know. . .yet.

My Essence

No matter how much I try to kill or deny my desire to play guitar, sing, or write, the desire (along with its frustration) never goes away. No matter how much I try, I never manage to kill it.

Therefore, this desire must have truth to it. Much truth, deep truth, mucho truth, artistic truth. It must be a deep part of my essence.

Posthumous Recognition

Evidently, since I don’t seem to have enough time, interest or energy to promote guitar, songs, and writing in my life time, perhaps I am (secretly and unconsciously) aiming for posthumous recognition.

Something to consider.

I hate to die, but what can you do?

Posthumous recognition is a “realistic” aim.

Plus, its better than nothing.

The Posthumous Recognition Team

Posthumous recognition goes with Posthumous Tours. There’s no question that some day I will be posthumous. The recognition part is the question mark.

I’d need a team to start working on this.

Who would they be?

Stay in Contact with the Sun

Evidently, recognition is important to me.

Could recognition by others be a motivating factor?

Somehow, I doubt it. But I could be wrong.

Recognition is acknowledgment of the light.

When light of the sun shines on others, they re-cognize it. That is recognition.

Note: First comes the sun with it light; then, in second place comes recognition of its light by others.

Since it is secondary, recognition cannot be a prime motivating factor.

Prime motivating factor is contact with the Sun. This is followed by the creation of a your own unique sun.

Stay in contact with the Sun.

All else is secondary.

Wednesday, August 17, 2016

On Becoming a Techie

I wonder if I can, am, and will memorialize Barry by becoming a techie. I will

internalize him, make him and his attitude a part of me.

I need to know computers for self defense. Knowing them is very important, nay vital, for my survival. Barry used to be my survival wall. Now that he is gone, I am unprotected. What will protect me now? Only knowledge. And in this case, knowledge of computers.

Up to now, somewhat like business, I have seen computers as a necessary annoyance, an on-going pain in the ass that, although totally annoying, I have to, am forced to deal with. The idea is (was) that I am an artist and I shouldn't have to deal with such worldly matters as business and computers and even self-survival. My manager(s) should take care of that. This haughty notion goes way back to high school! I've lived with it for almost 60 years.

But maybe it is time for a change. A change in attitude and self-image. This would mean seeing myself as a technie. It would mean, not only can I handle all these computer problems, but dealing with computers and their problems would become a life style. My frustration levels would fall since now I would expect problems instead of hoping they simply dissolve by themselves and go away. Or that other "experts" (now like Joe, Frank, Dee, etc.) will handle them.

What is the pay off for such a new, haughty, brave, and practical "I am a techie" attitude?

1. Self-confidence and even pride!

2. Lower frustration times. I could handle frustration better because I would, as a technie, always expect frustration. If anything ever works, I would and will be amazed, and indeed, I would be happy. But, like leading tours, this is rarely the case. I cannot expect things to work, and if they do, it is simply a gift from Above. Basically, like leading tours, my attitude will be anything can go wrong at any minute. I have to remain alert to this fact, and mentally, ever ready to pounce on it, deal with it when the problem arises.

The proper tour leader (or techie) attitude is: Like a tiger, energy up, ever on its

toes, ready to spring. And this, even though nothing may happen for hours, days, weeks, or during the entire tour (or techie computer adventure).

During this two-week “vacation” I am receiving a crash course in computers. Basically, it began with “everything going wrong.” First Barry dies, then my computer email list disappears. (And on top of that a tooth pulled with its concomitant pain.) Crash. Bang. It all happened in a three-day, post-France period.

It’s a signal and sign from Above. Time to change, time for an expansion and new direction.

Are computers and becoming a techie my new direction?

Seems right. Self-defense and self-survival. A vital growth form. We’ll see what happens.

So ends a New Leaf.