

RE-INVENTION

Monday, June 8, 2020

If Only One Person Loves Your Work

What Potential Benefits!

Why is it important that one person loves your art?

Because if one person loves it, so could another. Two could double to four. Four to eight. On and on until you have a huge following, a grand audience, your business flourishes, and soon you become rich and famous.

Not bad for a shy, retiring artist.

Positive Benefits of Misery

Thank You, Depression

Today time is running out.

Death is up ahead.

But today is no different from yesterday, or any other day.

So what's the big deal?

Today I'm older.

But I'm always older.

If I'm older, I'm closer to the end.

But it can end any time, anywhere, at any age.

So why am I disturbed about mortality today?

I don't know.

In fact, I'm probably not.

It's just a slow day.

Not to worry. It will pass.

But as I look more closely, there is something to worry about.

It's the Wow Factor.

Before I wrote this piece, I had a glorious idea. To start a Dance of the Week newsletter. An exciting new business rising from the corona shut-down ashes.

What a thought! My mind burned with new directions. So intense. Ideas flashing right and left. A wild, kabbalistic creative fire engulfed my being. I raced to my computer and dashed through my folk dance choreography videos, trying to decide which to choose. It got more intense; I wrote the copy, opened a new page on my website.

Sparks of disparate ideas flew in all directions as I struggled to organize my newsletter and new business. Soon I couldn't stand it anymore. I had to escape the sparks, the fire, the heat of Wow! burning in my heart.

What better way to quell the flames of passion than hose it down with thoughts of impending doom, death, depression, and sundry other buckets of misery?

Passion can be dangerous. In my state of invention ecstasy, I might believe I could fly. Then I might try it and jump off a cliff in happiness.

Luckily, after such creation, I get depressed. It calms me, lowers my wild brain currents to a more stable place.

A whack of sadness puts out the passion fire, protects me from emotional extremes, and relaxes me.

That's why I say thank you.

Thank you, depression. You relax me.

Start Writing Again

Woke up with no goals in mind.

With no job, no outside force pushing me, no reason to get up or put effort into anything, I ask why get up at all? Why bother? Vacant mind and visiting Why bother land? have returned with a vengeance.

Usually, this vacuum, cosmic-down state means I need to start writing again!

In fact, just saying writing makes me feel better.

Seems I'm on the cusp of writing fiction again.

I'd also like to make some money. Selling my fiction would validate my writing efforts. But strangely, sales wouldn't necessarily motivate me but the feeling of emptiness does.

Dissolving Internal Guitar Bullies

I have been pushed by internal classical guitar bullies most of my guitar-playing life.

Notice I say internal because, truly, no one has pushed me to play guitar any other way but my own. The devils pursuing and controlling me for years are all creatures of my imagination.

Somehow, in glorious victory I have dissolved them.

These bullies had settled in "Alhambra." That became their stronghold, their castle lodgings. For years, it has been my job to expel them.

But the corona virus infected them. Evidently, they became weak, sick, and finally dissolved into a stream of dribble, floated out of my castle, passed through the gate, crossed the moat, and disappeared into the wild fields beyond.

Now my castle feels clean and free.

Will these bullies return? Somehow, I doubt it. Their chambers have been cleaned, polished, and sanctified. There is no longer a place for them here. Their defeat has been total.

How and why this exit took place is a miracle, a gift of grace and happiness I may never understand. Of course, miracles are not for understanding.

My transition to Virgin Land has been complete.

Naive and innocent, I can welcome in the new day.

Saturday, June 13, 2020

Corona Virus Turning Point

Chose Life

The choice is almost between life and death. Is it really “almost” Or it is totally true? I’m afraid it’s the latter: Lose everything and gain my health, freedom, and life.

Is it really that extreme?

I hope it isn’t, but maybe it is. Deep in my heart of hearts, I know it is. The choice is between freedom and death. Death through inner rage, heart attack by squashing and killing my soul.

