

The Next Level

Monday, January 16, 2017

Focus. Making the supreme effort. Maximum energy and concentration.

The supreme practice is the practice of focus.

Gym: The Next Level: Abs, balance. Squats and relaxed knees, push ups and pects.

Dance: The Next Level: Videos and focused, detailed practice of each dance. Neck straight, look into camera, abs.

Language: The Next level: Hebrew new word and/or Torah sentence a day.

Guitar: The Next Level: Focus on Alhambra fingers. Alhambra relaxation right hand. Maybe there is another level, a higher level of focus and relaxation that I have not yet touched. Maybe one of the meanings of this New Leaf is: I'm ready to enter and explore an entirely new level, the Next Level.

Just as when I started to train with Rick, I thought I knew everything. With guitar also, (symbolized by Alhambra), I thought I knew everything. But that was the (necessary) fence around my ego. Maybe I've broken the fence and am ready to enter the next level. How optimistic is that!

Writing: The Next Level: In gestation.

Stock Market: The Next Level. My personal stops. (It somewhat nauseates me that I'm including the market in the Next Level approach. Somehow it makes the Next Level "impure." I don't quite understand why I feel this way yet, but I'm doing it anyway.)

Birth of a Wise Positive Approach!

Discussion, Arguments, and Love Unites All

My family is disappointed in me. Well, the deeper truth is, I am disappointed in

them! Disappointed (angry) because they are so narrow minded, bigoted, prejudices, arrogant, see all in black and white, no nuances, and more as to not accept or at least see some validity in my points of view.)

I'm worried that my points of view might break up the family. Well, their points of view might also break up the family. It's a two-way street.

How can one really live among radically different, totally opposing and passionately partisan points of view? Can one, can I really accept them? Can I accept such fanaticism?

I Hate Fanaticism

I hate fanaticism. (I wonder why.) Am I afraid of it? Is it a threat? Yes. It's a threat than can break up my family.

Am I a fanatic in my own right? In my own righteousness? Do I have my own form of arrogance?

Maybe. After all, I am a Gold, a Jew, and grew up in a family of orthodox communists. Also I am quietly independent, refuse to be pushed around, and bottom line, believe totally in my own point of view. So, no doubt, I have my own stubborn, rebellious, "communist orthodox", even arrogant streak, although it is now manifested on the opposite side of the political spectrum.

Is belief in self one thing, and belief in my own political another? Or are they part of the same? Do these strong beliefs walk at the edge of arrogance?

Keeping the Family Together by Fighting

Yes, I have disdain for global warming. I absolutely hate its fanaticism and ridiculousness. Also, I cannot "defend" my point of view. And I don't even care too. Part of me likes my arrogance, part of me enjoys my disdain. It is, after all, a form of anger, an subtle expression of rage. And I like anger and rage. Is that arrogance? Possibly.

Maybe I like, enjoy my arrogance. Okay, I do. And the others on the other side enjoy it, too.

Let's face it, it's fun to feel arrogance and superior to those other idiots. It's a joy to laugh at them, see them fall apart, collapse, and be defeated. I love it.

Yes, it's all (mostly) about anger, rage, and its outlets.

And fighting to defend yourself, or go on the offensive by offending others. It's a fight, a war among so-called civilized people.

People love to love. But they also love to fight. It's part of human nature.

I'm part of human nature, so that's the way it goes. I love to fight, too. Even in the family.

In every fight, every war, every competitive game, you need an opposing side.

So love of fighting might be and become a (the) common family bond which helps keep the family together! Arguing (fighting) is stimulating, even fun. That's why "discussions," often transforming into arguments, are basically healthy and good. They also help dispel energy (rage), and clear the air.

Once the air is cleared, love can step in again.

And love unites all.

Ah, I love it! What a wise, positive approach!

All is Love. All is One

On a higher level, could fighting be a form of love?

Why not? Of course. Ultimately, all is love. All is One.

I wonder if I can develop my focus muscle.

Tuesday, January 17, 2017

Is the wall of grammar about to crash as well? Wouldn't that be great. I would finally understand conjugations, grammatical constructs, etc.

Self-Congratulation: Avoiding Focus

Self-congratulation is a form of focus avoidance. (Celebration of victory is

somehow different). See it in my mind wandering to self-congratulations when I stand on one foot (right foot), or even play the Alhambra. I can see my focus vanishing as it jumps, shifts, or drifts to my ego and self-congratulations

Thus are self-congratulations an avoidance of focus. (Celebration is different. It comes after the deed is done. Self-congratulation comes during the deed, in the middle of it, thus destroying my focus.

Forms of Focus Avoidance

Self-Congratulation, Depression, Worry

1. "Now I've got it!"
2. "At last, finally, I've got it!"
3. Depression, the downs
4. Worry about the future, business, other.
5. Overwhelmed. Being overwhelmed. "It's overwhelming, wonderful, glorious, a Magnificence meltdown."

Focus is so Exciting!

To realize this, and actually focus is so exciting!

Why now? Divine Providence. What else could it be?

But along with the Magnificence Meltdown, gratefulness, and wonder, see them all as Divine Providence.

This way I can more easily keep the calming wonder of focus.

Now there's a new word: "Calming." "Calming" mixed with and next to "wonder."

Folk Dance Positions

Starting position (Trilogy):

1. Head straight (pulled upward by God)
(Me: push head back) look into camera
2. Abs tight, core, navel to spine (energy center)
3. Shoulders relaxed.
4. Arms down, hands relaxed at sides (V position)
5. Feet: Together, stable pillars

Next Position (depending on dance)

Hands in V, W, or T position

Focus on Being There

Maybe I should not focus on improving, on getting better, on a future state of improving and “getting better.”

Maybe instead I’ll focus on being there, in the present. This is the essence of focus. So-called improvement, getting better (or worse), comes by itself as a by product. Start with guitar.

Wednesday, January 18, 2017

All I can really say is that everyday is different.

Thursday, January 19, 2017

Ease

I am hesitate, even afraid to ask or say it: Am I really coming into a period of ease?

Ease is definitely new, different, never been there before. As opposed to “been there, done that.”

Creative, different, a new adventure.

Alhambra, as usual, leads the way.

Check out the sign. This morning I played my first Ease Alhambra.

Fire of Focus

Maybe I'm old enough now to stay in the fire of focus, to remain and even live in it calmly. To no longer to escape through Magnificence, Glorious News Beginnings, Fantastic and Miraculous new directions, melt downs, and worship of excitement.

Perhaps these are the blessings of 80.

