

Tabula Mirabilis

Wednesday, February 22, 2017

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!

Sell (Sales): Of the Big Five

My videos, books, tours, folk dance classes, bookings.

How?

1. Plumb depths of old email list, expand email list.
2. Videos:
 - a. “Expand.” Use my fd videos as sales devices.
3. Books and Writing.
 - a. “Expand.” Use my writing skills (write more stories) and books as sales devices.
4. Bookings: “Expand.”
 - a. Use bookings as sales devices.

5. Folk dance classes:

a. Use classes as sales device.

Gigantic Sales/Miracle Schedule Transformation

Seems I am about to transform my whole miracle schedule into a sales device.

Miracle schedule now transformed as a running wild on the lawn, gone public, sales device!

Gigantic transformation, indeed!

Is this what eighty is all about? Maybe.

Friday, February 24, 2017

New Tour Mind Set

Accepting Small (Even Very Small) Tours

The energy, pep, and vigor seems to have drained out of the tour business. I don't know why this is, or seems to be happening, but it is.

Despite all my group emails and ads in all folk dance tour ads in all the folk dance journals of four countries, so far I have no sales, no inquiries, no interest, zero, nothing. Amazing, strange, disappointing (but strangely, so far, not terrifying.)

What to do?

Start with a new mind set: Switch my mind from large to small. Accept small, even very small tours. Then deal with it.

My tours are not totally over. They are "merely" largely diminished. What this will do for me or teach me, I do not know.

1. First thing that comes to mind is humility.

2. Second is thankfulness, gratefulness for the past great tour years. Gratefulness

for the gift of money and security it gave me.

3. No bitterness. Amazing that I am definitely not bitter about this year. I'm more amazed that I got as far as I did, that the past years have been so good.

Am I in summary and wrap-up mode? Maybe.

This may be the year to put together all the past tour and folk dance learning years. All my knowledge and experience poured into the gold nugget: Jim Gold Nuggets.

Maybe that's God's message for this year: Summarize, coagulate, inspire through a new creation.

First step is to mourn the passing of the old. The old large tour attitude with its marvelous money-making, security creating sideline.

Jim Gold Nuggets: Model of a New Business

I'm not ready to die yet but I am moving close. Perhaps March and April will be my mourning months. By May I'll be ready to plough ahead in my new direction.

What will that new direction be?

What questions will I be asking?

Making money for me is a big measure of reality, professionalism, and success.

Thus:

First question: How to make money as a choreographer?

Second question: How to sell, create a subscription base, for Jim Gold Nuggets?

Third: Summary question: How to create my new Gold Nugget business and make money in a new fashion?

Is Jim Gold Nuggets the "Infant Vision, Inc" model of a new business? Possibly. (Jim Gold Nuggets (JGN) as/and Infant Vision, Inc.)

Tuesday, February 28, 2017

Fight For My Business

Time for me to fight for my business. Two months of fighting. Study fighting.

Note: I'm fighting for my tour business. That means my tour business is important to me, very important.

Perhaps, because of all the annoyances it brings, I have been down-playing and underestimating its importance in my life.

The fight begins today.

Importance of my Tours: My First Vlog

Perhaps also it is time to reassess my love and passion for the tour business, for my tours. How important are they? And why? Good subject for my first vlog.

Write it out, then speak ("read") it.

I like love. I like passion.

No question I have all these in my miracle schedule activities.

I'd like to connect love and passion to my tour business, and especially to my fight to save my tour business.

Do I like to fight? That is a good question.

Do I love and have a passion for fighting? Another good question.

Well, maybe I do. wouldn't it be a surprise, a self-revelation if I realized that maybe I do!

I love to fight. For a cause, Namely, my own. With the fight comes passion.

Can I say "I love to fight with a passion for my cause?"

Maybe.

Is it a Jewish thing? Maybe.

If that is so, what next?

Wednesday, March 1, 2017

Fight Or Get Depressed

For tours sales, and in life, I have a choice: I can either fight or get depressed.

Obviously, the best choice is to fight.

Seems my maximum is: I can fight about two hours a day. Maybe two hours in the morning? A dribble more later?

My choice is to fight.

How long I can fight each day may be my next experiment.

It's Okay

Guitar: This is a whole new way of playing guitar: slow, deeply, luxuriously. As usual, the model is the Alhambra. It's okay to play slow, deeply, and luxuriously, luxuriating in each note. It's okay.

Self-Acceptance

New Sales and Guitar Approach

Note this acceptance of slow, luxurious, and beautiful, I have given up fighting. I've accepted my true way of playing guitar. It has been that way all along (slow, luxuriously, beautiful) but I've never accepted it. I've always pushed for fast and faster. Just as with business, I push for more and more.

There is a message here, but I don't know, or want to know, what it is yet. Maybe just accept that I have to do tour sales. Do them slowly, deeply, and luxuriously, and leave it at that.

No goal. Just do it at my own pace.

This is a non-fighting, self-acceptance goal. Can I do it? Should I do it? We'll see. In any case, two hours of sales today.

Thursday, March 2, 2017

Tours Sales Stuff/Miracle Schedule: Do Both

Let's face it: I am so disgusted and mad about this lack of tour registration! Nothing to do but scream and go on.

What I resent is that I'm putting my life (my miracle schedule) on hold until I get some clients and "conquer" this tour sales stuff.

Well, this sales stuff will be with me forever, so maybe I can learn how to do both: Tour sales stuff and miracle schedule.

Get the balance back, and all will be okay.

This means a new schedule with priorities laid out, etc.

Friday, March 3, 2017

End to whining and complaining. COMPARTMENTALIZE! Back to miracle schedule, and add sales.

Sunday, March 5, 2017

Incipient Faith

Let God Do The Sales Work

Maybe that is the big question you ask at eighty: What will I do with the rest of my life?

Become an artist. Be an artist. That has always been my dream and goal. Now, at eighty, and with some financial backing, I can finally do it.

Why "waste my time" selling? Yes, I am somehow obliged to do a little bit of it. But make it a very little bit. In fact, maybe release my soul and let God do the selling. Perhaps he will naturally send me people. After all, I am now "established." I am advertising everywhere, my name and products, my services are out there for all to see. What else can I do, anyway, and beyond that? Pound them over the head, trying to force them to register? Not only is that painful (to me), but it really doesn't work.

Once it's all out there, what else is there to do but wait and see. And let God do the work, and send me whatever He deems necessary.

So, regarding sales: Let God do the work. For my part, I'll be and become the artist He intended me to be.

Let God send me what I need.

Is this a new expression of faith?

Can I relax as I put myself in His hands?

Indeed, this would be a Wow upward moment of transition to a higher plane.

Am I there now? It feel right. Maybe. We'll see.

But it would be wonderful it is was right!

Put Myself In God's Hands, and Relax

Believing in Depth

In fact, that would be a great stage to enter: Put myself in God's hands, and relax.

It means I really have to be a believer.

But I am a believer. This is the next step: Believing in depth.

I've just been through a mini-hell by revisiting the old neighborhood. What has it taught me? Perhaps that I'm ready to move on to heaven. To believe and enter heaven by relaxing, giving up the fruitless struggle, and putting myself in the hands of God. Truth is, it's always been in the hands of God. Only I didn't fully recognize and accept it.

Thus its my brain (not His) that needs changing.

A step into faith.

Maybe that's what eighty is all about.

