

Impossible Dream

The Art and Fun Life

Monday, January 17, 2016

Success and Failure

Chasing an Impossible Dream is Exciting

I like chasing the impossible dream. The idea of possible failure is exciting.

Aim to "fail".

Maybe I'd rather fail than succeed.

If I set my goal very high, I am more motivated. Failing en route is part of my success.

Perhaps I prefer a high, impossible goal.

I need a challenge that is impossible to reach.

I'm simply more motivated by the impossible dream, excited by the idea and possibility of failure.

Grab a dream, hope or goal, then embrace the possibility of failure.

I thrive on aiming for the top, but never reaching it.

I have a holy, healthy, loving relationship with failure. Parts of me love it.

I may even thrive on the muscular challenge and its almost certain failure. It's weird. But I'm weird.

Somehow these impossible possibilities, the idea I might, even will fail, but will try it anyway, motivates me.

Success makes me nervous. Challenging, difficult, impossible goals Thus, success makes me nervous. Failure, or challenging, difficult, impossible goals with failure on the horizon, motivate me and make me happy.

Yes, chasing an impossible dream is very exciting. Making the effort in impossible mode stimulates my sense of humor and love of the absurd.

Next question: What impossible goals do I want?

Monday, January 18, 2016

Fighting Tour Boredom through Language and Sales

I hate to say it, but I'm bored with my tours.

What, if anything, can I do about it? How can I make my trips more fun. . . for me?

1. New itineraries
2. Immerse myself in culture and language.
3. Sales. Build excitement through numbers. Aim for 40 persons per tour. The energy of a big group.

Remember: This is the Impossible Dream leaf.

What impossible dream can I realize on tours?

Language is the first thing that comes to mind.

Sales is second.

What kind of commitment can and will I make toward learning languages? Will I ever take languages seriously? Is learning them really that important? Certainly, they're not important in terms of running a tour. gathering more clients, or for business in general. Languages have nothing to do with money, finance, security, safety, or organization.

So why learn them? Why do I need them?

Well, I know I'm bored with my tours. I need inspiration, something to jump start my interest again. And if material gain and financial fears no longer motivate me as they used to, what can replace them with?

Only language and sales come to mind.

1. Excitement of languages
2. Excitement of sales: The secondary excitement of numbers.

These are the only possible antidotes to boredom I can think of at the moment.

Building an Organization? Not yet

How about building my JGI organization? This is kind of abstract, intellectual, distant organizational, and hands off approach. I'm more of a hands-on guy. I'm not sure building my organization is what I want. (It may happen "by itself" "accidentally" somehow. It may be nice thing to do but at the moment, building my organization doesn't seem to be my direction. (Or maybe it's happening subtly and by itself in the background.)

In any case, I'm now looking for inspiration and how to step out of tour boredom.

Language and sales seem to be the only things that might possibly work. (Culture goes with language since I hope one day to read national histories, philosophies, literature, and more in the foreign language of my choice.)

Combine Language and Sales

If I think of a year as 12 months, Israel is part of the year. Thus, my tours for the year are France, Greece, and Israel.

I know French pretty well. Little work needed here. Not so Hebrew and Greek.

So for now my three languages are:

1. Hebrew
2. Greek
3. French in the background

I want to somehow combine them with sales. Thus will I make them vitally important!

Combining the excitement of languages with the excitement of sales belongs to the Impossible Dream.

Thus sales have to be combined with languages, and vice versa!

I have just jump-started my brain by finding the sales/language combo key.

Do I need a teacher? Maybe. For the human element.

French: Stay with Paula's meet up/

Greek and Hebrew: Are there Greek and Hebrew meet-ups? Do I want private teachers? Both?

Tuesday, January 19, 2016

The Role of Sales in my Life

Note my brain thinking: I will visit Jehuda Rosenbaum tonight, if I might sell some tours of Israel. Otherwise, why bother?

In other words, sales push me out of the house. push me to meet others, deal with, inspire, and create for others.

The sales ability was given to me by the Higher forces to push me out of my house, beyond my solo, creative, withdrawn, monastic, inner violin chamber, and into the material world where I can develop my aggressive, fight-and-conquer skills, and thus employ my talents to help others.

I also secretly chose Bernice to help push me out of the house. After all, she insisted that I work to earn money and make a living. My desire to marry her was apart of a secret plan (from Above, no doubt) to push me out of the house into the frightening, awesome, and inspiring arms of others.

The fear, awe, and inspiration are all contained in the most difficult word: Sales!

Sales, my resistant instrument, forces me out of the house, into the hot, dynamic, dual world of frightening, inspiring energy. It's good for me, even though it often feels bad.

Without dealing with my fears involved in sales, I would remain in my room, playing the violin, meditating, studying, reading, doing alone things which, although ever "pleasant and fascinating," would never affect the outside world.

Is this good or bad? I don't know.

But it is the psychological center of my reality.

The connection between language and sales is a good one. Language represents my creative, solo, soaring meltdowns in my secret creative violin chamber; sales, of

course, represent dealing with the outside world (basketball and conducting).

Maybe there was a pleasant outside world part to my teenage years. Basketball and conducting took me, pushed me, out of the house. Perhaps I can find some “pleasant” and positive relationship between teenage basketball and conducting, and modern day sales.

Motivational Wisdom

Finding my Motivational Center

On the one hand, this secret of my motivational center is so self-centered, survival-oriented, self-interested, even egotistic. I use these negative words is even though I know ultimately, my motivational results are good for others.

On the other hand, are self-centered, survival-oriented, self-interested, and egotistic, really negatives? Isn't self-interest the motivational center for everyone? Yes.

So what's the problem? I'm just being realistic and telling the truth. Why put myself down by calling these traits negative? I could just as easily say I'm brilliant, insightful, and wise.

Okay, I will. Goodbye the old neighborhood. I'm step into the new.

I'm glad I found my motivational center again.

Connecting to Others through Money and Fear

Earning money is a means of connecting to others.

My survival fears are another way of connecting to others.

Since “All is One,” connecting to others calms the mind and enriches the soul.

The above feel like brilliant psychological insights.

Now to apply them.

The B'Simcha Commandment

The Torah say my purpose is to serve God. If that is my purpose, will it free me from my sales and connecting-to-others fears? Maybe.

Will it replace fear of serving others with fear of not serving God? Maybe.

Would I prefer the latter fear over the former? Maybe.

Evidently, I need a fear or some sort to stabilize me.

If this is the case, which fear should I choose?

Fear of God or fear of man?

What is the ultimate commandment from God as I see it?

To serve God with joy b'simcha.

Thus, if I am not following His "b'simcha" commandment, I am not feeling joy. I end up sad and fearful. Not a particularly positive path. Serving God by following His b'simcha commandment is much better.

What's a good path?

Want a positive fear?

Fear not following the b'simcha commandment.

A difficult, challenging commandment to follow, especially if things are not going well, which is most of the time.

Take The B'Simcha Challenge

Take the b'simcha challenge:

Dance b'simcha

Do sales b'simcha

Do languages, guitar, yoga, gym, running b'simcha

Surgery b'simcha: Now there's a real challenge!

Why Go? Why Bo?

Parsha Bo

Should I go to Jehuda simply because I'm invited and he wants my presence? (Sales may come, but that is really a sideline.) Is that enough of a reason to go? Maybe.

My Job is to Shine

Can I really believe that my job is to make this world a better place? That it is not about me, but about others, about helping others?

Why am I so cynical about this? I always start with me, myself, with divine selfishness, and yes, from there I go to helping others, helping the world. But my belief is if I help myself first, I will naturally and easily "shine" and thus my shining will help others.

I do believe this.

So why isn't it working? Why do I always resist my work, the very work which connects me to others? Why do I ever retreat into the monastery within? At this point in my life, is it still so necessary?

Maybe not. Maybe now I know what I need, and I know that fulfilling my artistic and organizational needs, helps others.

Would my belief that my existence helps others push me out of the house to meet and deal with others? I still don't know.

Is just shining enough? Maybe.

But then, isn't it my job to shine? Yes. And to shine whether I am with others or not.

To shine b'simcha: That's my job.

But if you are b'simcha, you are already shining. So saying "to shine b'simcha" is redundant. To shine is enough.

To shine is an attitude thing.

To shine is enough.

Boredom and Veering Off the Road

Are stocks a weight on my shining? Maybe.

I can't shine when they go down. That is my challenge. Do I want to have positions so small that I can shine whether they go up or down? I doubt it.

Or maybe I'm simply, due to boredom, I'm veering off the road, and steering into a stock market trading ditch.

Wednesday, January 20, 2016

The Art and Fun Life

Greed/Fear Versus Art/Fun

Is this a potential transformation moment?

Is the tumbling stock market telling me something "permanent?"

Is the Lord pointing the way by hitting me over the head with losses so I'll be "forced" to change my life and attitude?

Potential regret and envy when the market turns around and shoots up.

Fears of losing (being "forced" out of) the dynamic, motivational negatives of the Greed-and-Fear Life.

Fears of regret and envy if I replace it with the Art and Fun Life.

Big financial, stock market and motivational question: Can I or should I do something extreme?

What? Sell all my Individual account stocks. (And, at least for now, leave only the so-called "for fun" trading account.)

Accept the 40G loss as my transformation education, cost of "doing business", namely, transforming my life, changing its motivational base from greed and fear to art and fun life.

Do I dare exchange give up the greed and fear life?