Freedom, Satisfaction, and Happiness

Drained. End of the road?

Is it true? Did my stock market trading interest bubble just burst in a fit of happiness? Of tremolo and choreography video satisfaction?

Is this a new place a new road? Or momentary burst?

I feel, think, hope and pray it is a road.

Think, hope, and pray means in my heart, I want to free myself from the tensions of trading, and accept a stable financial life, without too much thought about money.

Such an attitude and thought process would free my mind for writing, dancing, guitar, and other.

I hope it is a new direction, a fresh post-80 road.

Or am I being fooled again?

Does this have to do with freedom? Mental, attitudinal freedom? The post-80 world.

Friday, January 20, 2017

Avoidance of Focus

Alhambra and Stock Market Trading, and More

Avoiding focus.

Excitement, wow! "How exciting" "Wow, I'm finally getting it!" All these

expressions and “realizations” of conquest, success, excitement are often (always?) subtle way of stepping out of my focus. Of retreat from diving in. And if I dove in, retreats from staying in.

I wonder of long and big range, my stock trading is a way of avoiding focus. How? By focusing on something which I always think creates false excitement, is inherently unhealthy, and more.

Do I really basically think the stock market, or at least stock trading is unhealthy, distracting, bad for my mind, and even soul? (I keep blaming this feeling on my wife, but is it really part of me, something lodged and believed deep in my soul, which never leaves me, and for a reason, the reason being that it is true? Am I being unfaithful to myself and my vision by plunging into market trading to avoid my true talents and

Is my stock trading one big for of avoidance?

And, with did that sudden dip of interest I felt yesterday signal the end of this avoidance? (Of course, the market went down, and I got discouraged as well. But maybe there is something more to it this time. At least, I hope so. Why do I hope so? Because I know that leaving the trading would free my mind, and free me! Free me to do something important and worthwhile, free me to fulfill more of my God-given talents, free me to more fully serve by bring my talents and skills to others.

And yet, like a falling and failing Alhambra, my stock market trading has persisted, like a huge blockage. (It’s not even about the money. It’s about beating the market, “winning.” And ultimately, winning a prize which I inherently feel is worthless, or at least, not worthy. If I win money trading stocks what will or would I do with it? Trade more stocks. Period. That is the only thing the money I win is and would be for.

Yes, basically I feel (know) the whole stock market trading venture is useless, hopeless, a waste of time, an avoidance of pursuit and fulfillment of my talents. Yes, my wife is right, and has been right from the beginning. But I absolutely hate to admit it!

On the positive side, my Alhambra is coming along. Is that a signal for upcoming freedom from my avoidance mind-set of stock market trading? I hope so.

Will hoping make it so? We'll see.

Stock Market Trading Replacement Therapy

What will and would I use?

Alhambra entrance and stock market trading exit.

Is there is a connection? I sense there is.

Maybe the key words are: "I hope so. I hope I can get out of stock market trading. That means I sense, I know, that it is bad, hurtful, and wrong for me. A waste of my valuable time on earth. But somehow, at least up to now, I am a prisoner of its lure. I am its prisoner. I cannot get out of, release myself from its self-imposed jail. I have been, at least up to now, somehow not yet ready for freedom. Evidently, I still have something to learn from trading pain (and this on the up or down side) before I can be purified and freed from this true talent and skill, focus avoiding activity.

But maybe (hopefully), as the Alhambra is hinting, I am ready to cross the line.

How to begin SMT replacement therapy?

1. Alhambra. . .and others.
2. Writing and folk dance videos
3. Languages, political readings
4. Tour sales

God Works in Mysterious Ways

Why is this happening now? Maybe this is not a good question.

Why?

The time is right. Or divine intervention. Or both.

Perhaps I'll never know.

God works in mysterious ways.

Wahoo! Wahoo!

Heard the Trump inauguration. An amazing, marvelous speech.

Afterward, I felt sadness, followed by a mild headache.

Old neighborhood revisited. Same victory headache I had after my standing ovation 50 years ago.

Well, those days are over. Sadness and headache wiped away, and replaced with wahoos of joy!

Time for political replacement therapy. I'm dumping sadness, and headache with a wahoo of joy!

Yes! I won, we won! Amen and wonderful!

Wahoo! Wahoo!

Saturday, January 21, 2017

Never Give Up!

There's winning, losing, and giving up.

The worst is giving up.

Winning and losing, you're still in the fight. If you're still in the fight, you win or lose. But giving up means you're out of the fight, you've stepped out of the fight.

Then what? All life and energy drains away, I sink into swamp of nothingness, hopelessness, energyless, empty and drained. No joy, sadness, nothing.

Yesterday, I gave up on the stock market and stock market trading. I was defeated both my the down day, and also, a feeling that I've spent so many ours trying to conquer the market and the result is that I'm at absolutely the same place where I'd be if I had done nothing. All that time and effort was "wasted." Is it even worth the effort, the fight, the energy? I concluded it was not, and I gave up.

A subsequently a down day followed. An inauguration day, too. What did it inaugurate?

Perhaps a bit more self knowledge.

What is that self-knowledge? Knowing the life-threatening dangers of giving up!
I'd also add, never give up. Go for winning or losing, but never give up.

Re-enter the stock market, but perhaps differently. Today I say, drop the stop-loss ideas go back to taking smaller positions and be ready to hold them longer. Go with the old realization, and acceptance, that I could lose all my money in this stock. And I could lose all my money in my trading account. Accept this truth, continue trading with this truth in mind, and move on.

This will be my "method" for awhile (perhaps until another idea comes along.)
Meanwhile, never give up! It's bad for my mental and physical health.

Time for a Rest and Marinating Break

Maybe I'm just tired, and these things have gone as far as they can go for awhile.
I've had a good run.

What was good?

1. Training. Focus on abs, etc
2. FD videos. Good learning, right approach, I'm on my way. Good habit to take videos, learning FD starting and dancing positions, etc.
3. Guitar: Alhambra, and more
4. Stock market. Never give up.
5. Language. One word a day.
6. Writing. Stuff to Barry. Writing is in play
7. Business, tours: Nothing.

Maybe I just need a break now, to reassemble, gestate, grow, enhance, marinate, digest my new places, etc/

Monday, January 23, 2017

Politics, Diplomacy, and Miracle Schedule

Post-election: Does my new and radical shift start with books and study of politics, history (mostly American) and present issues, like climate change, global warming, taxes, the constitution, etc.

Indeed, these are areas I have never studied, or delved into deeply. (Shallowly yes, through radio, newspapers, etc. But such listening and reading I have never taken or considered as "serious.")

