

Levels Never End

The Next Level

Monastic Life and Coronavirus

Saturday, April 11, 2020

Coronavirus time has really upended and changed my life, or at least my rhythm and timing.

The next level. Is there a next level?

Is there an even deeper level of relaxation, and of tone, and of connection to the deepest parts of my body and soul?

There must be a deeper level. Because if there is not, that means I have arrived, I am there, and there is no place else to go, which means I am dead. And I'm not dead yet, so logically, there must be another a next place to go, a next level. Okay, so yes. There is a next level.

That is what I'm aiming for now.

What is it?

I don't know yet. I suppose part of the next adventure, the next path, what I'm meant to find out.

Externally, this path begins with coronavirus and lock down.

Internally, it begins with a view of the monastic life.

What Then?

Searching for a Fresh Start

Suppose the coronavirus break signals the end of my folk dance and folk tour career, an end to my life in folk dancing. Just as post-forty signaled the end of my career as a performer.

Suppose, after this long break, no one returns to my classes. And suppose folks

no longer travel, are afraid to travel, give up tours.

What then?

Well, isn't this a fruitful thing to contemplate, an interesting possibility and way to think?

If this is so, then what?

Strange, in fact, very strange and different indeed, this time I'm not thinking much about money or how I will earn a living. And, at least for today, I'm not even panicked about losing my tour business, and folk dance following. (Although I can see that sadness, even some panic might come later.)

My question instead is: Would part of me welcome it? Push me into the opportunity of a completely fresh start?

Let me pursue this.

A chance to start totally fresh.

Or end up with an appreciation for what I do. How it is so good for me, as it is good for others. That would be a totally fresh start as well.

So whether my career ends, or I end up with a greater appreciation for it, either way it would be a fresh start.

Isolation shows the importance of others. My business is my connection to others in the outside world. Without it, without them, my work is pretty meaningless.

Is that true? Am I so dependent on others? What would happen, then, if I were thrust into solitary confinement? Would I die within? Maybe. What a terrible punishment. Can I only live within the room of my imagination? Well, yes, but again, ultimately my hope is that some day I've been released and can re-enter the world and influence it, maybe even with the creations I invented in solitary confinement.

That's what "some day" and "hope for the future" mean.

Although I need short monkish stints, basically all my thinking, and future thoughts are directed toward others, to be performed for others.

That's what gives my thoughts and actions meaning. Period.

Although I love living in my imagination, spinning out fanciful, wild, and beautiful tales, ultimately, their purpose is to affect and please others. Period.

Although, secretly, I've always known it, this is nevertheless quite a revelation. (It's why I keep practicing guitar. I'm hoping "some day" I'll be good enough to perform for others, to please them and receive kavod, honor, praise, love, completion, and fulfillment from and through them. Period.

Part of me wants to be a monk, to dwell in the dynamic chamber of my imagination. But the other part vitally needs the outside world and the others who live in it.

Isn't death a form of social isolation?

Yes.

It's always on the horizon and something to consider.

So maybe this shut down is also a good mental way of preparing for the future. Certainly, in terms of a long-distance perspective, it helps.

Tuesday, April 14, 2020

Rolling with the Trades

Play the market like a musical instrument. Intuition, getting the "feel" of its rhythms, rolling with the trades.

Could I ever succeed in this? What a wish, challenge, and accomplishment!

But this morning (for the first time?), I have a feeling of satisfaction, happiness, even excitement because I guessed right. I "felt" the market would go up today, and this morning the futures are up. So I guessed right.

Trading

Back to feeling bad. Why? I sold out too early. I sold RSP, XOM, WCP, and even AA.

Why did I sell? Lack of confidence? (I'm in a new trading place now, playing with good-and-solid companies. Unlike the penny stock I used to only trade in my Model account, since I added these substantial aristocratic stocks, I no longer have to worry they will suddenly go bankrupt overnight. Thus I can hold them overnight (with stops 10% beneath them.)

That's what's different now.

Purpose of the Alhambra

Maybe the purpose of the Alhambra is to keep me dreaming. To keep the dream alive, and thus keep me humble, ever searching, and ever trying to expand and grow. Specifically, in the Alhambra, but generally, in everything I do.

Dreaming that some day I will get it.

Life is a dream.

And my perpetual struggles with the Alhambra help me remember this truth.

How unhappy knowing this truth makes me.

But maybe that is its purpose.

It keeps me forever on the path of struggle.

On the negative side, it's annoying to ever struggle.