Am I fooling myself? Will I be filled with regret and envy when the market suddenly turns around, shoots up, and I am totally left out?

Do I dare step totally in the art and fun life? Will I someday be “grateful” for my 40 G loss? Will it teach me something important and permanent about my path and myself?

Once upon a time, long ago, during my Greenwich Village days, I had no stocks, little money, and although plagued by loneliness and lack of confidence, I was basically “happy” with my goals of artist, writer, etc. Money was always a means to an end, the end being freedom, freedom to be an artist, a hero to myself (and have fun in the process.)

After marriage, my life was plagued by money worries. The purpose of the market was to make me lots of money so I would no longer have to worry about money. Well, that purpose has somehow strangely been accomplished. I’ve somehow made my peace with the fact that I’ll always have to be concerned about money. But, since I realize I like to work, I like my job, that I’ve lowered it from panic to concern. That’s probably the best I can ever do.

So, I’ve “done it.” I am free to move on to the next step.

And what is the next step? Embracing the Art and Fun Life.

Dare I do it? Am I ready to do it voluntarily? Am I ready to see a positive in selling all my stocks, giving up the personal goals of becoming rich, which symbolizes, but does not really mean, being free.

Will I someday thank the Lord for my 40G losses, be grateful for the life changing direction, art-and-fun lesson it taught me?

Distraction

If I’m leading a full Art and Fun life, would I still need or want the distraction of trading and the stock market?

(I might still want the Fun aspects of trading. But, if I continue to lose, will I find any fun in it?)

Advantages:

Relief

Putting all my money into cash, an interest bearing bank account, might also relieve me of my financial burden to know exactly where and what my finances are. Stability.

I had this “stability” when I was poor but “happy” in the Village (trying to live an artist life and develop the art and fun life style.)

Would I ever end up grateful for the loss? That would be the final confirmation. Thankful for the “college education” and forceful push to change my path and direct my life in the proper and lordly direction.

It’s a transformation year; I’m in transformation mode. Look at my December, 2015 transformation attitude victories.

Maybe this is the right thing to do.

Lack of confidence question:

I’ve been dealing with, worried about money so long, am I now, at this late stage, even capable of leading the art and fun life?

It may be a challenge? Can I even do it?

Thursday, January 21, 2016

The Art and Fun Life Challenge

Today is the first day of my Art and Fun Life challenge.

Let's begin with my negative challenges.

1. Surgery: Let surgery be and symbolize my first step toward improvement, symbolizing a preparatory cleansing, of the old kidney life, before the Art and Fun Life can really take hold.

2. Descending stock market, losing all my money. This birth The Art and fun Life Challenge. In other words, can I live without money, or rather, what would I do if I didn't have the ups and downs and hopes of stock market gains distracting me from boredom? How can I make my life exciting without (money) and the stock market gamble? Is art enough for me? Can the life of art supply enough challenges so I won't be bored? I know art is fun, but can I really make it my complete life? Will I, can I miss the pain, frustration, narcotic shot of up and depressing shot of down in stock market turbulence? Can I lead an exciting, stimulating, non-boring life within the glorious confines of art, and do it without the stock market? Can I lead an Art and Fun Life? Can I meet the daily Art and fun Life challenge? These questions, and hopefully positive answers, came out of the present stock market debacle.

That's all I can think of today.

As for positive challenges. they're not hard. Simply grab the fables of my fabulous miracle schedule road.

(Can I, should I add a commitment to Torah study with Ety?)

Improvement, Yes!

1. Guitar: The challenge: How to make classic guitar practice part of my (new) Art and Fun Life? Add something new? What's new in my practice this morning?

Focusing on the Art and Fun Life Challenge is enough.

Focusing on the Art and Fun Life Challenge, in all things and all places, is a perfect life time mantra.

What about fears of old age and muscle deterioration? This is something new. I've become somewhat afraid to push beyond my limits. Where did this come from? Is

it the “maintenance” idea barrier? Why should age place me in the maintenance program?

This leaf is about the impossible dream and the art and fun life. Thus, shouldn't I instead aim for the impossible dream: Improvement? Yes!

Thus drop the maintenance program idea. On to improvement! Through The Art and Fun Life Challenge I shall get even better!

And this despite surgery. In fact, let surgery be and symbolize my first step toward improvement. Kidney surgery as a metaphor, a cleansing of the old kidney life. A poetic entry into the meaning of kidney.

Guitar

Note accuracy is subservient to the Art and Fun Life. A radically different attitude and thought pattern toward playing classical guitar. If I can follow it, this would be breakthrough, breakdown time.

Reality and the Impossible Dream

Let's face it, folks: I just don't go for reality. I know it exists, and I deal with it, but it's just not my thing.

I'm a Columbus kind of guy. I like to discover new worlds; I like the impossible dream.

Friday, January 22, 2016

Skip Around “Method”

I'm not a straight line kind of guy. The skip around “method” may be better for me.

Thus, reading Torah straight through from beginning to end may not be right for me. Skipping around from place to place is better. It keeps up the enthusiasm and inspiration.

Health and Beauty

Stand Straight in Dance and in Life

I am not standing straight in my dancing. I've lost my focus on standing straight in general.

A strange, "I don't care" has invaded my being. I don't care what others think, and I don't care how the dances or I look. I don't like this degenerated, hollowed-out attitude.

Along with my other transitions, its time to find a new reason to stand straight!

The idea of pleasing others by looking good is still present, but feels like it is slipping away. If that is so, I need replace it. Standing straight, tall, proud, healthy, and beautiful is very important on all levels.

Maybe Beauty alone can inspire me. And health,

Health and Beauty: The reason to stand straight, in dance and in life.

Is health part of beauty? Yes!

Health and beauty in the dance of life.

Dance and Life Posture

Stand straight, tall, proud, healthy, and beautiful.

Roll with the Emptiness

It has been a down year. A period of creative destruction since post-Albania.

Is there anything I can do to "change" this? I doubt it.

Perhaps only to be aware. And follow the hollow, downward path until it fulfills its purpose.

Something new and dynamic may eventually emerge to fill the present void.

And the hollowing destruction with its attendant void, has its own misery stable of awe

and wonder.

Roll with the emptiness.

Depression is a creative path.

Once aware of its sinking emptiness, roll with it and see where it leads.

Saturday, January 23, 2016

A different way of playing: More muscular and free.

Sunday, January 24, 2016

Stormy Time

Seems like I am beset by an unstoppable emotional and physical storm. Send by Adonai? No doubt. But why?

Expressed through aching neck, aching knees, upcoming surgery, questioning of path and directions, tearing down the walls of ancient concepts of success as a resting place with protection of that resting place through piles of protective money, wealth, and material gain.

Questioning my whole concepts of success which once meant safety through money.

That concept has almost totally fallen apart. But not quite yet. Maybe that's why I still have pain in the neck and knees. Perhaps I have to reach the psychological, philosophical, and personal point where I totally acknowledge that there is not safety anywhere or anytime. That nothing can buy me safety, since it does not exist in this world. I only exist and carry on through the grace of God. Period. He has the final, ultimate and daily say. I am a mere servant, maybe even slave, to His dictates, wishes and commandments. My personal freedom and decisions are mere illusions. He runs and decides everything and I am a mere pawn in His game. True, at times, a happy

pawn, a loveable and beloved pawn by God and man, but pawn nevertheless.

I seem to have little control over the annoying pains in my neck and knees, my surgery, and the tumultuous storms and whipsawing of directions blowing through my brain.

I am being tossed about by a stormy sea, and there's not much I can do about it. Except perhaps accept that this is indeed a stormy time and all I can do is ride the waves in total submission, obedience and wait (and even hope) that some day, some time the winds will blow me to a new safe and beautiful paradise lands and the storm will end.

Search for Security

The Deep Upstairs

Here's an idea: maybe I'm looking for another source of security. The search for security through finance, money, wealth, and success meaning a resting place, a paradise, a safe haven protected by more money, has failed me.

Money and success do not protect me. Basically, they do not work.

Yet I want and need protection. What and who will give it to me? Evidently, no worldly person or thing can do it. Maybe ultimately that's why I'm reading the bible, studying Hebrew, Judaism and Torah. It's all is a search for security, a higher security, basically on the will work!

Since success and money doesn't work, maybe God will. Maybe listening, bowed down to Him, becoming his "servant" (should I say salve?), maybe that will work.

Since I feel so weak and powerless, a pawn in my destiny, disillusioned with my old way of thinking with its illusory search for success, wealth, and earthly protection, maybe reaching to the Higher Forces will bring me the safety and protection I so crave.

I thought I was such an adventurous and brave soul, an artist always reach to go

out on a limb, take a chance, try something new, lead the daring artistic life. Well, maybe on a lower level, an earthly level, I am brave. But I am also a frightened rabbit, ever running for cover, looking for that safe hole to hide in. I used to believe that money and success would buy that hole. But now that I have achieved enough of both, I am still just as afraid. And since I no longer worry that much about finance, my fears are now going into my body. I worry that my body is falling apart and I won't be able to walk, run, dance, I won't be able to fulfill my folk dance and tour obligations.

The old fears are reappearing but in a new form. The only thing remaining constant between old fears and new fears is fear itself.

Evidently, fear will never go away. So evidently, I will always search for a safe haven, and will always need protection.

Since money and success have failed, maybe it's time to look at, turn to, make friends with, have a deep relationship with the Deep Upstairs.