But with the sudden drop out of the bottom, the bottom falling out feeling, where interest in everything I was doing vanished (it happened a few days ago.) Creating a vacuum in my psyche, I know that past studies have run their course.

I am ready for something new. It seems to be politics, and history to back up politics, and even reading of the constitution and American history, again to back up politics. And even using my love and skills in etymology to better read and understand history, again all in the service of politics.

Thus, suddenly politics as a main interest and study is coming to the fore. Why this is happening now I do not know. Could it be the election result? After all, we won and I am very encouraged.

However, the why it happened, does it matter. It did happen, is happening and is where I am now. So, amazed as I am by this shift, go with it.

Now what? Start studying.

How will politics affect my miracle schedule? Does it have anything to do with my miracle schedule? Or is that simply an "inner" thing, one that has served its purpose, and thus enabled me to go out into the world as, not an artist-politician (although that is the term that just came up) but as an artist-politico.

My miracle schedule is a good base. Is there any way I can use my love of art, love of miracle schedule, in the service of what I now call politics?

Also, the word "politics" does not quite fit me. I'll need another word, another term for this new road. How about "love politics." Amour politics. (Or simply "love.")

Yes, I want to combine love, my love of miracle schedule (with its miracles), with

so-called “politics” (which is really the art of war.) Evidently, I then have to combine love and war.

Of course, the war could be non-violent. Verbal fisticuffs. That’s okay. That’s my kind of “violence.” Linguistic violence, along with linguistic diplomacy.

Maybe diplomacy is the word I want. Putting my point of view over, forcefully and with full strength and clarity, but doing it diplomatically.

I’m a diplomatic person. Plus I love dealing with people. So the art of politics, political war through polemics (fighting) softened by diplomacy, fits my personality better. With added sprinkles of humor and knowledge.

But first the ship has to shift, and changed directions.

My ship is shifting. Right now.

History

Just as Alhambra has been sleeping in the corner, waiting, so has (my interest and love of) history.

Remember, I was a history major.

Do I really have an interest, and more important, a love of history? Is there any aspect of history that I actually “love?”

Well, ancient history with those strange mysterious mystical wonderful archaeological names like Akkadian, Babylonia, Sumerian, or geological beauties like paleolithic, pre-Cambrian, Mesolithic, etc. All conjure up dreams of magical distant places.

Can the nearness of American history do the same? Up to now, no. But I’m in a different place. So we’ll see.

Combining ancient history with modern (American) history might be a way to go. Certainly, it works with the climate change discussion route.

I love dealing with people, and I love words. (This love is an extension of love of sound, expressed in love of music and dance.)

People and words could be my key to delving, diving into so-called “politics”

What is the relationship between:

1. Teaching folk dance (going in a circle) and politics?
2. Leading tours and politics? (History, language – words)
3. Guitar, folk songs, and politics?
4. Classical guitar and politics?
5. Writing and politics?
6. Study and politics?
7. Running, gym, yoga and politics?

Wednesday, January 25, 2017

Motivation Beyond Fear

Love? Beauty? Other?

One of my goals is to diminish my fears.

Lack of tour registration is one of my fears. I’d like to eliminate that fear.

Is that reasonable and possible?

Naturally, combined with this desire is the fact that I’ll make a major effort, work as hard as I can to promote and sell my tours. But even after that is done, my lack of tour registration fear may well remain.

So one of my goals is to eliminate (or at least mucho diminish) my lack of tour registration fear.

How do I do that?

Or maybe there is the frightening possibility that I have already done it! Maybe that “fact,” and only that “fact” is frightening me this morning.

Is it a fact? Maybe. I think so.

Why then do I use the word “frightening?” Because it is ushering in a new and unaccustomed attitude, a new and unaccustomed life.

If I’m not frightened, what will motivate me? How will my tours succeed? If I’m

not frightened, what now?

And yet I am “somewhat” motivated to promote and sell my tours. What then is driving me?

Love? Beauty? Other?

Wow, something to think about.

Fear Replaced with Beauty and Love

Qualitative Leap from Fear to Beauty and Love

I think this must be true. I think it is true. I have changed my motivation. Fear and fright no longer work. Somehow love and beauty, love of beauty, the beauty of love, have wandered in, been ushered in to take their place.

This idea was introduced by Bob Baumol a couple of months ago. I’ve been dwelling on it ever since. I think it has finally taken root. Actually, I know it but am not yet ready to admit it. Well, actually since I just said that I know it, I am not ready to admit it:

Yes, fear as a driving force has been replaced with love of beauty, the beauty of love, the motivating force of these twins have stepped in to take the place of what was once motivating fear.

Like a quantity of water boiling, then creating a qualitative transformation, turning water into steam, my quantity of fear built up until a qualitative transformation took place, which turned, changed, transformed my fear into beauty and love.

A qualitative leap. From fear to beauty and love: quite a solidified jump.

Dialectical idealism and dialectical materialism combined in dialectical Jimism (or Goldism). Friedrich Hegel and Karl Marx would be proud.

Evidently, I have “solved” my motivation question.

Now what?

How to imbue my life, my miracle schedule and business activities, with these

new qualities.

Beauty And Love Are The Same

Love is beauty and vice versa.

The artistic mentality (so-called inner world) deals in beauty. The business mentality (so-called outer world) deals more in love. No doubt a distinction without a difference.

Beauty and Love are the same.

Love is Beauty, Beauty is Love.

So be it.

Motivation

Love, Beauty, Alhambra, Iran tour (Georgia and Taiwan):

How do they all connect?

Purging my left shoulder of old motivation fear, and letting in, replacing it with the healing, new motivation flow of love and beauty.

Would this be the same for tours?

I won't know until at least Alhambra is solved, resolved.

Thumb for Beauty

Seems for Alhambra the beauty is in the (heavy, clumsy, big, awkward, heavy handed) thumb. Fingers are tickling, tinkling birds twittering in the background.

Can "ugly" thumb be beautiful? Evidently, yes.

Evidently, the thumb is an agent and messenger of beauty.

Thursday, January 26, 2017

Celebration

If there is a problem it is that everything is great! I can't believe the success of this new administration success. Bulldozing through every misery. I absolutely love it!

It is Wahoo! time.

How to handle wahoo and extreme joy?

With a giant celebration.

How to celebrate?

The Excitement of Returning to Science!

How wonderful! How fascinating! I am partly using these glory words, to step away from the heat of excitement.

As I read Dan Botkin's book, 25 Myths that are Destroying the Environment, I am stepping into the excitement of returning to science!

