

New Identity

Sunday, December 13, 2020

Starting Over

I returned from the gym with reborn hopes of doing well. I had even done a few squats there. My knees felt like singing. I went home full of confidence and hope for a dynamic, energetic knee future. Then I sat down in the reclining chair. When I got up, I felt a sudden pain. I knew right away. It felt "different." Trouble. But why? I still don't know. I tried "working it out," but nothing happened. Swelling and pain popped out of nowhere. By the next morning I could hardly walk.

I went to my reflexologist Lynn. She is my first line of attack. No luck.

Next day I visited Dr. Archer. Strangely and happily, he said my knee was fine. Just a lot of swelling, but it would soon subside and disappear in two or three weeks. Or, if I liked, he could drain my knee, give me a shot of cortisone, and the swelling and pain would be gone in an hour.

What a simple choice.

"I'll take the miracle of modern medicine," I said. Sure enough, an hour or so later the pain in my knee was gone!

I am now in the process of rebuilding,

The collapse of my knee may be a symbol for collapse of my old corona shut-in and shut-up life. It's now time to rebuild, not only my knee, but everything else as well.

Time for a new start.

Thursday, December 17, 2020

Beauty

Is beauty moral?

Does it have a moral value?

I think so.

Beauty, the union, melting into the Magnificence, merging with the One, is the highest form of union.

Sloppy is a relaxation technique that leads to beauty.

Sloppy means mistakes, mistakes mean criticism, and criticism means hurtful arrows.

Go past the arrows, the fear of their pain. See sloppy as a brilliant technique, a potent path to beauty.

Re-Interpreting Failure Days

Time to re-interpret my "failure" days.

Rather than seeing today's losing stock market trading as a failure, better to consider it a hard fought day against negative forces.

Saturday, December 19, 2020

Definition of Success

There is no success without failure.

"Success is the ability to go from one failure to another with no loss of enthusiasm."

...Winston Churchill.

Sunday, December 20, 2020

Classic Guitar and Daily Prayer

Public and Private Worship

I am not religious in any outwardly organizational way.

But nevertheless, I am a believer. I pray alone and with others. Witness folk dancing.

But classical guitar is mostly for private worship. I play inside the walls of my

inner monastery.

Maybe so-called public classical guitar playing can only be done (if done at all) with the monastery and private worship in mind.

Focus on the audience would then be my sin and destroy my playing, which indeed it does. Focus instead on the Higher Forces, my private worship. Then if others happen to listen in, that's okay. It does not obstruct my playing my Mount Athos personal worship form. The audience comes and goes; the Higher Forces are ever present.

They are here, and with me, whether in private or in public. (Witness my job as leader in folk dance, tours, and before that, concerts, leading the audience.) My only job is to remember them.

So maybe I'm wrong. I can pray in public and with the public. Only my present public prayer form is folk dance leadership, tour leadership, and teaching, which are forms of leadership. (It used to be concerts.)

There really is no grand separation between public and private. My "work" is my public prayer form.

Wednesday, December 23, 2020

Belief in the After Life is a Positive Choice

Is there a future?

A next life?

After the body dies and is cast away, is there something beyond?

It comes down to a personal choice.

How do you approach this choice?

Best way is to ask: Does belief in a next life, an after life, make your life in this world better or not?

I'd say that obviously, if there is no after life, "Why bother?" reigns. If nothing lasts, why bother doing anything? Why improve? Why change the world for the

better?

Thus its best to choose to believe an afterlife exists. This way you can always work, not only in the present, but toward the future as well. You can work to improve your practice, better your situation. And if you do, along the way, without even trying, since everyone and everything is connected, you'll improve the situation of others. Thus you will tikkum-olam your way to better health add a better life for all. A win-win situation.

Further, it means all my creations exist not only on the material plane, in the world of physical transience, but also on the ethereal or eternal level as well. What I do, create, even my influence, exists on an ethereal, ideational, invisible, and thus eternal level. So, on this ethereal level, what I do and create has its subtle influence.

There's no getting away from it, even if I deny or forget about it. (Some call this the everlasting cycle of karma)

The Law of No Excuses

Another excuse I use is: "Been there, done that."

It is another version of "Why bother?"