Monday, March 6, 2017

I Need to Sell

What an amazing development, thought, self-discovery, and self-revelation: I need to sell. Not want to: I don't "want" to, not must, I don't have to sell for outer reasons like making a living, although that would always be nice, but more fundamentally and deeper, there is something visceral within my personality that makes me need to sell.

After years, almost a lifetime of avoiding it, "hating" selling, hating the fact that I was forced to sell to make a living as an artist, now that I am more stable financially and no longer have to sell for survival reasons, I discover that something deep in my personality has a deep need. And that need is to sell.

To sell something, anything. It really doesn't matter what I sell as long as I'm selling something. Selling somehow brings out my aggression, my dynamism; it wakes up my fight and survival instincts, sharpens my mind and body, and connects me to the outside world.

So, whether I need it financially or not, I have a psychological need to sell. It's part of my personality.

Perhaps I have always been selling, even as a social director, but I never realized it, never called it selling. (I called it "fun.")

And, as I say, it doesn't matter what I sell. A product, a thing, a tour, a dance, a book, a refrigerator, a boutique item, other, whatever. It is the act of selling, of promoting, that pushes me out of myself and onto the world, and, in the process, actually pushes me to a higher state of mind and energy.

Okay, this being said, the next step and question is "What shall I sell?"

Ebay? Other tours? (Greece, etc)

Selling My Show

Suddenly, the words "My Show" popped into mind.

I also realize that if I need to sell, and selling success is not necessarily to bottom line, (although it is always nice), I could also sell my books. In fact, I could sell anything. (Maybe not successfully, but that is not and no longer the point.) I am selling because I need to sell. I need the process. Success and failure are part of the process, but not the bottom-line reason for doing it.

Selling My Books Along With My Show

So what is best for me to sell? To start selling? My books and my show comes to my immediate but trembling mind.

The idea of selling my show terrifies me. Makes me tremble.

A side idea and exploration is:

1. Why does selling my show (along with my books) terrify me so?
2. Can my terror, my intense anxiety be used, be transformed into extra useful energy and vitality?
3. And the final question: Do I want to do this? Well, is there even a choice? God gave me the gift of my talents. How (and if) is use them, is my gift to God.

Do I dare use them?

Do I dare not use them?

Isn't not using them an act of moral cowardice? Yes.

Am I a coward? I've hesitated for 35 years. Is it time to jump off the cliff? Do I dare? Is there even a choice?

I am (party) ashamed of being a moral coward. Will shame be enough to push me down the path?

Excuses for not selling or performing my show:

1. I'm too old.
2. I'm too embarrassed because I'm too old.

3. I'm too terrified

On the other hand, if I give in to my fears, I'll get depressed. Which is "better"?
Diving into my fears or wallowing in depression? I know diving is better.

Thursday, March 9, 2017

Running around like crazy to fulfill these public definitions. Who am I?
Certainly, Dharma AI dropped the reminder on my head.

I have many public definitions, but none of them are really me. And I've been running around like crazy, for years, trying to fulfill them. That's fine, because it's something to do. But why believe in them as so utterly important? Since they are public roles I am playing, but not the real, essential me.

Who is the me, the universal, all and everywhere me? It is me. The rest is sideline, and somewhat poppycock to believe in its illusion. But I do, did, and have been believing in all my self-definitions.

Friday, March 10, 2017

New Thoughts on Travel; New Reasons to Travel

Maybe during this quite period. I'll find other reason to travel. Such as:

1. Good to get out of the house.
2. Small groups for adventure. Travel a "side-job" (since not much money in it.

Also does not take that much of my time.

Guitar Meeting Poem

Can slow-and-beautiful (playing)

And fast-and-sloppy (playing)

Ever meet?

If yes, what new level would that be?

Saturday, March 11, 2017

Is Sloppiness Divine?

Is sloppiness divine?

And if yes, can divine sloppiness

Work with divine beauty

and create a better world?

Accepting "Different"

Taking A Giant Step

(I'm implying that sloppiness is divine. In fact, deep in my heart I think, even believe, that sloppiness is divine. Only I hesitate to admit it, to say it in public. But that means that, deep in my heart, I believe that sloppiness is divine.

Okay, let's move to the next step, the next level: Sloppiness is divine. If it is, then a sloppy Alhambra is just as good, as divine, as a slow, sweet, "beautiful" Alhambra. The only difference is that it is different.

Sloppiness is different.

So-called "beauty" is different. (And a persona; taste and choice.)

This throws both "good" and "bad" Alhambra out the window.

Therefore a fast, sloppy Alhambra is just as "good" as a slow, beautiful, "perfect" Alhambra. Both are beyond moral judgement. They are merely different.

But to go to this place, you must step beyond the fear of moral judgement, step past the fear of criticism by others.

And that is a brave and courageous giant step!

Sunday, March 12, 2017

Success, Over-Excitement, "Fear" and Running Wild on my Lawn

Yesterday, I had success yesterday with menus! My dashboard/website success so excited me, that I couldn't return to the computer again for the entire day. My success unbalanced my mind. I got so over-excited I couldn't look at my dashboard again until I calmed down.

Is over-excitement unbalance caused by success creating fears? Fears of travel, playing Alhambra (and all arpeggios), performing, other? Is over-excitement creating anxieties? Do I throw up a block of fear to "calm myself," to keep myself from diving into the turbulent waters of success?

What relationship between fears of turbulent success emotions and running wild on the lawn?

When I run wild on the lawn, I'm going crazy with wild happiness

Am I "afraid" of success for this reason?

In the past, failure may have been calming while success was madly unbalancing – too wonderful for me stand. I couldn't take success! Too powerful. It unleashed wild emotions I couldn't control. Thus I (perhaps unconsciously) preferred to remain in the calming "failure" mode, in quite "known" areas. (Maybe I could take mini successes, but I'm not even sure of that.)

Alhambra Failure, Giving Up Performing: Peaceful and Calming

Now check the above observations/revelations with my long time failure to play Alhambra (wonders of speed) and refusal to perform.

The over-excitement of success is "too much," I can't handle it. So I suppressed or avoided facing or dealing with its over-powering emotions.

Success is true running wild on the lawn.

Can I learn to take success, and run wild on my lawn?

Practicing Success

Handling success could be a post-eighty goal. I'll start my practice today. Right

now. With Alhambra and dashboard.

Tunnel of problems leads to the failure (calming) and success (running wild.)
Should I look forward to, dive into, the tunnel of problems? Maybe.

Monday, March 13, 2017

Is Anyone Calling?

Have I already fulfilled my old calling?

Do I have a calling anymore?

What does God have in store for me?

Has my old calling been fulfilled? Is it now exhausted?

It is all quite on this Western front. Nothing is happening, An empty period of re-assessment, meditation, rethinking, and development.

My old fears and panics are present and rising again: no business is coming in, no tour registrations or even interest.

These are old fears and panics. Anything new on the horizon?

I am waiting for a new calling. I have only old fears and panics returning. It seems the time is not yet ripe.

Or are the fears and panics the dawn of a new beginning, a new calling?

Does it mean anything that my guitar playing is flying this morning? Is it the subtle signal of the beginning of a new day, a new direction, a new start? I hope so.

But so far I see nothing.

Maybe it is too early to tell. I have to work, play, and live with it awhile. In time it may tell me what to do and where to go.

For now, simply follow the guitar path.

Impossible Dream

Maybe the next impossible dream is how to sell my art again.

