

New Vision

Sunday, February 3, 2013

End of Trading

Today is the beginning of a new life.

Sounds romantic. What does it mean?

1. More free time to focus on:

- a. Writing
- b. Guitar
- c. Folk dance choreo (Includes running, gym, and yoga.)
- d. Hebrew poetry (reading Hebrew songs, etc.). Study.

All this in the important morning.

I reclaim the inspirational "purity" of monkish mornings.

Once this is reclaimed, can business be far behind?

Rule number one: Do not open emails until these morning ablutions are finished.

Beyond this it means leading the life style I've always dreamed about, aimed for, wanted! It means claiming my freedom.

Subtly, trading stocks kept me tied to the old neighborhood; it held me back: Trading expressed fear impediments. Subtly, it put and pushed me down. Sure it was my own creation. It created a brake on running-wild-on-the-lawn.

Evidently, I no longer need this impediment.

Giving up trading is a giant step toward personal freedom.

I paid for my learning in the College of Hard Knocks. But I can also say: "Thank God I lost all that money. Finally, after only 40 years, the College knocked some sense into me."

New View of Folk Dancing

Folk dancing now includes running, gym, and yoga.

One form feeds the other. All are interlocked, subsumed and consumed, in one giant artistic constellation.

Where does music fit in? Where do guitar, violin, gaida, and singing fit in?
Where does Hebrew poetry fit in? I don't know yet.

Relationship Between Stock Trading and Guitar Tremolo

Focus on the guitar bass makes all forms of tremolo easy.

Is there a relationship between trading and tremolo?

Both have held me back, put and pushed me down. I returned to the old neighborhood in tremolo by focusing on treble. I see now that obviously it is the weak link, the wrong place to focus. By doing so, I weakened myself, placing barriers before my artistic strong self. Just like trading.

By dropping stock trading – my form of confidence and inner strength denial, I simultaneously drop my focus on treble. I return to my guitar playing, artistic. true self.

Focusing in this true manner makes playing Alhambra, Leyenda, and all arpeggio pieces easy and obvious.

Time for a Break

Suddenly, I feel so blessed by these revelations.

They feel like a truth that will last forever.

But nothing lasts forever, even my revelations.

Does this mean the blessings will disappear?

Perhaps its simply time for a break.

Time to move on to something else.

February 4, 2013

New life.

Millie Jacobs died. It makes me very sad.

Tuesday, February 5, 2013

New Leaf Journal as Significant

Second day of a new life. A bit empty this morning,

I want and need a purpose and a goal.

As for writing goal, purpose, glory, fame, and importance:

I'd like my New Leaf Journal to be significant. To be worth editing, printing, and promoting. Since that is what I write and do every day, I'd like it to be worthy and worth pursuing.

Does that mean that my major work for the next year or so will be editing?
Maybe.

Glory and Fame

Can I still get glory and fame to push and motivate me to do something? To write, dance, promote, other? Will vanity and egotism still work? I don't know. But what else will do it?

True, glory and fame promote myself; but more significant for me at this point in my life: they also promote the importance of others.

Maybe re-editing and adding to New Leaf Journal, and preparing it for Amazon,.com, is my next giant editing step.

A 2013-2014 project.

(I think this may push Hebrew to the back burner. Yet it could still be my form of study. But later in the day.)

Wednesday, February 6, 2013

Plan the day, and the road.

Thursday, February 7, 2013

Back to the Bible

What's new in my new life today?

Back to the bible. Reading the Torah in Hebrew.

What's new?

Talk about slowing down, study in depth, moving towards the interior, heading downward in depth: I'm in absolutely no rush to read quickly, forge ahead, or "finish" the Torah, Tannach, and entire bible. I don't mind spending an entire day on one sentence or even one word!

But I do love the study! Aha, and I'm so glad to return to biblical studies. After all, my goal in studying Hebrew was, is, and will be really to study the bible, the read it in the original. And I've made progress, so it is now easier to do.

And no rush! I like this steady feeling, this charge-to-the- interior place I'm in.

Anything new in guitar today? I'd like there to be.

How would I truly like to play before people, before an audience, before my audience?

Strangely, just as my books are not complete until they are published, so my guitar playing is not complete until it is "published," that is, played ("per-formed") in front of an audience.

Therefore, my guitar playing is still incomplete.

How to go public as my own person? On guitar and other? I still haven't been able to answer that question.

I took first steps in Milan Pavanese: Yes, I can play them for myself. But can I play it for an audience. . . and still be myself?

Finding TOTALLY ME

Playing for an Audience and More

There is a way I could play for an audience. I'd have to be **TOTALLY ME!** If I could play as totally me, I'd be totally relaxed and comfortable.

I'm not sure of what "totally me" means yet. But if I can find it, I'll be able to play for an audience, any audience.

If I could present myself, and be, TOTALLY ME, I'd be relaxed not only performing (playing) on the guitar, but even running tours, leading folk dancing, and socially upon entering a room with people, any people. I'd just be able to accept myself as myself, no apologies, defenses, or protections. Nothing. I'd just be me. That's it.

Being (not becoming) TOTALLY ME is the best and only way to present myself and to go.

Now if I can just find out, discover, what TOTALLY ME is.

So, next question: Who is the TOTALLY ME I am presenting?

I have a slow (Milan Pavane) side: it is inward, meditative, withdrawn, and interior.

I have a fast (Tarrega Alhambra) side: It is dynamic, fiery, open, commanding, take-charge, and powerful.

The Dual Nature of TOTALLY ME

In a sense, these are opposite sides, a contractory and conflicting. How can I be both persons at once? Is this mass of opposites TOTALLY ME? Maybe.

How can I appear in public with these contractions? Perhaps "being able to appear with all my contractions" is the only way to appear in public!

Wandering in and out of both sides, may be TOTALLY ME.

Of course this may be human nature and true of all people: All people wander in and out of being totally them. Such wandering may be human common ground. If yes, then performing in conflict, appearing as a contraction may be the best, and only way to perform!

On Funerals and Shiva

I just returned from Ruth Dollinger funeral in Hackensack.

Yesterday we went to sit shiva at Herb Jacob's for Millie who died a few days

ago.

How do I “feel” about funerals and sitting shiva? For myself or for others?

For myself, personally, I resent making a public display of my pain and suffering. I’d rather go off into a corner and cry.

When my beloved wife disappears, do I even want to sit shiva? Do I want the work and “responsibility” of relieving the pain, guilt, and suffering of others?

Does it help me? Does it relive my suffering if I cry with them and they cry with me? Well, maybe.

I’d rather suffer in the corner in solitude, curled up like a hurt cat, and do lots of sobbing.

Share the joy; sob in solitude.

On the other hand, can one celebrate both life and death, joy and sorrow? After all, that’s what God created. He must have wanted it and thought it was good.

Every ending is a new beginning, and vice versa.

Can we find glory, substance, and celebration in both?

Something to think about.

Friday, February 8, 2013

Incomplete Guitar Continued

Goal: Play as a TOTALLY ME for an audience.

Something to aim at, something to work on, even a goal.

My guitar playing is not complete until it is “published,” that is, played (“performed”) in front of an audience.

Therefore, my guitar playing is still incomplete.

Start today: Give it a try.

Play Milan Pavanese, then Alhambra, Leyenda, and more.

Goal: Play as a TOTALLY ME for an audience.

The TOTALLY ME appears

Guitar playing goal: Realize the TOTALLY ME

I have a slow inward, meditative, withdrawn, and interior side. (Milan Pavane, Capricio Arabe, even Granados, etc.)

I have a fast, dynamic, fiery, open, commanding, take-charge, and powerful side: (Tarrega Alhambra, Leyenda, flamenco)

Where does Bach fit in? I don't know.

No question playing as TOTALLY ME is a worthy goal.

How does this goal counter fear and death?

Well, make it a burning desire goal.

I'm stumbling as I play Alhambra. It is still a practice, a warm-up, an attempt to improve it. Evidently, part of TOTALLY ME is the stumbling me.

STUMBLING, FUMBLING, SEARCHING ME is part of and belongs to TOTALLY ME. As I stumble, fumble, and search, the focus remains on TOTALLY ME.

I Hate Being Afraid

I hate being afraid.

Of course, I can "choose" not to be afraid; I can choose fighting fear as my goal.

Goal: Face the dark emptiness of abandonment and death.

Saturday, February 9, 2013

How to use Facebook and Youtube as sales tools?

Starting Fresh as the Natural Order

Note how I've totally forgotten everything I learned and said yesterday. And never mind all the days before that. Certainly, I am waking up with a tabula rosa, a clean slate.

I wonder if reincarnation works the same way. Have I so totally forgotten my past lives? Could be.

Maybe it is very difficult, if not close to impossible, not to "start fresh every day" and turn over a New Leaf.

Maybe starting fresh is the natural order. And being stuck in a rut, doing the same thing over and over, is the illusion.

Monday, February 11, 2013

Empty and new beginning.

Novels and Facebook

Advertising and promotion

1. Put in "Quote of the day" (a la Spartan Race) into emails and more.

A. Start collecting inspirational "Book of Quotes." Then use them in email and other promotions.

The way I see it, the artistic vaguely romantic way is to sink into the Down, to ostensibly go down as far as you can go so you can explore its, depths, and "know" the extent of its blackness. It is, in some sense, a knowledge quest, a romantic and artistic quest for knowledge.

The businessman's way, even the way of the entrepreneur, is to fight the down, struggle against it, scream at the descent, and to use will power to fight against the descent. It is to exercise and force the will muscle to push against and push out the blackness.

Since this Down is a mood, a passing cloud, it will eventually pass anyway.

However, the question is what to do while it lingers overhead. How to handle

it? The artistic-romantic, go-with-the-flow approach, or the businessman's use will power to fight against the flow.

Since the cloud eventually passes anyway, perhaps it doesn't matter which approach one uses. Or does it?

Another idea: Perhaps writing is a way of getting out of it. Express the blackness and eventually it runs out of gas.

This could be the poetic/entrepreneur approach. Why I throw the word "entrepreneur" in there, I don't know. Perhaps I would like to somehow unify the two approaches. Is there a "both?" What is the unifying factor? Is it the TOTAL ME? Could be.

Tuesday, February 12, 2013

Connecting Business and Entrepreneurship to Miracle Schedule
and Sales and Promotion

Yesterday, I felt a bit dizzy. It worried me. What's happening? Am I dying? On the verge of a heart attack? A stroke is in the offering? A rare form of diabetes gone wild?

This morning I woke up with a headache. Then I knew: Anger, hidden rage. Something is bothering me. My dizziness was an incipient headache on the rise.

My headaches often start with blurred vision. But this time it started with a dizziness. Different, but really a variation on the theme. I hate admitting such confidence in self-knowledge, but I know these strange physical events signs of an upcoming, headache.

My headaches are caused by anger.

Next question: What am I angry about? Why enraged?

Although all the deaths around me are sad and terrifying (bringing up the question: What will happen to me when I am in a similar situation), somehow I sense that these endings are not the reason for my headache. Oh yes, death “annoys and distracts” me. So does the idea of my own death and passing of those close to me.

But on a higher and even lighter level: What is death but a grand annoyance, the biggest pain in the ass, the greatest distraction?

Next question: Distraction from what?

Distraction from a passion-driven purpose. Distraction from a burning desire to fulfill that purpose.

Loss of purpose is a form of death, a living death.

That is what’s happened to me: I lost – or have forgotten – my purpose.

How can I find and reclaim it?

It used to reside in my Miracle Schedule. All the wonders of the world used to be held int its magnificent confines.