Artist's Life, Protection, and Ma

I've also thought that being an artist would somehow protect me. Is that mother speaking?

Did I secretly believe that by leading the artistic life, being an artist, Ma would protect me? Possibly,

An artist's life, being an artist is pleasing to Me.

In fact, deep in my heart, although I hate to admit it, and as an ashamed adult, hide behind my mother's skirts, I know it's true.

How shameful: Artist's life as protection by Ma.

A herculean overturn of my entire self concept.

Artistic talents are gifts; not protections. The best, and only, insurance policy

comes (is issued) from Above.

So the way I see it, for safety sake, best to drop my ego and go for the Above. There really is no other way.

So money and success are important and nice. But on an ultimate level, which is really the only level that counts, they certainly won't protect you.

Monday, January 25, 2016

Denial, Fear, and Freedom

Control, through self-control, knowledge, and self-awareness, brings greater freedom from fear.

Instead of a terrifying free fall into chaos through denial, take control of my destiny.

What areas?

1. Physical study: Kidney study, robotic surgery, knees and kidney, knees, kidney, acid reflux.
2. Mental study: Terror through denial, versus control.
3. Spiritual study: Word a day Torah in depth.

Avoidance and Denial Problem

Note: Sometimes writing about things is a way of avoiding or denying their existence. How so? Once I write about it, I immediately forget about it. Once written, out of my mind it goes. That's the beauty and freeing part of writing. But I also wonder about the avoidance and denial component.

I'm not sure about the above paragraph. But no question and avoidance and denial creates more fear. Thus, in some areas, I have an avoidance and denial problem. Something to look into, consider, and deal with.

Watching the Terror

In awe, surprise, and partial denial, I'm watching the terror bounce around in my body, From tops of my feet to lower back. Knees are suddenly okay.

As I watch the terror, realizing its existence, and deal and dive straight into it, for some reason (perhaps because I am no longer avoiding or denying it), there is no panic or acid reflux.

Strange, I am not ashamed of my pre-tour terror, I'm even a bit proud of it, seeing myself as a hero for running my tour in spite of my terror.

But I am ashamed of my surgery terror. Instead of a hero for doing it, I feel more like a pathetic, helpless, vulnerable victim.

Strange, I promote the vulnerability of myself and my travelers) on tours. I see their "helpless in a new land" situation as one a "frightful positive," a way of opening their hearts to new experiences, widening their horizons through the openings created by their vulnerabilities.

What about my vulnerability in surgery? I'd like to change my status from victim to hero. Ugh, ugh, ugh. I hate it. I hate showing others, and myself, how weak, frightened, and vulnerable I am. I hate seeing myself as a helpless, frightened victim. I hate seeing myself "just like everybody else." I want to be special and a leader! But instead, I'm just a helpless frightened victim. Nothing special anymore about me. I'm just like everybody else. Ugh, I totally hate it!

What is it I am really afraid of? That if others see me as I am, a helpless frightened victim, that no one will follow me anymore, that no one will have confidence in my leadership, no one will go on my tours anymore, or even come folk dancing, (although that is not as much of a threat to my finance and business since folk dancing doesn't pay).

Thus, as I see it, letting others see the vulnerable, frightened part of myself is a threat to my business.

Is that true? Is it a threat to my business? Maybe.

A threat to my business is a threat to my survival.

So, on the one hand, I have a good reason to be afraid of showing vulnerabilities in public.

On the other hand, I absolutely hate being afraid! I hate my fear of surgery, but I also hate being afraid of what others might think. And do. (I'm also strangely proud of my fear of losing customers and my business. Dealing with this fear, fighting for my business, I feel like my own hero.)

So maybe the best (and only?) approach is to give up, give in, and simply go public with my surgery. Go with the flow, Put it all out there. See what happens. Another serendipity. Throw it all out there. Let the Lord handle the flow of events that might, shall, will follow.

Protecting my Business

Why am I afraid of taking off a few weeks from my surgery? It's a threat to my business. Period. A threat to my survival.

Is that realistic? Maybe.

But what can I do? (Victim again.) I'm a pawn in the Lord's game. However, as a pawn, is there anything I can do? Any way a pawn can get more control?

Are some minimal things I can do to protect my business?

Yes.

Protecting my business from displacement ravages of surgery

My business is vitally important to me. I cannot underestimate its importance. It is almost as important as my life itself! (Perhaps, on one level, it is my life!)

My business is my visceral survival.

My business is an essence of my financial, mental, and spirit being. My financial, mental, and spiritual self.

1. Psychologically, recognize that losing my business is my main fear. I feel I'll survive the surgery. But will my business survive it?

2. What concrete measures can I take to protect it?

On a practical level, I'll do the best I can, and leave the rest in God's hands. Beyond this, as for results, before the Lord's power, I am truly helpless.

So, do the best I can, do what I can do. and go with the flow.

But don't jump into avoidance and denial again. There is a lot in my control that I can in this situation. Let's focus and deal with that.

What can I concretely do to diminish the threat to my business and lessen my fears by turning them into concerns?

Focus on this and most of my fears will vanish.

Childlike Love/Hate Relationship to Helplessness

Why would I avoid and deny and thus make myself helpless? Maybe I have a certain subtle attraction to being helpless. Part of me likes being helpless. I like it just as I hate it. A total contradiction, love of opposites, synthesis and antithesis, schizophrenia of the of heart.

Positives of helplessness (give in completely): Relaxation.

Negatives of helplessness: Fear and terror

Punishing Myself for my Arrogance?

I thought I was safe, financial secure, successful, and totally well. Although losing my motivation.

I wonder if I am being punished for my arrogance.

I'm either being punished by God, or by myself. Whoever is doing it, I may be being punished for my arrogance. Arrogance that I had it made, I'm secure, flat successful and on top. No real motivation, though.

Am I punishing myself for my arrogance? Am I secretly trying to motivate myself, or at least find another source of motivation? And this through punishing myself for my arrogance?

Part of me hopes so. That means I still have a shred of hopes, plans, and dreams, and am secretly, intellectually, "fooling" myself into believing I am punishing myself for my arrogance.

That means I'm on my way down but I haven't hit bottom yet.

Tuesday, January 26, 2016

People are my Purpose

Motivation Reborn

I could hardly walk yesterday, my knees were crumbling, and my energy and mind formation almost down to zero. "In this state, how can I make it through folk dancing?" I asked myself.

However, I did make it through. Not only that, I made it through quite well. And after the class I felt much better, even energized!

This happens countless times.

What am I to conclude from this? That perhaps I need people. People energized me, wake me up, "force" me to do better, raise my inner force and spirits. Perhaps that is the big lesson from this down and destruction period, the arrogance period, the period of "success," so-called "security" (seen in finance), and its accompanying lack of motivation.

My success is not a resting place of safety, alone on the mountain top, surrounded and protected by money, and financial security. Rather drop completely that concept of success. In fact, drop the word success from my vocabulary. I've never been truly happy with this so-called success. It immediately took away my motivation. And who wants to live without motivation? Not I.

So if I remove my old time concept of success, with its financial security base, what do I have left? People! I need people. I thrive with people. The alone, moastic life is not healthy or good for me. Although I like to withdraw periodically to collect my mind, this is only and always a temporary withdrawal so that I can ultimately and finally return to my real home, which is among people.

What is my role among people? Usually one of leadership. I like leadership, I'm good at it. Leadership energizes me and makes me happy.

But I cannot lead without people. I need them as much as they need me. People are my real wealth. People are my real success. And that's it. Financial security is nice and even necessary at times, but it is not the end goal, not the purpose of existence.

People are the end goal and purpose of existence. Without them, I am ultimately lost, alone, energy less, and without purpose. And without purpose, I simply go downhill.

I need purpose. And people are my purpose. People are my source of motivation, pleasing people, being their servant, serving them, making them happy, if possible, that is my purpose both as a leader and as a "normal" individual. Period.

So since people are my purpose and people are my source of motivation, how do I implement this new "success and motivation" philosophy?

Note: I just tied motivation with success, and tied both to people. Leading people (my wonderful motivated work and purpose), talking, mixing, and dealing with people.

I have just discovered my personal treasure chest, my source of motivation, and meaning of success: Dealing with people.

Since I am a leader, most of this dealing is concerned with leading people. Seeing myself as a leader is not (no longer) an arrogant, egotistic thing. Those days are long gone. That road led to seeing success as a resting place surrounded by safety and security, and of course, no motivation. Those days are over. Success and security, if

they exist at all, concern my dealings with other people. And motivation itself, my main personal goal, is evidently, only through people.

Motivation

Let's look at why I practice guitar: Only because I have the dream and illusion that some day I will play and perform before an audience of people. Is it an impossible dream? Maybe. But the idea of performing for people, shines like a pillar of light before my march, leading the way to more motivation and practice, infusing my practice with purpose.

Folk dance teaching, leading tours, all of my business involves dealing with people. Period. And of course, when people call and register, I am joyous and motivated.

How could I have missed this bottom line truth all these years? Well, I did. And that's probably why I sank so far post-Albania. I needed to self-destruct in order to build a new, healthy, purposeful, directed and motivated life.

The words "success" and "security" are drifting from my mind. I am slowly sinking into motivation and purpose, and these all surrounded by and ingrained in serving, working for others.

This means my videos have to be promoted and publicized. they have to go to people, influence and reach people.

Same for my books and writing.

Same for my tour fliers and folk dance classes.

The fruits of my miracle schedule belong to people.