On the positive side, it does make things never boring, ever interesting.

The fact that I can never get the Alhambra keeps me practicing! It actually gives me a daily purpose. And I like to have a purpose.

So maybe, in a twisted and confusing way, it all works out okay.

Eating

What is my problem? Why was I, and am I, so down and discombobulated after breakfast/lunch, after I eat?

My mornings are great—until I eat (breakfast/lunch).

Then it's downhill after that.

Does it have something to do with eating itself? Is it my diet, or the fact that I eat too much? Possibly.

What to do?

I Must Believe in Miracles

Doubt strikes: Am I fooling myself? Is this really a new place? Is it really a revolution. A place beyond improvement?

No question, I need the miracle of newness, a new leaf turned every day. And isn't my life based on such an idea, such a fresh, clear, vibrant, lively new concept of starting every day afresh?

Yes.

If that is the case, this temporary doubt is "merely" a fancy way of returning to the old neighborhood – and my own home-made, subtle, destructive, mental technique of denying today's new vision.

Can't deny that my mind employs this denial technique with every forward step I take. But again, the live twist of my mind is something that must be constantly confronted, struggled with, fought against, bypassed, and crushed under my forward advancing footsteps.

Like the darkness that arrives every night, Mr. Negative, living in his own personal closet, will never go away, never leave me. But whenever he arrives, which is almost daily, he must be met and confronted by my inner dawn, Mr. Morning, the positive back slapper living in the adjacent closet of my brain.

Thus I must believe in today's new miracle discovery: a new birth, an Easter resurrection, my newly discovered focused life of deep deep relaxation.

This could be the first hint, the door opening into a post-eighty-four miracle of living beyond improvement, of living totally in the present, deep within the present and presence of my own relaxation.

Would Mr. Negative let me accept such an entrance? No.

But I have Mr Positive to counter him.

Freedom

I cannot be free alone.

There is no such thing as alone. Such a false notion can only be ieved through the imagination.

Freedom is achieved with others.

I'm not quite sure what that means but I know it's true.

Would a hint of it be the "freedom and ecstasy" I feel when I lead others dancing in a circle? I am united with my group. We all melt into one.

Isn't it the same when I perform, give a concert?

Yes, but my fear when playing classical guitar prevents any melting – although all fears disappear instantaneously when I lead group singing.

Will my attitude toward classical guitar ever change?

My hope, of course, is that it will. But although I am always working on this project, I don't know that I'll ever be able to achieve it.

So why do I keep practicing for years and years? What is its elusive purpose?

What a paradox.

One thing I can say is: I do like to practice. Perhaps its purpose is that, by never succeeding, it pushes me to keep practicing. I enjoy the idea that I am improving, even if I never reach my goal.

Is never reaching my goal part of its purpose?

On the other hand, maybe it's a smart protective shield I've put around my treasure. Let's not be naive. There are the critics who, like wolves, are surrounding me, ready to pounce, attack., and eat me up. They definitely exist. And I do need protection from them. Let's not be naive. I have a strong survival mechanism. Perhaps this "inability" to perform classical guitar in public is my protective mechanism, defending

my deepest treasure: the teenage violin experience of the Magnificence, the meltdown within its Glory, was and is just too precious and personal to expose to others. It is, after all, the source and core of my strength, my ability to withstand defeat. If others see it, I may end up completely defenseless, and they, in their viciousness, will destroy me.

Is this unkind? Naive? Am I paranoid? I doubt it. (Note: by even asking this question, I am diminishing, putting down the creativity of my defenses. It's a momentary retreat into the old neighborhood.

There are evil, unkind people, critics who want to destroy and would enjoy it. I can't think of anyone off-hand, but I'm sure they exist and would emerge if I tried.

Do I still need these defenses?

Maybe.

Do I still want these defenses?

Maybe.

I have a secret power. I discovered it, or rather, it appeared, when as a teenager playing the violin, my body, brain, and soul melted it into that experience of the Magnificence.

I never forgot it, not can I ever – the first of many religious ecstasy meltdowns. They happen often, in music, sometimes on tours, in serendipities, and more.

Do I want to open these secret meltings to the ridicule, derision, meanness, lack of understanding, brutality, critical ignorance, and misunderstanding of others? Do I even want to bother trying to "explain" such an unexplainable experience to them? Do I need to even bother butting my head against their critical walls? Folks either know this mystical experience of the divine, or they do not. They either say yes or no. If yes, they nod in agreement. If no, no use trying to explain it. Why bother? My answer evidently is, Don't bother. So I retreat into the silence of protecting my treasure.