Friday, January 27, 2017

Performing Fears

Performing Fear Avoidance Syndrome. PFAS.

My hand, left shoulder, left bicep and other left side problems all began with my Alhambra success. Finally, I can play the Alhambra! In proper speed, and with shame. Finally, I can play guitar! Finally, I am good enough.

And what was my promise to myself? That if and when I am finally good enough, which was defined by my ability to play Alhambra in tempo, then I would be able to perform again. I would be able to return to public performance.

Well, what have I avoided and been terrified by all these years: public performance. Especially, (and only) on the classical guitar. And now, at last, I have achieved my goal: I can finally not only play guitar, but am now open and ready to play it in public. To perform. And (even) to perform on the classical guitar. And play Alhambra (and all the others) in public. I have fulfilled my wishes. And it only took

fifty years.

But perhaps now I must face a bottom-line fear, the fear of public performance.

Maybe my inability to play Alhambra all these years was my personal way of avoiding public performance. I avoided it through Alhambra. Alhambra was my excuse. Now my excuse is gone. So what has come in to replace it? Suddenly, with my Alhambra success, left arm problems have arise. I never had them before. Now I have them. Talk about Sarno.

I am displacing performance fears by creating distractions, distraction pains in my left bicep, shoulder, hand, etc.

What does this mean?

Do I now really have to perform again? Do I really have to face my bottom line, gut and gutteral fears? Do I now really have to perform again?

Is performing in public a life threatening fear? Maybe

The audience can destroy you. Thus I need defenses. They are healthy and vital. I must defend myself.

I defend myself, do it through humor, avoidance, other.

It means when I perform I will always be afraid. And rightly do. It is a legitimate fear. Thus I must find ways of defending myself whenever I perform in public. And rightly so.

But evidently, I must also appear in public, face and deal with my fears. If not, I'll cramp up inside, create more aches and pains in my body. (Witness my left "Alhambra performing" arm.)

Does that mean I "must" perform classical guitar? Maybe.

I can hide and create cowardly so-called arthritic pains in my body. Or I can face and deal with my fears, jump into action, defend myself by performing in the world.

Could performing be my “defense?”

Performing as Defense.

Or, rather than constantly defending yourself, is an offense better? Is it better to be on the offensive?

How about Performing as my offensive.

Performing as Offense.

Life-Saving River of Fear

Rather than waiting around waiting to be hit, and inflicting self-inflicted “arthritis pains on myself in the process. Isn’t it better, healthier, better for my health, and spirit, too, to be pro-active, to be on the offensive?

Sounds better and right.

Do I dare take the offensive? Do I dare step out there and perform?

On the other hand, with this awareness, is there even a choice? Which will hurt more? Not performing, that is, holding-back and creating stiffness, and “arthritis” pain? Or performing, launching my energy, defending myself by launching an attack, an offensive. My performing offensive will either be follow by the thrill of victory or the sourness, anger, sadness of defeat. (But note, no so-called arthritis pains!)

Does that mean a classical guitar performance? Maybe.

How can I attack with such a (classical guitar) performance?

Indeed, such a performance would scare the shit out of me.

But it would also scare the shit out of my self-inflicted arthritis pains.

In fact, I can feel the current of fear racing through my body right now. Very pain has dissolved, washed away by the power of this fear flow, this life-saving river of fear.

Talk about motivation, what will motivate me.

Fear as a center of motivation.

Classical Guitar Concert

It would have to be a pure classical guitar concert. And I call it a “concert” to increase my fear!

It could be, might be followed by an intermission, and then a folk song program. Or not. They are two separated entities, two separate moods. I could have one, or the other, or both.

Focus: Power of Focus

Focus: Audience focus.

My mind was totally on the audience. The whole thing changed. No pain, no thought of my mistakes, sloppiness, poor tremolo, etc. My only thought was razor-focused on the audience.

And it chased my pain, fear, and everything else away.

Saturday, January 28, 2017

Angry. But Why?

Slight incipient headache. I’m angry. I’ve piled all this work on myself, and I’ll never finish. Frustrated. My pleasure outlet has been taken away.

Why have I piled so much “impossible to finish” work on myself? To cover my anger? But why am I angry? The hospital and knee situation? I don’t think I’m angry about that. I “should” be, but don’t feel it.

So what’s the problem? Why am I angry?

My pleasure outlet has been taken away. Perhaps it is because I acted by rote and didn’t follow my feelings. Yes, that’s it.

Guitar Focus

This is a whole new way of thinking, of focusing, when I play the (classical) guitar. Thinking, focusing only (solely, one-ly) of the audience. Focusing on them. A

focus point.

(Taking me out of myself and my “pain” – translated as fears and angers.)

Healing

Heal the Audience, Heal Thyself

We are one. All is One.

Think of healing the audience. I am a healer. Each note (I send out there) is a healing. I am a healer. As I heal the audience, I also heal myself.

Heal the audience, heal thyself.

We heal each other.

But (by deciding to play guitar) I initiate it.

Heal my audience, heal myself.

Heal myself, heal my audience.

Heal my folk dancers, heal myself.

Heal myself, heal my folk dancers.

We are one. All is One.

A totally new way of thinking for me. I have crossed the line. Into focus. Focus on the audience, to heal myself. Actually, I am focusing on both of us, on the connection between myself and audience, and how need each other to heal ourselves. (Repair the world. Tikkun olam.)

Tours

Would this be true of my travelers, too?

Heal myself, heal my tourists, my travelers.

Heal my tourists, my travelers, heal myself.

Does this actually happen? I believe so. Truth is, once the tour starts, and I start focusing on my travelers, all my pre-tour aches and pains disappear.

So I am healing myself through my travelers. And my travelers are feeling good,

safe, guided, adventurous, and healed (cured) because of me.

A “We are one, All is One” situation.

This curing/healing effect is, no doubt, the way it has always worked. Only I have not been able to realize it.

It’s not about ego and playing the guitar well. (Although that helps.) It’s about “us” and how we heal each other. And it only took 50 years to actualize it!

With every note, try to think about (curing) the audience, sending each note straight into their heart.

Sunday, January 29, 2017

Dreaming About “Old Black Joe”

Feelings, feelings. Lvilti hafchi et ha ir. I shall not overturn the city. Gone are the day. Old Black Joe. “I hear those gentle voices calling Old Black Joe. I’m a’coming, I’m a’coming, though my head is bending low. I hear those gentle voices calling Old Black Joe.” How sad. I woke up crying. I’m still crying. Heaven and death. Is there a better Land to go?