That's how my motivation works.

Transition to Leader

I am a leader. I should see myself as a leader. That is my best kind of work. That is my work. And this, even if I am quietly listening to another.

Leadership doesn't mean I am always noisy, boisterous, and leading. It also includes quiet reflection, listening to others, processing their ideas, and giving them feedback. It includes solo walks down the road, reading, study, and more. In fact, I'd say, for me, leadership includes everything I do! And this approach, seeing myself as a total leader, is basically, totally motivational and thus very good for me!

Best to see myself as a leader. A leader of people. And this, of course, without arrogance, not egotistic, but remembering that I am, in essence, serving others, serving them with and for a higher purpose. And I am always a leader. Always!

I have been a leader for many years. But I have never totally seen myself that way. Now, post-Albania and the two month War of Transition, things are different. Across the battlefields, strewn with corpses of old unmotivated selves, arising a new self, a leadership self, purposeful and different.

This is, in a sense, a new self-definition for me.

As a leader, how will I see my videos, books, guitar playing and performing, lunches with others, folk dance teaching, tour leadership, business, sales, and even JGI corporate leadership? I'll see them now in a totally different manner. As a leader.

Physical Manifestations

How will I see the aches in my legs, knees, and neck? As a leader, where do these pains fit in?

Does my surgery fit in, too? Perhaps. Consider the symbolic removal of a kidney cyst as removal of the old self.

This is a bit of a stretch. But maybe not. Don't knock or doubt it yet. After all, I did think it; it popped come out of my brain. So maybe there is some truth to it. After all, why now? At this transition point, why now is this annoying pebble appearing on the New Motivation Road?

Wednesday, January 27, 2016

My monastic self is no longer necessary.

Somehow I “accidentally” deleted the whole section. Lost it all. Why now? I don’t know.

Upon such a lofty vision, I slipped back into the old neighborhood. Into the “am I worthy of such a place? Is it really happening? And then, I “accidentally” deleted it all.

This almost never happens.

Same aches and pains but they seem to have a different purpose and meaning. They are not only my pains but now somehow include others. Pains for the purpose of healing others.

Is this arrogant? Or a (hopefully brief) return to the old neighborhood due to a fear of arrogance and hubris?

Hard to believe I am really in such a new place. It has changed, nay revolutionized, my attitude toward sales, dealing with people, lunches with others. and more. (Again, dare I say this? But evidently, I am.)

People are my energy sources, my total turn-on. There seems to be almost nothing beyond them. They are thus the reason for my being, and vice versa. All-is-One. I am closer to it. Actually, I have become it. (Dare I say this? Is it hubris, arrogance, or simply fear? Dare I even hint that I am in such a lofty place? Do I deserve it? Can I stand it? Is it an illusion? Am I really now changed and different? Is the upcoming post-eighty life really open to such Mosaic transformations?)

Hidden Cosmic Meanings and Purposes of Surgery

“Why now?” I ask. Here are some cosmic reasons:

Surgery is forcing me to become a different kind of leader, an “executive” leader,

meaning I execute things “from behind,” by getting others to do them, and thus elevating others in the process.

1. Dancing: It is forcing me to lead by no longer leading, or rather, by appointing and teaching others to lead (and perhaps even teach) dancing. It’s forcing me to develop a teacher/leader program. Something I always wanted to do, but never had the motivation to do it.

2. Videos: Plus it is giving me a new reason to make videos. As teaching videos.

3. Tours: Not yet seen or fully cooked. Maybe again elevating the leadership of others. (Could Richard Schmidt teaching tour situation be the harbinger of this? Maybe. We discuss strategy.)

Executive Leadership View of Self/Others

Also, start training for surgery. Physical training program. Why? In my new executive and leadership view of self, how does this training “include” others?

Miracle Schedule Includes Others

In other words, all my miracle schedule activities, which were once alone and sol, are now including others, are turning into events for others. Their purpose has been expanded to include others. By including them, by energizing myself and others in the process, I am expanding our energy.

The way to include other people in miracle schedule is by thinking of them, putting them (along with myself) in the picture of energized and energizing thoughts.

Weakness and Alhambra

Perceived weakness in Alhambra, perceived weakness in surgery, sharing my weakness with others.

Perceived weakness and relationship (if any) to miracle schedule.

Sharing my Alhambra weakness (collapsing right hand) with the audience. Let them know I am one of them, and they are one of me, we are all together, even in our weaknesses and vulnerability.

Thursday, January 28, 2016

Yesterday was the first day I put my new self into practice. Maybe that's why it was the first good day I've in a month.

Aside from the fact my pee wee stocks went up mucho (first day that has happened), I think it's because I spend the day practicing my new self and connecting with people. People: My new and accepted energy source!

Folk dance class in the morning, lunch with Ginny and Hall, evening seeing improvised dance performance at Old Church. Any beyond that, I've made peace my new self, exchanging most of my monastic self for the more energized and energizing, "I need people" public self.

Friday, January 29, 2016

Including Others in my Psyche

Miracle Schedule and People

Woke up a bit lost this morning. What to do?

Remember my new motivation is people! This is the big change, transition, and remembering. Whenever I feel lost, directionless, lacking in energy and purpose, think back to my prime energizers and purpose creators: people.

Thus today, as the new thinking begins, I want to (feel I should) play or at least touch and practice the guitar.

Guitar: How does guitar relate to people? Connect my guitar playing to people. Let their energy energize me. Pick up the guitar and start now!

Note: People are no longer considered "my audience." They are no longer

passive listeners, sitting out there judging me, or simply sleeping or passively listening. Rather, they are now part of my psyche, active participants in my experience. People are my personal energizers!

Rather than seeing others as sapping my energy through their judgement and criticism, I now see them as part of my psyche, part of my team, personal energizers in our common battle to exist in the improvement and happiness of this world.

Giant Shift of Perspective

Will I lose my energy by thinking of others, focusing on them? Old way: Thinking of, focusing on them, will deplete my energy and dampen my enthusiasm.

Or will I gain my energy through them? New way: Yes!

But I must train myself in this new thinking experience.

It's a totally new reason to do anything, and a gigantic shift of perspective. I'm moving from separation of artist and audience to seeing artist and audience as one.

Videos

Look into the Camera; we are a Team. Always!

A new art form to practice. My new attitude also affects my videos. How to improve the videos of my dances?

1. Add bounce to my Albanian dances
2. Hold my arms out straight, no elbows bent, definite, proud and strong.
3. Stand straight and tall. Always!
4. Look at talk straight into the eye of the camera. Make eye contact. The camera is the audience; we are a team. Always!

Audience and I as a Team of One

Truth is, I've always thought about the audience. As split off from myself, a

separate and adverse entity. Someone I have to please and perform for. Now, rather than performing for them, I am performing with them. We are all part of the same team.

I'm thinking about audience in a totally different way. Rather than seeing them as adversaries and against me, I'm seeing them as "us," all part of a team (indefinite) or the team (definite).

Instead of fast scales or arpeggios to impress the audience (and separate myself from them through an attempt at ego enhancement), rather play scales and arpeggios "with" the audience by transferring the deeper meaning of the scale and/or arpeggio to them.

What is the deeper meaning? That's another question.

Getting More Serious About my Dance Classes

As an Art Form and People Energizer/Energizing Form

Relate it all to people.

1. Warm-Up Exercises: Connect them to my dance class. Teach others my exercises. Choreograph my warm-ups (and their order) to music.

A. Practice them "looking straight into the camera."

B. Develop folk aerobics routine and perhaps a class.

2. Running: Choreograph a dance run around the room as either a warm-up, dance or both.

The dance classes are my public space to connect my exercises and running to people and the art of Beauty.

Saturday, January 30, 2016

People Connection

My job is to remember why I am doing anything, my daily purpose, meaning, and direction: People connection.

Pick up the guitar. Why play? People.

Look Straight Ahead

Dance: Look straight ahead. Posture, Upright, Strong, proud, facing front.

General meaning of looking straight ahead: Looking straight into the eyes of others, facing people up front and directly, making an immediate connection with people, with the other.

Looking straight ahead also puts you immediately into the present, connecting you with the only reality, the here-and-now.

Protection

We all need protection, safety, and security. As I played, my mind wandered to physical strength and protection.

Can my guitar playing protect you, protect others?

How does this affect Alhambra?

Alhambra is now for them and no longer "for me." meaning it is no longer to use for my ego, to prove I can play guitar. Every note is now for them.

Arms in Folk Dancing

Interesting that in folk dance, bent arms express fluidity, looser, faster, flying, whereas straight arms (a la shoulder hold) express a slower, strength, pride, confidence.

Sunday, January 31, 2016

Affirmations: Reprogram my Brain

Affirmations: I want to reprogram my brain.

My affirmation is: I am strong.

Physically:

1. Exercise, running, yoga, knees,
2. Guitar: I am strong in guitar.
 - a. I am a strong Alhambra player
 - b. I am a strong Bach player
 - c. I am a strong Leyenda player
 - d. I am a strong flamenco player
3. Dance:

Mentally:

1. Hebrew: I am strong in Hebrew
2. Desk work:

Affirmations

I am strong.

I am strong and confident.

I am calm, strong, and confident.

I am calm, confident, and focused. (Serbian Factor)

I am strong, calm, confident, and focused.

Combo of all. Best and most complete Affirmation.

I've added strong for the physical factor.

I am strong. Therefore (because I am strong), I am calm, confident and focused.

