

## Magic Power of the Audience

Saturday, February 13, 2021

### Magic Power of an Audience (Energy)

Something magic happens to my energy and focus, to my mind, which goes to another level, when I'm in front of an audience. But I need an audience to experience it. Is it a protective device, a creative device, both, or something else?

It's a power only an audience can draw out of me.

Perhaps I am imbibing their energy affects me.

Evidently, it doesn't matter whether the audience is for folk dancing, tours, concerts, appearances, or a social gatherings.

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

Wednesday, February 17, 2021

### Life of a Leader and Person

It's freezing today, and I don't want to dance. So I cancelled my outdoor dance class, using the ice-and-black-ice excuse. Some of my dancers were disappointed, and expressed it in emails.

I say "excuse" because I feel somewhat guilty that I canceled.

But I don't believe in guilt. And if I look further and deeper (but not too much further or deeper), I see I'm not really feeling guilty at all. I'm feeling angry! First, angry at my dancers for wanting to dance and pushing me to run my outdoor class in this miserable cold weather.

But truth is, although they are complaining, they are not pushing me. I'm pushing myself because part of me feels obligated to fulfill my commitment to run this class. Basically, I am conflicted, and I'm pushing myself. I feel bad that I am caused

them pain by cancelling. I have the power and ability to do it. And I did. They had high expectations, and I dashed them. It's my fault. I want to please them, make them happy. And I didn't.

But Jim, remember, you have some rights, too! Yes, I have the right to not want to dance, to cancel my class because it's no fun for me in such cold weather. I'm thinking of everyone but myself. (And here I thought I was such a loner, so independent of the audience! Actually, perhaps I believe this because, deep in my heart, I want to please everyone so much, too much, and this to the point of discomforting myself too much.)

What about my "have fun" rule? Gone down the drain.

Yes, as the leader of my group, and as a person, I have some rights, too!

Time to stand up for myself. Time up for my rights to claim a privilege or two. I deserve it. I don't want too many, but I need a few.

It will disappoint others.

Part of leading is giving pleasure to my followes, but another part is disappointing them.

I'll just have to accept that's part of the game.

Thursday, February 18, 2021

### Fighting for the Golden Means

What am I searching for when I trade?

I'm split between the terrible feeling of losing all my money, being totally destitute, bowery bum, etc., and the empty elation of having everything I want, being totally rich, all my dreams come true, which also leads to the now what? dissatisfying and empty feeling, two unsatisfactory feelings at the end of the greed/fear stock market trading spectrum.

I'm looking for the golden mean, the best place between these two extreme emotions.

But these states of feeling, with their countless gradations, are what I feel when I trade in the stock market every day.

So what am I searching for when I trade?

Friday, February 19, 2021

My down ideas are all fiction, which I create.

Are they true? Mostly, no.

Do they fit the facts? Mostly, no.

Then why do I create them? Mostly habit.

Does this habit have any use?

Maybe it once did, but now certainly not.

Time to look at all these negative ideas as they come up, dissolve them, and dump them into the dust bin of history.

Easier said than done.

Nevertheless, I will start working, becoming and being aware, and start to cancel them as they rise, noxious, habitual, and powerful in my mind.

Curiosity is one answer.

But beyond self-interest and curiosity, is there anything grander and greater than myself? Do I really need connection to expand, which means to connect myself to my greater self and thus become my real self?

No doubt the answer is yes.

But so much of my lower self resists acting upon this knowledge. It rises like a wall in my mind and, in the form of Mr. Lazy, strangles my performing and going-public initiative.

Do I want to ultimately display my monastic arts, the ones I develop alone in my room, in public?

Deep in my heart, I know I ultimately do.

So what is stopping me?

The best part of me says I should.

But like the stubborn, stiff-necked Jews in the bible, I resist commands.

I can't say resistance is futile. But I also can't say it is good.

Here's the paradox: Resistance is my downfall, but it is also my strength.

Saturday, February 20, 2021

Back Home Again

Fear and Depression as Motivators

Love and Play in Battle

Maybe I am retired and don't want to "work" anymore.

Maybe my hobbies have become my reality.

Maybe I need depression and fear to motivate me, to launch and jump-start me.