Somehow my Miracle Schedule has dribbled away. I’ve “forgotten” it. With this memory loss, all my burning desires with their celestial sparks and divine-driven purposes have disappeared.

This is an old and repeating phenomenon.

How did it happen this time? And why?

Note: some of the “loss of purpose” occurred when I gave up trading in the stock market. But, not only did I give up losing money, but I sense my trading covered my lack of excitement in other things. It gave me a sense of false dynamism and adventure, an up-and-down thrill, a sense of danger and excitement. But in general, deep down, I’ve always known that not only am I not good at trading (the fact I always lose money proves it), but I always sensed that it was not my true route; trading was really a distraction. And this especially was true once I “had enough money” in my account to be safe.

Yes, I’d say the trading, and especially so-called day trading, was a distraction.

But a distraction from what?

The “fact” that I could not find enough excitement in my “true work.”

What is my true work:

Well, everything in my Miracle Schedule!

Next question: How can I bring excitement back into my Miracle Schedule?

Something new: An addition. I could now, truthfully and easily, add business and entrepreneurship, with its sales and promotion, to my Miracle Schedule.

This earthquake addition heaves a giant cataclysmic shift in my Miracle Schedule. Seeing business and entrepreneurship as belonging to the realm of miracles is an “achievement.”

Why add them to Miracle Schedule?

Two reasons:

1. Lower reason: Fear-driven reason. A path out of loneliness, out of the devastation, isolation and terror coming from the death of loved ones.

2. Higher reason: God-connection reason. The awe-and-wonder connection with others sparks my juices. By awakens my best and most positive energies. It pushes and inspires me to do and be my best.

Other questions: Writing, guitar, exercise, and study are other aspects of my miracle schedule. None of these are fear-driven. Why then, for business. entrepreneurship, sales and promotion do I add the fear-driven aspect?

Maybe because the directly connection to others, to the public, has in the past, created many fears, rejections, disappointments, “lonelinesses,” etc.

But perhaps these are simply old fears in “new” forms, historical put downs of the TOTALLY ME self.

This is “nothing new.” It has been going on almost my whole life.

Again the old question: How to connect sales and promotion – the tough part of business and entrepreneurship – to Miracle Schedule?

Well, it’s a new ball game. I’m ready to try.

Wednesday, February 13, 2013

A Rest and Gathering Day

1. Drifting back to Bulgarian.
2. Also some guitar.
3. Getting ready for final "Crusader Tour" editing push, and then Infant Vision.
4. Business: Calls

Must I Become an Artist Again?

Why this great down and depression after I played Canarios?

Should I milk my low, write about it, go down deep and "analyze" it? Or should I just let it pass as the transient feeling and passing cloud that it is?

I sense I should milk it. Why not "use" my depression, employ my down, to create something? Make it a useful depression, a creative down. If, after all, "Depressions Can Be Fun" (my piece and words!), why not make it so?

Well, maybe fun is too strong a word. No depression is actually "fun." But it can be creative. Why not make it so? Turn my depressions into poetry!

A grand emptiness, a meaningless nothingness, a pit and void: That's what I felt after Canarios.

Perhaps its also because I've lost, or rather given up my connection between guitar and audience; I've given up the hope, the distant goal of some day performing, some day pleasing and audience. My guitar playing has drifted into solipsism, and thus meaninglessness. It's only self-absorption and for myself. I've given up the hope of ever connecting with an audience again. Yes, my fear of performing is gone; but so is the juice of meaning.

Is that the ultimate reason for my guitar, and even writing, depression: That I've given up? I've given up my hopes and desires of being and succeeding as an artist. I've traded it in for having a successful tour business, being and businessman and entrepreneur, building a JGI company, etc.

I've given up the hopes and dreams of my artistic core; traded it in for the more money that comes with tours. I've willingly isolated my artistic self and redefined myself as a businessman/entrepreneur/ in the tour business.

Tours, like the stock market, were once a means to an end. A way to make money to support my artistic creations. Now the means has become an end in itself. In the process, I have somehow lost my meaning. Thus the artistic depression.

Yes, that's what it is: an artistic depression. Everything in my life is going well, or certainly okay. Not much I can complain about. Money and finance are okay. Life is generally stable. And yet, I am still depressed. And that is because somehow, I have given up the hopes of pleasing my audience through my artistic core.

Again, the question: "Who am I?" arises.

Yes, I want and need to keep the tour business growing. But do I also want (and even need?) to give up the audience pleasing hopes of my artistic self?

What are the new words here? What's new?

1. Audience pleasing
2. Hopes
3. Artistic self

Must I resurrect these hopes (and will they now come again with my old fears?, in order to lose or release my depressions?

Must I become an artist again? Maybe.

What does it mean?

It means I must promote my books, DVDs/CDs dances, and guitar playing. I must promote, sell, and believe in my artistic self and its creations.

It must all be part of JGI. It must be added to tour sales. In fact, it is the foundation of tour sales! And this because it is my spiritual and creative source. Without it and the constant contact with my creative center, source of my light and desire, everything becomes meaningless.

Yes, I have made peace with sales and business. They are now part of my

miracle schedule.

Now I must draw my guitar (music), books (writing) and DVDs (dancing) into the fold.

JGI encompasses all. Its my personal conglomerate. All the pieces of my miracle schedule must fit together or the whole structure becomes worthless, meaningless, and falls apart.

Re performing, sales, and returning: Maybe I won't be returning with the same fears as the past. Maybe things will be different.

Thursday, February 14, 2013

Maybe reading novels – and only novels, poetry, and fiction – is my end and “final project.”

Two reasons: First, I've read just about everything else. Novels and poetic language are the “only thing left.”

Second, every morning I feel the end approaching. It covers me with a fundamentally sadness and finality. It also takes lots of the energy and purpose out of life. I can see the end up ahead, and the “Why bother?” is hitting me strong.

Creating new dances are either on hold, or withering away into “done.” gone. It seems I'm in gathering mode, collecting all the past pieces of my life, putting them together in a final whole. Harvest time.

Thus, the pleasure of novels, beautiful language, and exciting plots, is all I have left. I don't feel the drive to accomplish and conquer as much. However, I must say that “reading novels” is something that, not only have I never allowed myself the pleasure of doing, but thus and truly, I haven't done!

Imagine that: Something I haven't done. A stone unturned.

I wouldn't call reading novels a “project.” Why? Mainly because I don't see

reading them as improving myself. The drive for self-improvement has also somewhat stilled. At least this morning.

So where am I? What to do?

The un-project project: Read novels. Check out the great literature of the ages. This could, would, might be, and will be the study portion of my miracle schedule. (It's more of a pleasure study than self-improvement study, but I'd somehow, in the new fashion, call it study, nevertheless.

Something else I said back there however, touches and bothers me: I used the "Why bother?" phrase. That's an old and familiar phrase born of depression. But beyond that, it is the ultimate put-down and return to the old neighborhood phrase.

Why am I visiting the old neighborhood now? Should I return to therapy?

Thus, two phases/things for this morning:

1. Read novels. This is, would, could be a new direction.
2. Check out and understand: Why the "Why bother?" attitude?

Friday, February 15, 2013

Editing

This "Why bother?" attitude is really flogging my mind. Partially, caused by the upcoming death fear, or knowledge of an upcoming ending. It's also fed by the "return to the past" in rewriting my old books. Editing does that.

Aha, "editing does that." It is, to me, a stopping point, a dull and dead point, a point of dullness and deadness.

Is that where the "death" domes in? Yes, I know I'm getting older as are my friends and family, and that some are dying around me. Yet, sad as that is, deep down I feel that's not what's pushing me down, depressing me. Rather, that hopeless, why try? What's the use? Why bother? feeling is a vaguely familiar one. I've had it in the past before. It's causes are usually push-down, repression, forced stopping, and other.

So what's going on now?

1. I'm editing; rewriting and revisiting the past. A stopping-dead point. Editing to me is not moving forward; rather, it is combing the past and "perfecting" it.

On the deadness of editing, or rather, the lifelessness of editing, could be my next topic. I am dealing with the lifeless, the dead. That's one reason why the "Why bother?" attitude keeps rising in my face.

Any others? I'm not sure.

Editing brings me no forward vision. And forward vision is the life's blood of hope. And with hope, comes drive, aggression, conquest, and desire. Exactly the four components that are missing from my life.

Why does editing do this to me? I don't know.

Can I bring a forward vision to editing? I don't know.

There are two potential joys of editing.

1. First is the possible fulfillment of the desire that my works will be read and appreciated by others. This commercial aspect is somewhat related to sales, promotion, and business. Note that these three are now, have slipped into, my miracle schedule. I'd call this (personal and) public pleasure.

2. Second is the joy of perfecting something. This means reading is slowly and appreciating its rhythms, sounds, and beauty. Can I do that? I don't know. Is it enough for me? I don't know.

I'd call this personal pleasure.

Yet, in the constant search for unity, I want to combine personal and public pleasure; I want to make them one.

If I manage to do this, will my "Why bother?" attitude dissolve? Maybe.

Banishing the "Why bother?" Attitude

Wow, get this: The only way I can move editing beyond "Why bother?", move it into forward looking vision is to combine editing with business, with promotion, sales, and entrepreneurship!

Editing must belong to sales!

And promotions, too. It will promote my name, and thus my tours, f.d. classes, videos, etc. (Witness Hong Kong!)

Perfecting my product for future sales brings a forward looking vision. (This kills the "Why bother?" attitude.)

The Vital Importance of Sales and Salesmanship!

This means its time to start promoting and selling my books. It's time to include them in my general business and sales plan.

Salesman is the once-hated object!

I say once-hated. But this former attitude is no more. I can now see that it is sales that drives me out of the house, out of myself, out of my narrow cloistered, protected, inner world; it drives me into the discomfort zone, which is, paradoxically, the my very (most?) creative zone.

It's time to see the vital importance of this, my main role in life: To be a salesman.

Not only is being a salesman good for others; it is good for me! Not only do I sell myself to others; I sell myself to me!

Promotion to others is self-promotion; and vice-versa.

Carry this sales attitude into guitar playing, too. In fact, I carry it into daily life, into everything! It is the daily greeting, the hello and out-going smile!

Repression, Put-Down, Return to the Old Neighborhood

"Why bother?" attitude is a repression of my out-going, aggressive, upbeat, hello, daily greeting, sales attitude. It is emasculation at its most subtle psychological level.

And there is no question that my good morning, "sales" hello wakes and

energizes me!

I am about to put my books, the essence of my inner self, out there.

Is that what this year is all about? Maybe.

I do always feel that in public, a part of me is always holding back. In private, I'm giving my all, but in public, I'm always holding back a bit. I keep the best "out of sight," not displaying the "book-essence me" in public.

Well somehow, now I'm getting ready to do it! Editing my books for the public, getting ready to display my essential self and selves, to put them all on the line for up-front smiling sales, promotion, and business, is my first step.

Saturday, February 16, 2013

For Me: To Find My Inspiration Again

Back to: For Me: Very important.

To find my roots and inner strength again.

Building my JGI company, and my JGI products are important. Their organization, sales, and promotion are important. And that's what most of this year has been about. For my tours (JGI tours) and my books (JGI products.)

All this is outwardly, sales and promotion oriented. But evidently, I also need something mainly and solely for me.

1. Argentina and new destinations. . . for me.

2. Calligraphy: Hebrew and other, and art. . . for me.

Any music for me, too? Exercise and/or yoga, too?

Dare I break out of my mold and give myself the time and space to something solely for me?

Do I dare release myself from my mental bonds and go deep down into my artistic solo side?

All this to find my inspiration again.