Does the word "strong" subsume calm, confident and focused? Is it the same?

I'm not sure. Does it matter?

This Impossible Dream New Leaf would complete the circle and cycle which began in Serbia with the Serbian factor.

Monday, February 1, 2016

Affirmations II

I Am Very Strong

I feel uncomfortable calling the Higher Power God. Adonai and HaShem sound a bit pretentious. I need a new name for the Higher Power, one that works and is personal for me. I'll call Him The Boss. Not the Big Boss (that is assumed) but simply The Boss. With the first letters of The and Boss capitalized. I'll know who it is. And that's enough.

Fear and trust in The Boss. Awe and wonder in The Boss

Moving on.

"I am strong." or "I am very strong."

Why? It comes through The Boss. Knowing The Boss, trusting and fearing, standing in awe of Him, gives me "very" in very strong. Thus my affirmation: I am very strong.

Removing all doubt. With The Boss, there is no doubt I am very strong.

Violin, and (Maybe) Guitar

Played the violin for the first time in months, maybe years.

Why did I suddenly decide to pick it up and play, I don't know? But it was different. Everything felt familiar and easier! No pressure or even thought to play like others; no visions of Heifetz, Francescotti, Kreisler, or any of violin geniuses or stars in the background. I played at my own limited but okay pace.

Limitations as Strength

Maybe that will now be true of my guitar playing. I've accepted my limitations, my slower but comfortable pace. And my limitations are okay, for me. I play guitar in my own way, and that's okay.

I am strong. I am very strong.

With and within my limitations.

Do limitations and boundaries give me strength? Have I really reached such a point? True, there have been lots of personality and attitude changes in the past few months. But is it possible? We'll see.

Is this what being strong means? That I am no longer willing to be pushed around by the images of other masters? That I can finally accept (my limitations), be comfortable in my shoes, and be myself.

Strength in limitations, strength in playing it my own way (limited as it may be). Is word "limited" being used as a vague put down here? I don't think so. It feels different this time. Limited feels like another word for strength is in the process of being born. Soon I may no longer need the word "limited" and I'll be able to use something else in its place.

Limitations give me strength. I must be true since I am in a "I am very strong" mode.

Right index finger is coming into its own. I am surpassing affirmations.

Playing Guitar Slowly as a Sign of Strength

I am strong. I am very strong.

Seeing playing slowly, with index finger flying (unabashed power-pluck pulls), as a sign of strength!)

Slowly as Strength?

Could dancing slowly, running slowly, everything slowly also be seen as a sign of strength?

Age, maturity, strength. Slow, firm, confident and steady.

Age and maturity as strength.

After a transitional two months, now stepping into my new state of strength.

Tuesday, February 2, 2016

Taking Steps

I feel good and complete this morning. A strange feeling.

Strangest of all is that somehow I'm not that comfortable with this "feeling good."

Maybe feeling good is not a goal but merely a step along the way.

Aha, that's it. A step along the way.

There are pleasant steps, as the one I'm taking this morning, and miserable steps, like the ones I've been taking since our Albania tour ended.

But whether pleasant or unpleasant, all are merely steps along the way, resting points on a path that goes on forever.

Its good to experience steps, even to dwell in them, and savor their transience for awhile. But do not take them too seriously.

(Always be ready to take the next step.)

Know that the next step is about to come. And be ready to take it.

Wednesday, February 3, 2016

Taking Hebrew, and Greek Seriously

I'm getting pretty frustrated with my Hebrew. No matter how much I "study" I never seem to get anywhere. I rarely remember the words I look up, or rather, it takes me so long to learn them. This is true of Greek as well.

Am I now in a new place? Am I ready to take these languages seriously? I'm starting to get mad! At both the languages and myself! This is a good sign, a rising of my anger energy. It means I'm about ready to take them "seriously."

Okay, I agree.

What does that mean? What shall I do? What's next?

I don't know. . . yet. But I'm about to find out.

Blinding headache. I must be mad at something! But what?

1. Balkan Splendor tour distraction? That's when it stared. Distracted me from Hebrew and Greek new commitment?

2. Is the language a "useless pressure" I'm putting on myself?

3. Other?

I am mad at Hebrew> Why? It is so fucking hard. I spend so much time at it, and nothing happens. It's supposed to be a hobby, and therefore, "enjoyable" and not serious. Instead it is totally frustrating and difficult and I get almost nowhere studying it. The language is totally annoying. Slippery, and difficult. I'm totally pissed at it, can't get rid of it, feel I must conquer it, but can't.

I'm caught between a "meaningless" hobby, learning languages and Hebrew, and the sleeping desire to master the fucker.

So, I'm totally pissed at it and the fact that I must now think about making a larger commitment to such a "hobby." No money or meaning or nothing is attached to learning Hebrew or any language. Yet, somehow I "must." I'm "forced" to learn them.

Of course, I'm the one who is forcing me. Nevertheless, why should I fucking bother learning these useless things?

On the other hand, what else do I have to do with my spare time?

A frustrating puzzle.

Language or Writing?

Hobby or Meaningful "Profession?"

Actually, at this turning point, I feel I "have no choice." I've "gone too far." I must either make a commitment to learning these two fuckers or drop them completely

and start or commit myself to something else. (Maybe writing?).

Writing or language? Which commitment should I choose?

I definitely think that my writing is vital and important. I also think that learning languages is a mere hobby, and somehow unimportant. Yet I do it anyway. Is it a distraction? An escape from writing? Wow, good question.

(That's why I got a sudden headache. I feel myself plunging into a "useless" language study commitment. Maybe I also sense that I am escaping from my destiny, which is to be a writer! And, if I am to be really serious, I should, could, would commit myself to daily writing. Writing would be my top priority, not language study.

What, if anything, is the answer to this conflict?

Can I do both? But keeping the priorities straight?

What would the priorities be?

Writing first, languages second.

Will I do that? Or keep trying to escape my destiny?

Perfecting my Fiction Writing

Do I Need a Writing Group?

Studying languages are a break and a hobby.

My fiction writing is serious. (Note for my journal writing the word "serious" never comes up. Maybe that is because it is necessity. Just as I eat, I write journal for survival.

Is my fiction writing (my sense of humor and the absurd) necessary for survival? Maybe. But it certainly is fun!

Perfecting my fiction writing.

Do I need a writing group, something to propel me not only to write fiction but also to perfect my fiction writing?

Barry Walter group writing?

Fiction Commitment?

Ughing my Way Past Avoidance

During this post-Albania interlude I have been treading water, studying languages as a “break” while I transition into something. What something?

I’ve made lots of progress, deep attitudinal changes during this transition period. But I haven’t touched fiction writing during this period.

Would taking my fiction writing seriously, committing my morning time to it, plunging in, be the “final” post-Albania transition?

It feels serious. In my heart, I know it is right.

But a grand “Ugh” arises. Will I, must I do it?. Ugh , ugh, ugh. Why am I ughing? I hate and fear the pressure and the plunge.

Ughing my way to utopia.

Writing fiction is serious; writing fiction is my destiny. Ugh, ugh. Ugh!

Kidney and Comedy

What does writing fiction have to do with my kidney?

Why now? In a cosmic sense, does the cyst of resistance and destiny denial have to come out, be removed?

Does this kidney operation and cyst removal signify the end of my transitional period? As I rest in the recuperation period, will I be moving into fiction writing and commitment mode?

Hebrew is a heavy language and not funny.

Greek is a fluid language, also not funny,

Bulgarian is fluid, a bit hard, and on the border of funny.

Hungarian is off-beat and funny. So is Albania and Russian.

French, Spanish, Latin languages are passable.

Classical guitar is heavy, and not funny.

Folk songs and folk dancing can be light and funny.

What is crazy and off-the-wall? Only my (fiction) writing.

What gives me crazy pleasure? My fictions and fiction writing.

What does fiction writing (its avoidance and escape from my destiny) have to do with my neck and knees? Kidneys, too?

What is the relationship, if any, between my kidney operation (cyst removal) and fiction writing? Does cyst removal symbolize fiction writing avoidance and blockage removal? I'm stretching a bit. Nevertheless, possibilities here? Why not? The culmination of a long, lifetime blockage. (Rosenberg did say the cyst might have been in there from birth, even hereditary.)

I'm fishing around, but I may be right.

It's in the recuperation and rethinking period, after the operation, that the commitment could be, would be, will be made.

Language versus fiction: The fiction of language, the language of fiction.

Thursday, February 4, 2016

Editing and Writing

I should peck away at my writing, editing Mashugi and Novicus Leaficus. I'd like to do this' I want to do this. But does should mean will? Will I do it?

Evidently, I must do it to be or feel complete. But will I? Do I have the stamina, interest, and will?

Of course, even five minutes a day of editing is good. But will I do even that?

When?

To make it part of my life, make it a habit, I must have a time of day to do it.

When is a good time?

Early morning when I'm "fresh"?

Late morning after my “work” is done, I’m free and relaxed.”
Afternoon or evening?

Guitar: Today Alhambra is all about: How long I can focus on the index finger.

Saturday, February 6, 2016

Discouragement and Self-Disgust

A wave of discouragement and disgust has washed over me. I feel both in equal measure. Discouragement creates down pressure; self-disgust generates energy.

I hate discouragement; I like self-disgust.

This morning, thank God, self-disgust is stronger.