Yes, once I'm on my way, I'm okay, and even enjoy and love what I do. And when my tasks/jobs are finished I feel joyful, fulfilled, and great. But getting started is another matter. Inertia gets hold of me and doesn't let go. That's why (perhaps) I need an explosion of fear and depression. Do depression and fear work together? Are they twins?

Without these two grand motivators, I'm an empty shell.

Truth is, depression and fear have haunted and followed me most of my post-married life, and probably even before that (But, as I remember, never before college. Once girls and women came into my life, that's when depressions and fears rose to the top. Before that, playing violin and basketball were enough to make me a happy lad. Growing up was the kicker. It kicked me right into the desire and need to work, earn money, build a career, find success, and all the other depressing and fear-filled motivators.

I am where I am. I can't reverse growing up. But I can understand it more deeply. And since these so-called negatives have been motivating me so long, why should they suddenly go away simply because I have been retired?

Basically. I've come back home. I've returned to my old pre-corona fear-and-depression environment, with its old neighborhood tinges, smells, and sidewalk cracks.

But I am returning home with a new knowledge, understanding, and appreciation of my deepest sources of motivation. Yes, it sounds strange, crazy, ridiculous, counter-intuitive, politically and positively incorrect, but strangely, even paradoxically, my deepest sources of motivation are depression and fear.

As I said, without them, I'm an empty shell.

So what am I mostly afraid of?

The audience, of course.

I am very connected to it. That's why, after all, I'm a performer. This whether on guitar, teaching folk dancing, tour leading, whatever. I need their approval and love. The knowledge that I have to "work" for it, that it depends on how I perform, how I do my job, keeps me in a constant state of tension, which is my motivation. As I have said, once I start performing, doing my job, whether on concert stage, dance class, tour leading, whatever, I'm fine. I'm on my way, focused on the job at hand, and all my fears disappear. And the payoff is that, when it's all over and I've done a good job, exhilaration and satisfaction abound.

I also realize fear and depression are twins.

Fear is the active form of depression, and vice versa, depression is the passive form of fear. Both dissolve in action, passing into oblivion, once I start.

So I've come home again. This New Leaf is called Magic Power of the Audience. Perhaps its purpose is to deal with a return to performing, to face, with renewed vigor and understanding, to face my beloved but feared audience and once return to the endless quest of trying to please them.

Retreating from the audience brings depression.

Facing them, dealing with them, brings fear. But the fear blows up inertia, and this explosion of energy propels me into battle.

Evidently, the dynamic, aggressive, even fun and playful part of me loves doing

battle as well.

As a goal, I must give up depression, replace this useless inertia with electric sparks and volcanic eruptions of fear.

One reason I fear death is I'll displease my audience.

It's also why I hate cancelling my outdoor folk dance classes due to bad weather.

My audience will be unhappy, and if they're unhappy, I'll be unhappy. Period.

Am I strong enough to please the audience and maintain my artistic vision? This is a constant fear-filled quest and question.

One great reason I want and need my forced retirement, my retreat into coronavirus monasticism, is so I can (eventually) return to my audience with a larger, deeper vision, and a greater power to impart it.

Once you ripe of the cover off depression and reach into the fear at its bottom, the antidote of anger kicks in. Soon it transforms into total rage, and once that handsome devil starts to boil, you're on a roll, off and running with incredible accomplishments on the horizon.

Tuesday, February 23, 2021

### Turning the Corner

How does the future look?

Well, short term, and maybe even long term, it looks like tours won't start again until (at least) 2023. That gives me another year "off." And when its all over, who knows if I'll even want, or be able, to lead a tour.

So indeed, "short term" for at least another year, my tour business is over. Long term, it may also be finished. But it may not be. Too early to tell.

In any case, I can start dealing with the short term.

Here's how it looks:

My new stock trading "career" has reached its zenith. (So too, I believe, has the market. Of course, I could be wrong here, but we'll see.) So I need to sell my trading account down to comfortable level and protect the main accounts with stable, "safe" investments. All so that my financial life is stable and safe, and I no longer have to think about it, or think about making money.

With my tour business finished, at least for awhile, and trading also finished, what other jobs can I do?

In the past, making money was my motivator. Now, even though I don't need money (we have enough to live off our investments), nevertheless, earning money remains a good motivator, if only a little. (Witness my parking lot folk dance classes.)

### Moving On

#### (Second Sabbatical Year)

Maybe I've solved a lot of problems which have now freed me, cracked my inferiority complex, dumped my old ego, and freed me to sing, and become and be a folk singer.