How to sell my:

1. Books
2. Choreos (folk dance classes)
3. Guitar (classical)

Tuesday, March 14, 2017

Posting on my Blog, and Facebook

The feeling is one of hopelessness and despair. No business and I can't do, or think of, anything I can do about it. I'm helpless to change anything. Thus hopelessness and despair.

I don't like this state and I want to change it. How? How can I move from hopelessness and leave the state of despair? I don't necessarily want to hope, but I do want to do.

Thus two questions:

1. Do what?
2. Once that is discovered, follow that path. Hope is implicit in the path.

However, hoping for something is a big negative. Once on the right path, simply follow it "without hope" of reward, achievement, or result of any kind. Simply focus and follow. That is good.

So, what can I do about no business?

I can start with a new habit of posting on Facebook every day. I can post in my blog, then post same thing on FB. Or something else.

In the past, my FB posting have had no result. That may change, or it may not. Nevertheless, posting on FB can't hurt. Any it might help. And I haven't done it

recently. Plus I will now add to FB by posting and pushing my folk dance classes.

Thus tours, folk dance classes, other. . . all in my blog and on FB.

Guitar: Is this true?

If you play everything faster, it seems slower.

As I step gently, tentatively, into the unknown, I seem to always question myself.

And yet I know, deep down, that intuitively, I am right. Is it a lack of confidence? A habit. A habitual lack of confidence in my intuitive belief?

Probably all of the above.

In any case, I will now say definitively that the when you play everything faster, it seems slower. (And probably vice versa.)

There will always be heart-breaking heart break in the market. Hopes and failures. And constant "mistakes."

Do I want to put in the time and effort for such a venture? Am I meant to pursue this path?

Whipsawed through hopes and fears.

Of this a worthy challenge?

Or a temptation to waste my time?

Wednesday, March 15, 2017

Roll with Losses

No question that losses are part of the game.

How to roll with losses. That would be a new skill and attitude. Losses are:

1. Market 10 G in one day
2. Tours

When my stocks go up, or tour registrations come in, I get a warm, fuzzy feeling,

a mix of security, success, and happiness; when my stock go down, or tour registrations do not come in, I get a sinking, deflated, washed out, down feeling along with loss of motivation, a feeling of being totally destroyed.

And these contrary feeling seem to occur tno matter how much experience I have.

Indeed and evidently, they are part of the game and will never go away.

Since that is the case, how do I handle them?

Probably best, at least for now, is to ride with them, dive into them, feel them deeply, and watch them as, like a cloud. they soon pass.

Market "Feelings" Lesson

Maybe that's my daily "feelings" lesson for the market. Learn to watch my feelings as they move up and down with the fluctuations of my stocks.

Very wise, indeed.

Impending Doom

Stock market trading as impending doom scenario.

Down market: Impending doom is coming!

Up market: Saved from impending doom.

Is impending doom my fatal attraction to the market? Does the false, fatal, child-like or ish excitement and energizing of my batteries keep me interested and motivated? While also paralyzing me, stifling me in terror-filled, (bordering-on) panic tracks.

Walking on eggshells, at the edge of the impending doom cliff. Up market, tour registrations, and other make me float free and safe (for awhile) in the happy saved-from-impending-doom stratosphere. Down markets, no tour registrations bump me over the cliff, hanging on the edge, about to fall into the bottomless pit of impending doom.

Is "embracing" impending doom, through stock market, tour (lack of)

registrations, and other a form of return to the old neighborhood? I think yes.

Whatever it is, now that I know this about myself, I may, first the first time, have a choice: To accept and live in the Impending Doom world, and the fear-filled attitudes that go with it. Or drop it, release myself from its formerly unconscious clutches, and embrace a “healthy” freedom.

First step would be to look at my “failures” differently. Specifically, my stock market and lack of tour registration “failures.”

1. Re stock market: I could continue “investing,” trading and playing with my small stocks, but now with knowledge of my inner impending doom child hanging over my shoulder.

Losing the Need for the Stock Market

Or I could lose, drop even the need for the stock market. Now that would be a wonder. Truly, in practical terms, I have no need of the stock market. I never make money in it, plus it takes up much of mental and physical time. But we are not talking “practical” here. We’re talking dreams, or rather nightmares, impending doom, unconscious, and more.

Secretly, I wish I would lose this need for the stock market. Intellectually, I know it is not my calling; it is also a total waste of my time.

But I am not totally ruled by my intellect.

Nevertheless, we’ll see where this secret wish goes.

2. I could also stop seeing impending doom in my lack of tour registrations. Again, we’ll see where this leads.

My desire to get rich, whether through a fast through a rising stock, or other, is another way of saving myself from impending doom.

Yes, doom does exist. But the impending doom in my head is quite different from the ever-possible doom of reality.

Actually, the impending doom in my head does not exist. It is a worry of what might happen, a worry about the future. It has little or nothing to do with the here-and-now. Truth is, the here-and-now problems I can and will, to the best of my ability, take care of.

But the ever-hanging cloud of impending doom that I choose to have hanging over my head, at most times, is totally a figment and creation of my imagination.

Since this is so, I could, if I like and choose, imagine something else in its place.

Okay, starting today, how do I begin? What would I imagine?

I can start by simply dissolving them, dissolving market and tour registration impending doom. Dissolving impending doom.

What will I do? How will I live?

What will life be like without impending doom?

Without impending doom, I don't need the stock market as a distraction, or to distract me (paradoxically, from impending doom).

How about tour registrations? Maybe. Actually, the fear of no business, no tour registrations, derives from impending doom. Without impending doom, who knows what I might do, or what might happen.

Thursday, March 16, 2017

Impending Doom Versus Winning

If impending doom is my bottom line, then maybe I'm doing an impending doom with the market, lack of tour registration, and the copyright infringement cases against me. The "bi three."

In other words, instead of panicking and haunting my mind with scenes of utter destruction in these "big three", if I drop ID, and look again at the market. Lack of tour registrations, and copyright infringement (CI) "rationally," there is also the possibility

that I could somehow win. Win!

Win? Now there's a new one. Then the question would become: How, if at all, can I turn these bad situations around?

1. Market:

I've been through downs and drops before. In the past, if I waited it out, they usually changed, even turned around. What did I do? Sold some of the so-called awful companies. But even many of these, waiting it out, might have been a better solution. Especially if they did not go bankrupt.

Presently, I "believe" in ICLD. It shot way up, and now has fallen. I lost money. Will it come back? I believe so. True, I may have to wait a year or more. Okay, so what now? Watch and wait. See what happens.

Although in the market, there is never a way of truly knowing, I nevertheless believe, in my limited way, among the low priced "risky" stock I have chosen, I made the right stock choices.

Watch and wait. True, it feels like I'm at the edge of catastrophe. (Impending doom again). But actually, I'm "only" down 5 percent.

Can I use my new understanding of impending doom to turn my losing and loser attitude brimming with panic, to a winning attitude coated by faith in my decisions? Dare I have faith in my reasonable, thought out, but nevertheless chancy decisions? We'll see.

2. Image copyright infringement cases:

A. Stop payment on my check?

B. Sue Google for "image entrapment." Low level extortion, on the edge of scam?

C. A potential plus: Become a photographer. Make my own tour flier photos.

3. Lack of tour registration:

A. Make Facebook entries daily. For a year.

B. Blog

Getting Mad and Fighting Back

To my happy amazement, I'm starting to get mad. That means I'm tired of being hit over the head, and am getting ready to fight back!

Here is the emotional road I have followed.