An illusion and excuse. And it's not even true!

Yes, although I did it yesterday, weeks ago, years ago, or whenever, it now resides yesterday, in the vault of memory, history, and the past.

The basic New Leaf philosophy is: Every day is new, fresh, different; and every day must be won anew! The battle of seizing the moment, fighting for victory, goes on every day.

"Been there, done that" is a memorial to yesterday.

Today, I have neither been there nor done that. When it starts, I have done absolutely nothing!

Start this new morning by focusing on posture: Head up, back straight.

Tuesday, December 29, 2020

Patience

My goal in the stock market trading is to develop the stock market trading skill.

Of course, the proof of skill is making money. Thus, I obviously want to prove myself by making money as well.

How can I improve my skill? And, in the process, get satisfaction from watching myself improve?

Up to now, my stock market trading has been about handling greed and fear.

But suddenly this morning the word “patience” popped into my mind.

Evidently, I am ready to add patience to my self-improvement trading repertoire.

How to add patience to my day trading mental portfolio?

Note: In my mind, day trading is “romantic and daring” but swing trading is what I actually do.

Yes, former day-trading would mean I empty my account at the end of each day. But I don't do that. Rather, I am a swing trader, which means I usually hold most stocks for several days before trading them.

How to practice patience?

What is my first step on this new road?

Watch and wait. See my stock wiggle and move. And do nothing.

Saturday, January 2, 2021

Artists Are Leaders, Leaders Are Artists

What's more important? An artist or a leader?

They are inseparable.

Real artists are leaders and real leaders are artists.

What does real mean?

They will die for their cause.

In other words, their beliefs, life style, and vision is life itself.

Where do I stand on this?

On both sides. I see myself as an artist and leader. Since I have to make a living, I have been “forced” to become and be am a leader as well.

But, of course, I couldn’t be a leader if I didn’t have an artistic, individualistic vision to back it up, to push me out and onto this world. So indeed, in my case, artist and leader go together. My individual ideas, style, way of seeing and doing things is my artistic vision, which I, by my very nature bring or “impose” on the world. The “imposing” part is the leadership part.

Ian Smith kept his gym open despite state government mandates and d restrictions. And act of civil disobedience which I support. totally applaud, and love.

In this vein, on a “lesser” level, my outdoor folk dancing, although quieter, more subtle, less visibly defiant, is nevertheless, a similar act of civil disobedience. After all, it is technically illegal. The board of education, the school authorities, both at FDU and Teaneck Board, have said no to my outdoor dancing. I am not allowed to do it in their parking lots.

But I decided to run my folk dance classes in their lot despite their negative response. And if and when the police show up to chase us away, I’ve found other parking lots to teach in. If thrown out of those, I’ll go somewhere else. My plan is to teach anywhere I can find a space, whether it is “legal” or not.

Folk Dance Politician

President of Folk Dance Resistance Movement

Is there a political component to what I do? By merely keeping my folk dance business open, having it in parking lots, I am indeed fighting for my cause. But, in doing so, am I also making a political statement? Although I’ve never thought about keeping my business open as a political statement, I now see it differently. It is an absolute YES!

Imagine, I am now involved in politics! I am a political leader! My joke of

making myself President of the Folk Dance Party, a party that goes in all directions and accepts all people, is actually no joke at all.

Amazing how visions go. Who would think that merely playing violin in my private Riverdale home room as a teenager, and seeing through classical music, magnificent melt-down glorious visions, really religious ecstasies, which I still experience but mostly now through folk dancing, would lead to such political leadership.

Is a Revelation a Burden?

Why do I suddenly have a blinding headache?

Is my political revelation a burden?

Maybe. Moses thought so. When God called, he said he couldn't do it, couldn't lead.

When I consider my artistic life and its relationship to politics and leadership, it is all so obvious. I wonder why I never saw it before.

Its probably why I could never talk about politics before. I never saw my deeply personal connection to it. How my art connection gives birth to freedom. And with art comes leadership which is, of course, its own form of political.

Political, Artistic, Folk Dance Rebel with a Cause

One reason I have and still have, a sudden headache, is that my political rebel self is still mad as hell over the insane, soft-fascist government lockdowns, social distancing, and mask mandates.