Which "life time," or post-marriage problems?

1. Classical guitar inferiority complex. Always needing to prove I'm a good guitar player by starting out with classical guitar pieces (show that I'm classy and good because I can play classical guitar. Ugh what a terrible way to start off, with my worse face showing. What a terrible way to go. But evidently I needed to. And this for years. All this before I can let loose and be my true wild-and-free, mouth-and-brain, improvising self.

Inferiority complex exemplified by incessant and ever-failing Alhambra practice. (Evidently, I was trying to crack the complex. And now, somehow, I've finally succeeded.)

Solved.

2. Financial worries. Bowery bum fears. Solved.

The one-year Corona sabbatical is ending. But somehow, OI now have another year to go. Maybe the first year was to solve the old problems, clear and plough the field, get it read to plant and grow the next life. The next career.

Could it be folk singing. A one man folk sing and more show. The Jim Who Show? or Who's Jim Show.

### Hobbies

Somehow I hate the word "hobbies." (Would "interests" be better?) But that's what they are. Maybe "hobbies" are so unserious, frivolous. unimportant, diminish the importance, majesty, gravity, and whatever the hobby is.

Maybe I can find and use a different word.

But no matter what word I use, so-called hobbies are very freeing, relaxing, and good for me. A good hobby attitude is what I need, and have. . .if I could find another term for it.

Should classical guitar be moving into the hobby category, my hobbies, along with writing and languages? Maybe.

### Hobbies

1. Writing
2. Languages
3. Classical guitar
4. Trading stocks

Wednesday, February 24, 2021

### Comedy

### Folk Singing

Me as a folk singer. (Smothers Brothers),



The folk singing format gives me the opening and opportunity to put it all out there. Me, with all its crazy, off-the-wall, wild zig-zagging roads, along with sprouts of New Leaf wisdom.

Is this where I'm heading?

Humor (comedy) as a buffer or rather a weapon, against hopelessness and depression.

What am I hopeless and/or depressed about?

That's easy.

1. Cosmic depression: No purpose or direction. Lost in the cosmos.
2. Knees, body parts.
3. Other

All good subjects for comedy, humorous stories, ad libs.

No question my wild stories fly me away, lift me and my small mind out of these hopeless, helpless, depressing moods.

If it helps me, would it also help others? Lift them out of these down moods? If the flights of my imagination help free me from my demons, would my stories also help others?

If I could believe this helping idea, go beyond myself and my small ego, and see what I create in larger, more expansive, greater light, it would definitely give me a larger reason to sell and promote my stories, books, etc.

The idea of selling and promoting my books merely to enhance my ego, is never enough motivation to push me. Result: Thus, and note: I never promote my books! In fact, I always avoid it. My ego smacks me in the face, keeps me small, diminishes both my vision, and keeps me from seeing my importance to others. Amazing are my limitations. In fact, just the thought that I am important to others makes me sick. And the fact that I think this way also make me sick. Lots of sickness here.

Lots of fuel and food for humor, too.

Peeling Away the Classical Guitar CrustLifting the Lid

None of this is new. It's just peeling away the classical guitar crust. Lifting the lid.

To reveal the new folk singing path behind the door.

Note: my knees are killing me. Is the peeling away creating the pain? I sense it is. More fuel for humor. But note: I got up from this writing and my knees immediately felt better!

Friday, February 26, 2021

What is Courage?

What is courage?

To look disaster in the face and find opportunity.

A softer version: To look annoyances in the face and find opportunity. To find opportunity in annoyances.

Finding opportunity in annoyances.

How can I apply this today?

1. Down market

a. Nibble at the bargains.

2. David's Parkinson's:

a. The toughness of his philosophy (even though he might be "wrong."

Although, who really knows?)

3. Losing our Lowell School folk dance parking lot.

a. Search out Temple Emeth, Or other. Maybe we'll find an even better venue.

4. Knees and dancing

a. Psychological affect of worries on my body.

b. Return to exercises

c. An opportunity to focus my mental resources on my knee, learn more about it, how to deal with it, how it works. The birth of Knee Day: A day to focus on knees.

Saturday, February 27, 2021

Welcome Fears as Challenge Packs of Energy

What have I learned from this long year of Covid?

Among other things, that I will always have fears, they'll never go away, and, most important, that fears are my stimulant.