Saturday, April 18, 2020

Could It Be That I Refuse to Perform?

Could it be that I refuse (expressed as an inability) to play classical guitar before others, perform it (especially Alhambra), as a form of rebellion?

Do I need the illusion?

Suppose I simply accept as reality that I'll never be able to play classical guitar in front of others.

Could I ever accept it?

I'm not sure.

Truth: I like to practice.

Truth: I wish to play in front of others "some day."

Truth: I can't (won't, refuse to?) play in front of others.

Now there is a wow thought. Suppose, in my deepest heart, I really don't want, never want, to play in front of others. Suppose the conflict is that I've been fighting myself all these years. Suppose, when I practice, I simply want to recreate the beauty of those teenage soaring years of playing violin alone in my room, as I soared into the stratosphere and merged with the Magnificence.

Suppose playing classical guitar "only" reminds me of the Magnificence, and that is its sole purpose? And I don't want to share or pollute this vision by "airing it" before others, by exposing the mystery of its beauty to someone else. And this because I'm afraid this Mystery will be diminished through exposure, through performance before others.

It could be, that deep within me, that's where I refuse to perform! In my mind, performing it is diminishing it. And in doing so, I'm afraid I'll lose it.

My public personality is easy, funny, light hearted. In public, my social director self comes out. I'm often a comedian. And I like it. It's actually lots of fun! My life in public is a form of play.

Note: Classical guitar has nothing to do with this kidding around, kibbitzing,

standing on my heels, leaning back and making up a steady dialogue of verbal play in my imagination as I talk to others.

But my inner personality is serious and worships the Glorious. It is expressed and revealed in my journal writing. Writing it is my way of showing others I have a serious side.

This is the serious side that loves classical music, plays classical guitar, and is ever on the road to self-improvement.

I'm usually hesitant to express this aspect of myself in public. And this, whether reading my journal before others, or playing classical guitar.

Could playing classical guitar and writing my journal be equal? Parts of the same monastic inner me? Maybe.

Yes, schizophrenic me. Split in two. Comedy and the serious. One public, one private. One feeds the other. God gave me the public talent of being easy, light, humorous, fanciful in public, along with leadership and organizational abilities.

In the floating iceberg of my personality, the humorous, easy, light aspects are visible above the ocean, while the serious private aspects remain beneath.

But of course, the iceberg couldn't exist without both.

It's true that when I get in front of people I'm a "totally different person." I hardly recognize myself. And yet it is me.

But it's also my Music and Art High School conductor self. And possibly my second grade leadership self when I led the Boys against the Girls in Barnard School for Girls.

It's also my folk dance leading self. But not necessarily my tour leading self. That self seems somehow to combine the easy, light leadership with the serious, even somber organizational aspect.

Perhaps it is the matured consolidation of both light and serious personalities. I'm not sure.

Improvising on Classical Guitar

Each note, each phrase, has to express something. And it will be different in each moment.

Thus there is no “planned” performance, special fixed way of playing.

There is only spontaneity in the moment.

It’s the jazz, improvised approach to classical guitar playing. I play the same pieces, but they are always and ever different.

Focus only on expression.

Drop all (focus on) technique.

(Dare I say such a thing? Well, I’m certainly ready.)

The Joy Finger

What is the index finger expressing?

Or blocking?

Could it be joy?

The joy finger, hidden and lost all these years.

Wouldn’t that be great.

Bring joy to the world.

Now that’s something worthwhile!

That’s a gift I’d definitely like to offer!

I have to start with myself.

Monday, April 20, 2020

Turning the Fury On Myself

Government Shut Down Creates Personal Shut Down

The Benefits (If Any) of Self-Destruction

This morning I am at the bottom.

I am totally knotted in rage. And in total frustration, I have turned the rage toward my government on myself. The government has taken away all my business and half of my money, along with my ability to work and earn anything. I am totally furious, and have been so since this insane stupid shut down. Now finally. I've turned the fury of this energy on myself. I've twisted all my former purposes into a knot and shut myself down.

The rage I feel toward society, toward my government, and its utter stupidity and timidity at shutting down our entire society over a mere virus, this inner rage has finally, in total frustration, rather than bursting outward in helpless frustration, finally turned its poison forces inward on me.

The tentacles of my anger have, like a gigantic snake, wrapped themselves around my energy and squeezed it out of me.