“Give up the outward; return to the inward.” At least for awhile until I get back on my feet and find my inspiration again.

I have somehow truly gotten lost. Lost in the outer, gone public, sales, organization, promotion, and money-making world. My total focus has “slipped” into this. In the process, I’ve lost or at least forgotten my soul. I’ve also lost my courage.

How this happened, I don’t know. But I’m definitely getting mucho depressed about it.

Time to re-discover and return to my artistic solo roots. My solo artistic roots. (Am I a solo artist? Maybe.) Without this, I will simply die inside. As I have been slowly doing now.

I have to get back to doing things only for me.

Time to return to my core, the center of the earth.

Also editing. (In fact, everything! Get back to my roots!) Only for myself. Who will read my stuff, anyway? No one. Or rather, I’ll never know.

Editing, like everything else, must start off as, and ultimately be, only for me.

Results of Lost in the Wilderness

Indeed, I have somehow drifted and wandered too far off the reservation!

But who knows? After this foray into the wilderness, I may come back to myself with renewed strength, conviction, confidence and power!

Starting off by trying to please others is a worthless path.

But if the result of pleasing myself is that I subsequently also please others, that’s a lovely result and that’s an extra gift from heaven!

The Goal of Pleasing the Audience Creates Fear and Uncertainty

Even guitar performance, concerts, whatever you want to call them, are only for

me. The goal of trying to win or please the audience is, as a direction, a total downer. This goal, this approach and direction, create fear and uncertainty; artistically and happiness-wise, it is a total loser.

A Totally New Guitar Practice!

“Only for me” is a total reorientation of my guitar playing!

This will take mucho practice and rethinking.

Indeed, this approach will dispel all fear and uncertainty! I’ll be able to play exactly the way I want, as who I am, and be totally free! An amazing and wonderful place!

Here’s a challenge: Expand this “only for me” to tours, business and organization. Expand it to sales, promotion, emails and more.

Expand it into a view of the universe.

Can I do it? What a challenge!

It certainly is the key to my happiness, inspiration, and fulfillment.

Sunday, February 17, 2013

States of Mind

The Doorway To Others Is Through The Self.

On keeping the audience out of mind, putting it in the background as secondary, and stepping into myself as primary: On being TOTALLY ME.

Feelings of abandonment, loneliness, and isolation. And this, even though I know such self-solitude is the best step, both for me (as first) and my audience (as second).

Truth is: I am never abandoned, lonely, alone or isolated. This feeling, mood, mode, and state is solely created by my imagination. It is based on a misunderstanding

and an ignorance.

Truth is: I am always part of others. I belong to the universe. All is One. That is the spiritual truth of the universe. It is up to my mind to grasp that Truth.

However, how difficult it is to grasp and especially live that Truth. To grasp and live it is my momentary and lifetime challenge.

How to get there?

The doorway to others is through the self.

Monday, February 18, 2013

It's not about the money; it's about the push. And maybe, ultimately, about the energy cycle.

Wednesday, February 20, 2013

New Tour Direction?

Am I kidding myself?

Yes, I definitely need a challenge to fill and push my mind and body. But, will I really feel badly if my tours are small, and do not fill the way they used to? Yes, I'll feel embarrassed, and slightly humiliated. And I let others down, namely, the agents I work with.

But maybe I'm drifting in a new tour direction: One of building up the alternatives, namely, small tours run by others. and perhaps, even by myself.

Thursday, February 21, 2013

Move Past Fear: Give it my All!

Even though I'm vaguely concerned about my business, few are signing up for tours, the main reason I've been vaguely depressed and down is due to fear. Somehow, I'm afraid to give things, anything, my all. I'm somehow afraid that if I do, I'll be hurt, injured, tired, destroyed.

I don't know why I feel this way, but I do. Perhaps it's due to a fear that strikes me when I "think" or "realize" I'm 75 and should be afraid of injury if I try or push too hard. And this fear is causing me to hold back, and thus de-press myself.

My life is going well. Things, although not perfect (when does that ever happen?) Are, basically okay. I really should be grateful for all I've got. Instead I'm somehow and subtly "looking for trouble." Actually, I'm trying to create or manufacture trouble. Why? Perhaps to motivate myself. Motivate myself to do what? I love (or once loved) all the miracle schedule things I do (did.) Now somehow, that love has dribbled away.

The dribbling-away affect is caused simply by fear: Fear to push beyond my limits, fears of taking a risk, taking a chance, fear of imagined negative consequences. Perhaps this is an old return-to-the-old-neighborhood pattern. In fact, I know it is!

Somehow my task is now to jump over my fears, move past them, even "give them up," and plunge into make my supreme effort: Give it my all!

How and where to practice: Give it my All!

1. Hebrew effort
2. Guitar effort
3. Running, yoga, and gym effort
4. Tour effort: Advertising, create ads, etc.

Can Love Replace Fear as a Motivator?

The old way of motivating myself is by scaring myself. (Without motivation and a goal up ahead to motivate me, life feels meaningless.)

Therefore I motivated myself by creating fears: Fear of poverty, no money, no financial support, etc. has been my lifelong fear, or rather, my biggest fear since I got married. This fear has been a prime motivation. Without it, I feel rather lost. Thus, success in the tour business, having some savings, etc. instead of inspiring me and making me happy, instead depressed me. What will motivate me now? Was my

question.

Well, I've moved vaguely past that. I've "accepted" the fact that I have some money. . . even enough money to get along and not constantly worry about it. But again, the question emerges and emerged: Now what? Without my dire financial fears, what will motivate me?

Competition with others also creates fear, a different kind which causes me to shut down and retreat. Some competitive fears, competition with others, is not good for me. Competing with myself, however, is a good one!

Do I need a fear in order to motivate myself? Any fear? Or can I motivate myself another way?

Can I motivate myself without fear?

Can I be motivated by love?

I love all my miracle schedule activities. Would love alone be enough to motivate me? I wish it were. Could it be true?

Something to consider. In fact, it may be the next step to consider.

Love, Fear, and Money

In fact, I can say that almost all my dealings with money concern fear. The only time "love" steps in is when I imagine place that money will create in the future: A place without fear where I am safe and free to feel. . . love!

That is truly, ultimately, and basically, the "only" reason I want money. To find a place where I can feel the violin-music high, the Beethovenian, meltdown Magnificence of love. Once I am "there," there is no other place to be.

Remember Love

So, if reaching that heavenly place is my "goal," how can I reach it, achieve it in life?

Will tours or the stock market help? Not if I push and focus on them with my old attitudes. (I'd simply be going round in circles again and getting nowhere.)

Yes, I must return to tours and the stock market, but with a new attitude.

What is the new attitude?

Remember love when I do them. . . .Remember love.

What a commandment this is! And a mitzvah when I do it!

Start today!

Turning, Metamorphosing, Changing Fear Into Love

Specific Exercises

1. When my money goes down in the market, remember love.
2. When my money goes up in the stock market, remember love.
3. When no one registers for tours, remember love.
4. When many register for tours (it should only happen. How I would love this challenge!), remember love.
5. When I'm overwhelmed with business, things to do, hopes and dreams, remember love.

Friday, February 22, 2013

Barry says: In styling title, capitalize all words. Int's easier and I'll be consistent.

Wednesday, February 27, 2013

It is so easy playing guitar. I just have to go slow, easy, and at my own pace. Then pieces like Alhambra, Leyenda, and more become simply, nothing, easy, and fun.

Thursday, February 28, 2013

Perfecting

Writing Direction:

New idea and concept for "editing:" Perfecting.

I like this word!

Spend one hour a day perfecting my writing.

Good advice: Don't hurry. Take your perfecting time.

Enjoy!

Guitar Direction:

Perfecting guitar, too.

Is perfecting my next direction?

Exercise, Running, Yoga

Fewer exercises, but deeper and better.

Language: Hebrew:

Fewer words, deeper knowledge

Friday, March 1, 2013

Narrower, fewer, and deeper focus:

A focus on perfecting.

Saturday, March 2, 2013

Age of Perfection

Patience, focus, and constant work bring one closer to perfection. This is the age of perfection.

Post-75: The Age of Perfection.

Thus the Alhambra (and some Leyenda) is all I need. The narrow, depth-focused path to perfection.

The path to guitar perfection lies in the right index finger. The index finger "points" the way.

My Guitar Playing (Al,Ley, and more) Choice

It's either slow and clear or fast and sloppy.

Which one do I prefer?

(Is it time to accept or at least know my limitations?

No. I refuse to accept them.)

However, for now, slow and clear is my chosen path.

Sunday, March 3, 2013

Reviving my Guitar (and Folk Singing) Career

Hear Garnet Rogers, the Canadian folk singer, perform last night. Afterward I read about his life. Then the strangest thing happened: I had the craziest idea I ever heard:

I'm thinking (I thought about) reviving my guitar career!

It would certainly be different.

How different?

1. I'd come back only as a folk singer.
2. I'd put my classical guitar into the "private fun and funding section of my brain." No public performing of classical guitar (unless only by serendipity or accident.)
3. I'd be singing group songs, my songs, and international folk songs, and throw in some stories and ad libs.

Thus, the final decision has been made. If I ever perform again, it will be as a folk singer. Classical guitar performance and playing is out. Classic guitar playing is only for myself, for my private use. Like gym, yoga, running, Hebrew, and other things.

Energy Uplift

The program would start off with group singing, just as my folk dance program starts off with group dancing. (Social director personality made manifest. Easy, simple, no problem. Yes, a prelude of energy uplift (may be) is necessary, as it is before every

performance.

“Energy uplift.” I like that phrase. “Energy uplift” came easily and naturally. I used to call it nervousness or pre-performance anxiety. But now, as “energy uplift,” it has a different meaning and connotation. It is the realm of fun and higher power.

I’d almost have to learn to sing all over again. Start from scratch.

Monday, March 4, 2013

Slap-Down of Gushing Glory

Friday was a great day. . . my best in a long time.

Saturday was not bad, either. And so was Sunday morning.

But Sunday afternoon (after reading Sassoon’s email letter), my brain and body totally collapsed. Down I went into a deep lost feeling accompanied by weakness and depression.

After my wonderful hour run on Friday, did I run too much on Saturday? (I wanted to do 15 minutes, but did 30 instead.) Could it have been from overuse? But so powerful and sudden down in was. Fatigue and aching. But maybe overuse, although hard to believe.

Also, instead of resting after my great Sunday morning, I “pushed the envelope” and did “extra” work. Perhaps that too pushed me over the top. In fact, I know it did!

That’s it! I was basically feeling great right through the glorious and fulfilling Sunday morning! I had great ideas, stocks going well, tour expansion sales through emails to Keshet Lemachol Israeli dance mailing list, editing/perfecting my books and my writing, even reviving my guitar career – all good ideas, and I was cooking greatly. A Yes and Wow time and a future of wonderful things to do.

And then, instead of gushing with it, I repressed it, pushed it down by “overworking.” Actually, my “pushing of the envelope” was my way of denying this glorious up feeling, a way of retreating and denying it. Result: sudden retreat and

return to the old neighborhood with a good old Ma memory, running-wild-on-the-lawn slap down. Of course, I did it to myself. But who's counting?

There's the reason for my sudden down. I slapped myself down. This slap down of gushing glory is so familiar, an old habit and mental "trick." I spend thousands of dollars in therapy to know about it, be aware of it, and know how to handle it.

Truth is, I expanded and grew. Then came the old habit/old neighborhood negative thoughts. Sassoon's miserable email was just a very pale timing excuse.