Fears are forever and so are my stimulants. Rather than fight them, try to "understand" them in order to free myself from their unpleasant grip, instead, embrace and welcome them.

They are my wake up call, informing me of upcoming threats. The challenge of facing and dealing with that threat is my energy packet.

Without threats and fears, often called "challenges," I fall into a sleep-and-boredom state, which has its own form of unpleasantness.

And, there is the added attraction: once I plunge into the tremble, accept the challenge, I focus, deal with it, and usually end up feeling great.

So what's the problem?

Actually, there is none.

So list my challenges, and let the motor roll.

I'm feeling overwhelmed again.

What have I learned? Everything and nothing.

Back to the beginning.

Could I have spent most of my life in hiding, hiding from the public.

Refusing to sing my break down songs, the emotional ones where I break down

crying because of what? Their sadness, the overwhelming power of their beauty, both, all and more?

“The Wark O’ the Weavers,” I sang it and broke down crying.

A common occurrence, but always in private. I would never break down crying in public. Or at least I would try not to. I won’t display my vulnerability.

But vulnerability to what? Music brings it out. So does singing. So far, classical guitar does not, or rather, has not. I’ve hidden behind technique, and my so-called lack of technique. I can’t “express” myself until I play perfectly. And thus, I never do

But I’m at the gates of something new. I’m stepping into my new role and acceptance of being/becoming a folk singer. This has “lowered all my musical standards,” and thus freed me from my “You’re not good enough” technical and classical music chains.

Just as writing my New Leaf Journal has been a long term attempt to tell others about my true, deep emotional self—the one few see since I smile a lot and have a good sense of humor, now so-called “becoming a folk singer” means the performing bonds are lifting (have been lifted) and I’m releasing my emotional self in public. And with it the classical guitar self, which, by saying screw the mistakes, let’s me actually express something. This is totally new, and we’ll see where it leads.

An emotional classical guitar playing. Imagine. Damn the mistakes and torpedoes. Full speed ahead. Wow. (Maybe that’s what I meant by always wanting to play fast. A full release of my emotional self while playing.)

I use (have used) so many techniques to hide. Among others, feeling overwhelmed.

Sunday, February 28, 2021

Very down this morning, and somewhat lost. Indeed, the piss has gone out of me. Is it indeed even worth writing about this? Is it really cathartic to note it in my

journal? My moods are so repetitive. Isn't there another way of saying the same thing?

### Tom's Breakfast

As the morning sun rose, Tom sank into oblivion. This desolate land of destruction was a familiar spot for him, and he often flew there on airlines of unknown origin.

This time he was flying El Hal, a giant goose of a plane with plastic wings made of steel. (Plastic steel was a new product invented by Skwib company leaches working with the worm department, turning out new inventions to speed deconstruction the world.)

Tom reached into his pocket brain, and, fumbling with his limbic system, searched to know why today's flight felt different. Usually the stewardess, Mrs. Munching whose job in former dreams was to cook meals, would bring him a soda on rye bread. However, on this flight, Mrs. Munching was nowhere in sight. Instead, she had been replaced by her adverbial form, Mr. Munchwhere (formerly Mr. Munchhere).

"Good morning, Tom," he said, "Just call me Where." his pleasant smiling face displaying his three teeth alongside six implants, all illuminated by a flashlight situated behind his back molar. "How are you today?" His smile widened. Bending toward his client as he opened his mouth wide, he added, "Mr Tom, take a look. Have you noticed that my molars are more developed than most other mammals."

"I don't care about your stupid teeth, you inert nerd," Tom hissed. "I'm sinking into a morass of nothingness, sandwiched between a purposeless existence. I need a drink."

"Drink? Are you sure it's not a sandwich? Perhaps cheese and ham?"

"You're more stupid than I thought. Even your memory has slipped. Don't you remember I'm kosher. No ham."

"Will you take spam, sir?"

Tom considering his pre-breakfast stomach pains. Softeneing his tone, he

answered, "No spam. But Swiss cheese is okay. Make it on rye."

"Yes sir." Steward Where returned to the kitchen and released Tom who returned to his mood.

The lad looked out the window and fixed his eyes on a passing cloud. And as he watched it vanish into the distance, his bad mood went with it. Soon the sun shown through patches of blue sky and shown on Tom's face.