1. Shock. Stunned and dazzled after being hit by:

a. Stock market loses

b. Copyright infringement suits

c. Lack of tour registration.

2. Recovery: Namely, getting mad! Tired of being hit. Motivated by indignant rage. In the case of copyright infringement cases, unjustified accusations and hurts.)

3. Ready to act. How to fight back:

a. Market: Watch and wait

b. Copyright: Stop check payment, sue Google and lawsuit companies for photographic (image entrapment.

c. Tours: FB daily entries. Blog.

Healthy Day

Suppose I didn't look at the market for a day or two. Suppose I started by not looking at the market just for a day. Like today.

And took a full, healthy day of guitar playing, and perhaps other artistic pursuits. What then?

Dealing with, training, and fighting against impending doom.

Playing the Impending Doom Game

Market: Why watch the market? Every hour, few hours, even day.

If market is stable, I'm stable for another day.

Goes up, insurance: I'm safe from ID for a day, maybe more.

If goes down, ID on the horizon, worry and watch out!

Injuries and pains: my knee, etc. End of my career, ID.

80 as a badge of honor.

If not, I am hopelessly addicted.

Friday, March 17, 2017

Three Blows/Distractions Have Knocked Me Off the Path

I need to find and reconquer my artistic center. I'm all drained out, washed away, diminished. No love of life, center, or purpose. I've somehow given up, or lost everything I had a few weeks or even days ago.

Yes, pressing on my or my stock market losses, copyright infringement suits, and lack of tour registrations. Seems these three big blows have knocked me down.

Knocked me down, or distracted me from my purpose? Aha, that's a good question. No doubt, as an optimistic and even a realist, I'll come down on the side of the latter.

Does God send down such blows to distract and test me? Maybe. In any case, these blows/distractions are definitely there. I have to deal with them before I can move on to my purpose. They are stones, rocks, even boulders in the way, blocking both my path and my vision.

In order to refocus and get back to my purpose, I must first realize what my purpose is.

Well, what is my purpose? Basically, to be, become, remember, and fulfil the

artist purpose and vision that God gave me.

Two tasks: First, main one: fulfill my artistic purpose. Second and secondarily: remove the blocks from my path.

Fulfilling my artistic purpose: Top priorities

1. Writing
2. Dance: Folk dancing and choreography
3. Music: Guitar and more
4. Art (painting): Photos and videos
5. Techniques: Facebook and Blog help fulfill artistic purpose.

The Blocks:

1. Lack of tour registration
2. Stock market
3. Copyright infringement suits

Handling My Blocks

How to find more time to fulfill my artistic purposes.

1. Lack of Tour Registration:

Daily FB postings. Even put up my blog.

2. Stock market: The less I look at it, the more time I save and have for artistic pursuits and fulfilling my purpose.

What can I do? And what is best.

Best would be to look at it once a week.

What can I do? I don't quite know yet. Every other day? Every 3 days? Maybe even fulfill my intellectual goal of once a week.

3. Copyright infringement suits:

Marty as consultant, mentor, or complete lawyer. (Costs money, but that's life. Also, that is the purpose of my money: To free me for fulfillment of my artistic

purposes.

Important!

Also very important: I have confidence, I know that by fulfilling my artistic purposes, enough money will come in to survive.

This realization, based on the knowledge that God gave me these artistic talents for a purpose, helps dispel the cloud of impending doom.

Without the cloud of impending doom, I have less need (no need? Wow, this could be true!) of trading in the stock market. Giving up, losing, freeing myself (my mind) from time consuming trading practice is good, nay excellent for fulfillment of my artistic purpose.

(The cloud of impending doom is the cloud of the blocks.)

True Purpose of Money

Maybe I'll get back to the true purpose of money: It is not to play with in the stock market, although that, along with impending doom, was "fun" for a while).

Rather the purpose of money is to support and free me to fulfill my artistic purposes.

Wonderful Post-Eighty

Vision

This is a wonderful post-eighty vision of how to use my time and money.

Indeed, with this vision, 80 is a badge of honor.

Guitar: Misionera and Leyenda:

80 revealed as the age of power and release.

All these classical guitar barriers (of perfection) are falling before the freeing

onslaught of Divine Sloppiness.

Will these barriers fall in other fields?

I'm not sure. I don't think so. I don't have the same perfectionist tendencies, hopes, and dreams (nightmares) in other fields. Only in classical music, classical guitar, classical anything.

Or do I? Well, yes, I do have desires to improve and "perfect" things in other fields. But somehow it is different, not as extreme. It leans more toward improvement rather than perfect(ion).

The Better It Gets

A bit later: I hate and am afraid to say this "terrible" thing, but the less I look at the stock market, the better it gets.

I actually accomplished something this morning by writing, learning, and working on my blog and Facebook. I got up from the chair with a feeling of accomplishment!

(Perhaps and hopefully) this is the first step in draining my swamp.

Lack of tour registration is freeing me from the chains of tourism! I lost everything already. First I was shocked, then depressed. But now, suddenly, I am free!

Witness the looseness in my blog. (But I wouldn't go public with it. Yet?)

Saturday, March 18, 2017

Letting Loose!

Letting loose on the guitar (Alhambra) and more is just so much fun! And it gets you past your (left wrist and hypothenar) aches and pains. And more.

Sunday, March 19, 2017

Loose, Fast, Wild, and CrazyRunning Wild on the Guitar Lawn. . .and More

I am discovering a new way to practice/play guitar: wild and crazy. Loose, fast, wild, and crazy.

Is this what "running wild on the lawn," namely, running wild on the guitar lawn is all about?

How about loose, fast, wild, and crazy in other things I do. Dance, running, exercise, yoga, whatever.

Note also the name of this New Leaf.

Monday, March 20, 2017

My emotions have been suppressed so long in the guitar. Classical guitar. Since high school. Mother, Jonny, classical music. Running wild on the lawn is freedom. Full expression of emotions,

I'm starting to run wild on the guitar lawn. Alhambra, Leyenda, Alard, even Sor Study NO. 12. Fast as hell. Totally wild. Release of all emotions. Donald Trump. Emotional release. Throughout the family as well. Family represents mother, represents suppression, suppression of running wild on the lawn. Free emotions.

I'm starting. But it's a totally new ball game.

We never talked about it. I retreated totally into my room, into my violin, into classical music. And suppressed my emotions through classic music. That's what it represents.

That's what fast means. Fast means running wild on the lawn, which means totally emotional freedom and release.

Perhaps that also what fast is. But I doubt it. There's also slow, and sinking into the dripping Capricho Arabe emotions. (Perhaps) it all about emotional release.

That's what I'm struggling with.

Tuesday, March 21, 2017

The Poetry of Hebrew Study, and Perhaps of Life

Caught between the wonder and the abyss.

Wednesday, March 22, 2017

Guitar. . . and more: Fuck it, I'm taking the dive. I'm diving straight in. Pain, risk, fear, worry, whatever, or not, no matter. I'm taking the dive.

Guitar: I have gone crazy a bit. But is this what running wild is all about? I'd say yes.

Thursday, March 23, 2017

Impending Doom Revisited

Am I depressed because my body (legs, back, etc.) hurts? Or does my body hurt because I am depressed? Which comes first?

Perhaps I know the answer. I am afraid because my body hurts. The impending doom *tofaat* phenomenon sets in. I see my dance career ending, myself shriveling up into a helpless old man, unable to function in business and society. Impending doom! And only from a few aches!

Yet I've got all these good things going for me.