New Self-Image: A Video Dancer

Adding Beauty to Athletics

Suppose I thought of myself as a dancer, a video dancer. One who looks straight into the eye of the camera (thus standing straight with neck straight). With arms straight out. Proud, erect, confident. Dancing on my toes, with bounce.

Three principles:

1. Looking straight into camera. (Stand and neck straight)
2. Arms out (more standing straight, confident and proud))
3. Bounce.

This throws yoga, running, (even gym?) into dance, pushing these miracle schedule aspects into an art form, and relating them to aesthetic Beauty.

Looking into the Camera: Dance and Guitar

Focusing on looking into the camera (dancing) is similar to focusing my Alhambra index finger (guitar) “looking into the camera.” Such focused “looking”

means communicating with the audience, the other.

Sunday, February 7, 2016

Motivation: Choosing to Feel Bad

Will feeling bad motivate me more that feeling good?

I wonder why this morning I am choosing to feel bad about myself. It is because I am so slow in learning Hebrew, that I cannot conquer that fucking language? And on top of that, I've added Greek and Romanian to the mix. So not only can I not conquer one language, now I cannot conquer three!

These are indeed impossible dreams, impossible goals, and yet I chose them.

Learning Hebrew is difficult. Learning three languages at once is an impossible dream. The name of my New Leaf is Impossible Dream. I chose the name because I wanted to motivate myself by trying to achieve impossible dreams.

Did I also aim to "motivate myself by feeling bad? Maybe.

Will feeling bad motivate me more that feeling good?

Good question.

Are My Study Efforts Worthwhile or Worthy?

Linguistically and intellectually, what gives me most pleasure in Hebrew (and other languages) is going deeply into each word, in depth etymology and meaning of each word. Often I remember little or nothing the next day. It feels somewhat like taking a warm bath, pleasant, relaxing, fun, even slightly stimulating, but quickly forgotten.

But shouldn't I remember? Shouldn't I profit from my studies, gain some long term knowledge, even attain a bit of wisdom? Are my studies and efforts only worth a warm bath?

Good questions.

Flow

The Positives of Not Remembering

Worthwhile then (in language and other studies) means gain, profit, hold on, attach. This kind of “worthwhile” and “worthy” is really attachment at its best.

But wisdom says that attachment is the route to unhappiness and is ultimately based on ignorance. It totally ignores the transient nature of all things. Wisdom is found in accepting the transient nature of all things, and that on the Higher Force is permanent.

Perhaps letting languages “flow through me.” unremembered and unattached is really the best thing to do; it is the river of wisdom “flowing through me,” experiencing happiness and life at its best.

On this basis, I am lucky to keep forgetting everything I’ve learned. It keeps me fresh, pure, innocent, and in awe of life.

On this basis, the ability not to grasp, not try holding on to things, ideas, or languages (words) may be a hidden “power,” even a talent that I have.

Dare I see my “flaws” as hidden strengths?

Could the “ability” to let languages (and other things) flow through me be a positive?

Could doing it “just for the immediate fun of it” with not profit or long term gain in mind be a positive, a step toward world peace and happiness?

Not remembering or holding onto languages might also mean I can’t remember or hold onto grudges.

The Positives of Humor

Thus the importance of my writing going public!

Am I a humorist? Maybe. Not a comedian but a humorist.

I like this expansion of self, a new advancement: Humorist.

Sunday, February 14, 2016

Operation Over

Operation over. Total wipe-out and horrible experience.

Are there any benefits? So far, I see none.

But hopefully, it's still early.

One idea is that dealing with and going through the terror of this operation means I can somehow deal with, accept, and go through the terror of going fast in Alhambra. Deal with the terror of a fast tremolo. Just plunge in and say, "Fuck it!"

One thing I can offer is fearless playing. (Full of mistakes, maybe, but fearless, nevertheless.)

Maybe the best I can do is offer fearless playing.

But that's a lot!

I feel a new nausea.

Is it a nausea at my old fearful Alhambra life? (I hope so.)

Monday, February 15, 2016

Next day. Classical guitar: I just don't care anymore. I don't give a fuck. If I miss note, play sloppy, unclear, imprecise, make mistakes and miss notes. I don't give fuck.

I'll play them all, Malats, Alhambra, Leyenda, Back Prelude in Dm and more. as fast as I want and damn the consequences. Fuck the consequences. In fact, there won't be any consequences, since I don't care anyway, I just don't give a fuck!

I love this new post-operation attitude! I want to hold onto it.

Maybe it depends on how deeply I want it.

The only question is: How long will it hold up? Am I actually changed from the operation? I want this. Yes, yes, yes! Or will I simply and slowly drift back to

frightened, repressive square one?

I love this post-operation classical guitar playing mode.

Will I keep it? I want to keep it.

Will I? Can I keep post-operation classical guitar playing mode?

Tuesday, February 16, 2016

Emptiness Improvement Factor(EIF)

Give me back my love, passion, and interest!

All have been washed away this morning. I'm somehow beyond depression. Rather than down, I'm flat. Totally flat. Inner driving juices are gone. And as inner waddle away, outer disappear as well.

I can't even call this myself drifting, still or quiet. Rather I'm moving through a vast field of total nothingness, hovering in a galaxy beyond debilitation or inflation.

I once called this the Grand Empty. But I'm beyond empty. I'm waddling through an emptiness beyond the Grand Empty.

Thus, I've increase my emptiness.

By living in emptiness beyond the Grand Empty, my personal Emptiness Improvement Factor (EIF) has risen.

Is this an improvement?

Humor creeping in. First sign of life and hope.

Fury on the Healing Road

Maybe rather than flat, I am really flat furious!

Bottom line is always fear. And yes, I was totally terrified by this operation and everything that went and goes with it. Finally, in the end, I was "resigned" to my death, and did everything I was told. I went through the torture process, survived, in deadened and reddened form, and am still following doctor's order and doing

everything I am told to do.

But evidently, since the worst is over, I am no longer frightened. And this give me space to feel my next emotion: And what comes after terror? Total rage! Why did I have to be put through all this? Why did I have to be beaten, cut, torn, punctured, sliced up, tortured, and more? This all came so suddenly, out of the blue. From healthy specimen I almost immediately went to sick specimen. From being happy and in great shape to being miserable and no shape, from having purpose, goals, and directions, to suffering, listless and low, with no goals, purposes or directions.

Note: I woke up this morning first with a splitting headache! The emptiness feeling came second.

At first I thought the headache was related to my neck problems, and "sleeping on the wrong side." In fact, recently I've been interpreting all my headaches as related to sleeping in the wrong position and my neck problems.

But suppose I am wrong. Suppose I am avoiding my rage, diverting my mind from fury but distracting it with "so-called" physical neck problems? This interpretation is very Sarnoian, but it feels like I'm on to something. It feels right.

Let's look at the present: I'm a step beyond fear, and totally pissed that I am in this imprisoned "hold and wait for health" state. I absolutely hate it!

Could it mean I'm better? Maybe.

But it definitely means I am furious about what just happened to me! And I can't even blame anybody? (And in fact, I'm "forced" to thank them, thank them for discovering this cyst, thank them for considering it "suspicious," thank them for deciding its best to remove it, and possibly save me from future cancer, torturing me! And I agree that I should thank them!

So with all these "thank you's" in place, what do I do with my anger? On whom should I vent it? No person in particular. I can't even vent it on God, since I think there is a hidden reason He "forced" me into this situation. I somehow have to learn

something special from it, although I have no idea what.

So I remain totally furious, with no one and no thing to blame. I am furious in a vacuum. But I am definitely furious.

What to do in a fury vacuum?

I know my fury will change nothing. It is a form of hopeless fury. Well, maybe it will change my emotions, Maybe just recognizing, realizing, and even accepting my "hopeless" fury state is enough.

Why do I, did I call it "hopeless?" That's not a good word for me. Maybe it's a way of diminishing the importance of my anger. (Since I can't do anything about it, what use is feeling it? It's just frustrating and hopeless. Why even bother feeling it?)

So I'm really putting down my fury.

Maybe fury is a natural next reaction on the healing road. I'm just feeling the healing steps.

We'll see. In any case, just be aware that I am furious.

But fury has great power of motivation! Maybe I can use it to plot my next steps!

How would I do this?

Review that past two months:

1. My neck aches, and headaches since December: Were they all related to anger at my helpless situation: Barry almost dying, then my cyst operation?

2. I still don't know why this all had to happen? Why am I being punished and tested so?

The Cancer of Doubt

Was I Right?

I wonder if I did the right thing?

Should I have said no to this operation? Everyone spoke against this. No is

taking a change on cancer and it spreading a really bigger operation up ahead, and ultimately, death.

All the doctor's agreed, and my wife, and even some friends agreed. And ultimately, I agreed. But was I right?

After all, on the other side, the cyst was "suspicious." Yes, the odds strongly favored an operation. And I "logically" accepted these odds. But nevertheless, was I right?

Suppose I had chosen the Christian Science approach? I am in God's hands. Let Him decide. I had no signs from Him that I was sick. With all the tools of modern science at my disposal, would I have dared to take such a change, and instead use this "faith" approach?

What a conflict! But I painfully chose science over faith.

Even though I was not hurting in no pain, based solely on doctor's beliefs and MRI vision of science, I chose to step into hell. Through his fires, Mephistopheles promised me a cure.

But was I right?

Maybe there is no right, but ultimately, with little information, you must still make a choice. Like choosing to cancel folk dancing because of weather. Someone has to make a decision. The leader, with limited information, must take responsibility and ultimately make a choice.