"Pushing the Envelope" as Slap Down

That even may be with I "push the envelope." To avoid, repress, deny, push away, and "protect myself" from these great feelings.

What is the survival advantage of such denial? Perhaps avoidance of the terrible childhood crush-down of my real, infant, wide-open and joyous self. The crushing memory of that feeling just hurts too much! My little, joyous self stamped on, ground into the dust under the iron heel of "Stop it!" (In fact, I'm crying as I write this!)

Perhaps that was the evil "purpose" of Sassoon's email letter. It "reminded" me to crush myself, to repress the joyous feeling of victory and fulfillment.

Victories!

Yes, one victory after another. It culminated on Friday with the greatest day I've had in a long time. So many victories piled up. How could I take it? Well, I was taking it, and quite well, until Sunday afternoon.

List of victories:

1. Stocks going well
2. Email enjoyment! The new idea of tour expansion sales through emails to Keshet Lemachol Israeli dance mailing list.
3. Editing/perfecting my books and my writing.

4. Reviving my guitar career
5. Return to running/exercise/yoga. Getting in great shape.

This means I have to learn to feel the joy and (simultaneously) deal with the pain of the put-down.

Evidently, it is very sad to feel joy.

Joy does make me cry. My ego dissolves, I break down and cry, under the Beethovenian and universal harmonious power of its Magnificence, Beauty, and Glory.

Spike-High Joy Versus Contentment and Satisfaction

A Change of Goal and Direction

Maybe my goal should be contentment rather than the spike high of joy with the crashing down that follows.

The spike high of joy, the “artistic high” comes from my Beethoven listening experience. The culmination of ecstasy. Top of the mountain, meeting with God experience. It is, as my wife says, very stressful. In this sense, joy is very stressful. And maybe it is not, or should no longer be, a “goal” I want to reach.

Maybe better is the more even goal of satisfaction and contentment.

Fanatics, revolutionaries, and artists reach for, and often temporarily attain, the joy high. But the revolutions fall apart, the fanatics go to jail, and the “joy-searching” artists usually live in a garret and rarely make money. Their mountain-high joy is followed by the valley of despair depression.

Running-wild-on-the-lawn mirrors this wild joy. Do I really want, or still need, or even desire, it?

Wednesday, March 6, 2013

How to Handle Death

How to handle death: Stay involved with your routines. Sadness and depression

will be there and follow you anyway. No matter what you do, it will be a companion hovering overhead or beneath you. Yet you must go on, distracting yourself and healthifying yourself with healthy, outward bound activities.

Thus, keep the routine going, even in sadness and heaviness of heart.

Friday, March 8, 2013

Time for some New Goals

1. Chinese language lessons.
2. Guitar: Alh. Ley, Arp. Other:
 - A. The "What is so hard about this?" phase.
3. Other

Exhilaration Left Knee

Exhilaration in left knee. Letting the exhilaration ride!

Saturday, March 9, 2013

Starvation, Artistic Approach, and "Do it Until I Drop"

Unreasonable and passionate is sadly/happily the way I do things.

Thus guitar: I've starving so long now I have an abnormal hunger to play fast.

Money and finance: I've been starving so long now I have an abnormal hunger to make (lots of) money!

What to do?

Follow my abnormal inclinations until they run out of gas.

It's the artistic saturation-point approach. Do it until I'm sick of it, stuffed with it, had enough of it. Do it until I reach the "been there, done that" saturation point state.

Yes, it's unreasonable, passionate, and sometimes even dangerous. But what can I do? I'm an artist and I've got an artistic approach to life: That's what I do and the way I do it.

Unreasonable and passionate is a deep part of my nature. Sadly/happily I even

(partly) admire it.

Thus the artistic approach: “Do it until I drop.”

This also means I can play all my flamencan things with fire and passion!

Tuesday, March 12, 2013

This morning I woke up with an almost crippling pain in my right hand, my right hypothenar region, to be exact.

This is a rare pain. In fact, I don't remember ever having it before. I don't remember hurting myself or straining my hand in any way. What is it? And why now?

Let's first look at physical reasons: I can only think about my right molar and my trip to the dentist. Perhaps it is a referred pain. This doesn't seem quite right, but I'll throw it in anyway.

Let's now move to mental or psychological reasons: My right hand symbolizes both my mouse hand, and my guitar playing hand. Even this seems a bit vague.

Let's get to the bottom line. I had an absolutely glorious day yesterday. Not only did I “solidify” a vision of my tour company future—including the Far East, adding Japan, China, and then even Scotland through Richard, but I also had a great day in the stock market. I made a record \$2500 day trading stocks! This, on top of last week's great day where I made 2G. Suddenly, I have some new thoughts about myself:

Here's what I wrote yesterday afternoon: (I'll also copy it into my trading journal.)

Suppose my market and tour success is the “new normal?” If this is so, (and deep down, I believe it might be, actually is!, although I tremble to think about what I just said):

1. Do I stay calm and balanced?
2. How do I deal with this new self image and its new kabbalah uplift energy?

Here are some (of today's) truths:

1. I am trading well.

2. I am touring well.

How can I stand it?

The impossible seems to be coming true, or at least more possible.

Perhaps I need a new view of possibilities.

Did I just have two good days? Or is it a trend?

Have I actually learned something and am thus “different” and changed?

If all my wishes are coming true, will I sabotage myself?

No. I’ve “been there, done that.” The new is on the horizon. I’m ready to get used to the next level. I truly feel I “have no choice.” Why? I’ve done everything else. I’ve traveled the poverty and worry road. “Been there, done that.” I’m ready to deal with the success road, even in trading. It’s just totally new for me.

Suppose I create a new “goal:” 2G per day in day trading.

Getting back to the pain in my right hand: Since I can think of no physical cause, perhaps it is related, in Sarnoian fashion, to the birth of my new mental condition. The right hand pain of rebirth, re-birthing pains of the new self.

Most of my happiness yesterday came from my success in day trading. Accompanying this was a vague feeling that “perhaps I’m getting it.” Perhaps I’m actually doing it differently, trading better, and can actually say “I’m good in it.” Again, I’m afraid to say this; I may slip backward with some bad days. But truth is, I am doing things differently, putting in my stop losses, sensing the market, or at least the stocks I’m working with, trading a bit more “in the moment” and without expectations.

We’ll see.

In any case, yesterday was a great day!

Right hand: I’m sure of it. It has to do with Danny, Alhambra, concert Gus Ferri, fast playing at opening of concert, on first piece with no warm-ups, third movement of

Beethoven "Moonlight" Sonata, Jin playing,

I like my slow playing; I'm finding and have finally found a comfortable way to play my guitar. But now, to experiment with speed opening with no warm up. For me, it doesn't work. It makes playing uncomfortable. Not only can I not do it (although if practiced the fast-opening method, maybe I could?), I don't like or want to do it! I want the pressure off me, not on me. All this, at least for now.

So give up the fast-entry approach. At least for now. Go back to slow, beautiful, relaxed with its beautiful tones. Speed is secondary and may/will come later. Or/and I'll find my own way to speed. In fact, I found something of it a few days ago with index strong Alhambra, Leyenda, Prelude in Dm Bach, etc.

I'll bet my right hand hypothenar pain starts diminishing and disappearing very soon. We'll see. (Doubt expressed.)

But I bet it will! (Confidence expressed.)

Wednesday, March 13, 2013

Angry and Disgusted by my Market Hopes

I am thoroughly disgusted with my brain. What cause it? The crashing and crushing of the happy illusion of my market hopes.

As night followed day, Tuesday was a down day just as Monday was an up one. Stocks went way up Monday, a great trading day: thus my mind went way up; Tuesday, I lost all of what I made Monday. A down day. My mind is rotating, spinning around the gains and losses, the illusions, gambling, and vicissitudes of the market.

What to do?

Well, a good knock on the realistic head like yesterday is the first cure. (Whether such "cures" every last is another story.)

Meanwhile my confidence, hopes, and "self-changing illusions have been given a good whack. Back to "reality."

But what exactly is reality?

Well, for on, reality means today is a new day. We'll see what it bring. But I am angry at myself for being fooled again by my market hopes. I'm mostly angry because I lost so much money yesterday. I put in so much time and effort into the market and now feel like I'm back to square one.

Going round in circles. Is it worth it? Well, yes. It's fun. But only when I'm winning. And yesterday I lost.

Why did I loose? Is it worth looking at and analyzing?

What to do?

The question is: What to do with and how to enjoy my victory? This is something difficult for me to do. (In a sense, I did sabotage Monday's victory by jumping quickly back into the market on Tuesday. What should I have done instead?

Well, my emotional high clouds my mind. The kabbalistic wow and explosive glory of my victory makes it difficult to think straight.

Learn this:

1. After such a (Monday) victory, rest on my laurels. Enjoy and luxuriate in the glory of my victory.

A. while doing so, get out of the market.

B. Or better, cut back on my positions. (Cutting back is compromise solution since I "know" I won't be able to stay out completely. Stay in small positions, or out completely, until I have calmed down and can think straight again. This way I can both hold onto and appreciate my victory.

2. Once I have "recovered," creep back into the market!

What Did I Learn?

So I did learn something about my emotions.

What to do after the glory of victory?

Basically, stop and do nothing.

Radiate, shine, smile and vibrate in the glory!

Victory and Kabbalistic Glee

The new level: Learning how to savor, appreciate and deal with victory and the high vibrations of kabbalistic glee.

Stock market: Deal better with the “left out” and “I’ve been abandoned” feeling. (The upside of this is patience. Example: HOV. I could have waited. I had even put in an order for the right price. But I jumped my personal gun, and bought too soon.

Long Term Goals: 3-Year Plan

By age 80, I want to:

1. Run a marathon
 - a. Train and prepare for it
2. What else?

More Handfuls of Air book cover:

For Tony: The book cover should be philosophical, fanciful, beautiful, humorous, off-beat, whimsical, and with a touch of the absurd.

Friday, March 15, 2013

I’ve just about reached two vital endings:

1. Ending of tour sales, ending of H of A editing. (Even the ending of stock market trading mania.)

These endings free me to move.

What's next?

1. 80 Project: Running, gym, and more is in order.
2. Writing, Music, even folk dancing.
 - a. Writing: Infant Vision, Inc., (perhaps NL journal)
 - b. Music??
 - c. Folk dancing: videos

Sunday, March 17, 2013

Strange Obligations

Strange, but my folk tours and even folk dancing are my business, whereas stock trading is my hobby. I now see a clear distinction. In my business, I strangely feel a responsibility towards people, towards others. Others are strangely counting on me. Folk dance teaching it's obvious: they stand right in front of me waiting to be taught and led. But folk tours are much less obvious. Somehow I feel an obligation to fill the tours. Why? Because others in the business are counting on me. By "others" I mean travel agents, agencies, staff, even more distant hotels, restaurants and services. They are all "counting" on me to bring them people. And I've also "committed" to them by "agreeing" to organizing a tour to their country. They are making time and space for me, putting themselves out of the way "just for me." And I thus feel an obligation towards them. Not only do I feel somewhat humiliated when I don't fill my tours; I also feel I'm letting them down.

Strange the feeling of obligation.

With the stock market, and even my guitar, gaida, and violin playing, and strangely, even my writing, I feel no sense of obligation. No one is counting on me to bring them customers, business, and help their economic and even life situation. Thus these activities are "mere" hobbies. Yes, they relax and sometimes even energize and inspire me. But they are not "necessary" and vital as is my business. This because my

business is directly related to and connected to people, directly affecting their lives.

My hobbies are “just for me.” Perhaps that’s why they are called hobbies.

Thus, in summary, people are counting on me. They are counting on me to get customers!