When Mr. Munchwhere returned and found Tom asleep, emitting snores of happy solitude, he laid the sandwich on the seat beside him (on the adjacent seat).

After writing "Tom's Breakfast," I feel better.

Although there is no cure for my disease, my unique form of Down Syndrome, writing fiction certainly (distracts me and) eases the pain. It gives me wings, serves as my blimp, lifts me out of the morass, and carries me slowly upward.

It's a gift from above, a reason for gratitude.

Thank you, Mr. Creator for lodging your jewels inside me.

Why wait? Why not start my new life today?

Okay, I will.

Professions:

1. Folk dancing (and exercise combo, My profession)
  - a. Prepare Temple Emeth flier, \$10 box sign, email letters, change flier (\$10 donation)
  - b. Start training for Golden Bridge and return future.
2. Exercise (and folk dancing, combo. My profession)
  - a. Get in shape for upcoming folk dancing, and all.
    1. Yoga
    2. Back to walks and running!

3. Review dances, fast ones, too. Training!
3. Guitar: (My new profession)
  - a. Folk song review
  - b. Videos of classic guitar, and folk songs
4. Writing
  - a. Start writing fiction
  - b. Start editing NLJ for publishing
5. Studies. Languages (now part of my new profession,. Folk singer, performing, one man show)
  - a. Work on accents for shows, folk dance teaching?

Monday, March 1, 2021

I'm a folk singer who happens to play classical guitar. It makes all the difference.

Tuesday, March 2, 2021

The Folk Singing Freedom Life

A Badge of Honor to Play So Slowly

After singing Lord Firedamp (Coal Owner and the Pitman's Wife), a badge of honor to play (Lagrime and Adelilta) so slowly.

This feels so overwhelming and revolutionary, I can hardly stand it.

This acceptance, and even beauty of slow, in the light and under the shadow of folk singing it not only so amazing, and wonderful as well.

To honor my slow, sensual, exploratory playing, under the cloak of folk singer, is so astounding.

Not only am I free and easy, I am right and good. Different and true. Adventuring, fresh and virgin, in another land.

Thursday, March 4, 2021

Tours: A reason to go back to these countries is to study and practice the language.

Next step: To practice speaking. (It goes with singing.)

Not even to record (video) anymore.

Against recording, against publication. At least for now.

Then why bother?

For the glory of God.

Order: Doing it for the glory of God, by its very nature, includes others. But doing it for others, does not necessarily include the glory of God. (It might, but it might not.)

Morning taxis or order:

Language, some writing, sing/guitar, exercise.

(Can exercises, singing, and breathing all be combined.)

Friday, March 5, 2021

### The Grand Connector

Why do I study languages?

Looking deep in my heart I see that my ultimate wish, my ultimate desire, is that someday, sometime, somewhere, either now or in the future, others will admire, honor, and love me for it. In other words, others, the internal and external audience, gives it meaning. Connecting with other gives meaning.

Sad but true.

Why sad?

Because without others, I have no (or very little) meaning. (In fact, I'd even



eliminate the “very little.”) Yes, the hard truth is that without others, connecting to others, what I do, how I think, how much money I make, how many things I accomplish, all of it has no meaning.

Connecting to others is the key.

But how to do it?

What happens if you’re locked in a castle, imprisoned in solitary confinement, or put yourself willingly isolated in a cave or monastic retreat? What happens if you are separated from the world? For years. How do you connect?

Do we need a Grand Connector? Does one exist? If not, do we need to invent a mental and spiritual connector?

I think so. And this whether one is religious, atheist, secular or circular.

That’s why this New Leaf is about finding my audience, connecting to others, the Magic Power of the Audience.

Seeing a physical audience does not necessarily mean you will be united with them. Connection is a mental and spiritual thing.

It can happen even without the appearance of a physical audience, Connection is a creative, mental and spiritual act performed internally. I can be connected when alone. I can do it anytime, anywhere, any place. It’s part of my gene collection, my human inheritance. To connect, I only have to remember.

Thus, one is really never alone.

We are all connected.

And from within and without, the Grand Connector smiles on us.

### Creating (Imagining) My Ideal Audience

Maybe its about developing, imagining, a whole new audience in my mind, one that loves, and stands in awe and amazement, every classical note I play.

I’d call them, for now, my folk song audience. They are amazed that I can play

anything at all, and stand in total awe of every classical sound I make.