I wish it were true. I wonder if it is. People used to believe it. What a wonderful salve. Have we lost something in this modern world? The balm of religious belief, the hope, wonder, and even beauty of the after life.

Is there any “beauty” and hope in death, in dying. Where will Bernice be? Where can I be without her. Is there an afterlife? Will I be with her again?

How sad is the whole thing. And I’m crying again.

Of course, she’s not gone. I’m imagining, thinking about these nightmare possibilities, nay actualities, up ahead. But of course, I won’t really know how it feels until it happens. Such is her wisdom. Right now it is an imagined nightmare, a

postscript to the actual nightmare I had last night as I sang Old Black Joe in my sleep. The dream itself actually felt rather pleasant. But when I woke up and realized what I had just dreamed about, I started to cry.

Writing about this dream has not freed me from it. I'm still crying. But maybe, (I'm sure, at least intellectually) like all storms, it will pass.

Just keep crying, crying, cry your heart out until there's nothing left. (Then, intellectually at least I know, it will pass.)

How cruel that life ends. I am mourning her death, and my death, right now.

She is the foundation of my life. How will I go on without my foundation? (Should I even bother going on? Yes. She wouldn't want it any other way. She would want me to be happy, to be taken care of, to do whatever I needed to be happy. But will I just dribble away? Maybe her memory, memorializing her, will keep her here and give me a purpose. As she looks down upon me, she'd like to see me not mourning but happy. So I'll try to find something, do something to make me happy (for her sake, for her wishes.) I'd be memorializing her by continuing to live fruitful, productive, and "happy" life. Because living, life itself, is the final victory.

Bernice wants me to be happy. It makes her happy when I am happy. To be happy, do I need to be taken care of? Probably.

How can I be taken care of?

Who and what will take care of me?

My guitar?

My guitar alone can't do it. It must have another person, a fan, an audience, someone. Same with everything else I do.

I'm a Maybe Man

Maybe that's why I'm studying Hebrew and the bible. I don't know whether

God exists or not, but I do know I need God. I need an afterlife.

If I need it, does that make it true? Maybe.

Maybe man if forever in conflict with his life. That's why I say and even need the word "Maybe." I'm a Maybe Man.

"Maybe" stands for possibility, possibilities, potential, potentialities, the future. After all, it may be.

Is there a God? Is there an afterlife? Is there someone and something to fill my needs? May be.

Slow Alhambra

I'm back to slow Alhambra.

I've come full circle, whatever that means.

What did I accomplish during my "fast Alhambra period?"

I proved I could do it; I proved I could play it.

I proved myself.

Now I can move on.

To what, I don't know. (But that is besides the point.)

Monday, January 30, 2017

Hebrew

Two hours a day studying Hebrew, plus lessons. (One hour a.m., one hour p.m.)

Do I want to spend so much time on a hobby, relaxation, and useless pursuit, on the study portion of my miracle schedule?

Limited one-year time goal: Give myself one year immersion. Finale, finish line is my tour of Israel in March 2018. After that, we'll see what happens.

Designing The Year

In New Miracle Schedule Mode

Wednesday, February 1, 2017

Maybe, Indecision, and Private Folk Dancing Teaching

I am looking for a (new) reason to want to do this job. A reason beyond money.
A new source of motivation.

A private folk dancing teaching job came up. I'm charging good money. But I'm not attracted to it, to private teaching, to even "working,," And the money itself is not enough to make me want the job or to do the job.

Is there anything else, besides money, that will motivate me to take and do the job?

The people? Humans? Interacting and dealing with humans? Love of humans? Would that be enough?

I have a calling, privilege, talent and skill, and was put in the world for a purpose. Is giving of my talents alone a fulfillment of my purpose?

I am looking for a (new) reason to want to do this job. A reason beyond money.

I feel I "should" do it, but I resist and don't want to do it. Is this really similar to showing up for training with Rick? Am I resisting it in the same way?

I know it's not a bad thing. I know it's a good thing!

And yet I resist.

Should I simply "shut off my brain and just do it?"

Is that what this private dance teach calling is all about?

Maybe. (Remember I'm a Maybe Man)

Maybe "shutting off my brain and just doing it?" is a good reason to do it. To practice this kind of approach.

Maybe means indecision.

By forcing an immediate decision, the "shut off my brain and just do it" approach bypasses and deletes "maybe."

This may be (there's that word again!) a good thing.

Teaching Folk Dancing, Play Guitar, and Other

Teach whenever possible and spread the word. (Not necessarily for ego purposes (although of course they are always there), but to pass around good vibrations and “improve the world.” It is a good thing.

This also means play guitar in public as much as possible. That also improves the world. Just shut up and do it.

Same for leading tours.

Same for putting my novels, books, and dance choreos out there. (And thus my web site and other promotions.)

Thursday, February 2, 2017

Hebrew Moves to the Fun Level

Got the Hebrew on-line dictionary for Yanshuf. Makes things so easy and clear. Can't wait to read my Yanshuf again.

What fun this will be!

The owl has spoken. (“Yanshuf” means owl.)

Note: I've never used the word “fun” for the Hebrew language before. It's always been work, difficult and somewhat uncomfortable. I never feel quite right in the language. (Could have to do with my past?)

In any case, Hebrew has been a hard-sounding language, not pretty (similar to Bulgarian, in that sense) but unlike Russian (even Polish a bit), Italian or even nasal French, which are beautiful sounding languages.

Yet today, for the first time, the word “fun” popped into my head. Hebrew is evidently moving to the next level, the fun level. A good and happy sign.

Planets and Folk Dancing (FD Choreography)

I've been informed by knowledgeable people that there are only 8 planets. And after researching it, I can see they are right. However, let's move beyond that to the

entire universe. Where, they say, there may be billions.

Checking out the Milky Way and entire galaxy, "A rough estimate from this survey would point to the existence of more than 10 billion terrestrial planets across our galaxy."

Folk Dance Choreography Satisfaction

I love this path!

How satisfying to come out full force with my choreographies. And of course, to hear such good comments from my dancers and travelers!

Note: It's not elation, but satisfaction. (Same satisfaction as when my stocks go up. "Satisfaction" is a happy, quiet feeling. "Elation" is a wild up (and down.) A difference in mode and degree.

Friday, February 3, 2017

Stay on the Road

Yesterday I felt good. It was a good day.

Today, this morning, I feel terrible.

Does it really matter? Up and down it goes.

Shouldn't I just "Shut off my brain and move, and do what I have to." Probably.

Yes!