After two months of panic and anger, by May, when I saw I realized I was helpless to do anything about the lock downs, I backed off, tried forgetting about them, and focused instead on doing my own thing in my self-enclosed monastic world.

Until today, I've been doing personal projects, waiting for the dumb-and-dictatorial, politician-created, societal covid madness to end.

But now, thanks to the successful Atila gym rebellion against government restrictions, (I'm somewhat jealous that they started it instead of me) I finally found "something I can do. I no longer have to wait around, stand around in permanent frustration, rage, and borderline panic. Finally, I have a cause, a way to fight, and turn my anger into self-motivating, energized, creative, useful action.

What will be that action?

I'm not sure yet.

But I know it will be something.

Standing Up for my Political Truth

My monastic retreat was the correct and only way for me to go. I can't change the world. I can only do myself and my actions. (Of course, by changing myself and my actions, I change the world, only more slowly. But that is another subject.)

Meanwhile, I can add the knowledge that doing my own thing is my form of political protest!

The fact I now call it political, makes a big difference. By acknowledging, nay luxuriating in my newly conscious form of political rebellion, is a positive boon to my psychology, and excellent philosophical way to go.

Seeing it as political is my first step.

Yes, stand up for my political truth!

If I stand up for myself subtly, that's fine.

If I'm not subtle, and speak out strongly, that's fine too.

Just as long as I do it.

Sunday, January 3, 2021

Diving into New Year

What have I been so frightened about? Why did I get so weak and wobbly? Was

it overuse? Truth is, I didn't do much physical stuff during the past few days. So it couldn't be overuse.

So it wasn't physical. Rather it was the psychological burden of re-entry, the heavy feeling I always experience before dealing with an upcoming job or event? I have a history of these subtle, unconscious psychological traumas attacking my psyche and body, of not walking well before presenting myself in public, the terror and burden of a public appearance.

It's the prelude to reentry, walking and carrying the heavy weight of responsibility, the awesome burden of emerging from the monastic life and reentering public performance through public service.

It always feels different, but its always the same.

And it just happened again.

I tremble before the New Year. Just face it, deal with it, and dive in. There is no other way, no other choice.

Monday, January 4, 2021

Change my Attitude, Change my Reality

It's a New Year. I'm a new me.

I don't have to perform on guitar anymore.

I don't even have to teach folk dancing anymore.

Truth is, I don't really have to do anything anymore.

Where does this leave me?

Next question: "Is there anything I want to do?"

Maybe this year's Corona trial, this long, torturous cleansing process, has freed me from the "have-to" land and prepared me to enter the land of "want-to."

Is there something I actually want?

Perhaps what I did before was good but I did it with a miserable, pus-filled attitude.

Maybe it's simple that my attitude stinks.
After all, I do follow a beautiful miracle schedule.
Change my attitude, change my reality.

Tuesday, January 5, 2021

Running Wild on Classical Guitar

Does the search for perfection inhibit freedom?

I have a headache. It emerged this morning after playing fast, wild, sloppy, free classical guitar.

Here's why:

I practice pieces to improve and ultimately, to play them perfectly. I want notes to be clear and sharp. And I'm doing it. I'm allowing myself to miss notes.

Yet, to be free, I must break the perfectionist mold.

Freedom route is best.

Drop my headache. Embrace the wild new freedom.

Saturday, January 9, 2021

Fight On!

There is little in daily life I can control. My quotidian existence consists of focusing on those few areas I do control. I don't spend much time worrying about the uncontrollable.

The cancellation of our president by big tech reminds me of how little power I have. Censorship and cancellation are here already. Is fascism around the corner?

It all reminds me of how vulnerable I am.

What, if anything, can I do about it?

One way is to focus on the few areas I have control over, make whatever changes I need, and forget about the rest.

Another method is to plan an escape route.

But maybe best is to stick around, stand up, and fight. This option is best for me. Fighting and inner peace go together. Fighting for what I want, what I believe in, brings peace to my soul.

Of course, I could go down in the fight. I could get hurt in the struggle, even killed. But my path has always been to stand up for my artistic and personal freedom. And this, even though my stand-up method is quiet, and often camouflaged in smiling resistance backed by long-term persistence.