Indeed, I am creating this audience out of my imagination, but, of course, whatever I imagine is and will be real.

Slow, sensual, and deep is the way I go, and slow, sensual, and deep is what they love. In fact, they love everything I play and do and perform. They are beyond acceptance of me. They are in awe and wonder of me, appreciate and love everything I do, and are so thankful that I am doing it for them.

They are my evidently my ideal audience, the one I have always wanted.

And somehow, I am now ready to create them. I am imagining them into reality.

They are unsophisticated and full of love, admiration, awe and wonder, and love the magic.

Saturday, March 6, 2021

As humble, broken down, decrepit, old, falling apart, injured, and in whatever shape or shapelessness that I am, I still have to face humans.

Tours: Connection to people: Languages and history (study)

Performance: Guitar and songs: Connection to people

Publishing: Writing: Connection to people

Dance: Connection to people

Exercise: through dance and more: Connection to people

My Corona sabbatical years (two years?) is my grand refresh. It aims/funnels my mind into a future return to the people connection.

New goal: To speak to humans in Hebrew, Greek, and Bulgarian. This means I need to face humans (audience) for:

1. Language study (individual, audience)
2. Guitar/song: Performance (audience)
3. Writing: publishing (audience)

4. Dance: My class audience
5. Exercise: through dance

Monday, March 8, 2021

### Does My Need Make It True?

Every morning I start off with a bout of meaninglessness. Then mentally, I connect my purpose and meaning to others, to dealing with, influencing, and helping other people, and my feeling of meaninglessness goes away.

No question we are all connected.

But evidently, every day I have to remind myself of this connection.

Even in this corona world of confinement feeling, with my lost work, lockdowns, social distancing, masks, separation, and more, I must somehow think of ways I can effect and influence others.

Even in the extreme of solitary confinement, is this possible? If you are totally separated from others, how can you influence and affect them?

Only through the subtle vibrations of thought, personal telecommunication, and telepathy.

It takes a strong belief in the power of invisible vibrations, in other words, the reality of ideas. (Idea-lism at its best.) Are thoughts really that powerful? Can they be transmitted through walls?

Big questions. But I must believe that the Unseen has that kind of power in order to survive and make my life meaningful.

Years ago, I read in Vivekananda that there are sages who sit in caves far removed from the world, Their "job," or purpose is to sit there all day thinking thoughts of unity and peace. The vibrations from these thoughts fly from their advanced brains and unify the world.

I love the idea that mental vibrations are so powerful and real.

But just because I love it, does that make it real and true?

Just because I want it to be true, does that mean it is?

No questions, I need to believe in it.

But does my need make it true?

### Immediate Connection, Importance, Meaning

(But a bit scary. Well, so what about that. Scary won't stop me at all. But it is interesting.)

Idea: Edit today's New Leaf writing immediately, Put it on my website immediately. Today. Right after I write it. This would definitely connect me to the outside world.

### Is It Good For Others?

Will reading this post help others?

Is helping others my new criteria?

Why not? It certainly is a good one.

My former criteria, my reason for doing things, was to make money and become famous. Feed my ego and make money.

Fame and fortune were my motivators.

(They still are to a certain extent.)

But slowly, over the months (maybe even years), I have been shifting. Fame has faded in importance, finances have improved to the point where I now know I can make it, even retire, and still get along. So two grand motivators have fallen by the wayside.

Since my fame and fortune situation has improved, I've been asking myself: what will now drive me, motivate me?

I've had no answer.

But since Covid has destroyed my businesses and created a sabbatical years or more, I've had time to rethink my life. In the process, new thoughts about motivation

have arisen.

First, I see the total inescapable reality of my connection to others. This is a reality beyond fame and fortune.

As a result, my sense of purpose and meaning is changing.

Fame and fortune motivation is softening – although not disappearing – and I'm drifting, sinking, rising, elevating, into a helping others mode.

Dare I call it motivation?.

Quite a transformation.

The truth of this helping others connection is staring me right in the face. There is no way around it, no escape. Nor do I want to escape. I need meaning in my life. I welcome this new purpose.

Thus new questions:

1. Does my blog help others? Do my new posts?
2. Does my folk dance teaching help others?
3. Are my tours good for others?
4. Do my books, can my books, help others?
5. Is my guitar playing, and folk singing good for others?

