

THE NEW LAND

Tuesday, June 30, 2020

Stand Against Tyranny: Folk Dance!

Folk Dance Matters: FLM versus BLM

I'm not a politician. But I still need to fight their terrible political decisions which so affect my life and the lives of others.

The corona virus lock down has locked out fun, excitement, joy, and growth, and replaced it with masks, social distancing, and shut down misery.

Of course, there is a health issue which must be deal with. But without a functioning economy everyone will die. Obviously, you need both. But, for a civilized life, you also need sport, art, adventure, excitement, growth, and joy to enrich your garden. And more!

So the struggle to reopen begins.

What's my best tool, best weapon, best way to fight?

Folk dancing!

The folk dance push-back, forward, sideward, and push in circles, too. The folk dance army marching in grapevine or two-step formation, conquering country and country with beauty.

The way I fight back is with and through folk dance! That is my best tool, my best strength. Thus, start up my classes.

Open up folk dancing somewhere, somehow, even if, as a start, we have to social distance and wear masks.

Running folk dance classes, putting the folk dance army on the march is its own subtle, powerful political statement.

In order to do this, I need to start my classes.

Where and how to start them is the next question.

Parking lots and outdoor restaurants are a good start.

Stand against tyranny: Folk Dance!

Folk Dance Matters!

Give Up and Find

Do I have an obligation to teach folk dancing?

Well, yes, I must earn a living and teaching is one of the ways I do it. I also lead tours and teach guitar.

But since the shut down, although I still have the skill, I am no longer earning a living through folk dancing or tour leading.

So do I still have an obligation to teach?

Now it seems I need to give up folk dancing. And this, in order to rediscover it.

Perhaps that is the wisdom in the corona initiative.

Friday, July 3, 2020

Burden?

My long run ended with left ankle pain. My first reaction was "Now I don't have to folk dance!"

Is teaching folk dancing a burden? I never thought of it that way but maybe it is. The fact I must show up to teach, focus on my class is a responsibility, and thus a burden. A likeable, up-beat, pleasant, inspiring burden, but a burden nevertheless.

I feel a bit nervous before each class, psyche myself up, prepare my mind and body since I want to run the class well, perform all duties successfully. Yes, it's a pleasant pressure, but a pressure nevertheless, And what is a pressure but a burden?

The happy burden of folk dancing for joy and profit. Who would have thought?

Serving Beauty

Is the Magnificence real?

Deep down I know Reality.
But I won't admit, tell, say, or confess it.
I wonder why.
If I speak of the Magnificence, will It disappear?

Vegetating or Waiting for the Call

I need a new source of motivation.
An old source of motivation was fear.
But most of it is gone now, replaced by rising confidence sprinkled with success.
But somehow success has diminished motivation.
What will ignite energy and inspire me toward uplift?
Beauty?
I see no other choice.
Serving Beauty, bringing it to others, can be a calling.
But is it enough to call me?
Can it draw me out of the house, across the sales floor, and into the public square?
I know my arts bring benefits to others.
But will it motivate my butt off the chair?
So far lethargy rules. Or is it paralysis? I'm stuck in mid-stream house, paddling forward and backward. I sit here, like a vegetable, going nowhere.
Am I vegetating?
Or waiting for the call?

Wednesday, July 8, 2020

Trading Victory

Yesterday's market down 400 points.
But I lost very little.
This is good.

Am I getting better?

Suppose I am. Will belief in self improvement be good for me? Or will I succumb to hubris?

How did I succeed yesterday?

First, I started out with two great penny stock wins. However, I sold them immediately and locked in my gains. (I didn't wait for them to go higher, like I used to. That's a learning and a plus.

Second, I have a new commitment: Do not losing money. This means I cut my losses early through tight stops.

By softening my greed, I'm softening fear as well. This is done by accepted lower gains, but also lower losses.

So, by softening fear and greed, I ended up making money yesterday's down market.

I'll call this first victory over fear and greed. At least for a day.

Saturday, July 11, 2020

Folk Dancing

The ideas of teaching folk dancing in our driveway tomorrow depressed me. Why? I think it reminds me of what I've lost.

I broke into tears as I said these words. That obviously means yes.

I miss teaching my classes!

That means somehow and somewhere I have to teach folk dancing again. I have to get it back.

When should I start?

Now!

But how? And where to start?

I Choose Life

Which is worse, society suicide or normal life?

Living in lock down, isolation, masks, social distancing, no concerts, services, basically with all, or most of the good things in life shut down and gone, living in mostly constant fear, or, taking chance, returning to normal life, and possibly getting sick with the virus?