Evidently, fighting for my values fits my personality.

I just surprised myself with this discovery. I used to think freedom meant to run away and hide in the chamber of my imagination.

But what about today? How do I fight the insidious censorship found in the cancellation and shut-down culture? What can, should, or, most important, will I do in my small artistic and personal world?

Teaching folk dancing is one method. And I can start right away, even today, Another method is leading tours, or giving concerts, or promoting my books.

These methods are all part of my freedom repertoire. Today's cancellation, lock-down culture, with its looming shadow of fascism, only highlight their importance.

Knowing I can do something, have some control, and can fight back using my way, my methods, relieves and relaxes me. It even makes me happy!

You can't beat happiness.

Sunday, January 10, 2021

How to Fight On?

How to fight on?

I hear that one way is to get politically involved.

Can I or better, will I ever do that?

Or is my art enough? Realistically, can I, will I, do any more than what I am

already doing? Or will simply my attitude toward the arts I am doing change? Will I see my folk dance teaching, defunct tours business, even my guitar playing and writing, as “secret” or subtle political acts, subtle expressions of freedom? And if I do (actually I am already beginning to see them that way, since the covid shut-downs) will that be enough?

Will “merely” an attitude change, or expansion of my vision, knowledge, reach, and purpose be enough? Or all I am willing to do?

Maybe I should simply eliminate the diminishment word “merely.” Maybe my attitude change is the big deal. And will lead to many new places both mentally and action-wise.

Answer to the Political Divide

Here’s the answer to the political divide:

Focus on how to love your neighbor. This, rather than how to hate, beat, defeat, humiliate, or destroy them.

Anyone can do this. They can start right away. Today! Right now!

But it’s much harder than you think.

Can I do it?

It’s worth a try. Give it a shot.

Love Versus Hate

Is love better than hate?

I believe it is.

Why?

Love unites the heart; hate leaves a chamber empty.

Love unites all the people; hate unites only half of them.

Goals

Do I really want to expose myself to my public?

Is it better to keep things secret, personal, and private?

Do unseen enterprises have more power?

Is self-discovery clearer and easier behind closed doors?

Maybe that has always been the purpose of New Leaf Journal. It's not for public consumption.

On the other hand, I don't mind if others look in on it, know about it, read it. (Truth is, I would love this, but am afraid of what they might say.)

But this would have to happen more by accident than through direct efforts of my own promotion. Of course, I always have the secret dream that "some day" folks will discover this journal, even posthumously. I do want others to read it, but not through my own promotional or advertising efforts.

Will this kind of thinking on my part ever change?

I'm good at sales. It's a natural talent even though I so often resist, dislike, and even hate it. My general goal is to play and have fun. I strive for the easy life. Will I, if not motivated by making money, ever make the effort to sell anything?

Trading stocks is fun and challenging. I like that.

Can I find any fun or challenge in promoting my books? I haven't. Why should things suddenly change now?

All old questions, arising again, but in a new situation.

I do like editing my NLJ ahead of Barry's reading and editing. It even makes me, in my own mind, a "professional" writer.

I also obviously, love Barry's reading of my journal entries to our small group of classmates. I need their reaction. Feedback from audience is vital. It inspires and motivates me.

But somehow, I hesitate, even hate promoting this "on my own."

Maybe the fun and fulfillment of my journal is found in

the mystery and freedom that secrecy gives me. Writing in darkness, hidden from the world, brings light and wisdom.

Maybe there is a secret commandment, a hidden self-protective mechanism that says I shouldn't show this to the public.

Like Sampson's secret power was his hair: Once cut off I gone, LL disappeared. Maybe I know this unconsciously, and that's why I resist promotion.

Or are all the above explanations more rationalizations, forms of resistance to the grand discomfort of going public?

Thursday, January 14, 2021

Successful Stock Trading Approach

Yesterday I finally "Got it."

I arrived at a new level of stock trading.

What's different?

I'm buying bigger companies. No more penny, under-one-dollar stocks. No more worrying about buying companies always on the edge of bankruptcy. Trading these companies pushed me to protect myself by buying tight stops. Most often, when the stock dipped, I'd lose, and often after losing it, the stock would go up. Yes, I protected myself from possible bankruptcy, but I also protected myself from making any money.