I even sneezed this morning, and have a slight cold, and this over nothing. My resistance is low, actually squashed, and this because I am squashed.

Is there anything better I can do with my rage?

At the moment, I can't think of a thing. First the government tries to destroy me. I fight back. But now, my fury has worn me down, and I seem to be giving up. I'm totally helpless.

It seems self-destruction is the only route I want to take this morning. At least I have control over it, and that's something.

Since this is my present situation, maybe the best way to handle it is to follow my self-destruction as far as it can go, and see where it leads me.

How can I turn these self-destructive forces on myself?

Maybe part of this destruction is tearing down the perfectionist prison I have built for myself, in which I have imprisoned myself.

My Breaking down the walls of perfectionist classical guitar prison. Now there's

a destruction I would love.

Tuesday, April 21, 2020

Retired

Okay, as of today, I am retired.

Obviously, on a physical level, I have been retired by the situation. No job, no folk dance teaching, no tours. Even the lock-down shows it. Everything has stopped. I have stopped because all my businesses have been stopped.

Only, up to now, I have not accepted this state. I've been trying to "see beyond it," to the time when one day, I will be "allowed" to work again. But that time is slipping further and further away.

So it occurred to me, why not think in a new way? Since I have been retired, isn't this a good time to "practice" retirement?

In fact, why not take it an actual step further and believe it?

Okay, I will. Starting today, I am retired.

What does that mean?

First thing that comes to mind is that all the pressure to earn a living is off.

(True, part of me used to love this stuff. I still do. Well, I can cry in remembrance, but it is nevertheless over.)

Nothing will change except my attitude.

The second thing that comes to mind is that my guitar playing no longer matters. I no longer (need to) see myself playing before an audience. What does this do for my playing, if anything?

I'm hoping it frees me to be imperfect, to step out of prison, and "play like the wind," as I did yesterday.

So, in other words, to me, this supposed new state of "retirement" really means extending freedom from the chains of perfection, the suffocating push-down of my inner critic, the pressure from others to do things their way.

In other words, retirement means freedom.

The market is crashing again today. I'll lose more money.

How should I view this fact?

I could choose the pessimistic view and panic. I just did.

Or I could choose the optimistic view: It's a buying opportunity.

I also realized I had the foresight to sell 300 shares of RST a few days ago when the market was up. So I raised some cash. Which means I could buy something today. Just nibbles, a small amount, maybe 50 shares of RST, and 25 of XOM.

Thus, best to view a down market as a buying opportunity.

This is the optimistic view. (Notice: See how the optimistic view lifts me up, inspires me to action, and is good for my heart and mind.)

And, since we really never know where the future is going, the optimistic view is a choice.

Choose it simply because it's good for me. Period.

Then I have to learn how losing money in the market is good for me. See the benefits.

And how this CV shut down is good for me. See the benefits.

And how losing my tour and folk dance business is good for me. See the benefits.

This will take a lot of work, a lot of creative thinking. But if I can find reasons to be hopeful and optimistic, an upbeat attitude in crisis, it is simply better for my health.

Find it, create it, invent it, and choose it for that reason alone. And frankly, the health of others as well. Period.

Learn how margin works, and how it is measured. Part of my new job.

More exact numbers. Why? So I can eventually take money out of the market, and earn a living, through it. More serious.

Accounting course. Back to basics. Why?

I hate a mess.

But is it enough motivation? Is hating a mess enough to motivate me? Am I “serious” about my new “profession?” Is it a skill I really want? Or only a hobby, something to amuse myself and play around with?

Do I have any real love or interest in finance, money, and the market? Of course, there is fear, and the need for some security. And yes, fear creates an “interest.” But it doesn’t necessarily create love. And ultimately, once fear is finished, satisfied, and I feel secure, love is what motivates me.

What about art? No question, I love it, I’m serious about it, and creating it motivates me.

But what about stock market, trading, and money? When I’m secure, it’s fun and a plaything to trade in. When I’m frightened, it’s a need. Something I have to, am forced to deal with and pay attention to.

But love?

So again: Am I interested enough in trading to actually learn about margin and accounting and so forth?

Suppose I’m not. Suppose it really is and always has been only a hobby? Which means I’ll never study it and be serious about it.

Am I wasting my time?

I could search for a secure financial foundation, watch my money carefully, really plan and know about what I have and can spend. And then, with such freedom on my hands, what would I do?