Well, at least I am aware of how my brain works.

I must find another way to make a living.

Thinking of folk dancing as my "living" puts too much pressure on my feet, my legs, and me. Plus it is totally unrealistic. And will kill my love of folk dancing. It must always remain a sideline with little to no thoughts of money. And funds that come in are peripheral.

Note: As soon as I had the thought of making a living in something else, the pains in my feet and legs lifted, went away!

There's the origin of the "old." Since my tours business feels like its dying, I've drifted into the idea of somehow making a living in folk dancing. Wrong and bad!

I must find another way to make a living.

(Note: I once thought about learning to make a living through trading in the stock market. But that idea is now dead.)

Not folk dancing, choreography, or writing.

These are loves I must keep as spiritually god-in-themselves. But not for money.

What?

1. Tours? But in a different and long range perspective.

(2. Guitar lessons?)

3. New post-80 career. Train myself in website design, computers, internet knowledge, etc. Teach it on a low-level. I'd learn a lot, too.

I would be teaching to learn about the field. A true and challenging teaching/learning experience. Seniors would be the perfect market for this! (\$85/an hour)

Friday, March 24, 2017

Better Small Than Nothing, Better a Two Than Zero

Left knee and anger. B acting like an idiot. Anger. But held back. Woke up with left knee pain.

Trump. Family. Anger, and withdrawal. Old neighborhood ways of dealing with anger. Always better for me to speak up.

Some days I may reach an 8, 9 or even a 10. But other days are awful. On those days, always better to do something than nothing, better to do a 2 than zero.

Better to speak up a 2 than zero.

Better to do a 2 Hebrew than zero.

Better 5 minutes on the guitar than zero.

Better a 5 minute yoga, walk, run, stretch, push-up, whatever than zero.

Better small than nothing.

Pain, Power, and Fear

See (some) pain as power.

See pain as my power.

See pain as packet of sleeping, held back, inhibited power.

See pain as my way of holding back power.

A new mental practice. But it may be true as well.

My great(est) fear is a fear of my (hidden) power.

Just as I hide, held back, suppressed my anger (and power) in my teenage violin room, so have I internalize this process and hide my anger (and power) in the inner chamber of my mind today.

And whereas I used to get headaches because I suppressed my anger (and power) so today I restrain, suppress, hide my anger (and power) and instead get knee (and other) pains.

The important thing here is that by suppressing my anger I am suppressing my power. Thus my great(est) fear is not my anger, but my power!

Thus feeling, knowing, and even expressing – although public expression should be seasoned with the wisdom of diplomacy – my anger is a secondary fear. Feeling, knowing, and using my power is a primary fear.

Guitar: Letting my fingers roll could be the expression of my power. Thumb is the known and public entity. But fingers, and fingers running wild on the strings, are

more of a hidden power.

At least for today.

“At least for today.” With this statement, I am diminishing the power of my vision and realization. Or is reason, with its limitations, stepping in? Reason brings the vision down to material reality, shows how it might be used in the public here-and-now. Also reminds one of transience and the vicissitudes of life.

Fear and Power

My fears will never go away.

But neither will my power.

Fear tame my power, and power tames my fears.

Fast and Slow

Fast (speed) expresses power. But it is not power.

Slow also expresses power. But it is not power.

Saturday, March 25, 2017

Time to tighten up my finances, pay attention, get everything in order for the post-80, long pull years.

Dealing with the Down Side of Running Wild

Running wild also involves running wild on the edge of the cliff, with impending doom right next to me.

Running wild implies impending doom at my side, but I’m running so fast, it doesn’t touch me, I don’t fall off the cliff. But the danger is always just behind me, pushing me, frightening me, motivating me (I won’t say “inspiring” me, since much fear is involved.).

This is the wild part, the down (impending doom) and up side (mad inspired joy) of running wild on the lawn.

By facing my finances, tightening up, I am (perhaps) dealing, ready, willing, and able to focus and deal with the down side of running wild.

Dealing with the down, impending doom side of running wild.

This means order, borders, and focus.

There has been certainly no order to my financial life. Indeed, I have been running wild with it for years. This down year, along with another down market, combined with perhaps “the time is right” phenomenon (I recognized the impending doom factor in my stock market trading) has somehow pushed my into the order, border, pay attention, and focus(financial) aspects of running wild.

Maybe this is the “gift” of 80. Gift because, once I ut it together, it will bring me calm and stability, and free my mind to fulfill the real skills and talents (artistic, etc.) that God gave me.

Calm and stability might be another “gift” of 80.

Do I see calm and stability as a gift? Well, maybe. Although I still want my mind to run wild on the creative lawn, I like financial calm and stability. But as I run wild, I don't need financial worries. They only add weight and bring me down.

So again, I must straighten out my finances.

I thought for a while that making mucho money might do it, might create the financial peace, calm, and stability I desired.

Well, evidently it didn't. Witness trading in the market. Not only did I never succeed, but trading absorbed so much of my mental and physical time. And fruitlessly. The main thing I learned was that it didn't work, that it is not my path, to either stability, security, or creative power.

Of course, it took almost 50 years to learn this. But perhaps now, at and through the gift of 80, I've “been there, done that.”

I'm ready to put my (financial) house in order and move on.

Stepping Out of the Self-Imposed Financial Fog

Impending Doom, former lack of financial attention, wildness in the former wilderness.

My former running wild on the financial lawn, or simply not paying attention to finances, kept my mind, subconsciously humming in the background, or even consciously, in a long-standing the state of impending doom.

One of my goals is: Leave the state of impending doom.

That's why I'm leaving the market and organizing my finances.

I'm looking for a new location, a new mental state in which to live. Borders and focus will move me into the new state and keep me there.

Dissolve impending doom. Start my new financial path today!

Know how much I need to make and survive in my new state.

Three-pronged approach:

1. Know my expenses
- (2. Know (estimate) my income)
3. How to make money? Jobs, etc.

The purpose (of putting my financial house in order) is to lead an artistic and creative life.

Art, Money, and Going Public

The true purpose of money is to force me to go public as an artist. To force me out of the house, to bring my art to people (and fulfill God's purpose.) God made me shy. But He also gave me a talent.

Somehow I have to "go shy" with my talent; I have to do my shyness in public.

Why, don't know. But that, evidently is my purpose. Or rather, the purpose I have been given. The other stuff is a distraction.

I am forced to make a living through my art. In order to fulfil the purpose, I need a body. And that body need sustenance. Thus physical survival through money is part of the purpose. But it is the means to an ends. The ends is bringing pleasure, fulfillment, joy to others through my art gifts.

When I play alone, I am really practicing for the big event. Which is, bringing my art which I am practicing public.

That's why always, in the back of my mind, as I practice anything, I see me eventually bringing it to the public. I have not completed the "practicing" task until I or it is brought to the public.

The purpose of earning money is to push me out of my room and into the public.

This is a painful and difficult task. That's why I search for and am involved with so many distractions. But they are, in the end and after all, diversions distracting me from the main course, the main purpose.

Playing in public is my crucifixion. (An extreme image, but it popped into my head, so I had to write it.)

Pain and avoidance are a fact of life. Maybe they are even necessary to fulfill the task, so difficult a task.

Sunday, March 26, 2017

Changing Habits

Better, Worse, or Different

I cannot predict the future.

The future could be bad, good, indifferent.

Since I have no idea what tomorrow will bring, am I not playing my impending doom game with my present slow/bad business situation? Yes I am.