Is it worth living in constant fear of every breath, touch, and every person?

Actually, it is a type of social and life style suicide, cultural uplift and fun suicide.

I don't like suicide. I prefer life over death.

I prefer taking a chance, and continuing to normal. Life is a risky. Embrace the risk. Dive into its up and down possibilities. Otherwise, suicide is calling.

My decision is made. I'll work to wiggle my way around lock down and isolation. I choose excitement and inspiration over fear and panic.

I choose life.

Okay, what comes next? What can I personally do?

First, I can fight back by simply being normal.

Second, I have a folk dance voice. Organize a normal folk dance class! These days normal is totally revolutionary. I can call it: Revolutionary Folk Dancing with a subtitle of Freedom Dancing (Goldilocks said "Locks down" to her three bears.)

I can also offer other freedoms in my class such as:

1. Optional handshakes and hugs
2. Optional social distancing and masks
3. Optional folk dance steps

Tuesday, July 14, 2020

Promotion

Promoting my books to a small group might be more fun. I'd know my following and could give it a personal touch.

Jesus started with a small group. And although it took a while to build his following, he didn't do so badly.

Why not follow his example?

(Did he have more fun?)

I could aim for twelve followers, twelve people who like my books.

Sunday, July 19, 2020

On To The Real Me!

I used to think retreat from the world was a good thing, but now I wonder.

I used to admire my inner monk, and the romantic desire to live in a monastery. Mainly, my inner monastery where art and imagination dwell.

But now I wonder.

With CV dominating the world and my world, I now have mucho free time to dwell in my inner monastery. And outer monastery since I lost all my business and reasons to push, promote, and advertise in the outside world.

So my inner monastery has been fed to the point of satiation. . .and danger.

This enables me to face a lifetime problem: How to deal with the outside, material, so-called real world.

I need a balance between outer and inner, between my socializing outer self and reflective inner monastery self.

How to change it?

I have added Dance of the Week website to bring me public. Another step forward going public.

On to the real me!

Nice. I like it.

Reaching Beyond My LimitsGuitar Reach Out Spot

The hypothenar area is the (my) guitar reach out spot.

Start Reaching Out Right Away

Start right away right away. With the first note, the first dance exercise, the first yogic stretch, weight, running, or dance step. Reach out!

Expansion begins as soon as I pick up the guitar and pluck the first note. No warm up needed. Reaching out is my warm up. And this even when the body and muscles are cold.

Tuesday, July 21, 2020

Greeting Big Al

Let the thumb take over; give up (my) fingers completely.

Let the Lord rule; give up individuality/ego completely.

Thursday, July 23, 2020

The Leadership Life

Lead the Leadership life,

Guitar and Creative Chaos

One result of corona retirement is playing the Milan Pavane in C with my right hand mostly over the sound hole.

Of the three sound color spots on the classic guitar, playing over the sound hole creates the sweetest sound. (Playing over the rosette is stronger, more harsh while playing near the bridge is metallic.)

This means retirement is teaching me to play softly and sweetly. No need to impress or win over an audience since retirement means I have no audience. It opens us a new level of freedom.

I happily step into the creative chaos.

Sunday, August 2, 2020

Depth and Consolidation

Seems I'm entering a new month. Calmer, more centered.

Part of me wants a new project, but nothing comes to mind.

So far I've only got exercise, running, yoga, weights, and guitar. I can also add Greek history study and blog development.

These feel like consolidations, rather than new directions.

Could consolidation be new directions?

I've got lots of things going. I don't need a new direction. I'll stay on my present path and travel further in depth and consolidate.

Mistakes as Explorations

Part of the Show

I gave my first solo concert in the living room before an imaginary audience.

Did I ruin my show by making a mistake and then correcting it in front of the audience?

Or did I expand my performance?

I like the expansion idea of turning mistakes into explorations. Then make them part of the show by correcting yourself in front of the audience!

It's a free, liberating way to perform.

And audiences like liberation.

Thursday, July 23, 2020

Leadership Life

Leadership life emphasizes creativity, imagination, dynamism, social direction, performance, and uses imagination and creativity to change the world. Not a bad start.

Dare to be bold.

Get used to it.

Grab the leadership life!

Friday, July 24, 2020

Audience as Motivator and Energizer

As I was walking down Cedar Lane, I saw my reflection in a store window. I was slightly stooped as I walked slowly.

Suddenly, in my mind, I heard my sister telling me to walk correctly with long, strong, proud strides.

With her command in mind, I straightened my neck and proudly lengthened my stride.