Ugh, ugh, ugh. I hate this choice. But the corona virus political reaction, with its lock down, destruction of the economy, destruction of my business, throttling of joy, love, and social contacts, masks muzzling and shutting off my freedom, social distancing with its killing of folk dancing, holding hands, touching, hugging, and flesh contact with real people is forcing me to make a life and death choice.

And of course, although it is awfully tough, and death is always an option, I’ll still choose life.

Sunday, June 14, 2020

Go with the Flow

Although my corona panic has diminished to a trickle, I’m still wasting lots of time being angry about politics, and the new social mores of masks, social distancing, riots, and protests.

Truth is, I can’t, or won’t do anything to change things. All I do is fume, turn the poison gases of panic and rage on myself, rail against masks and social distancing. All my anguish and mental energy seems ultimately to change nothing.

This morning I’m giving up my entire panic and anger venture. Just accept things as they are. It’s easier.

Tuesday, June 16, 2020

Rebirth of Hope

Rebirth of hope.

After entering deeply and truly, and accepting and loving my slow guitar, and

playing it my way, and learning that by playing it “my way,” I can play anything, meaning that if I play slow enough, I can play anything, and going through this process, this morning I arrived at new point, which is, that I can return to “fast” again. But this time it will somehow be “fast,” but without the old time impediments. In other words, “fast” my way.

What does that mean?

I’m not sure. It is a return to the past, but this time in renaissance mode, birthing a new approach, solidifying “m way” and no applying it to fast.

And somehow, I feel I can do it now. Thus rebirth of hope.

Wednesday, June 17, 2020

The Blessings of Losing My Business

A New Audience

The blessings of losing my business, the belated benefits of corona virus shutdown are, among other things, a new audience of inner friends.

My old audience was so critical, ready to pounce on every mistake I made, waiting out there, like hungry wolves for the moment to jump on stage and tear me apart. My right hand froze playing every tremolo.

But now, thanks to covid and the destruction of my businesses, I have created a new inner audience.

They are a small, elect group of self-created friends, all sitting in a semicircle in our backyard.

My new concert program is performed for them. My classical guitar pieces, my songs and stories, are now forms of meditation. Giving a concert has become a happy time for folks to sit in peace, listening to the sounds I create while their minds wander through the universe, visiting various mystery centers and soon to be discovered planets featuring love, beauty and inner peace.

Finding Joy Going Public with my Writing

I hire others to edit my work because I can't or won't edit it myself. I can't stand looking at it! Too hot! Too close!

So I've been avoiding it for years (maybe all my life).

Stock market trading is a great avoidance mechanism. I'd rather lose money than face my editing. I'll do almost anything to avoid it. Why? Probably because it is good and I agree with it.

But now times are different.

I want to give my work significance.

Am I now, with the help of corona virus, at a juncture point? Can I edit my work, and send it out? To my email list. As part of Dance of the Week, Gold Nuggets. Especially parts of my New Leaf journal. And free, of course. (Like free folk dancing in my driveway.)

Without the daring idea of sending it out, why bother editing it? Going public is the force that will push me to edit it. I can even choose Barb and Elena, Jo Ann, a few others, like

To replace the ancient thrill of stock trading with the present annoyance, bother, terror, hating, resistance and more of editing my writing and preparing it for public presentation.

Maybe resistance has become futile and the time is now right.

One of the old reasons I hesitated to send my journal writings to my email list is that they would read about how I "really" think, and then decide against going on tours with me.

But my tour business is over for at least a year, maybe even for good. So if I sent them my journal what could or would I lose? I've already lost my tour customers.

And on the plus side, sending it to them would motivate me to look at it again, edit it, just as carefully as I look at and edit my Dance of the Week.

I definitely need a motivation to go public with my work, past the fear and

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dread. Perhaps I could even find joy in doing it!

Now that's an amazing direction.

To find joy in going public with my writing!

So ends a New Leaf.