Go past my feelings. I know what's right and what I should, have to, must do.

If I go past my feelings and just do it, eventually I'll feel good again. If I give in to my feelings, do nothing, I'll still eventually feel good. Yes, I should know my feelings, be aware of them, But in essence, it doesn't matter whether I follow them, give in to them, or not.

Feelings come and go. But the road remains forever.

Stay on the road.

Self-Improvement At Any Age: It Improves My Day

It's a return of the old hopeless, discouraged and old and familiar visitor.

It's the "some day I will get there" feeling. Again, simply be aware. Watch it, feel it. . . and let pass, like a cloud.

On the other hand, suppose there is no improvement and there is only today. (Which is, of course, totally true.)

Do I need the illusion of improvement? I think so. The illusion motivates me and drives me forward.

On the other hand, the illusion of self-improvement lives in the moment, in the today. It is, after all, merely a thought. But to me and for me, a good thought. So, why not think it, since it improves my day.

The idea and knowledge that I will die, bring on the hopeless and discouragement feeling. No way to get around it. Pass through them and move on. (Shut off your brain and move.)

But am I not denying death?

Yes. But it (death) is just another worry, another negative thought, a cloud in the mind.

Sunday, February 5, 2017

"Some Day" Classical GuitarAiming for the Next Life: A Useful Approach to Reincarnation

I still have the "some day" approach with classical guitar. "Some day" I'll play for others. I can't get rid of it. And maybe it's a good thing. It always points me toward the future, and it keeps me practicing.

But why is "some day" part of my psyche? Is it a 'secret calling?' Somehow I feel it is since it haunts me forever. I'll be reborn as a well-know, confident and famous classical guitarist?

Could it be part of my next life?

Is there a "some day" in my future?

Am I aiming now for my next life? Maybe. Aiming for the next life certainly takes the pressure off. I don't have to get everything done, accomplish all my goals now. There's simply not enough time. So a next life approach may be healthy, realistic, and good. Hmm, I like it.

A practical, useful, positive, day-to-day approach to reincarnation.

Imagination and Reincarnation

Am I thinking in a narrow fashion when I focus only on this life? Does considering only my daily existence give me a diminished perspective?

Yes.

I'd like to break out of my small-perspective, narrow cell and go beyond.

Here's how: Consider this restful, peaceful, pleasant thought: We have many lives.

And every life exists in the spirit of imagination.

And since life is in spirit, and imagination is in spirit and vice versa (they are timeless twins), every event is an imagined event.

Spirit and imagination is forever.

Reincarnation exists in the imagination. Thus it can be whatever you like, want or imagine.

Also who whether the next life will be part of s life, or vice versa.

Imagined Audiences

My imagined classical guitar audience has diminished to one of thousands in Carnegie Hall, to a "House Concert" minyon of 10 or so, sitting in a living room.

And that is good, fine with me.

Monday, February 6, 2017

Deepening

Innocence Infant Vision

Taking what I already know and deepening it. How so?

1. Classical guitar: learning, going over my whole repertoire again, as a “beginner,” slow and deep, making them totally mine. (Note: Segovia has been totally forgotten, or perhaps “absorbed.”.) Generally, means slower and more focused. But could be fast and more focused, too.

2. Folk songs: Maybe the same as above.

3. Hebrew: Going deeper into the words I already know. The poetry and wonder of etymology. And, of course, adding a few new ones here and there. Perhaps same in other languages.

4. Tours: Same countries

5. Exercise: Same exercises, yoga, running, (gym): same practices, but in depth. Generally, means slower and more

6. Folk dance: Videos, my choreographies, old “standard” dances. The same. Slow and deep focus. But could be fast and more focused, too.

Going “backward” to innocence and a new beginning. Is this my Infant Vision coming true?

Tuesday, February 7, 2017

Guitar: The warm-up knots and pains in my left wrist are cleansing out the old life.

Fast: (Sor No. 12, Al, Ley etc.): Loose, relaxed, focused.

Wednesday, February 8, 2017

New 80 Versus Old 80

What is the Dream?

Time for a conversation with myself.

Terrible day, yesterday. Why? My body totally aches, and this after every Monday dancing. But I exercised and did well after class, with a good yoga. Started fresh, a new and personalized infant vision. Yes, it started off so well and new. Then a sudden descent.

One thing is I'm looking at 80 as the end of the road, rather than the beginning of a new one. It's the old concepts of 80, death, dying, stiffening, lack of flexibility, body in descent, etc. versus a totally new way of looking at 80 and beyond. I'm somewhat stuck in the old way since this "new way" I don't see yet.

Perhaps that is my next adventure: Discovering what a new 80 means. As far as I'm concerned, no one has ever done this before. Well, maybe there are other models out there. But none of them is me. I've somehow got to discover my own model, my own post-80 path.

Well, I know what the old path is: mostly negative and down, physical followed by mental deterioration, pessimism, growing aches and pains, misery, and slow descent into the grave. Indeed, this old view, the one I grew up with and still have, is not a positive one.

Can I develop a new view?

Well, truth is I can think, believe, or create any view I want. Is it realistic? Since it has never done before (by me), and is a new path, who knows? Asking about so-called "reality" or realism may not be the right question.

Okay, then what is the right post-80 question?

What do I want the new tour adventure of my post-80 life be like?

What is my (post-80) dream? That is the question.

Do I even have a dream? No.

Well, let's start dreaming. What would I like to have and be in this post-80 life?

The post-80 program of desires and fulfillments:

1. A flexible, yoga, body. One that runs and dances, too.

This means fight stiffening (yoga), slowing down (run and dance faster dance repertoire. s)

Note: I can play guitar fast by focusing on Loose, relaxed, focused. Same approach for fast folk dances. Start with Daichovo.

Friday, February 10, 2017

Best Alhambra of my Life!

Best Alhambra of my life!

The new, reborn post-80 model is full of fire and fruition.

Guitar fingers and folk dance body flying, and singing, too.

Changing my mind to fit my body, and vice versa.

Interesting: I fear my fingers will fall apart. Tremolo flying, moving so fast, so unconsciously, I'm not used to it, my fingers and muscles aren't used to it, my muscles and bones will fall apart.

And this for guitar, dance (probably gym, running, other) I'm going beyond my comfort zone.

Is it true? Will I fall apart? I don't know.

I need to experiment, try it and find out.

Cautiously but definitely step into 80 land.

Saturday, February 11, 2017

Avoiding Focus

(Focus is Happiness)

I'm not mastering Hebrew fast enough. I'm slow. My mind is soft and slow. Can't remember enough words, I come down hard on myself. Then I ask: "What is

wrong with me?"