Immediately I felt better.

Why is this important?

Because along with the good feeling came a vision of an inner audience watching me. This is the audience I have been fighting with for years, trying to escape its ever-critical eye. But suddenly, as I took my grand, prideful stride, I saw them no longer as a repressive force, but rather as a grand motivator and energizer!

Excitement now shot to the surface, forcing me to straighten even more, stand with even greater pride, walk straight ahead, do it right!

Why this happened now after so many years of inner struggle, I'll never know. But whatever the reason, I'm ready.

Guitar Wisdom

The relaxation point is the power source.

In right wrist, mystically clad. Hard to pinpoint.

The Spot remains nameless.

That's a good thing. Naming it diminishes and limits it, and hides the power.

Very wise.

By asking where is the power, I avoid the power.

Don't ask.

Just dive in.

Tuesday, August 11, 2020

Masks

Physically, masks inhibit oxygen intake, force you to inhale your own noxious carbon dioxide. It is basically unhealthy and unsafe to dance with masks. Plus, socially, by covering half the face, masks inhibit social contact, communication, smiles, hugs, greetings, and the sharing of (joy, joyful) emotions that folk dancing creates. Thus negative of a physical, emotional, social, and no doubt other, levels. Masks may (I emphasize the word "may") inhibit the spread of germs and viruses, but in the process, they destroy the folk dance experience. Which one is better? Yes, health is involved. But so is a choice. It's nice to have both, it's nice to be safe, but in life, total safety is not always possible. So a choice has to be made. Which one is more worth it, more worthwhile? And ultimately, even better for your health?

Social distancing:

Social dancing is noxious but less noxious. It destroys hand holding, and of course, all touching, including of course, hand shakes and hugs, all vital part of group folk dancing, but under the cloud of social distancing, it is still possible to folk dance and enjoy it, if on a line dance or folk aerobic level. Not perfect, but possible; not good but not too bad.

Judgement and Criticism

What about artist/aesthetic judgement? Is there a good bad, better, or worse art?

Moral judgements are based on the ten commandments.

Artistic/aesthetic judgements are based on personal tastes. What do you like? Personal taste makes it "good" or "bad."

Unlike moral judgement, there is nothing universal about artistic/aesthetic judgements.

Answers are temporary, but questions go on forever.

The Art of the Mistake

A New Freedom Art Form

Let The Art of the Mistake take its rightful place among the (performing) arts.

In aesthetics, clarity is a value.

But is it a universal or just my value?

For example, look at a Jackson Pollack painting, or read, if you can, James Joyce Finnegan's Wake. Clarity is gone, destroyed, has no value at all. Yet some consider it art.

When I play or listen to classical music, clarity, the clear and perfected notes of the performing artist, are important, an important value.

But again, look at atonal and beyond "modern" music. (Schoenberg and beyond) atonal, unorganized, chaotic. It stands garbled and proud.

So, on my endless search for personal and artistic freedom, I ask: Could my sloppy playing of "Alhambra" still be considered art? (Of course, "sloppy" is my own judgement term. I could call it something else. Gray style? Indefinite style? Ever raising questions style, Shaded interpretation style, hesitation style?

Presently, I see it as lack of skill. But that could be simply my own way of seeing it.

Could my interpretation ever change?

Could I ever see it as my own form of Jackson Pollack, or James Joyce Finnegan's Wake, my own addition to the new, post-modern art of "Garbling" (my new term for garbled interpretation)?

In other words, is there, could there ever be, an artistic space, a hallowed place, for mistakes in classical music? And if not, can I make one up?

Why not?

Invention is my bag. Why not create a new space and place for creative rationalizations, for turning mistakes into art. There's the Art of the Deal. Why not The Art of the Mistake.

Of course, this all seems like a joke.

However, the unconscious works in mysterious ways. Many new discoveries and directions begin as jokes.

Wednesday, August 26, 2020

Love of Study Leaf

I'm drifting into a study of ancient Greece.

And it feels so different. I'm no longer studying for my survival, no longer desperate to learn as much as possible so I can lead my tours to these foreign lands. There's no pressure to learn and know everything. No more "need" involved. Only the fun, love, and joy of study.

Guitar Flying

It shouldn't be that hard.

And it isn't.

Once your guitar technique is established, then you just warm-up, relax, and let your fingers fly. And once you're warmed up and the blood start to flow, they fly almost by themselves.

Friday, August 28, 2020

There's the God spot and Devil's spot.

Man fluctuates between the two.

How to get from one to another is the great mystery.

Could it be the resurrection spot?

So ends a New Leaf.