And I feel an obligation to get them.

And guilty and humiliated if I don’t.

The Calling

Why do I do this? Why do I put myself through such guilt and mental suffering? Because of a higher calling. I won’t do this for myself. A higher calling is “forcing” me to do it. I’ve been put on this earth and given certain talents in order to fulfill some kind of purpose. Perhaps it is a form of helping others. The higher calling is pushing me, “forcing” me to be uncomfortable, put myself out there, and go “beyond” myself. It is forcing me to strain, try, and grow in the service and for the service of others. And to grow and expand through serving others. I personally, would rather not bother. But evidently, it’s not only up to me. He/She/It Whatever is pushing me to fulfill my higher purpose.

Such a higher purpose is given to everyone on this earth. It’s a scary realization, a frightening feeling. It can be revealed if you pay attention and dare to listen.

(Perhaps this sounds a bit preachy, even grandiose, but I don’t know how else to say it.)

In any case, tours always put me in a vulnerable position and thus push, teach, and remind me about this higher purpose.

I hate and love it. But, it always feel like I have no choice but to do it. It is a calling, and I have to, am “forced” to follow.

Leadership is a Frightening but Higher Calling

Tours and leadership is a higher calling.

Stocks and trading are definitely, for me, not in that category.

Guitar: Strange, fast is the only way Alhambra will work.

When I play it slowly, my right hand freezes up.

Finances

I'm totally disgusted with the mess, loss, and confusion in my finances. I hate disorder, confusion, and such a mess. And feeling lost as to where I am and what I have.

What to do?

Get control of all my finances! Organize all. Look into banking, low interest loans or lines of credit, etc. my debts, payments, Paypal routing numbers, wire routing numbers, the whole banking system. Study it as you organize it!

Monday, March 18, 2013

Depression Precedes Creation

Once again this herculean sadness descends upon me. It will all be over some day. The mortality plea.

And yet, with this sadness comes the sudden urge to create and write. Is it another case of "depression precedes creation?"

Could be.

Yes, a sudden deep urge to write and create. . . but mostly to write. It is so freeing! Am I getting ready for Infant Vision, Inc? Maybe. But first I must ride my depression.

But first I must return to love of language with its Babylonian babble. Crazy words and their sounds strangely start the juices flowing.

Tuesday, March 19, 2013

Developing My Own Personal Day/Swing Trading Path

My mind is now sizzling and moving in all directions. An uncomfortable position.

Move back to focus.

As I read my stock and day/swing trading books, I'm thinking perhaps I've found and am on to, through experimentation and lots of ups and downs, mostly downs, my own method of trading.

Could this be true? Am I actually developing my own day/swing trading opinions and my own style? It's not investing, but day/swing trading.

By saying this, I am expressing an incipient confidence. Yes, it might be due to a couple of successful days; plus the market is rising.

Is my new found optimism and self-confidence based on luck and an up market? Other? On one level, only time will tell.

But at least today I feel a whiff of optimism and self-confidence: I'm onto my own personal trading path.

What does this "my own method" consist of?

That's the next question.

The Great Blood Supply Benefits of Fast

Guitar: Fast guitar playing is like fast running. And vice versa. It drive blood into the limbs, make them powerful, loose, and "full of blood." In both running and guitar (and gym exercise) it brings you to a new level.

In guitar: Playing fast drives blood into your hands

In running: Running fast drives blood into your legs

Wednesday, March 20, 2013

New Facebook phase of Life

Practice writing my daily 3-sentences to post on Facebook in my daily journal. Write them first in my journal; then copy and paste into Facebook.

If I don't give concerts anymore, for whom will I play guitar? Who will listen? Perhaps my inner mother in heaven. And the rest of the heavenly family. (Or rather, family in heaven. But this sentence reminds me of their death and makes me sad.)

It's an inner thumb experience, the Shantung thumb.

The Chinese Thumb

Nice title for my next novel! It has a freshness and wild difference. (I wonder what it means and what it will mean.)

Facebook: We're going to Poland in June! Richard Schmidt, well-known Polish choreographer and teacher from Montreal, is leading our tour. Folk dance enthusiasts from all over the world are coming: folks from Hong Kong, United States, Japan, Canada, and Norway. The tour is almost full. Who knows who else will join? Will it be you?

Want to see our itinerary? Check it out at: [link????](#)

Facebook/blog:

Five Minutes a Day

In this life, the only thing you have control over is your attitude.

The best attitude is: to get better and better!

Age, sickness, injury, and death all happen. But basically, they are all beside the point.

The main thing is to daily reach for goals.

If you're busy, even five minutes a day is good enough. In fact, (five minutes a day) is excellent! It keeps the fires burning and your goals flickering in the distance. (Most important), in the process, you create a great (positive, dynamic) habit!

Five minutes a day!

Friday, March 22, 2013

There was no sudden revelation about the Far East or China. It just evolved, and slowly plopped into place. No stars, strips, singing, or lighting strikes; no thunder rolls and dynamic, startling, earth-shattering visions. Only a low slow plop, and over a period of a few days, even weeks, the Far East study direction, calmly, easily, with a modicum of evolutionary gentle push, plopped into place.

Monday, March 25, 2013

Profits come and go, but feelings (and memories, both positive and negative) from relationships often last a lifetime.

(I want or I'd prefer that my feeling to be positive.)

Monday, March 25, 2013

From Saturday until today terrible pain in my root canal jaw.

The first day or so, I can understand it. But why is it continuing? And why is it intermittent? Periods of okay mixed with periods of agony?

I'm beginning to suspect some kind of TMS. Bu why? What am I sfracid of, trying to deny? Everything is going so well.

Well, perhaps that's it: Everything is going so well! That's what I'm afraid of, that's what I'm trying to run away from, trying to deny!

Everything is going so well! I've got to destroy it before it gets too good. But nothing has actually happened to destroy it. I seem to have "gotten the formula for a good life." Well, isn't this hubris? Shouldn't I be punished for such arrogance. such an expropriation of God's role? Am I not breaking the second commandment by saying and even daring to think such things? That I could be so in command of my destiny and my life? How dare I?

Time for punishment. Time to be whipped for my arrogance. And who better to do it than myself? But I can't just do it. I need an excuse.

Root canal is my excuse. A great one too because everyone confirms how it really hurts.

But why did all this start Friday night? We visited Mae, had a nice supper, then went to the gym. It was after the gym that my mandibular root canal troubles started.

Gym is somehow the key word here. Also a fair run the next day (Saturday) knocked me into the worst pain ever. An ever better run on Sunday, again knocked me into pain, but I felt very slightly better.

I could say I was slowly getting better, but again today, Monday, after a short stint at the gym, the pain returned with a vengeance.

Note how the words gym, and running keep coming up. My new commitment to these two are the main source of my newfound, the "I'm feeling better than I've felt in years" feeling. (I could also add good days in the market, and the feeling that my tour business is coming together. All good stuff. Dream-fulfillment stuff. How could I be so blessed? How could I be so happy? Do I really deserve such happiness, such fulfillment of my dreams?

Part of me cannot see or understand why or how I do. I must be punished for my success. I must feel pain for my victories. What better excuse than root canal. It keeps returning, popping up, whenever I feel good. It destroys my ups, and creates new downs. Thank God! Although it hurts like hell, this hell feels strangely like home, a return to the old neighborhood.

Amazing. Could this all be true? Am I really creating extra root canal pain as a punishment for my success?

Well, rather than a punishment, I'm creating it as a distraction. Part of me is totally uncomfortable with my success, and my successes which seem to keep coming day after day. I can't seem to stop them. And this no matter how hard I try. Am I trying? Well, not really. Well, partially.

Truly, I don't know what to do or how to handle this new state of affairs, a state where everything is going well. Root canal is a perfect distraction.

In fact, just as I wrote that last sentence, I felt a pain in my jaw!

I may also be mad because of the pressure these successes are putting on me!
But more than that, I think it is the slap-down of success that I'm feeling.

Notice also that my left knee pain has totally disappeared! Where will my symptoms now go? Perhaps into my jaw!

Relate my right root-canal jaw to my left knee.

Is this like a temper tantrum in my jaw? Yes.

Tuesday, March 26, 2013

This morning really mad a Dr. Ritt. What the fuck is the matter with him? Why didn't he finished my jaw? What the fuck is going on here?

Wednesday, March 27, 2013

Pull Back Time

Trading joy and thrills have dribbled away. Perhaps my luck has changed. This plus my root canal agony-pains has destroyed my concentration and focus. The magic, beauty, fun, and thrill of trading have leaked out of me. Yes, it could be my root canal which has (temporarily killed all joy and interest in anything. But who cares what the explanation might be. Truth is, it is.

My long string of vague luck has either run out or run its course. Time to pull back, take a break, do nothing, or do something different.

The market ia tired; I'm tired. Plus April is tour month.

Its not time to pull out but time to pull back.

1. Diminish my holdings. (Raise my stop-losses and/or sell off some.)
2. Take small profits again.

Drift away from the market focus because:

April is tour month:

1. BMG and Albania organization and sales month.
2. Poland organization and some Norway.
3. Facebook

Thursday, March 28, 2013

Push me to be my Best

Why should I bother climbing the mountain of China, Chinese, and the Far East in general?

Why does anyone climb a mountain? Because it's there.

It represents the unknown and the barrier beyond. The next challenge and struggle. As for Western civilization, Indo-European languages, their geography and history, even though I'll never master them, in a superficial sense, I've "been there, done that."

It is the next frontier. And, even though this morning I am feeling root-canal drained, vaguely lost, and down, perhaps/hopefully, I need a new frontier to conquer. It stimulates, inspires, elevates, and pushes me to be my best.

You're doing a great job at promoting this trip. Too bad I already was there. I'm hoping for Armenia next year.

Hedy

Sunday, March 31, 2013

China and Chinese for Today

My mind is very scattered. Tooth has still knocked me for a loop. Many projects in the works.

Important: Focus on one. Which one?

Strange, but I feel I've got to master China and Chinese before I can move on.

Definitely, a focus problem.

Focus on one: China and Chinese for today.

Chinese is not that Hard!

A life time conception, or rather misconception, is falling away: Chinese is not that hard!

I just wrote my first character, a combo of roof and pig which equals “home” or “family,” Jia. Then I did “tall.” Gao.

Not impossible. Well within range. Indeed, quite possible.

Chinese is not that hard!

Tuesday, April 2, 2013

Bleak

Such discouragement. Had to take 15G out of my escrow Fidelity account. I’m down 15G. Suddenly, the future looks so bleak.

I have no job but tourism, and that has boxed me into a corner. If tourism doesn’t work. I’ve got nothing. Back to square one and the old fear of financial ruin rises again. Suddenly, all my brilliant plans, hopes, and dreams are dashed and down the drain.

Bleak, indeed. And “only” down finances have done it. Shows the importance of finance, money, and ultimately, security, in my life.

Excel

Why learn Excel? Like Chinese, because it’s there.

Wednesday, April 3, 2013

Artist. . . and Perpetual Student

Getting my values and self straightened out.

Ultimately, I am an artist, not a finance person or even a business person or even

an entrepreneur. Finance, business, entrepreneur are necessary for survival. But they are secondary to my nature.

I can function in those modes.

But the best I'll ever be is "adequate."

But mainly, since my basic nature is artistic, the arts is where I'm comfortable and I belong. I can be good, and even excel.

Artist. . . and perpetual student.

Thursday, April 4, 2013

Guitar: Bach: Prelude in Dm and more:

What total satisfaction with my fingers!

A gorgeous Alhambra. Total transformation in the works.