It may over time prove to be the wrong choice. Only God really knows. But the leader must nevertheless choose.

I chose to go with science. Only time, and God will show me if I made the "right" choice.

Wednesday, February 17, 2016

Beyond Day Trading

In-Depth, Watch, Wait, and Study Stock Market Life

Next step: More in-depth investing.

What does that mean? And why did I arrive at it this morning?

It means less trading combined with deeper “study” and knowledge of the very low priced, small company (penny) stocks that I buy.

Maybe I’ve gone as far as I can or need to go with the day trading concept. Guessing the highs is very difficult. Yes, it gives me a momentary thrill when I sell them, but soon, especially if they go higher, I begin to feel bad, then if it goes even higher, I begin to feel worse. Of course, if it goes lower, I feel better, and if it goes even lower, I feel even better. Again up and down.

Perhaps the up and down feeling can’t be avoided if you trade stocks. However, somehow, I’m in a new stage and “moving beyond” day trading. I bought the stocks really low. These companies will either go out of business, remain low for years, or cyclically move up to the ancient highs. When they reach their highs, that is the time to sell them. But, of course, this requires patience, something I definitely did not have. I liked the action, daily action. That is the day trader’s philosophy and life style. The trader’s life style.

But waiting, watching, while studying deeply is another life style. The in-depth investing life style. I’m living in depth in my tours, languages, and other life style events.

I know the type of stocks I like to play with: Low-priced (bottom priced) stocks, even ones under a dollar.

I’m feeling ready to add the in-depth style to my low priced, stock market life. I’m ready (and willing) to watch, learn, and wait.

Forget Clarity. It’s About Speed

Guitar: It’s not about clarity. Forget clarity.

It's about speed.

Play guitar scales, and arpeggios as fast as you can.

Saturday, February 20, 2016

Languages: From Useless to Functional

Feeling slightly better today. First time.

Wouldn't it be wonderful to think I've actually moving an inch forward in my linguistic quest: Moving from useless language study to functional language usage.

What does that mean?

Studying the languages and using them today to speak to others, or at least trying them out on others.

Example: I constantly meet Israelis and Greeks, or at least those with Hebrew and Greek speaking backgrounds. Also Spanish I can use immediately everywhere.

I could practice small talk phrases immediately now, on them! Of course, I could add this approach to other linguistic groups. Truth is, I don't know that many people who speak French, Bulgarian, Romanian, Albanian, or other languages. Still, maybe I can figure that one out, too.

On this "lower" functional level, I can almost speak to everyone. I hear and accent, and voila, I jump right in. What quite fun that would be.

I know the basics of these languages, so I could start right away.

Note: This is my second post-operational idea. First was the guitar speed idea.

Why am I getting these idea now? Are they a "result" of the operation which "cleared the air" or at least, through its pain and torture, cleared my brain?

Let's see where it goes.

Of course, I'll continue with the useless language study, reading Torah, etc. But I'll also, add to that, functional language approach. And notice the word functional is

“fun” ctional. That’s a plus.

Addressing Envelopes as Meditation

It’s better for me to hand-write each individual traveler addresses on each envelope.

That way, while I am writing them, I can concentrate, visualize, and focus on each traveler/customer.

Arpeggio Stuff

Can’t believe what I just said after rolling through Alhambra and touching Leyenda: “This arpeggio stuff is very easy. I don’t know why I’ve been making it so hard all this years. A loose, drooping (right) hand position, right thumb touching on the inside, a light touch: this in all arpeggios whether tremelo or broken chord.

A post-operative plus.

(And I just felt a feverish chill on it. How about fever as burning away old thought patterns.)

And I keep breaking down in tears.

Saturday, February 27, 2016

Back from Hackensack Hospital. What a tour!

What I do is so beautiful.

A breakdown crying appreciation for singing. Singing J’ai Rendez- Vous Avec Vous.

Simple joys. The simple joy of singing a song, stroking a guitar. Child-like naive, wonder, and awe.

Who doesn’t love a child, or child-like. The beautiful ability to be child-like again and play with simple joys like singing, dancing, stroking the guitar, playing one chord.

You work so hard to be child-like, to feel the child-like wonder and awe again.
(Not childish. That's totally different.)

Playing with Abandon!

Guitar. Sloppy is okay. But it really means: Playing with abandon!

Abandon. (Breaking through the stomach, the abdomen.) That will be my post-operational mode!

Playing beyond abdomen, beyond belly button!

Playing with abandon!

Sunday, February 28, 2016

The Next Stage: Abandon. . . and Freedom!

A Rash Move

This is the next stage I am ready for.

After many years of work and practice, I now definitely have the skills. I simply need to practice the new "abandon" form.

Is it a rash move? Is that why I had the rash? To break through and move past the old forms. Well, yes.

Abandon, yes! How to move on and up with abandon.

And what is abandon but freedom. Playing with abandon means playing in freedom. Running wild and free, on the lawn, on the guitar, and perhaps everywhere else!

First step: Guitar. Second step and question: Hebrew.

Monday, February 29, 2016

I want transformation.

I want something different to emerge from the transformative misery of this

operation. I want to be changed and put on a new path.

Guitar and Hebrew so far. Maybe that's enough as a start and a base.

Affirmations

1. I am fluent in Hebrew.

2. I play guitar with abandon.

3. Arpeggios: Alhambra, Leyenda, Back Prelude, Villa-Lobos Prelude No. 1:

Acknowledging the absolute dominion of the bass or "boss note" over the treble. (In Alard it's treble.)

By making these affirmations, will I think differently, do and approach things differently, and will they become more true?

Something has happened to my (guitar and Hebrew) muscles.

It's an impatience with barriers.

Tuesday, March 1, 2016

Break Out

An interpretation of this rash might be: I'm bursting out all over, itching to break through!

A wild breakthrough to abandon and freedom.

Starting with guitar and Hebrew.

Through the bubbles, boils, and blisters, the old poisons are bursting, pouring out of my body, cleansing my mind and soul, and bringing me to the borders of freedom.

I wonder if the next step is a new abandon and freedom in tours, in organizing and running tours.

What about stocks? I already have a new approach. Will there be new looseness,

abandon, and freedom in stock choosing, too? (There is already.)

As the art of guitar playing mellows, will the art of stock picking mellow, too?

Picking my own long-term, low priced stocks, and holding them long term. Half year to a year or more.

Note: I broke out in my hands and feet.

Hands that play guitar, feet that folk dance and travel.

After the wildness and abandon, the breakthrough rash of my new freedom, a kindness and sweetness has entered to infuse Alhambra, and physical exercises, too.

I sense I'll stop using their once rigid forms for self-punishment.

Truth is, I'm just about ready to move on.

What could be more beautiful than music and dancing.

There is nothing. And I'm doing both.

Music and dance is the bottom line. The source, center, and melt down spot.

God gave us music and dance to heal all wounds and unite the world.

Music and dance, in its largest meaning, is the foundation of my tours and business, and the bottom line inspiration and reason why I do anything.

Wednesday, March 2, 2016

Woke up, had coffee, read Hebrew. First feelings of goodness and optimism swept over me. Even though I can't go outside,

1. I'm dancing again.
2. I'm near the end of my tour sales campaign.

In a strange way, it's all coming together. At least, that's the way it feels now.

The last “at least” sentence is one of doubt. Should I delete it? I don’t know. My doubts are always true. Almost always, I doubt my way on to the next stage and truth. Perhaps that’s my style.

I stand in empty space somewhat stunned by my finishings. Am I really “finished” and ready to move on? I think yes. Amazing. Everything feels in order and in place.

But all I can do now is stand frozen in space, trembling with a vague happiness. I can’t think of any new path or direction.

This trembling vague wave of happiness feels like the next stage of the elation (freedom, I’m done, relief, joy, tour is over, finished), I felt last Friday when I got home from the hospital.

Total victory and joy in everything. I stand on top of the mountain, shining in glorious finishment and victory. No place else to go from here. Only wahoos and glory.

Is it a prednisone drug high? Somehow I doubt it.

But it is indeed a high.

Like all highs, it won’t last. But ride the wave. Relish and enjoy it while it lasts!

Happiness, Satisfaction, and Fulfillment in Slow

Accepting my Slow and even Loving it!

I actually feel a relief and happiness to play Alhambra slowly again. What is happening? Am I coming to terms with myself, accepting all my sides, the glories and beauties of both slow and fast. Feels right. My guitar ego has burst in the acute rash blisters, dissolved in the prednisone weeds.

Jumping into my physical exercises slow and little, a la Alhambra. Perhaps even

my business work.

Thursday, March 3, 2016

I feel rather totally unleashed with no place to go. I need to re-orientate my goals, but I'm not ready yet. Still in post-operation recovery mode.

Friday, March 4, 2016

Stopping at the enthusiasm point.

Dwelling and living in one or two Hebrew words in a short spurt of morning happiness.

Enthusiasm Practice

How to stop at the enthusiasm point and relish it a bit longer.

Enthusiasm Point

I wonder if my right index finger is my physical guitar playing enthusiasm point.

Relishing the Enthusiasm Point

I often crush the enthusiasm point in my rush to move on. How to relish and dwell in it.

How to practice relishing, staying in it a bit longer, may be a purpose of this protracted post-operative "vacation" from the life of constant movement.

Stillness and Focus

To stay in the enthusiasm point you need great stillness and focus.

Purpose of Life

Purpose of life: To increase, expand and extend your time at the enthusiasm

point.