Truth is, I now all the above stuff does help people. So what's the big deal?

Tuesday, March 9, 2021

Dividends.

### Focus

Focus of any kind, on any thing, keeps me from falling into the abyss.

Thus focus on language, money, music, dance, exercise, study, just about anything, is good, healthy, and well for me.

Of course, its better to focus on something positive than negative. But even a focus on the negative is better than nothing. Why? Because falling into the abyss of

nothingness, a place where all of life's meaning and purpose has been drained away, is one of my worst fears.

Wednesday, March 10, 2021

Rest Stroke is My Way

Playing Zambra and Caprichio Arabe I finally realize that: Rest stroke is my way.  
It may be slower, a bit uneven but it is steady, strong, confident and solid.

It is my folk way of sharing classical guitar.

"Folk way." Hmm, a new term for me.

What does it mean?

Where will it lead? To more confident playing and meaningful sharing.

(sharing? How did that new term appear?)

And this before my new folk audience.

Thursday, March 11, 2021

Love and Fun

Does the concept of fun-for-itself, or fun-in-itself work as an eternal motivational goal?

I'm having fun both trading, and in languages, especially since I'm doing three (Hebrew, Greek, and Bulgarian) in a "Word of the Day" programs. I'm jumping from one language to another, both in reading and listening, and, I must say, this so-called useless activity is fun!

Truly, both activities are vaguely useless, even though trading is about money.

I could also add that my guitar playing is useless since I no longer plan to perform. (Although since I decided I'm a folk singer, that might change.)

And add to this, last night's comment by Barry that writing light fiction, making folks laugh, is the hardest to write. That makes it a challenge for me, and I might try it. In other words, by "try", I mean make a conscious effort to write light, fun, fun-ny, off-

the-wall fiction. My mind of stuff.

Since I gave up fear as a motivation, can I now replace it with fun? Can I allow these so-called useless activities to motivate me? Indeed, love and fun go together. Can I allow them to unite in my formerly fear-and-dour motivated brain?

Of course, even as I write this, I realize there really is no other choice. Without fear, there is nothing left to motivate me but love and fun. I just have to get used to it.

Friday, March 12, 2021

### Aim at the Audience

It feels like a new day, and a new beginning.

Aim at the audience: vocal exercises, singing, guitar playing.

Also standing is more powerful than sitting.

This mode, attitude, and thought process is different. I'm in their face. Dynamic, powerful, amazing.

See the audience before me. (A particular person better.)

Sing into their eyes.

Then play classical guitar into their eyes.

Toss the tones in their face. Hurl, throw the notes straight into the audience. It's aggressive, but a good first step.

Since I'm at all-or-nothing kind of guy, everything I do will now be aimed outward, at and into the audience, at and into the public, beyond my former, old and small self.

It is a totally different feel, and orientation.

I'll be aiming outside while simultaneously going deep inside to pull out my deepest inner-outer self.)

Now extend this idea to everything I do.

(What will that mean? Where will it lead?)

New PracticeInclude the Audience. . . Always

This is wild. It means every step is new. Start with arm rotations. Aim them at the audience.

Folk dance class is my audience, at least for now. Tours in the future, and perhaps other venues.

Folk aerobics.

Telepathy: See, visualize them in front of me. Send the vibrations of my arm rotation feeling into their body.

I'm using my body (parts of my body) to send messages, vibrations, feelings into theirs.

I do this while I'm standing in front of the class, my audience. But I can and will also do this, doing the exercises alone. Think of my audience, and, from a long distant, telepathically, send them the same messages. Send them my vibrations long distance.

Have the feeling, feel the feeling, transmit/telecommunicate the feeling to my dancers in the parking lot field far away.

Make this part of my practice.

Nay, make the attitude/approach all of my practice.

This "I Am The Audience" practice definitely connecting myself to the world on a long term, permanent basis.

We Are Me, I Am They, They Are We. All is One.

A spiritual meditation practice, and prayer form.

Monday, March 15, 2021

Power



Rather than ashamed. or guilty, I am afraid of it.

Shame: A form of guilt.

Guilt: A disguised, distracted form of fear

Fear: A basic instinct. I believe in fear.

Rather than shame or guilt, I am afraid of it.

What?

Power. My own power.

I fear my own power.

Okay, I don't want to fear my power anymore.