I have dropped this approach.

Now I buy more substantial companies. I worry less about bankruptcy. The elimination of this worry enables me to now put in "catastrophe stops," ten or more percent below their price.

From here I try to find the daily trading range. Now when the stock goes lower, instead of selling, I buy more. (Less and less as it goes down, as I guess but never really know the bottom.)

In summary, I now have more faith in the companies I buy. This in turn, allows me to have wider stops and, as the stock descends, buy more of it. It also gives me the confidence to take larger positions.

It's weird, but for the first time I feel I've found my method for consistently making money trading stocks.

If I can. it means I'm right. It means I really have found something that works!

Is this arrogance? Or truth?

Edison took 10,000 tries. Why not me, too?

Thursday, January 21, 2021

Uniting Others Through My Art

I'm uncomfortable with disunion

In fact, I hate it.

I know my center. I know my strengths.

Defending and talking about politics is not one of them.

My love and talent are uniting others through my art. This is also my desire, strength, and calling.

Do I have a calling?

If I do, what a responsibility!

I often try to avoid responsibility. But I also love it.

And no question, I need and love a calling.

Maybe that's why I retreat into monkish isolation, the so-called fear-of-others, hide-in-my-room, retreat-into-myself state. All to avoid the burden and weight of responsibility.

It is manifest in my folk dance teaching, tour leading, guitar performances, social directing, and more.

Isolation and responsibility: No doubt I need both.

Tikkun Olam at its Best

What's the difference between guitar practice and guitar playing?

Practice happens when the mind is divided.

Playing happens when all elements of the mind are united. At that moment, disunion ends and All Is One.

Why practice guitar every day?

To unify my world.

Since my world and the world of others are connected, practicing guitar unifies all worlds.

Tikkun olam at its best.

To practice guitar hoping to impress others maintains separation division between performer and audience. The "I-and-they" approach keeps us apart.

Best is the We-Approach. I am my audience; my audience is me. A vision of One.

Sunday, January 24, 2021

Avoid the Avoi Dance

What softens the suffering and sadness created by the transience of life?

Attitude.

I can focus on the misery.

Or I can focus on the glory.

Can I, should I, focus on both?

But no matter what I focus on, Diving in is essential. Avoid the Avoi Dance.

Dive in is the path which one takes you from misery and suffering to glory.

The No-Doubt Life

My new identity means giving up some cherished doubts.

There are some things that work for me without a doubt.

Like following my miracle schedule.

Can I give up my ancient doubting habits?

They once had benefits. Doubts distracted me from performing anxiety.

That was the old me.

Am I ready to deal with the a new "No Doubt" me?

Doubts were once my road to openness, innocence, and a fresh world view filled with awe and wonder. If I give up doubts, will I lose that?

I can start with folk singing which I know, without a doubt, works for me.

Doubts are forms of distraction.

Give the no-doubt life a try.

Tuesday, January 26, 2021

Jackson Pollock (1912-1956) was a founder of the Abstract Expressionist Movement in art. This was the first truly American art form and its development had worldwide repercussions.

Can a chaotic mess be called an art?

Evidently, yes. Anything can be called art. It's up to you.

Look at abstract expressionism. One can rationalization and glorify any mess.

Why not adopt the abstract expressionist method for classical guitar?

It's psychologically freeing.

Notice you have to be crazy, bipolar, schizophrenic, multi-phrenic, mad to do it. But does that make it art? (Does it even matter what it's called?) Indeed, the method does open up new doors of chaos, anarchy, crushing old traditions, destroying ancient orders, all in a grand call for greater artistic freedom.

Maybe that's why the plague came to visit. For what is the Corona Virus but a biblical plague to cleanse the country, and purify the world.

Wednesday, January 27, 2021

Areas of Definite

Guitar definites:

1. Relaxation of right ring finger first digit, during the rest stroke in Lagrima first measures, creates simultaneous two notes!

2. Melody is in the bass for all arpeggios (Alhambra, etc.)

This is the end of the road for these problems as long as I can stay focused in these “new” areas of definite.