Future possibilities:

1. Things could get worse(impending doom)
2. Better(impending betterment)
3. Different. (Beyond moral judgement)

Can I step out of the prediction business and deal with today, the present, the here-and-now.

In the action universe of 10, a 2 is better than a zero.

Truth is, since it is impossible to know the future, thinking things will get better or worse is a waste of time and energy.

It is my habit of thinking impending doom that keeps me worried.

Can I change habits?

Do I want to waste my time this way? Or simply dive into the present, shut my brain off and move.

The Worry Habit

Stock market: Based on my re for security through money.

Suppose money will not bring or buy me security. Suppose the whole notion of money and the market was based on fear of the unknown future, and my desire to be protected from impending doom.

Suppose impending doom is my mental creation, and, since I can never know what the future will bring, not a given reality.

Impending doom is a self-created distraction, to distance me from the present and instead, focus me on the useless fear of the ever unfolding future, the Unknown.

Money will not protect me. All my funds, as my life itself, could be taken away in a flash. So why worry? Impending doom or impending betterment may be just around the corner. But since I don't know and can't know the future, I'll never know until I see it.

Worry about money, tour participants is all a waste of time and effort. A worry habit. Just do what I have to do, follow the path, and see what happens. That's it.

Tuesday, March 28, 2017

Sales (Selling) is Good for my Fighting Psyche!

Shall I cower in fear, or fight it?

Always better to fight it. How is always the question.

Let's start with left knee. Two choices:

1. Focus and exercise. Get blood into the knee.
2. Alternate: Getting old, dripping downward, depress into the swamp, worry, impending doom of the body, grand and useless negatives of the stiff-leaning mind.

I tried. More rejections from Romania tour. Seems this year the gods are against me. (But truth is, I don't know what the gods are doing and never will.

However, I do have a choice.

1. Complain, whine, bitch, worry about my future.
2. Commitment myself to least a 2 every day on tour sales.

I chose the latter.

No more complaining: charge straight ahead with the new sales program.

My job is to put on the blinders, do the work, plough straight ahead with my new sales program and attitude: Sales are good for my fighting psyche!

Mornings devoted to sales. (Of course, I can "throw in" other activities, but they are seen as "breaks.")

All Is Sales

All is sales: Incorporate my running, yoga, guitar, writing, blogs, videos, all into a sales psychology.

Sales (ne selling) pulls my mind out of the depression swamp. It fires me up, energizes me, and lifts my spirits.

Truth is, this has been happening all my life, but I never recognized it as such. Somehow sales were always inhibited by and covered with fear of rejection, annoyance and resentment that I. An artist, have to do it, am forced into sales in order to survive. Yes, I always resented and hated sales, and the fact that I have to make them.

But I am good in sales; I have the gift of sales. But my lifetime conflict has been between my aggressive sales self, and the hide-in-my-room “artistic” violin self, my quiet, meditative, scholarly, love of learning, monastic self.

Somehow now, that conflict has been resolved. I am out in the open, gone public, into dynamic, aggressive, pushing, exciting sales. My sales self is born and bursting into the open. Hello, this is me! I am here!

This attitude, believe it or not, will also help sell my books!

This is a big deal, a radical shift of perspective, a radical change, the birth of post-80 dynamism. A Wow!

Wednesday, March 29, 2017

Knees and Rage

I am cut at the knees twice, had my knees, legs, cut out from under me twice: First, is no tour registration, second is giving up the stock market. Two grand blows at once. No wonder my knees hurt!

Reactions: First was shock, awe, and amazement. This lack of business can't be really happening. I can't believe it. Second stage: It may well be happening. Sadness and depression, mixed with a little fear. Third stage: Stuck frustrated, angry, militating between depression and rare touches of fight and rage. Fourth stage: Today, realizing that I am furious about this. And that fury has been diverted to my knees! I am crippling myself with anger! Blaming, hitting, smashing my own self. Taking it out my

rage, anger and frustration on my ego by hitting myself in the knees. And added back and neck. But mostly knees.

What can I do about all this? Well first, being aware changes my perspective and view 90%. Suddenly, I know why my knees hurt! Of course, they always may hurt a little. That may in itself be “normal.” However, the quick and sudden descent that has taken place during the past few weeks feel abnormal. And it is! It is my brain pouring my anger, rage, frustration and pain into my own knees!

How Sarnoian, indeed.

I lost two loves: My stock trading diversion, and my tour customers. I am totally betrayed by these former friends and loves.

Yes, I’m fighting to get them back, but it truly feels hopeless. And even the wrong way to go. Why? Maybe if they have given up on me, the best thing for me to do is give up on them? Is that true? This idea just popped up in my mind. So I must write it. But really, is it true. Give up on them? Go in a completely new direction? For whatever reason, they are over, spent, done, their time is finished, they are through. Why try to reclaim the past? A fruitless direction. Impossible to succeed.

Yes, I now feel empty and drained. I always need a project, a new project to aim at, to stir my juices into a flurry of inspiration. Evidently, the project period of tours and stock market is over. Death of a cycle. And yes, I went through the stages of death. Shock, depression, anger, sadness, and perhaps hopefully some day, acceptance. Has acceptance come today? Not quite yet. But it seems I a close, or at least closer. And truth is, there is no other place to reach but acceptance. Death of a cycle, a tour cycle, Death of a cycle, a market cycle. Death and transfiguration. Acceptance of death, then resurrection and moving on.

My Next Project

Am I ready to move on? Maybe and almost.

On to what?

My next project.

Ah, my next project: If only I had one.

As a start, think of doing minimal work in tours, and the stock market. These areas are dead, but still need minimal attention. Out of 10, a 2 or even less.

Then think and dream about what might become my next project.

The Voice of Impending Doom

The voice of impending doom is the voice of my mother saying, "You can't make it. You aren't competent enough to do anything. Stay in your room and play the violin. Whatever you accomplish, if anything, will be eventually rolled back and destroyed. My fears and black cloak of doom will expand to include everything you do. You'll never amount to anything. I expect nothing from you. No matter what you may accomplish, if anything, you will hear my voice of impending doom, blackening your work-life attitudes, darkening your days, and panicking your nights.

"From knees to tours, stock market to folk dancing, from guitar (You'll make a mistake, classical), to writing (I'm not a writer), to computers (I'll never be good at computers), running long distance (I'm physically weak), dancing fast dances, (I'll have a heart attack and die because I'm physically so weak), it doesn't matter, I'm there, darkening your corners, diminishing hopes of goodness, victory, and triumph, replacing it with dark fears of the future." And so forth.

Truth is, in spite of her voice of impending doom, look at all I have accomplished.

How could she have been so wrong? And how could I have believed it so long? Good question.

Maybe I create her voice in order to defy her. To oppose her. Ignite myself in opposition. Maybe defiance energizes me, challenges and wakes me up, motivates me. I'll prove myself competent and valuable. And prove her wrong.

Thursday, March 30, 2017

A New Guitar Case Symbolizes A New Direction

Rubio guitar case handle broke.

Buying a new case means renewal. Starting afresh.

Fixing the old case means patching up the past, but not a qualitative change, not moving forward, partial return or remaining in the old neighborhood with ever-present reminders of the past (but, of course, also history.)

But generally better to start afresh. The new case shines. The old is pearly with antiquity, hallowed with age and memories, but also broken, withered, and damaged. Perhaps remain as a museum piece but not to be used in real present life.