Dive in. Meet and get to know it. See who he/she/it is.

It's a mighty and wonderful thing.

In its many manifestations.

### Creating My Own Cures

Since I am the one creating (inventing, and developing) my own pains, I am also the one who can create (invent, and develop) my own interpretations of those pains, I also create (invent, and develop) my own cures.

Thus I chose to interpret my knee pains as denials of my own power (power to eliminate, dispel, disperse, and heal )(heel) them).

And this true (most) of other pains as well.

Tuesday, March 16, 2021

### Cure for Cosmic Depression

I will never answer the why of cosmic depression. Why does it happen?

Consciousness creates self-consciousness.

Self consciousness creates separation, loneliness, and disconnection from meaning.

Meaninglessness, purposelessness, creates cosmic depression.

Cosmic depression (probably other kinds as well) is a form of avoidance. An Avoi-Dance folk dance.

It avoids dive in, jump in, just do it.

(In this sense, it doesn't matter what you do. As long as you do something.)

Dive in dissolves cosmic depression, and other kinds as well.

Wednesday, March 17, 2021

### Distractions

#### Dealing with Monkey Mind

Monkey mind needs a pole. To slide up and down.

Otherwise, it will destroy you.

I couldn't understand the Hebrew video. The actors spoke too fast. I felt discouraged.

What did I learn?

Discouragement is part of the game, one of the tools of monkey mind.

Similar to cosmic depression, it is a form of distraction.

Distraction from what?

The grand healers: Focus, dive in, just do it.

What to do?

Drop discouragement. Dump it in the garbage bin along with cosmic depression and overwhelmed. Instead, when these distractions come along, look straight into them, recognize them as the clouds of distraction they are, and push them aside.

Then dive into the task at hand.

If there is no task at hand, make one up.

Then just do it.

The cloud of discouragement vanishes. Focus and enthusiasm step in to take its place.

Overwhelmed belongs to the same cloud formation.

What about fatigue? It depends. Certain forms, yes, Each has to be considered on its own merit.

I hooked three: Discouragement, cosmic depression, and overwhelmed.

Why do they arise from the playful depths of monkey mind? What is their purpose? Perhaps I'll never know.

And maybe it doesn't even matter.

But they are there.

The antidote to monkey mind is dive-in-and-do-it.

Self-awareness is the only weapon.

Enthusiasm, love and joy are the rewards.

It's a daily struggle.

But well worth it!

### The Next Leaf

Sunday, March 21, 2021

Find something you're afraid of. . .then do it.

Do it, not for money, but because it's hard for me to do.

This is a good philosophy for the rest of my life.

Wednesday, March 24, 2021

I'm onto my new leaf.

I'll do it in WP, at least for now. (Maybe do Word later.)

Life without money worries, How bland will it be? Market and trading unnecessary. Tours unnecessary as well. Money motivation gone. Why do anything?

Only for love, curiosity, and interest. And to learn something.

Could I re-enter tours to learn something? (With money motivation gone) What would I learn? Languages? Other? The beauty of organization?

I have to lead tours. It is my calling. God gave me the talent. I have to use it. Regardless of what "I" want. (Whatever that means.) Could this be true of folk singing, too? Yes. God gave me the talent, (so I have to use it.) But not in classical guitar, at least not the way I've been doing it, which is making classical guitar my impediment, the block preventing me from following, fulfilling my talents. It has prevented me from giving into the Higher Forces, holding me back to fear and ego chains.

In any case, all that is coming to an end.

I'm in the "Now What?" and "What's Next?" stage.

Two things are happening simultaneously:

1. I'm getting into folk singing again, becoming a folk singer. Through video improvements, learning, etc.

2. I'm drifting back into tours.

Both public, outward, service events.

And drifting out of corona one-year sabbatical life.

How to use my new corona learning and wisdom to power my new public-entry life?

### Fruits of Corona Sabbatical

There is truly no reason for me to be in the stock market or trading anymore. I have enough.

The only reason I can see to run tours is because I was given a talent and with it comes a calling. To lead others in elevating experiences.

(And now I have to do it without my money motivator. Only because, like Moses, I "have to.")

Folk singing and performing again (as a liberated and liberating folk singer) may be part of this "have to."

The corona sabbatical has freed me from financial and classical guitar blockage,

freed me to unleash and release my talents. Now what?

So ends a New Leaf