I’d try to make money the old way: By “working” in my “arts” profession. I’d devote (more) time to my miracle schedule. Period. And that would be my life.

Is it enough?

I don’t know.

Sunday, April 26, 2020

My Fatal Mistake

Why am I puzzled?

I put too much faith in government and leaders, and not enough in myself.

Give up on them. Give up on government and leaders. Do that and I'll be happier! Put my confidence, faith, and power in myself. Period.

I must get back to work.

How? By working past, around, above, and through these idiots, working past these moron decisions of leaders and government.

They won't be able to figure it out.

I, along with regular, everyday working Americans, will have to.

Trump, by listening to and then handing over his leadership to health professionals, has lost his way.

That's why small government is good.

The bigger the government, the bigger the mistakes.

Tuesday, April 28, 2020

A Wahoo Trading Day

I am blown away, thrown off kilter, by yesterday's successful day of stock market trading. Basically, winning in such a way made me feel gloriously happy!

Today, and immediately after my victory, I wanted to stay calm and collected. But I couldn't, and can't.

Can I accept such joy? Me, a mere and formerly miserable trader? Can I now eliminate the word "former?" Can I even eliminate the word "miserable"?

Yes, I've made a commitment to trading, and yesterday it paid off. I succeeded. Can I proudly make this commitment part of my life? And the word "proud" is very important.

I want to be proud of myself, proud of the direction I've chosen, proud of my

fighting and undefeated spirit, proud of my skill, and the fact that I lose some, win some and still move on. Basically, I want my wife to be proud of me, proud that I trade stocks, proud that I dare take chances, speculate, and even lose in the learning process.

Well, I doubt I can ever make her feel proud. Just as we disagree politically, I think we will always disagree on my daring desire to take the adventure of stock market trading. And despite these disagreements, we love each other. Such is life.

Saturday, May 2, 2020

The New Leaf Principle

New is right. Since every day is a new one, there's something new every day. Every day you turn over a new leaf. That's the New Leaf principle.

It's my job to know it, make the attitude change, and ride with it.

Long Run Principle

Applied to Guitar, and More

One thing about the long two-hour run I took yesterday is that after awhile, usually past an hour, your brain, along with your pain, shuts down and you start moving "automatically" and somehow without pain. Why, I'm not quite sure. But it happens. The muscles somehow open up, relax and loosen as you move on automatic.

Maybe the same thing will work with my tremolo. Just to it as a long run. Which means over and over again. Alhambra four to ten times. Soon and eventually, the muscles just "relax by themselves and start moving automatically. And the tremolo improves "by itself."

Sunday, May 3, 2020

Hebrew calligraphy?

Making progress on myself: Fine-tuning my desires.

Eliminating (Zoom dance teaching)

Deepening (guitar, Hebrew, running)

Relax/loosen/deepen: That's what's new. That's it!

On all (old dances) levels. A new look and practice.

Every day a "That's it!" moment.

Fighting my own ageism is a daily struggle. A fresh start vision dissolves it.

Wednesday, May 6, 2020

Less Greed Equals Less Fear

What have I learned today?

Trading/market: Take smaller "careful" steps.

Smaller, "careful" steps equals less greed.

Less greed equals less fear. And vice versa.

Do I want less fear and greed?

It means the size of my "thrills" go down.

Do I want less thrills?

Is it "better" for me?

Maybe.

Or maybe the balance will change from day to day.

No question less greed (and fear) will make me wiser, and even better as a trader and in the market.

Do I want to be wiser and better?

It means less "thrills," less of an up and down ride.

Do want or need that?

Am I willing to give up the thrills of youth for the wisdom of old age?

Maybe.

Now that the choice has been revealed, do I even have a choice?

Thursday, May 7, 2020

Smooth Up Some Attitudes

I have been pushed into forced retirement.

Last night we went over our finances and discovered we can do this. We can and could retire.

So, I can retire, and presently I am retired, or rather, have been retired. Whatever I want to call it, the fact is, and will continue to be for a while. that all my work has stopped.

Do I like this retirement? Partly.

Do I have a choice? No.

Is this a hiatus, or permanent change?

Too early to tell. . .bu interesting.

Should I give up tours and folk dancing?

Or use this hiatus to prepare for the next stage? (I have about one year to prepare.)

But this time my purpose would be "beyond money." Or would it be? Maybe money is an "interest-in-itself." Is it a good-in-itself? For me, yes, since it motivates me.

Okay, so maybe this CV time break period is "merely" a long break, which give me some free time and space.