After so many years, I slipped so easily into the bass, just as I slipped so easily into China, Chinese, and the Far East.

I also slipped so easily into running, gym, and my new health-filled routine.

Life of Poverty, Art, and Study

Maybe a life of poverty, art, and study is the best life for me, with the emphasis off money.

Maybe a life of poverty, art, and study will give me the most happiness and security.

How could I figure out and budget such a life?

Friday, April 5, 2013

Bless my Down Time

Nothing is happening business-wise. The mails are empty, the emails are empty, the phone is dead. It seems I have been forgotten and all business has stopped.

How to look at this “dead” or rather down time?

Best is to bless it. I need a quiet period. I need time to absorb, study, and help solidify my transition.

Regarding poverty. art and study of yesterday’s writing: It’s still true. But I can leave out the poverty, a negative, frightening term. Rather, see this quiet time as a period of reflection, pulling back, absorption, and understanding, and stabilizing my transition.

How long will my down time run?

It will run as long as it needs to run. Go with it, ride with it. Reap the benefits as I let it run its course.

What is being absorbed?

1. Excel
2. Chinese: language and history
3. Guitar: Alhambra, Leyenda, Bach Prelude beauty and more
4. Exercise: Run and gym
5. Facebook and emails send out

What might be developed and absorbed.

1. Blog
2. Make more Youtube folk dance videos:
 - a. Djani Mi Mamo (Dance of Infinite Balance),
 - b. Oildo Mi Novya
 - c. Ay Idem Jano, Taya Veche, etc

Transition is Done

Alhambra and Leyenda are like my left knee: Get used to them being better. “Getting use to” is part of the transition.

But truth is, transition is done. Over and finished.

I'm standing in the new world. Even "getting used to it" is passe, over, done with, a mental plaything, nothing real.

I'm here in the new world. Period. All changes are real, over and part of me. I am simple here.

Monday, April 8, 2013

Mad as Hell!

Somehow I have lost faith – and confidence – in my tour company.

It's a combination of paying out all my escrow funds, and the small registration for BMG and Albania. It's a bit early to give up on Albania, but not too early to resign myself to a small tour of BMG. About 15-18 people or so.

I am so disappointed, embarrassed, even enraged by the small amount of interest. And the lackluster registration. An old story. But I thought I was past it.

I feel like a train going down the tracks, suddenly derailed, and not knowing where to go.

I suppose mostly I'm mad, mad that things are not going exactly the way I hoped and "planned."

I also realize that this is mostly a mental state, and even somewhat unrealistic. But that doesn't matter. I'm mad as hell that things are not going the way I expected. Mad as hell at the small registration for BMG, and (I must say potentially, although there is still time) also Albania.

But let's not be so rational. Basically, my state since I laid out the escrow money and realized it is April and sales time is just about over, and I have low registration for BMG and Albania, is mad as hell! (Of course, the fact I have great attendance for Poland along with great future potential and possibilities, does not diminish my "mad as hell" state. This demonstrates the irrationality and unreasonableness of my mental state. But so what? That's the state I have, the state I'm in. So be it. Recognize, accept, and deal with it.

Mad as hell! That's where I am.

I'm having an old fashioned temper tantrum. Period. Is it realistic? Probably not (says my rational self). But who knows or cares? Realistic is besides the point. It's also not why I write my journal.

The most weird thing would be: I wonder if this incipient enragement is not expressed in my sudden, post-Friday night dancing, post-squat, left knee locking and pain.

It was victory squat dancing. The smell of victory combined with the sting of defeat merged in my left knee? Think about it.

Wednesday, April 10, 2013

An Easy, Relaxed, Fun Mop-Up

Yesterday was a satisfying day.

Today I'm somewhat overwhelmed lost, and broken up. What do I have to do? Prioritizing my activities makes it less overwhelming.

Okay, let's do it.

To be done:

1. Excel spread sheets: Albania and BMG. . . and Poland
2. Handfuls of Air: Proof read, write dedication, do cover.
3. Write up choreos. . .make videos, add to youtube
4. Facebook: Dee Thursday, then add daily entries
5. Email: Weekly emails to all, Albanian emails, too
6. Chinese, Hebrew, guitar, run, gym, violin, other.

What above is important, of first priority?

Maybe nothing. Maybe it's a "do nothing" day. Do nothing makes me ver uncomfortable. But that's where I am. Nothing I have to do is urgent. I really have a

day or two "off." Perhaps I should just take it. Let things settle and ride.

I've accomplished 90% of what I need to do. I'm in sit back, relax, only 10% to go mode. So basically, it means I'm finished. An ending.

Endings make me sad and nervous. Sad because the intensity is over; nervous because I'm facing an emptiness with "nothing to do."

I'm much better off with a direction and project, a forward goal, something to accomplish.

Evidently, I've accomplished (up to 90%) my old goals.

So. . . I need new goals!

That's what has been bothering me and why I didn't sleep well last night.

The above six are "mop-up operations."

So, where am I?

An easy, relaxed, fun mop-up. That's where I am.

Thursday, April 11, 2013

I am missing a sense of beauty, poetry, art and inspiration.

Can I find it in order and organization?

In box-like order of an Excess spread sheet?

Or in the organization of JGI with its books and DVDS sales?

Or a JGI tour company?

Decide to Accept the Truth of No Return

Guitar: The index finger feeling is it for Alhambra, Decide that this is it for Alhambra.

Simple decide: There is no going back, no return to the old neighborhood.

The past is over. The old neighborhood is dead. Even if I wanted to, I can't go back (except for a brief visit.)

I can't go back to the fears of the old financial neighborhood as well (except for a

brief visit.)

Friday, April 12, 2013

Today is a mop-up day. Time to mop up a lot of mops.

The "Truth of No Return"

Desire and Illusion: To Remain in the Old Neighborhood

Focus and thoughts of the old neighborhood are attempts to remain there. I'm fooling myself to even think I can go backward. Truly, as much as I wish and try, I can never return to the past and its old neighborhood remains.

I can never return to what once was, except for a brief visit.

I can play the Alhambra; I can play guitar.

Why can't I fully accept this present state?

The question itself is not worthy answering. Not only is it unanswerable, but focusing on it keeps me in the memory and illusion of old neighborhood.

That, no doubt, is why I focus on it: It keeps me connected to the old known world and prevents me from entering the new world of the unknown.

Terrors of the Present

Truth is, a basic part of me is terrified of dropping the comfortable, unthreatening security of the past and diving into the raw, dangerous, adventurous unknown of the present.

And yet, the present is the only truth.

Dare to dive in or lead a life of illusion.

Dare to turn over a New Leaf every day.

The days of "Can't play" are over.

Give them a funeral, cry and weep, and say goodbye.

Then start playing again, fresh and new.

Return to the Guitar?

Now that I can play is it time to return to the guitar?

Maybe the stocks are happening for a reason. Maybe my focus is shifting/drifted out of the market. Maybe my focus and my drift is back into guitar, songs, and music.

Saturday, April 13, 2013

Yes, I'm discouraged because my stocks went backward by 3G. Maybe I'm rationalizing, but I'm thinking that perhaps it is time to pull back on stocks, especially the trading aspects. My idea this morning is to buy 10G worth or 1000 shares, whatever is less, and simply hold it for a week to a month, and see what happens.

Meanwhile, my idea is to "free my mind" from trading and the market and stock in general, and put my focus on other things.

Why? What changes have taken place to make me want to put my mind on "other things?"

What's New?

Now I can play guitar!

Alhambra arpeggio bugaboos have slipped away. Somehow I have "decided" I can play.

Should I stabilize my mind by diminishing involvement in trading the market?

I can now play guitar. Where will this lead? I don't know.

To What Purpose?

Now that I can play the guitar, I must ask: What is the purpose of playing? Or

singing?

Perhaps simcha. As day follows night, and the sun rises and shines on all, Self-simcha, then the simcha of others.

Sunday, April 14, 2013

A touch of self-disgust today. Good. That means my energy is rising.

I thrive on new commitments and directions.

What now?

Monday, April 15, 2013

I ran two hour Saturday, and “played” some basketball with Ben and Danny on Sunday.

Woke up this morning and my left ankle hurt. Not pain, but hurt, This created an immediate worry about stress fracture. Did I injure myself? Am I on the verge of breaking it and stress fracture again? Or, so hopefully, is it merely “stiff?”

Total Fun Tremolo!

Tremolo B'Simcha

Despite my left ankle fear, I'm practicing guitar. Regarding the tremolo: When it works and is rolling: God, is that fun!

I asked: What is the purpose of guitar playing? Answer: to achieve total fun. Which, in more sophisticated language means total joy, simcha, and the best way to worship God: Worship God b'simcha.

I really can't stand the joy, and the possibilities and potential for even more joy up ahead. So I'd better stop.

Is this joy, and the “accomplishment” of running two hours on Saturday, plus the other “accomplishments” I'm achieving (even the balanced approach to stocks) why my

ankle hurts? Is it an “return to the old neighborhood” reaction to joy and success?

Yes, I could possibly have hurt myself by “overdoing it” with 2 hours of running followed by some basketball the next day. But still, psychologically and emotionally, I have been in a great place. At least for now. Is God destroying my good times? Am I being punished, second commandment style, for the hubris of saying (to Carol Smith on the phone) that things are going well for me?

Or is this another imaginary way of return to the limping past of the old neighborhood?

True, my ankle hurts, and if I didn’t break it once, I’d “assume” the hurt if feel is simply a stiff muscle. Still,

I wish it’s “only psychological,” and a Sarnoian reaction to fear and even anger. But I’m not sure. . . .(Of course, he does say that indecision, not being sure, is part of the symptom.)

Still, I don’t want to confuse wish and reality. So caution is the order of the day. Watch my ankle. And call Dr. Nathanson for an X-ray and his opinion, just to make sure its not physical. But yes, physical and mental blend. . . .

For now use slow, cautious walking, a slight limp, and extreme relaxation on my left ankle and see where it leads.

Strange, now both knees hurt (I hurt the right one during training). Yet, my left ankle was relieved – it’s not broken, only strained a bit.)

But beyond that, I feel strangely relieved. Freed. Part of it, perhaps most of it, is due to cutting back on the stock market and trading. The tension and pressure is down to off. I can relax and enjoy myself again. And I am free to create, to touch simcha in guitar playing, and who knows what else.

Perhaps I am injured myself through joy, freedom, and incipient happiness. It’s just a way of holding be back, a new push-down formula.

Tuesday, April 16, 2013

Stocks, Left Ankle, and What's Next

Evidently, my ankle is not re-broken. It's just stiff and sore and needs a few days of rest and relaxation.

With that in mind, and stock trading blasted, in new waiting mode, and pushed to the back, what next?

Call to Writing

A sudden inexplicable sadness this morning. Yes, I've dropped trading stocks and the market. What will replace it's up-down, elation-depression thrill?

What will replace the market?

What is this sad emptiness? Could it be the depression which precedes creation, to return to creating?

Is it the call to writing?

Replace the emptiness of the stock market hole with the fulness of writing. Can one really replace another? Maybe.

What and Who Am I Again?

A Page Left Unturned

Was the stock market an exciting way to avoid my destiny and distract myself? Probably.

What is my destiny?

I see myself as a guitarist and writer. The world sees me as a folk dance teacher, tour leader, and organizer of JGI company.

What and who am I really? Probably a combo of all these things. (That's a pat easy answer, but not the one I want. Wouldn't I personally rather be a writer? Then, "on the side," a guitarist, folk dance teacher, maybe even tour leader. Tour leader. JGI company organizer, leader and entrepreneur is probably the last thing I want to be, and

certainly the last thing I see myself as. And yet, that is how the world knows me.