Also what memories of the Village, classical guitar Rubio past to I really want to keep. Were they pleasant? No. They were mostly made of put-downs and striving filled with frustration and un-fulfillment. Don't I want to move beyond that?

Yes. So buy the new case.

Yes, a new guitar case symbolizes a new direction.

What direction will that be?

Friday, March 31, 2017

This blog and website stuff I'm learning is unleashing a torrent of sales ideas!

Saturday, April 1, 2017

Deepening

Seems all I want to do is stay home, stay close, and deepen things. Most important, in terms of direction, it seems I want to deepen things.

Perhaps, in that sense, saying home, staying close is secondary. Deepening what I do, is the most important, and the direction in which I am heading. Not bad.

Specifically, deep relaxation in my Alhambra fingers.

Can I implant such deep relaxation in my yoga, dance warm-ups, running, gym exercises, and eve folk dancing?

Deepening, relaxation, and focus.

I know I can.

Isn't that my next direction?

I know it is.

Sunday, April 2, 2017

Sabbatical Year

In my mind, and in actuality, business (mostly tours) has slowed down to almost a stop. I am left with little or just about nothing to do. And I sense it will be this way for a year, maybe more.

What to do? How to look at it?

Here's am approach and attitude I like: Starting today, see this year as my sabbatical year, my year off, my "run wild on the lawn" year.

It's a year to experiment, try new things, be mentally totally free. I can dig into my money, or at least use my savings for this sabbatical year. After all, that's what the money is for! To buy me mental and even physical freedom.

My "run wild on the lawn" year: See where it brings me.

Monday, April 3, 2017

Lost Touch with my Anger

I have lost touch with my anger, and thus with much of my energy, enthusiasm, and fire. Rage has often been my fuel, and it has dropped out of sight, being slowly and subtly replaced with fear of 80 and aging.

Results of knowing anger:

1. Publish a book of my short stories only because its good for me. (Putting it on my blog may be okay, and a new and other avenue, but it will not help of substitute for a real publication! Maybe I should also design my book cover.

2. Change Handfuls of Air (big volume) to Air? Or other?

Wednesday, April 5, 2017

Free, Freedom, and Running Wild on the Lawn

Perfection is the Enemy of Better

Slow and beautiful Gavotte and Alhambra. Am I finally free?

I am finally free, to play it my way.

Slow, deep, and sensual: Is my way.

Speed is perfect, perfection, the best.

Perfect/perfection/best is the enemy of better.

Friday, April 7, 2017

Performing Again

I need a challenge, goal, and direction. Without it, I wither.

I agree with Rick that I need a challenge that has to have something to do with people.

Could it be performing? Is that the lacking element? I have a fundamental fear, nay terror, of performing. It is the one thing I want to avoid. And yet, far (and not so far) in the back of my mind, I always see myself improving myself in order to some day present my skills to others. In other words, I am ever and always preparing for that future performance, that future concert.

But I never do it or give it.

Perhaps I am now getting ready, or even ready, to cross that bridge. Perhaps that is the purpose of have this terrible year in purgatory, between lives, without real

direction or purpose. That is the secret purpose of playing Alhambra “correctly,” which means playing it my way.

All my excuses (like Alhambra) are done and over. Am I (I am) ready to jump into the abyss and perform again?!

And this includes doing readings. Reading my fiction works in public. (Oh, I tremble at the thought!)

Playing classical guitar in public (Oh, I tremble at the thought.)

Even putting myself in folk singing mode, standing before others and singing, either group or solo (I even tremble at that thought!)

And even playing gaida, and making humor, funny, and jokes, standing up and talking before others (Again, I tremble at the thought!)

My biggest fear (believe it or not) is performing!

I could even say I tremble at the thought of teaching folk dancing (but I do it so much, I rarely face, realize, or think about it.)

So, what is the result of this dialogue with myself?

Performing again, may be the answer to my downs, the answer to my lack of goals, purpose, and direction and concomitant depression problem.

Facing the fire and jumping in will make me tremble, but, in the jumping process, it will solve all.

Is that why my knees have been hurting, buckling under the internal fear and pressure? Performing on the rise, my biggest fear unfaced.

Knee pain (and other pains, too) as a grand Sanroian diversion from a greatest of fears, my fear of re-entry and performing again.

Money and Performing

It's not about the money, although I need a financial motivation to push me to

book myself. Finance and money, even if it be little money, make my effort serious. Money pushes me to make the serious sales effort, and, once I get the job, the performing effort.

My knee pains (morning back pains, others, but mainly knee pains) are a distraction from my deep(est) fear of performing. It was such a trauma all those years, that I hate, hate, hate, and fear, fear, fear going back to it.

But evidently, I must.

Show Business (not Share Business)

Without performing, my skills are still born and dying on the vine. Without performing, I am, evidently, dying inside. My energy is turning on itself and eating me (myself) up.

My skills must be shown. Not necessarily shared.

Sharing is not up to me. Others, those who watch, my audience, they are the ones who must decide if they want what I offer. If they decide they want it, then yes, it is sharing. If they decide they do not want it, then no, there will be no sharing. Simple as that. I cannot decide to share. Sharing is out of my hands.

But I can decide to show! I can decide to perform, to give a concert, to show. That's why it's called show business, not share business.

Even my folk dance teaching is a show.

Is Renaissance Possible?

The pain of distraction has become too great. Either I perform, or have bad knees.

But doubts arise (as usual): Am I fooling myself?

Do I have the courage to perform again, to dive into performance, and finding jobs? Or would I rather have, prefer to have bad knees than face the fire? Do I have the necessary energy and drive to return.

Or is the pain and effort too great? Would I rather dry up and die? Am I too old, too tired, to even bother digging up the old bones and resurrecting my old, old, old performing career, or even parts of it. Is there anything new and vital in this so-called Renaissance?

(Of course, the Renaissance had its own form of new energy. Can I find the same? What kind of Renaissance could I make?)

Or is there another way, yet undiscovered? In other words, is there a way to wriggle out of it.

It can't be the old. The past can never be recovered.

It must be new. Re-naissance is the only way.

But is Renaissance possible?

Can I find a new way of doing this "old" and former performing thing? And make it a Re-naissance.

Saturday, April 8, 2017

Protection through Distraction

Impending Doom and I'm-Not-Good-Enough as Default Positions

Evidently, impending doom and I'm-not-good-enough are default positions.

Are they protective devices? I think so.

They protect me from the slings (and arrows) of Ma. Her worries left a permanent scar. Witness present knee and Hebrew.

Can I change this? I doubt it.

But I can be aware of it, and see it differently.

See my knee pains, body aches, Hebrew never-good-enough as protective

distractions.

This step looks deeply into Sarno. He does say the mind thinks it is acting smartly, creating distracting pains as it tries to protect you from what it thinks is even greater threats. It protects you by creating distracting pains.

Knee and body aches: Yes, it hurts. But does viewing these temporary annoyances as impending doom help me?

Also, how does not dwelling on the wonder of each Hebrew word, the miracle of its shining stillness, and instead thinking another block, why can't I remember words, etc, the never-good-enough syndrome help me?

Can it really be shielding me from the devastating childhood experience of Ma's fears and terrors, somehow transferred and imposed on me? Can this really have so scarred my mind that I retain it into my 80's? And that I must constantly protect myself from it? Maybe.

What are her (my) fears and terrors? What are bigger fears beyond my small aches and pains, and mental stupidity? Perhaps that the world will end and I will die.