What will I do with it? How would I "prepare?"

Intense language study: Hebrew, Bulgarian, Greek.

Also, I ask: How can I benefit from the CV break? All I can get is a new attitude. Most of which I already have.

Also, knowing we can make it through financially means that this is "only a long break" which give me more free time, And that's it.

Free time to deepen and smooth out some attitudes.

Friday, May 8, 2020

Trading as an Art Form

The artist creates harmony out of chaos.

Right now trading consumes me.

This might change as I get better, more confident and comfortable with trading.

Can I trade and follow my miracle schedule?

My goal is doing both of them.

Is trading merely a distraction, relaxation, and “vacation” from being an artist and leading others?

Or maybe I can do both: trade and create art, trade as an artist, trade artistically!

Perhaps my new job is to learn to trade artistically, and thus turn my trading into an art form.

Hmm, I like that.

It fits the All-is-One mode.

The Art of Trading Stocks

The artist creates harmony out of chaos.

Dance: The dance of trade movements,

Music: The roar and jingle of stocks,

Art: The painted line on charts and graphs.

Love and Trading

Start with love.

I love the trading. It's so much fun!

How to keep it that way?

Soften the fear and greed aspect.

Start with taking smaller positions.

This is hard to do. Why? It militates against the excitement of greed and the reverse excitement of fear.

The forces of greed and fear are the giant emotions of the stock market.

Could the clash of greed and fear and greed synthesize, and in the process, rise above themselves and create love?

I'd like that.

What is Love?

When greed and fear synthesize they create calm.

Calm creates perspective

Perspective can create love.

What is love?

Among other things, folk dancing, and lots of fun!

Sunday, May 10, 2020

Truth is, it's lots of fun making up these dances.

Choreography is making up dances as my body, mind, and spirit play with the music.

Could I make up things ("choreo) with guitar, song, writing? (Well, yes, I already do it with writing. But now, post CV, remember how much fun it is! (Just like choreo.)

Choreo and Guitar

Just played Allemande. Lots of rubato and expression. Played with the music, so it isn't "their" music anymore, it's mine. Nice. Perhaps that's how I will choreo guitar playing in the future.

PLAYING Guitar

Choreo is my form of play.

Play, the ability to play, and the joy it brings, is my contribution to the world.

Reminding myself to always play, and as I remind myself, I remind others, is my special gift.

Thus to really play it, is to make it up, choreo it as I go, changing the music and expression along the way, to make it mine (rather than a copy of "theirs," the composer. Yes, the composer composed it, choreographed it in his or her way. But I, and a performer of his or her music, must re-choreograph it in my own way, and thus make it mine. And thus re-introduce the creative process both to myself and my audience.

Changing My Guitar Self

Creation, destruction, re-creation is the creative cycle.

Recreational dancing (re-creation-al) is exactly that.

You destroy yourself before you can re-invent your self.

I must destroy my old self before I can re-invent my new self.

I must destroy my old guitar self before I can create my new one.

Creating a New Guitar Self

I am still in Alhambra prison. And have been incarcerated there for years.

I'll have to break down the walls, destroy the old Alhambra self before I can escape and create the new, free. and post-Alhambra free guitar self.

Perhaps my path to freedom and a new guitar self is to give up playing the Alhambra for weeks, months, years, or even forever.

Note: The corona virus has made me give up folk dance teaching and tours for weeks and months, and maybe years, and even forever. In the process, it may, and most likely will, create a new post-folk dance and tour self.

Give up playing the Alhambra? Maybe. My unending desire to play it controls and blocks me, keeps me chained in prison. Give up the path to play it, conquer it.

These simple pieces: Pavane in C, Allemande in A minor, even Bach Gavotte in D, are my first steps on the path to self-expression and guitar freedom.

My first feeling/vision on the idea of giving up “playing” Alhambra – really practicing it forever – is it enables me to folk sing.

I’m free to do simple things, play simple things, like Pavane, Allemande, and even Bach Gavotte on the (classical) guitar, and sing “simple” (simple for me) folk songs.

Love

Fun and Joy

Giving up Alhambra goes along with love of folk dance, and perhaps love of writing will follow.

Perhaps it opens up love, which to me means fun and joy, in other MS activities (“choreos”) as well.

Love is fun and joy, and even ecstasy.

Yes!

Love Run

Do I love running?

Once I did.

Bring it back.

Wednesday, May 13, 2020

Guitar: Inward, soft.

So ends a New Leaf.