I don't really mind doing the other things. But they are parenthetical to my writing, and even guitar "on the side."

Why is writing so important? It is the ultimate expression of my fantasy life. And that's where all the juice comes from.

What about others appreciating, understanding, liking, and thus buying my writing? I'd like that. It's the ultimate acceptance. It's a page left unturned in my life.

An unfulfilled area.

How sad. It makes me want to cry.

How can I free my mind and my time to write again?

Tuesday, April 16, 2013

Long Term Personal Account

1. Get my mind out of day trading. Turn my personal account into a long-term account. (I never called it a day-trading account anyway, but rather, a personal account. Let's see how well I do holding onto stocks for the long term. Truth is, had I done that with the stocks I have, I'd be mucho ahead.

2. Return to one-hour of morning writing a day.

Wednesday, April 17, 2013

Stress Fracture/Strained Left Ankle Period

Introducing the Stress Fracture/Strained Left Ankle period.

Yes, to truly complain, things were going so well.

Why?

1. My body was flying, plans to run every day, then go to the gym.

2. Dance-wise I might even have gotten back to videos.

What happened? Stress fracture/strained ankle period. Evidently, I followed the long 2 1/4 hour run with a next day basketball. Even though the basketball playing was

“soft,” nevertheless, I think that was the straw that broke the camel’s back. That was the overdoing and overuse syndrome point. Next day came SFSLA.

Well, always hard to say why and when. But easy to say it exists, it happened, and I have it. This left ankle may take a few weeks to heal. Maybe more, but I doubt it. Maybe less, I hope so.

In any case, that’s the present situation I’m in. I have yet to totally accept it, but after visiting Dr. Nathanson yesterday, I’m closer to acceptance. In fact, after writing this sentence, I’d say I’m at the acceptance point.

So next question is: How to handle this upcoming quiet, healing period? What to do?

1. Folk dance classes: I’ll start off with this mornings Wednesday class (and Monday) by trying to fake it. I’ll tape up my ankle with an ankle bandage, wear sneakers (if my dance shoes don’t fit) and see if I can pull it off. I’ll see what happens.

2. Upper body work:

- a. Guitar: arpeggio playing
- b. Push-ups etc.
- c. Gym

3. Writing

There’s always the “Why now?” question. Why did I “break my ankle” now? There is a break in my life. A stop, a change. Time to stop and change.

Is it God’s way of “forcing” me to stop, rest, re-think things, change directions and re-evaluate my life? Yes.

It’s not as big a break as my last one, but it is a break, nevertheless.

This feels more like a shift and refocusing, rather than a break. It doesn’t feel as major traumatic as the last break; but it is a minor trauma.

Thursday, April 18, 2013

I Need Sales!

I'm just about finished with tour sales. I feel empty and directionless. What to sell during the next 6 months of so?

What does this say about sales?

Sales are my dynamic connection to the world!

Without "something to sell," I feel empty, directionless, and unconnected.

Amazing. I have resisted and fought this all my life. I have always said, "I hate sales. But I have to sell in order to survive." I also said, "If I had a choice, I wouldn't sell. I'd stay home, practice guitar (and violin), write, and study; I'd sit at my desk in my attic under a lamplight studying; I'd become a scholar and monk. I'd blossom into the secret Talmudic student and scholar my submerged and hidden self always wanted to be.

But now I am asking, at the mere age of 75, do I really want such a life? Evidently, sales are very invigorating and meaningful to me. Like leading tours, folk dances classes, or even giving concerts, it pushes me to be my best self, forces me to rise to the occasion and become better. And afterwards, I love myself for doing it!

Thus, I need sales to invigorate and give meaning to my life. Indeed, this is an amazing self-discovery.

So, what does that mean for me today and for the next 6 or so months?

I need to find something to sell.

What shall I sell? What shall it be?

My choices are:

1. Tours
2. Folk dancing
3. My books
4. Bookings.
5. (Not my concerts?)

Should I get a book out on sales? Read and reread the ones I have? Both?

Importance of Timing

The importance of sales in my life took 2 second to figure out after 75 years of resistance.

Shows the importance of timing.

Evidently, timing is all, or almost all.

The (long) lead time between the inception and final understanding or realization, digging the soil, loosening the earth, planting the seeds, is the preparation.

Financial Fears Disappear

This realization takes care of all my financial fears. Because if selling is so vital and important to my life, then I'll have to sell; and if I have to sell, I have to make money.

Maybe my financial fears were mainly due to my resistance to sales. Resisting, fighting against an essence of my personality.

Weird. But life is weird.

Friday, April 19, 2013

The next step is to put all my finances in order. And to see how Bernice can retire.

After finance, I must evidently, go back to writing. I'm a bit afraid to do so. In fact, I'm more afraid of going back to writing than I am about finance and more. I wonder why. But who cares why. Evidently, I must do it for my soul. (Remember that?) I once had an artistic soul. Time to reawaken it.

Two New Directions: Finance and Writing

The finance spreadsheet and its stability goes hand in hand with the stability of my new writing. In order to write wild, I need a stable and known finance base.

On to New Dances!

I know what's "wrong" with my dancing: I need a fresh new set of choreos! A whole bunch of new dances, of my creations.

What is this new dance? This (Gold or Golden creation) is inspired by "Bulgarian or other" music, a Gold creation.

Sunday, April 21, 2013

Maintenance and Goals

For the first time, I use "maintenance" in my vocabulary.

To maintain my performing skills is now one of my "goals."

1. Maintain my guitar and singing skills.
2. Maintain my writing skills. (Edit Infant Vision, and more, plus one hour of "wild a.m. writing" per day.)
3. Maintain my yoga skills.
4. "Maintain" my choreo and video skills (New dances)
5. New Learning: Chinese and some Hebrew.

Self-Discipline

I have to impose some harsh self-discipline upon myself in order to follow, fulfill, and accomplish the above "maintainings."

Can I do it?

Thank you Judy Manton!

Tuesday, April 23, 2013

I woke with a slight headache this morning. That means I'm mad at something. What?

I held back at folk dancing last night. I ran a "frightened" class; my left ankle

situation scared me, toppled my confidence, threw me off.

I'm mad at my own fears and hesitations. I'm mad at myself! Can I do better than frightening myself into oblivion through my sprained ankle?

Should I massage and give in to my fears, or dive into the next and new? Obviously, the latter.

Could I interpret this fear as a form of returning to the old neighborhood, with the "excuse" that I sprained my ankle, or rather, the terror that I broke it again. This terror created the "excuse" to return to the old neighborhood, the land of little confidence. This is possibly what happened. The catalyst was my sprained or rather "rebroken" ankle. Truly, it terrified me, and threw me off. When I fell off, I returned to old neighborhood thinking and basically fear of diving in, giving my all, and running wild on the lawn. I slipped backward, back into the old neighborhood. An old story.

If this is true, and I believe it is, (and my ankle is okay), then I'm now ready to move ahead.

I'm ready to dive in and start again.

New Dive-In Start

Yes, I am angry. Angry and mad at my fear.

(The difference between angry and mad is a syllable.)

Yet my fear will always be there, sometimes hidden, sometimes forefront.

Can one be mad at one's fear? Can one be mad at oneself? Maybe the question is meaningless. Best is to realize and accept that you are mad, and dive into the anger accordingly.

Yes, I'm mad at myself. Well, fuck me! Fuck my anger. Fuck my fear. Yes, I'll always have it, but fuck it anyway.

Fight fear with anger. An ongoing and never-ending process.

Angry fingers. An angry Alhambra, a mad Bach Prelude in Dm.

I wonder if this hidden anger is in my left knee, and even my left ankle sprain. Certainly, Sarno would agree.

This created fear is a hidden brake, holding me back, restraining me, keeping me from running wild on the lawn.

Wednesday, April 24, 2013

Life Between Cycles

Have I re-traumatized myself?

I've stopped exercising, and am afraid, hesitant, uninterested in starting again. No matter how much I'd like to return to the past, that wonderful feeling of being in great shape, my body singing, I had after seeing Dr. Stone, changing my diet, and returning to running along with daily gym, and the "exercise twice-a-day routine, evidently now, I simply want to stop.

What has happened? Yes, I scared myself with my left ankle; that sprain destroyed my entire wonderful and healthful routine. Maybe it was due to end anyway, as every cycle is. Maybe it wasn't. In any case, truth is, the wonderful highs of that cycle did end.

Now what? What is my desire?

First, I'd love to return to that cycle. However, one can never return to the past. Can I make it a new and future plan? Such a cycle must start with a new commitment.

What would that commitment be? Probably everything that was committed in the old cycle. Return to the old cycle, but with renewed vengeance. It would be a sort of Renaissance, a rebirth of the old but in new form.

When did I see Dr. Stone? February 5, about 12 weeks ago. I started this New Leaf two days earlier, on February 3rd. Thus, a 12 week cycle.

The destruction of my left ankle signaled the destruction of the "wonderful and healthful" old cycle.

This period of stopping, of "resting" is the planting period, planting the seeds for

the next cycle..

Almost time to begin the next cycle.

What will be new?

(Note: With the destruction of my left ankle, my stock market account was hit with a 12 G loss. With the loss went my stock market hopes. I “left” the market and trading. Note stock market down and personal down. Perhaps, in my resurgence, renaissance, and rebirth, I’ll need a new interest and involvement in the stock market. Maybe my cycles are, in some mysterious way, connected to the stock market. A big hmmm. Thus, might it be that rebirth may, should, shall, must, include the stock market.)

What’s new? Here’s what’s new:

Research and Development (R and D) Time

1. Writing (wild) has returned.
2. Guitar, singing, and gaida have returned.
3. Folk dance choreo and videos have returned.
4. Languages: Chinese in rest/hold position. It will return; Hebrew still bouncing along.

Not returned: Running, yoga, gym, stock market, business.

I’ve just come off a four-month tour sales period. Maybe I need a rest, time off from business and tour sales.

Perhaps the next few months (4-6 months) are R and D time. This could include “next tour” research and development.

The Israel/China, Hebrew/Chinese Connection

Is there an Israeli-Chinese connection? A connection between Hebrew and Chinese?

I’d like there to be one.

So far, the only one I find is that my father started studying Chinese at about my

age.

Yes, I'd like there to be some kind of connection. I don't know of any.

But, so what? If I can't find any, why not make one up? I'll create a connection between Israel and China, Hebrew and Chinese!

Truth is, in some way, everything in this world is connected. Thus, there is a connection between Hebrew and Chinese, Israel and China.

Thursday, April 25, 2013

Arpeggio Philosophy

Classic Guitar: On playing Recuerdos de la Alhambra by Francisco Tarrega:

Ego and self-aggrandizement are in the treble.

Self-effacement, ego diminution, and melody are in the bass.

Friday, April 26, 2013

Writing for Facebook

Adding Pictures and Videos

FB:

New directions!

I'm running daily, training for the upcoming half-marathon in Tenafly. My gym workouts and light yoga practices are part of the training.

Also planning to organize and lead a tour to China for 2015. To that purpose, I'm studying Chinese. Next week is my third lesson.

Photo: Chinese character and/or picture.

Re Facebook writing: Now I am writing paragraphs – or at least a few good sentences – for an audience!

A more careful, "new" kind of writing. Indeed, a new direction. Plus, I'm adding

pictures and/or videos.

Idea: Add a dance-a-day to Facebook, along with my choreography videos.

Thank you, Dee!

P.S. Dee: What do you think of the “adding a dance-a-day to my Facebook page and including a video of my choreographed folk dances?”