A. Alhambra: Emphasis second and third beat!

B. Alard: Focus on melody in treble.

Trading definites:

1. Bigger companies (above \$1) (Faith in their survival)

2. Wider stops

a. Purchase more shares on the way down

b. Watch/wait/observe

c. Sell on way up (usually before top)

(An up? Always good to remain a shade skeptical. Flexibility among the weeds of certainty is always the rule.

Saturday, January 30, 2021

Cures

Is there a cure for old age?

Yes.

But we don't know what it is yet.

Wisdom

Fluidity and dynamism are wisdom.

Nothing is fixed.

Since fluidity and dynamism are twins and work together in combo, grammatically, they is wisdom.

Friday, February 5, 2021

How can I experience the joy of failure when I'm a success?

In my Definite and New Identity mode, that's what been happening this week. I've been pushing myself back into the dark Old Neighborhood while I've been experiencing the light of success in one thing after another.

1. Stock trading. . .I'm trading with my new breakthrough understanding, knowledge, and confidence, and I'm making money!
2. I successfully shoveled our driveway and sidewalk after the massive snowstorm.
3. Languages: I'm on the road to sprinklehood, using the Word of the Day program to jump through three to seven languages. What fun is this jumping!
4. I'm editing my New Leaf journal. Cutting and succeeding.
5. Guitar: I've "given up practicing" and taking the leap into unacknowledged fun. Questions of speed and slow, and mistakes have been resolved. Jump into the guitar playing spirit and let the critical whirlwind be damned!

That's enough for awhile. But that's a lot!

Yes, out of long ingrained mental habit, I reflexively slipped into and returned to the put-down protections of the Old Neighborhood. But now that I'm conscious of it, I'm departing, and entering the New Land of New Identity and Definite again.

1. Loving my new trading confidence and skill: Get used to it. (Dare I even say such a thing? Claim such boldness?)

Guitar: Technique and Essence

Technique doesn't matter anymore.

I've gone beyond technique.

After practicing for so many years, technique is now so embedded in my body. It's so much a part of me, my physical, mental, and spiritual self, that I can't get out (even if I wanted to.) At this point in my life, it's not only part of me, technique is me.

And this for better or worse.

I am the rock. Broken and damaged as I may be, as I came out, and [perhaps, as it was intended in the cosmic scheme. There are many rocks like me in the world. Damaged, broken, imperfect. It's okay. Don't worry about it. It's all part of the grand Cosmic plan. So relax, Enjoy your rockhood and petrification. In fact, in many circumstances, petrified is the way to go. That's just the way rocks came out, just the way they are. No doubt that's the way they were meant to be in the Cosmic plan. Otherwise, why would they be there?

It's more a question of knowing who I am, accepting my rockhood along with my place and purpose in the world.

They say it good to improve yourself. And that is true, However, self-improvement is really the process of learning, of discovering who you are and what is your purpose.

Plus on the artistic road, although there is technical improvement, there is no real improvement of the artistic you. There is only self-discovering and its revelation. Beyond that, it's mostly speculation and intellectual gymnastics, fun to do, but basically, not too important.

So, in yes summary:

I am technique and technique is me.

Time for me to move beyond technique and focus on essence.

Time to move beyond the front door, enter my guitar house, and drag out the essence, kicking and screaming. into the front yard.

Mistakes and Eternity

When I hit eternity every mistake I ever made will make absolutely no difference.

Day Trading and My Personality

I've pushed the envelope a bit too much.

Thus I'm a bit nervous.

But that may be my nature.

I'll always push it a bit too much.

Thus I'll always be a bit nervous.

What to do?

Learn to live with it.

Saturday, February 6, 2021

Mountain Top Life

What happens when all your dreams come true?

(1. Play Alhambra 2. Make money trading stocks)

Should I stay on top of the mountain shouting "Wahoo!" all day?

Maybe.

Not a bad place to stay or (way to) live.

Get used to it.

Sunday, February 7, 2021

Today's Principle

Think big.

This also means going deep.

Here's what thinking big brought me:

Romance D'Amor: Relaxed focus on "a" finger" is the essence.

(So-called "mistakes," blops, blurs, and burps, are really are blips.)