The question "What is wrong with me?" is another (great) way to avoid focus.

My mind figures out countless ways of avoiding focus, drawing back, pulling back, stepping out of the moment, avoiding focus. This along with: "amazement, awe and wonder (at my amazing Alhambra playing!), can't believe it, overwhelmed (a biggie), my body aches, my knees hurt," etc.

I wonder why.

Well, why really doesn't matter that much. I may be the human condition, or my condition, or whatever.

In any case, the only answer is to jump back into the game, to focus once again.

Focus is happiness.

Jump Back (Forward) into Focus

The solution: Start a new practice today. Right now. Whenever the discouraging, down feeling expressed in "What is wrong with me?" pops into mind, replace it immediately by jumping back into focus.

Is "my body aches" a valid excuse to lose focus?

Probably not.

How about "knees hurt, back hurts, shoulders hurt, neck hurts, etc? Probably not.

How about "I'm tired." I'm not sure.

Sunday, February 12, 2017

The "I Don't Care" Stage

Guitar. Sor Study Number 12, and more.

To go beyond or get to that "new place," I must get to the "I don't care" stage.

I've entered, passed through the door, to a new Alhambra life. Soon it will

include a Leyenda life, Alard life, and others.

I want to dissolve and forget the old life as soon as possible. Yes.

Tuesday, February 14, 2017

Bookings (Performing) and Books

Dance-wise and tour-wise I am at capacity.

There is nothing else to add to dance, just keep doing what I am doing. There is also nothing else I can add to tours. I'm advertised everywhere, putting out my weekly emails, all is in order. Only no one is registering. It may end up to be a slow season, or even a no season. What can or will I do more about it? Nothing. It may just be the way the market is going this year. So I'll keep doing what I'm doing.

So where is there to expand, to do different, to work, and try to make some money?

Only performing/bookings, and books sales (through my web site) come up in my mind. Yes, I'd have to just about start from scratch in those areas. But they are new and different.

By end of March I should know. If tours go nowhere, I'll start thinking about performing again, and selling my books on the web. Actually, the two "new businesses" go together. Bookings (performing) and books. New directions to start thinking about.

Actually, I've had almost two months since my New Year's mucho fun (but not profitable) performance. And since I sent my writing to Barry to help "finish up my old writing life."

I actually, with the spring, ready to be reborn, to start the new life with a new and additional directions of Bookings and Books.

Getting ready to think about it, and, by mid-March or Spring, move to act.

Seeing c's performance tonight is perhaps God's way of pointing me to a new start, a new "gaided" direction.

Wednesday, February 15, 2017

Fear: The Double-Edged Sword

What will protect me from my fears? Probably nothing.

I feel so fearful this morning, like my body is falling apart. So vulnerable. And I've been feeling the opposite lately, so full of discovery, strong and confident.

Is my aching body scaring me? Or are my fears causing my body to ache? No questions my fears have risen in full force this morning. But what are they?

Is it that my vacation is over, and I'm suddenly diving into tourism and business again? Plus adding a Show with books. Bookings and books. Plus considering Twitter and FB.

The fearful, fear-filled dive.

The double-edged sword of paralyzing terror: Fear, with its powerful, hidden handmaidens, terror and panic, both frighten and energize me.

Fear is my Fuel

I wonder if it's a "put up or shut up" fear. Now that I can (finally) play the Alhambra, I have to do something with it. "Put up or shut up." That means I have to perform it. I have to deal with my bottom-line fear of performing, the fear I've been denying or running away from for almost forty years.

But, but, but. . . I'm eighty years old and I ache all over. Isn't it too late for me? (Please, be too late! I terrified, I'm afraid, I hate it, can't face it, can't return to performing again. Too afraid, paralyzing fear, Oh, no, oh no! It is absolutely too terrifying!)

Could this also be for folk dancing, too. Perform it, on videos. What about my knees, my legs, my ankles, and even my back, all my aches? All my frightening limitations?

But folk dancing and tours have been part of the Denial Years of my Denial Life. The life of running away from performing, hidden myself in the wilds of "some day I'll

be able to play guitar, some day I'll play Alhambra, and perform again, my lifetime dream and hope that some day I'll be able to perform fearlessly. And now I'm there! I know I can do it! I'm confident and even unafraid. Finally, I have arrived. How frightening in that! Indeed, it is "Put up or shut up" time. And I'm terrified that I won't shut up. That leaves me only with "put up." Which means, I must return to performing. And that "must" is sending shivers down my spine. (At least that shows I'm not spineless.) Well, I know I'm not spineless. That's what terrifies me. I may actually do it. I may return to performing. In fact, as I look in the mirror and recognize myself, and realize that I have finally arrived, what choice do I have?

Evidently, I must perform. It is only a matter of time before the axe falls on my head. I am now in the pre-performance trembling stage. (I don't even have anxiety about the performing itself, I have anxiety about the vision of performing, the idea and concept of performing itself.) The "when and where?" factor is the next question.

Fun Includes Classical Guitar

My Show Can Prove Myself, My Show Has It All

Does this mean a classical guitar concert (even house concert) to prove myself?

Or does it mean an Show, with some classical guitar maybe thrown in? Which of course is more saleable, commercial, even original, and is more "me." But also easier. (I haven't worked all these years to prove myself as a performer in my Show, which I know I can do. Would I even have the motivation to promote it, since I know I can do it? On the other hand, is it worth promoting or even trying to push a Classical Guitar Concert, which I know I'm only doing to prove myself.

Is trying to prove myself enough (to motivate me.)?

And do I even need to prove myself? Why not just go for the fun? Maybe going for the fun would be my greatest (person) victory. And my Show is fun. And I could also throw in some classical guitar. So basically, my Show would have it all.

Age Attitude

No question the body changes (climate changes).

But the mind creates the world.

Your (only) control is over attitude.

Attitude is most important.

Aches and Pains Are My Fuel

Like fears, aches and pains are my fuel.

How so?

If fear is my fuel, can aches and pains be my fuel as well?

True, aches and pains scare me. (I think, will these aches and pains prevent me from running, folk dancing, functioning, etc? Will they end my career? Etc. Thus the aches and pains do scare me, frighten me, create fears within me.

Since they create fears within me, then indeed my aches and pains fuel my fear.

Thursday, February 16, 2017

Fun!Fun Promoting, Fun Folk Dancing

Promote local folk dancing on Twitter and Facebook. That might be fun!

Fun promoting? Imagine if I could have actual fun promoting!