Obviously, the enthusiasm point is the place where Kabbalah and HaShem meet. It's the hot, intense joy spot, and very hard to stand in its passion fire too long. But with practice, perhaps I can increase my dwelling time.

Enthusiasm points. Practice retention for awhile longer.

Hebrew: One Hebrew word

Guitar: Right index finger

Unchartered Directions

A Pathless Path Leading Nowhere

Nothing to do but Shine

Maybe my old goals, improvements, motions, movements, and directions have been totally destroyed. Maybe there really is no place I want or need to go anymore. Maybe I'm in total arrival mode, whatever that means.

Maybe I'm ready to go in a totally new and unchartered direction, on a pathless path that leads nowhere.

Maybe it's the pre-84 preparation for the next stage. The time where I'm getting ready to walk off into the woods as a sage.

I feel like I'm dropping all ties, and attachments, to past modes of action, of direction and purpose, and heading into a new place, totally new and unchartered, a place "beyond" the excitement of self-improvement, a place where there is nothing else to do but shine.

This would mean that the foundation is laid and finished, past is totally over, and I'm starting (my next house) with a totally new and fresh blueprint (slate.)

Let's say all the above is true. I'm starting over with a fresh slate. The neurosis, blocks, everything that stopped and inhibited me has been cleared out of the past.

Tabula rosa.

Now I have nothing to do.

And there is nothing I want or need to do.

This means I don't have to sell any more tours. I can just wait around and see what happens, if anything.

I don't even have to teach any folk dance classes (although that has never been a pressure of "problem.").

It means I don't have to (or want to?) Push myself into anything, "improve" in anything.

My drive and ambition have gone to zero.

And I feel total and whole.

Is this good or bad? I don't know. But that's where I am.

Indeed, it is a transition. But into what?

A resting place at the top of the mountain.

A temporary resting place? We'll see.

Saturday, March 5, 2016

Sustaining a Goal

Long and Short Term Goals

I need new goals.

How to sustain a goal throughout the day?

1. Remember the enthusiasm point

2. Since the enthusiasm point cannot be sustained (or even remembered?),

what, if anything, can sustain a goal throughout the day?

Okay, to learn and experiment on, Hebrew and guitar are one of my general long range and long term "goals."

Do I need long term and short term goals? I'd say, yes.

Then within these two categories, Hebrew and guitar, do I need specific, short-term goals, too? I'd say, yes.

Then what would they be?

Hebrew short-term goal:

Daily time goal: One hour a day?

Three month goal: ???

Guitar: short-term goal:

Daily time goal: One hour a day?

First half: "Warm-ups" (slow, focused relaxed scales and arpeggios).

Second half: Let it loose. See what happens. See where letting it loose leads.

Three month goal???

Sustaining:

Could a guitar second hour (half hour or "period") be done during the day?

Sunday, March 6, 2016

Rediscovering my Inner Recluse

Study as a Good-in-Itself

The Joy of Study

I am discovering (rediscovering) the inner recluse in me, the glorious monk-self who loves to stay home and study.

Study as a good-in-itself, a joy-in-itself.

To reveal this truth is the cosmic purpose of my operation.

Monday, March 7, 2016

A Wow Day!

The Joys of Limitations

The Alhambra Is Denied

Limitations Create Greater Freedom and Happiness!

Putting aside all delusions and accepting God's dictates and directions.

The Alhambra is denied. And with it Leyenda, and all arpeggio pieces. (There existence is to get me to practice but not to perform them.)

This post-operative realization leads me to greater freedom.

Perhaps God's conclusion is that I will never be able to play the Alhambra, or Leyenda, or all the arpeggios pieces. They shall always be my practice and warm-up. But for some reason, my ability to every play them in public is now and will be forever denied.

Why this is so, I don't know. But it is definitely so.

I will never be able to play Alhambra in public.

And perhaps that is a good thing.

Perhaps this realization and acceptance will lead me to greater freedom.

Somehow I think it shall.

The Joy of Limitations

What a relief to know this finally!

Knowing my limitations brings me greater freedom and happiness!

I wonder if this is true for the entire classical guitar: That I will never be able to play the classical guitar in public! And this knowledge, realization, and acceptance will bring me greater freedom and happiness!

This is the most amazing and happy thing!

Utterly amazing: I am free of guitar!

Another post-operative blessing.

Post-Operative Blessings

Now that I'm feeling better, the post-operative blessings are rolling in.

A time for celebration, incredible celebration!

1. Guitar
2. Stocks
3. Study as a good-in-itself.
(Hebrew, history, languages, and more)
4. General greater freedom and happiness

Hitting my Guitar Stride

So this is the way I've always wanted to play guitar: So slow, delicious and sensual.

Diving and wallowing in the center of each note! Feeling every fiber of the string saturating my finger-feeling flesh, then passing through my skin straight into the soul of my body. Listening, hearing, touching, feeling, with nowhere else to go.

The Good-in-Itself Life

This makes guitar playing a good-in-itself.

Maybe my next step is to Lead the Good-in-Itself Life

What activities are good-in-themselves?

How to make them good-in-themselves?

It's an attitude and skill. Activities are not goal directed, purpose directed, means to an end. Rather, they are good-in-themselves.

Can a stock price be a good-in-itself? How?

Tuesday, March 8, 2016

Good-in-Itself Life

I want to lead the good-in-itself life.

Stocks

A good-in-itself feeling of accomplishment and satisfaction.

Truth is, the money itself isn't needed. But the feeling of accomplishment and satisfaction, that I have a "new" method and philosophy, and that it finally is working, and more important, "feels comfortable."

Model: Specialty Tours

1. If I collect, we split the profit. (No costs to you.) I'll also promote tours through my mailing list.

We're in the Specialty Tours business together.

2. If you collect, you keep all the profits,(and pay all the costs). I'm a consultant, starting and guiding you in your own new business.

A Good-in-Itself Stock Picking Life

I have a new stock approach, a new philosophy. A good-in-itself stock picking life.

Is there any way I can fine tune my stock picking life? (I'm amazed I'm even asking such a question. But I am.)

First question might be: How do others research stocks?

Or do I even care? Maybe I have to find my own way on this one, too.

I'm outside the box. Therefore, I have to figure out how to research stocks. My own way.(Which I sort of have.)

I've been doing (tours and stocks) a long time. (30 years?)

At this point, I simply know a lot and I know myself.

Wednesday, March 9, 2016

Stock Market Illusions

The Endless Personal Struggle Against Fear and Greed

Illusions when I win:

1. I'm rich.
2. I'm safe.
3. I'm smart.

Illusions when I lose:

1. I'll be poverty stricken and a Bowery bum
2. I'm unsafe, falling into the pit of terror and abandon
3. I'm totally stupid, naive, and dumb.

Painful is when I believe and ride high on these illusions.

More painful is when these illusions are broken.

The purpose of the stock market is:

1. To make you humble
2. Release you (break your) from attachment to money.

Truth is my fears will never go away.

Truth is also the stock market will never protect me.

There is some protection in financial stability, but again this is only in the short run, temporary, day to day.

Basically, we are all forever vulnerable. There is no long term protection.

That's why it's important to remember God.

Ultimately, He is the only protection.

Guitar: Everything in Place

It's not so much playing slow (which, of course, it is), but more: Every note is exactly in place! Finger placement-wise, tone-wise, sound-wise, everything in place. And totally comfortable and beautiful!

How Satisfying

How satisfying to go so deeply into each note, each word, each everything.
How satisfying to go deep and slow and present.

Next Stock Market Skill

Maybe the next skill and venture and step in the stock market is: How to go slow, steady, deep, stick to the plan, while others are going fast.

Thursday, March 10, 2016

Casticular inner collapse of arpeggiated regus muscularum. Amazing.

Am I in powerful rebirth mode?

After a month of doing nothing, no exercise at all, as I return, my neck is better and my knees don't hurt. Is this due to my long rest, lay off? And more important, is it ushering in a transformation, a rebirth of myself in a new body?

It's possible. Amazing and wow.

Is such a thing possible? Yes.

Dare I believe it? Yes. But before I absolutely do, we'll have to watch it and see.

Friday, March 11, 2016

I just feel very discouraged this morning.

Are there real reasons?

All I can think of is the fact that:

- a. My small stocks have descended 20G and I'm reassessing.
- b. Discouraged over Hebrew. Can't master it fast enough.
- c. A bit overwhelmed by all the France books I took out of the library, and my new French direction.

But maybe the real reason is that I've (temporarily) given up writing! This plus spring is here.

Is it time to return to writing?

I'm not sure this is right, but that is where I am this a.m.

Standing at the Border of a New Self

As I consider further, maybe I'm not discouraged. Maybe "discouragement" itself is part of the old world, the pre-operative old neighborhood.

In any case, something feels strange and different. Could it be part of the rebirth process? That post-operative me is creating an entirely new person! And all my old and former processes are part of the old world, and no longer fit my new-birth mode. I'm slipping out of my old cocoon and into a new self. That's why it feels strange, vaguely familiar, yet different.

I'd have to say I'm right about the above.

So what does this mean? Where am I?

Discouragement is now out! I have to say, I am no longer discouraged.

But again, if that is the case (and it is), where am I?

At the border of a new self!

As a start, it means I have to reassess every feeling and direction. I have to start

of totally fresh and different.

Indeed, turning over a (post-operative) New Leaf!

So ends a New Leaf.