Could body aches in the shoulders, knees, back, wherever, be considered body “blips?” In other words, “mistakes” of my body, body mistakes, and by going past them, I can reach the essence?

Yes, why not?

Wednesday, February 10, 2021

If I drop all guitar chains, political chains, and money chains, what’s left?

Family chains? Well, I’m not dropping those.

Still, what’s left?

Only the empty vacuum of freedom.

But is it empty? Or really a vacuum?

Is freedom the ultimate?

I sense not.

Rather it feels like a stepping stone to something else.

But what?

Thursday, February 11, 2021

The Lofty Purpose of Isolation

It is a lofty purpose.

He, the wants me to go inward to discover the true secrets of excellent guitar playing, and on my voyage, (on my way), the true secrets of everything else.

This requires a deeply inward approach. That’s why all my businesses and outward contacts have been cancelled. To isolate me so I can rethink everything, to make possible this inward journey to discover the center of te earth, and with it, the center of the universe, and in the process, expand my vision to see, both in flesh and spirit, that All is One.

Ultimately, perhaps I shall go outward again. (But this may not be necessary since I will know, deep in my bones, that inward will be outward and vice versa) but

when I do, outward will be inward, and vice versa. At that point, I will know deep in my bones that All is One.

Maybe I'm on the road to finding the True Source of my Power.

That's the meaning of the Alhambra search. It will first be discovered in music, through music, my original and primal celestial source.

Dare I jump in the cauldron?

Yes.

There is no choice but to boil up, burn up, the old self, dump it in the bin, and accept graciously, through an act of grace, my divinely touched new clothing, new body suit touched by and connected to, the divine.

What hubris! How dare I! Do I dare? Mix in conflict.

"How dare I!" and "Do I dare?" struggle in conflict. The shadow of doubt returns.

But there is no choice.

I have to dare. I have to take the leap.

And I just played a fantastic Alhambra! Brilliant fiery fingers peppering and powering across the strings. Intimations of a future fiery river.

(Is there a relationship between "fiery" and the French word for pride: "Fier." Well, if not, make one now! Just for me.

Friday, February 12, 2021

Depression, Despair, Involvement

What's the difference between depression and despair?

Why do I start off the morning with one or both?

Then I begin my studies, guitar practice, whatever, and it disappears.

Involvement chases the clouds away. Simple as that.

Curiosity Drives the Human Mind

Choreography revived my interest in folk dancing.

Creativity revives me.

Creativity is curiosity in another form.

Shame

Shame (Fear) of my Power and Strength

I have been ashamed to display my full strength in front of my mother.

“Have been,” but no more.

What is shame but fear in disguise.

And what will happen if I do?

A big slap down!

My great fear.

Or rather, being slapped down was my great fear.

No more. I’m on my way out.

I wonder where this will lead.

Saturday, February 13, 2021

Magic Power of an Audience (Energy)

Something magic happens to my energy and focus when I’m in front of an audience. I rise to another level.

But I need an audience to experience this magic touch, this mysterious, magical change. Is it a protective device, a creative device, both, other? I’m not sure. Actually, I don’t know. And I don’t really care.

But truth is, it exists.

It’s magic power, a magic touch, than only an audience can give me, can draw out of me.

It’s really the power of an audience, the new magic and mysterious powers that I have, but only they can draw out of me. For that reason alone, I need an audience.

Perhaps I am sucking up, imbibing their energy, and their energy effects and affects me.

Evidently, it doesn't matter whether the audience is for folk dancing, tours, concerts, appearances, social gatherings, (social directorship), other.

It may be a bit different for each situation, for each group. But no matter which one, it reaches, touches, and brings out (of me), that magic creative "socialized" energy.

The power of the audience: In mother and magic form.

Guitar

I'm putting Divine Sloppiness above technical perfection. Putting the divine flow of human artistic emotions above the dry mechanical desert of perfection.

Dropping the mother barrier and entering the energy flow of the magic audience river.

Fading, slipping away, disappearing, perfecting, finishing.

The past is over. Done.

The great revelations have been absorbed, on whatever level they will be. No choice but to roll into the new day, and embrace its future (which is, of course, in the present.)

So ends a New Leaf