Maybe I can have mucho fun if I promote local folk dancing. Somehow there is no pressure involved in promoting folk dancing. I wonder why. Does it have something to do with money (and there is so little in folk dancing)? Or is it something more, something beyond money, something I have not recognized or even accepted up to now. When you think that my entire tour business is based on wanting to learn about dancing (and of course, making money. But although always important, I have enough now (well, on one level, there is never enough) maybe there is something beyond money.

What could it be?

Fun!

Do I dare dedicate my life to just having fun?

Dedicating my life to folk dancing is dedicating my life to having fun.

Well, haven't I been doing this all along? Yes. Tours are an outgrowth of folk dancing. So were Weekends. So is my social life. Folk dancing is a mix of music, athletics, social directing (social life), and running wild on the lawn.

What more could I ask for? Nothing is the answer.

Wild Wisdom

A Combo of Fun and Wise

Breaking the old tremolo (Alhambra) and folk dance bones, tearing the old tremolo (Alhambra) and folk dance muscles, busting the old aches and pains, all to be rebuilt in a totally new fun and wisdom way. Running wild on the lawn in a fun wisdom way.

What is wild wisdom?

It is the combo of fun and wise.

Friday, February 17, 2017

Mental Shift Away from Tours?

What kind of change, of shift, is going on in my mind?

Am I mentally shifting, moving out of tours? Is that why my body aches so much, replacing old "tour promoting" cells with new (folk dance?) cells. Or other. Including classical guitar, and even trading (for fun, of course.)

Am I moving into a new and painful "fun" mode. (Is fun is painful, after all? Or maybe just the transition into fun.)

But it seems there is a new mental movement afoot, a subtle shift away from tours. This once happens with concerts, as I slowly changed my career and direction.

Am I in a similar place now?

Tours of course will still exist in my universe. However, they may move from primary to secondary (or even tertiary) place.

Let's now say that is so. What then would be my new priorities?

Folk dancing and Hebrew immediately come to mind.

Any thing else?

Classic guitar in the background. Trading. Bookings, too.

Yoga (stretching). Water (8 glasses) and new diet. Running.

Yoga and guitar go together.

Yoga feeds guitar and vice versa.

Saturday, February 18, 2017

Folk Dance Pressures

Are my legs and body really, and suddenly, falling apart? Or is there suddenly extra pressure on my legs because I'm seeing myself and my economic and business survival as a folk dancer?

Is this a subtle Sarnoian reaction to my new videos, and entrance into folk dancer existence? Possibly.

I should believe in my intuitions and have faith in my instincts. And I suddenly remember, harken back, to how my legs "suddenly" began to ache when I was booked for my first national folk dance workshop by Bob Gutin in Raleigh, NC workshop. I spend several months putting my whole folk dance program together, including videos, writing dance notes, and more. And was really worried about the workshop. Suddenly, I was depending on my legs! Depending on my feet to carry me.

And what about "folk dance ankle?" I haven't had that pre-dance class ailment for awhile. But it might be reappearing now in a new form, showing up in my knees, legs, and more.

Sunday, February 19, 2017

Slow and Deep

Guitar: Wow, stop the train. Enter so slow and deep. See deep into the muscles and fingers, shoulders and arms. Leyenda: triplets and the bar, Alhambra: dripping relaxed right hand fingers, even Sor Study No. 12: clear, slow, loose, relaxed, up the ladder warm-up.

Run

Also, went for 1½ hour slow long run yesterday. So important, necessary for my psyche, meditative, opens up the mind along with the body.

But now that I know, what other choice do I have? Down into the canyon, slower and deeper. Now that my eyelids have been open, and the Knowledge direction is clear, what other choice but slow, down, and deep is there for me?

A new awareness entered. There is no other direction.

This slow/down/deep awareness direction applies everywhere. But specifically now, to guitar, running, and yoga.

American history and the Constitution

Talk about slow and deep.

How about, along with languages, learning about American history, the Constitution, separate of powers, the arguments, state and federal powers, the facts, and more, And this to learn to stand up for my political opinions. And my rights, too.

Now that would be a new direction!

Monday, February 20, 2017

Why Rush?

Impatience Fosters Unreality; Patience is Real

Maybe the only read direction is down, deepening, since we only know the

presence and can only guess about the future. The only thing we have is “now.” And in the presence of now, we can only look within, or down, or deepening.

Thus why be impatient? Impatience aims at the future. I want to accomplish something for the future. But when the future arrives (as the present), we remain impatient to accomplish the next task for the future. So impatience never ends.

Evidently, only patience “works,” or is “real” since it is the here-and-now. And in patience, the direction is (only) deep, down, and deepening.

So why rush?

Why remain impatient to learn even more Hebrew words? There’s no end to Hebrew words, no end to rushing, no end to impatience.

Patience is here-and-now, fosters reality, and wins the day.

Wednesday, February 22, 2017

Tour Sales Direction:

Break Out Of My Folk Dance Bubble

Nothing happening on the tour front. No customers. Totally dead. And I’ve combed all the folk dance areas, am advertising in all the folk dance journals, have communicated weekly with my email folk dance list, and the result so far is: Silence. Not an inquiry, deposit, registration, nothing. Strange, amazing, a bit frightening, and ultimately frustrating and maddening.

I’m sick of no response. This market is totally covered (as far as I can see), and it is totally dead.

So, after my amazement, disappointment, frustrating, anger, and rage has been felt (and passed. Well, it hasn’t passed), what is my course or action?

Of course, on the one hand, keep sending out the weekly emails, and of course, keep the ads in all the folk dance journals, but after that, and now, what to do?

I have to find a new customers base, new customers, expand my email list, break out of my folk dance bubble.

How and where to do that? That is the big next question.

I've been through this question and search for new customers before. Never had success.

But what else to do, where else to go?

Evidently, I must try it again.

Sales Wind

A new wind is blowing: A Sales Wind.

It is new, strange, dynamic, and different. It suffuses my body, rattle, motivates and stimulates my mind. It is strange, new, and different. It is a force and it is there.

This sales wind fills both my sails and my sales.

I sense it will power, stimulate, move, motivate, push and blow not only my tours, but "everything" else I do. Thus its headwinds will stimulate and move my videos, folk dance classes, concerts, books, and more.

Running wild on the lawn in sales wind mode: the next step.

This sales wind encompasses my being. It is a new place, a new force, the congealed and conglomerate wind sleeping, gestating, and jelling in the past months of "rest and vacation."

Ready to roll!

Read to turn a New Leaf!