Leadership

There is within each person an inherent desire for leadership. A desire for direction and purpose. This can come from within, without, or both. (Is this a good FB entry?)

I should study (and become) leadership. How to lead JGI. How to direct this (my) organization and infuse it with purpose.

Maybe my next stage is to see myself as a leader first and an artist second.

Leyenda

The Legend of Eternity

Three Gongs, fluctuating between the fifths E and B.

The Ring of Eternity,

Leyenda is tripartite, based on the Trinity and number three. Three gongs: The ring of eternity.

Scary and awesome.

Saturday, April 27, 2013

Self-Study

Self-study. Chinese.

Perhaps it is the right approach for me at this time.

I've temporarily lost my roots and given up my wild writing and running daily,

too. Left ankle episode threw me off.

Time to return to these wonders. I'll start today.

Wild!

Wild writing daily goes with wild running daily. \

What else?

Wild Alhambra/Leyenda/Bach Prelude playing as well.

The key word is "wild!"

It's the only word and way to stay in the creative freedom of eternity.

I didn't work so hard for so many years to live in slavery but rather to remain wild and free.

That is my life style goal: To live wild and remain crazy, Mashugi, wild and free.

Wildly Relaxed

Wild is also expanded to mean: wildly relaxed.

Leyenda

The Legend (Leyenda) tells a story.

A trip to heaven/eternity and back.

Three gongs/bells of eternity sounding while you're on earth. Then the heaven(ly) slow second part, then a return to earth with the three gong/bell reminders of eternity.

Sunday, April 28, 2013

Prioritize

Basically, I feel scattered and pulled in many directions. So many roads to follow, directions to travel, routes to conquer.

Seems I can't (don't want) to focus on any one path. It's frustrating, annoying, and overwhelming. On the other hand, don't forget that glory lies somewhere up ahead.

But before glory hits, my paths and directions need order and prioritizing.

First step: List the paths I am following.

Ultimate Priorities

Wishes, Hopes, and Dreams

Talking about priorities: Even though it may be an illusion and may never happen again, somehow, I still hold, deep in my heart, a hope and perhaps even a desire to perform again in public on the classic guitar. That somehow, I am working practicing for the day I can again play in public, perform the pieces I am playing. This starting with Alhambra, and then Leyenda.

Deep in my heart, I still want to be and become an artist. And all the “business” I do, and even the studies, linguistic, historic and more, although necessary and even interesting, are really secondary.

Deep in my heart, I still want to be and become an artist.

This means writing and music, (and maybe even choreography.)

In general. This means creating in the arts. In particular, it means writing, music, and even choreographies.

And the ultimate “completion” of any art form is bringing it to the public.

Start Performing

This means I have to start performing. Now.

Guitar: Start with my 4 pieces: Granados, Bach: Gavotte en Rondeau and Prelude in Dm, Alhambra, Malats, Leyenda. Then Flamenco.

(Maybe Milan “thrown in” as my cowardly warm-up?)

Tours as Artistic Creations

Basically, deep in my heart, I am an artist.

Since that is bottom-line me, perhaps I can see my tours as artistic creations.

How can I do that?

My Sensitive Soul

Dropping the Hidden

For years I've hidden most of my sensitive soul from persons, friends, and certainly from the public. Most of it, but not all of it. Some has leaked out through humor, charisma, performing, organization, leadership, business, etc.

Except for my New Leaf writing, most has remained hidden.

Maybe I'm ready to drop the hidden.

Monday, April 29, 2013

Organization Brings Inner Peace

First Hebrew, second Chinese.

I've got my linguistic priorities straight.

Straightened priorities bring inner peace.

And with inner peace comes better focus.

The answer to being overwhelmed is not do less, but rather, to organize and strengthen you priorities!

Organization brings inner peace.

Meditations on Guitar

Going Deeper

Is there any way of going deeper when playing Tarrega's Recuerdos de la Alhambra, Albeniz' Leyenda or the Bach twins: Prelude in Dm and Gavotte en Rondeau? How about Malats' Serenade or Soleares, Alegrais, Zambra, Bulerias, and other Flamencan pieces?

What direction? Technical or spiritual and philosophic?

Better spiritual and philosophic.

Pointing to a new guitar direction.

Recuerdos de la Alhambra

Al Hambra means “the Red” or El (Al) Adam which is red or human in Hebrew. Memories (Recuerdos) of past lives.

First Am minor part: The Underworld, coming out of the mist and darkness, murky and rising slowly.

Second A major part: Emerging into light and life in this world.

Life and death struggle between the Underworld of Hades/Death and the emerging world of birth, rebirth, Light and Life in this world. A struggle between Life and Death, Darkness and Light.

This gives a whole different reason to play guitar.

Spiritual and philosophic expression through music.

Bach Prelude in Dm is about Going Deeper

Bach Prelude in Dm in exactly that: it’s about going deeper. In the bass, every three notes go deeper. With every different chord, progression, and arpeggio, you go deeper but each time in a different way and direction. The chord and the three bass notes denote or tell you the direction.

Put the above meditations on guitar into Facebook.

Share my deeper thoughts with the world.

Tuesday, April 30, 2013

More on Priorities

Remember, I am an artist first. That means, after a linguistic (or history) study warm-up: Do the big three, in any order.

1. Guitar playing
2. Writing

3. Folk dancing

New Artistic Direction:

Fast or slow, the idea is now to express a feeling, a thought, a philosophical attitude, mood, or spiritual aspect through guitar (which somehow includes songs), folk dance, and writing (writing already does)

The new artist, artistry and direction is through guitar, and even dance.

Sor Sonata in C; Malats Serenade

I have not one creative, artistic feeling or thought about the Sor Sonata in C or even the Malats Serenade.

Consider and think about it now.

What is the meaning, philosophic import and spiritual significance of the Sor Sonata? Of Malats Serenade?

Why bother playing them?

What is their importance?

Sor Sonata: mood and expression: Calm, security, peace, stability, pleasant life of the aristocracy, light and fluffy, not many worries, in fact, no worries. Somewhat stuffed and satisfied. Not much excitement or drama, hardly a terror or fright or even worry. Pleasant, stable surroundings midst a polite pleasant existence. Even temperament.

In fact, with such a mood, calm and lack of drama, is the piece even worth playing? Well, yes. It paints a historic picture of the 18th century (feudal) aristocracy.

Wednesday, May 1, 2013

Very disgusted this morning. Not exactly sure why. Yes, the failure Pinnacle has something to do with it. But I wonder if there isn't more? Part of me like self-disgust as an energizer. We'll see where this leads.

Saturday, May 4, 2013

Organization of Priorities: The Hebrew Challenge

Hebrew is my morning challenge. I'll start my morning studies by reading the Israeli dance magazine Nirkoda in Hebrew.

In my linguistic list of priorities, Chinese comes in second. Learning it now becomes a relaxed, late afternoon vacation, a place to play with new words and sounds.

(Enter this in Facebook.) Find a photo, too.

My "Hobbies:"

1. Languages
2. Stock market
3. History
4. Running, gym, yoga

My Business:

1. Tours
2. Folk dancing
3. Books, DVDs, CDs: Writing and creating them.
4. Guitar, singing, etc. In R and D stage. DVD/CD creation. Mae guitar playing and singing videos. Put on Youtube and Facebook.

Back (Forward) to Professional Guitarist

Performing on a New Level

Yes, this is definitely where I am on guitar. I'm turning it back into a profession, but on a different level. Starting with the DVD/Cd level.

Truth is: I can only be a professional. There is no other way.

The new entry place is through DVDs/CD, Youtube videos and Facebook video uploads.

Monday, May 6, 2013

Folk Singing and Personal Talent

Although I practice to become a “better, good, even great” classical guitarist and that is what I “want” to be, perhaps it is not the path God has chosen for me. Playing classical guitar (or violin) is not the talent He gave me. He offered me an “okay,” an “average” but not really good of great. And no matter how much I practice, evidently I can’t change that.

But He did give me the gift of socialize, gab, ease with others, charisma, and, as such, the ease in folk dance teaching, and, before, that, in folk singing and leadership, in this case, leading groups and leading an audience in song and singing.

These are my obvious and easy talents, I hardly think about them or “work” at them. No need to. They are, evidently, me.

I interpreted my performance anxiety and stage fright as fear of playing in public classical music in general and classical guitar in particular. This has been a lifetime fear, hesitation, and brake on my public concerts and performance personality. It is I who hold myself back, put the brakes on, withhold or put down my enthusiasm. And I do it, have done it, by hold the Damocles sword of classical guitar over my head. It can fall at any time; it is always hanging there, ready to diminish me, ready to “prove” I am really not that good, even ready to demonstrate that I am no good, a fake and worthless performer.

As I say, this brake and fear has lasted all my performing career, and perhaps my entire life.

But when, if ever, will it end?

Perhaps now?

But it is so late. I’ll be 76 in a few weeks. Now that I finally have confidence, my life is almost over. How many years do I have left to live and, if I choose, to “perform” in confidence?

Well, perhaps, this is another form of fear question. On the other hand, I could be

thankful I've finally reached a confidence point. And my example again could be Moses. According to tradition, he didn't start leading the Israelites out of Egypt until he was 80. That gives me a four year start. If I aim to die at 120, that gives me plenty of time to "perform with confidence." Of course, we know that God is running the show and my so-called "aim" and "goal" is not up to me. Nevertheless, it does cause me to pause and think:

1. It's never too late to start.

And this brings me to the next question: If I start, where will I go? If I do start now, where will this lead?

But for today, I just pose the question. We'll see where this leads.

Strangely, also, this New Leaf is reaching near page 100. It's just about time to start a New Leaf. And note, just at the time I'm introducing to folk song/Moses idea.

Freedom from Slavery

Folk Singing, Classic Guitar, and Public Performance

How sad to finally realize and admit: I may and will never perform classical guitar in public. Why? Because I'll never feel comfortable with it. I'm always forcing it on myself, and thus forcing it on the public. Squeezing it into my performance to "prove" that I am worthy.

Well, somehow I finally feel worthy and confident. (I can now play Alhambra. Leyenda, too.) I no longer have to prove myself. Thus, like the violin, I don't really have to play classic guitar in public.

This may not be so sad, after all. I may have given up chains of slavery. This realization may be freeing; it may release me and make me free.

My "Hobbies" (Interests) and My Profession

This doesn't mean I won't play classical guitar for myself and a hobby, just like I study languages, run, do yoga, gym, read stock market, history, etc. all as personal

interest, fun “hobbies.” It’s also true that somehow these hobbies “form me” and lead into my professional life. But nevertheless, they remain “hobbies.”

My profession remains at tours and folk dancing with books, CDs, and DVDs as sales and ads, dripping and feeding into it.

I don’t like the word “hobbies” but I can’t think of another word. How about “interests?” Too dull, no passion in it. Anything else?

Other possible names for “hobbies:”

1. “Juice Givers. Enthusiasm Benders. Miracles Schedule Creations, Miracle Schedule Energizers.

Folk Singing Profession?

This would mean, if I could/would go public with my one man show (folk singing, ad libs, etc), it would become part of my profession. No question I could make money at it, and it could be a profession. It was once and can be again. Only question is: Should I make it one? It would be “easy.” Hmm. Something to think about.

Just Plain Fun!

Major stuff and shift here.

This kind of a show might be just plain fun!

Dedicate the rest of my life to having just plain fun!

(This “just plain fun” idea could well lead into tours and business, too.)

Certainly, a worthy goal. Bringing joy (to myself) and to the world.

Brave and very daring, too.

But it’s all timing: I’m simply read.