Note the total maddening insult to my intelligence is the searing word "You're stupid!" That is one of the great threats hanging over me. At any moment, I can be called stupid. Also slow. Devastating.

Is it time to go back into therapy to take another look at my mother? Is it time to revisit childhood and the old neighborhood? Perhaps I didn't clean it out and get beyond it sufficiently.

Sunday, April 9, 2017

Writing: New Confidence and Direction

I just finished editing Barry's re-editing.

I'm amazed at how good and prescient is much of what I wrote. By imagining a fictive, crazy, and impossible future, I seem to be writing the blueprint and business

plan of my life.

Is this my scary new (post-eighty) direction? Seems right. (And write.) Writing (finishing up) and publicizing my books. But now with a new confidence based party on “no longer caring how others feel” and “I know what I write is good” approach.

Is that what this down, broken, soup year has been all about. Destroying the old so the new could be built on a new foundation.

It is spring. Rebirth and building time.

Reordering Priorities

I have the money. I can do what I want.

Of course, that’s always been the case. I do and did what I want. And this even when I didn’t have the money.

Then money is not and actually has never been the main issue. (Even though I created it as my main road block.)

Perhaps money has been my big distraction, and two-edged sword that has both forced me into the world, but also prevented me, by distracting me through lack of confidence, which in itself might be another form of distraction,

Wow, now there’s an idea:

Lack of confidence as a self-created distraction from fulfilling my true purpose in this world.

Where have I lacked confidence?

1. Classical guitar.
2. Writing.
3. Admitting I choreograph dances. But I’ve always had confidence in this area.

This somehow feels a bit different. I am also secretly proud.

Where have I had confidence?

1. Folk dance leading and teaching

2. Leading tours

3. Folk singing

Tuesday, April 11, 2017

Turning my Journal into Fiction

Am I finding a way of turning my journal writing into fiction by rewriting it in the third person? Could be.

Freedom!

1. Writing: Seems I am coming back unafraid. Looser, more uninhibited, crazy, less afraid to jump in. A hint and graze on the horizon. A small, just a touch, dab, tiny, sliver, new dawning light.

Giving me the freedom to write (babble or whatever) the way I want.

2. Guitar: Sensual, beautiful, listening. (My way, technique, and method: slow, and easy.)

I've gotten speed, and its inferiority. out of my system.

The Alhambra has broken its magic hold over me. The bonds have been broken. I can play it slowly, and very slowly, with no problem!

A major psychological victory! Worth a year of suffering!

Giving me the freedom to play guitar the way I want.

Freedom: Running wild on the lawn at its best.

80 is the year of stepping into freedom.

80 is the freedom year.

Hard to believe, hard to say, but it is true.

Wednesday, April 12, 2017

The Trinity

Yoga, Running, Gym

Rebirth of miracle schedule.

Discouraged with my progress.

Yet, I've nailed down guitar and writing. They are, strangely and happily,
reborn in a new miracle schedule place!

I need (and I am ready for) a third.

That third is in the physical world: 3 in 1. The trinity of:

3. Yoga, running, gym.

How to get yoga, running, and gym back into my life.

(The study fourth branch of miracle schedule seems to be okay with Hebrew
bouncing along, and perhaps more.)

Thus, it seems, that if I get my third branch in order and on the move, everything
should be okay.

Vow: I will NEVER be bullied by Mr. Fast again

Post-eighty guitar (and more) vow:

I will NEVER be bullied by Mr. Fast again.

Flow

Fast and slow are borders and techniques.

Beyond fast and slow is flow.

I want to move beyond fast and slow,

in the infinite world of flow.

Running Wild on MY Lawn

The Case for God

Fast, in terms of macho and more, has dominated my life. And Slow has been way in the background.

But truth is, I don't want to be bullied by Mr. Fast or Mr. Slow. I don't want to be bullied, period.

I simply want to flow, to run wild on my lawn.

It takes great mental strength and focus to do that.

To focus on the spirit and flow, instead of the material world (of audience.)

That's why I need God. Alone, I am not strong enough.

I need God's help, assistance, guidance and strength to empower me to focus on the spirit and flow, to go beyond the material focus of audience approval.

I'll never make it on my own.

But with God's help and assisting power, I've got a chance.

That's why I should (and do) pray before each performance, each tour or folk dance class. God give me strength to focus with all my power and get through this.

Introducing God

The Big Secret: Can I introduce God seriously into my (post-eighty) life. With the idea of "God give me strength."

And this in yoga, running, folk dancing, guitar, writing, and every aspect of my Miracle Schedule.

What would, after all, make it a miracle, but the assistance and existence of God working with and through me. Otherwise, it's just a "normal" occurrence, interesting, but without energy-less and without magic.

Introducing God to running wild on my lawn. I can't run wild without Him.

Isn't that the big secret, the hidden smile and light, of de-light, behind my eyes

when it works? Yes.

Thursday, April 13, 2017

This morning I took ibuprofen for my left knee pain. I felt defeated. But perhaps, if the pills work, I should reconsider the miracle of modern medicine. And how lucky I am that such medicines exist to help heal my body.

Friday, April 14, 2017

The Return

Indeed, I have been blind and probably deaf, too. I've become so rusty on both history and geography, Balkan history and geography, and no doubt all the other histories and geographies, too.

I'm now back to study, of history, geography, and language, of first Romania, and then the Balkans and Middle East (Israel and more). In fact, a return to history, geography, and language study of all my Balkan and Middle East countries, of all the countries I have visited in all my years of tours and travels!

A return. In fact, this is my tour-history-geography- linguistic Renaissance, a return to my pre-tour and early tour roots.

Could I call it my running wild on the lawn tour study return? Maybe and why not?

It is the finale to rediscovering and returning to my writing, guitar, run-yoga-gym return and revival. The fourth rung in the ladder, the fourth base of my miracle schedule pyramid, a fulfillment of the study portion of my miracle schedule!

And this in and through tours.

But tours are now "easier" and "taken for granted." The technique of organizing, running, and leading them, although still time consuming and needing focus, is no longer as traumatic and difficult as it once was. This frees my mind for

study.

Study of what? My beloved history, geography, and language. I could say this completes my Renaissance and return to miracle schedule. To:

1. Writing
2. Guitar
3. Running/yoga/gym
4. Study: Through tours: history, geography, language.

(5. Business: Business is more like the cement that hold the miracles together in earthly, material fashion. It brings their spiritual reality down to earth by giving them a material framework. That's why business, although totally necessary, is not placed in the miracle "category." Perhaps in its own right and world it is its own miracle, a miracle on another plane. But examination of that virtue is for another time.

So, after a year of roundabout and internal suffering, questioning, and mental blahs, I must admit that now my miracle schedule life has fallen into place. I am together again.

But now, on a new Renaissance and Return level, I am back (or forward) in place. And ready to roll.

Left Knee as Resistance Block

Is my left knee annoyance pain (and skipping heart) a last stand of resistance to my miracle schedule rebirth, the final block to return, renaissance, and regeneration?

Only my left knee (and skipping heart?) is "holding me back." In Sarnoian terms, why is this happening now?

Can Business be its Own "Miracle Schedule" Category?

Spiritual and Material Reality Are One

How, if at all, can material reality, as expressed and fulfilled through business, be or become part of my miracle schedule?

A real, ultimate, and deeper question is: How can material reality become part of spiritual reality?

Writing emails, creating blogs and improving my website, taking videos and photos, even writing out tour itineraries, and more, are all part of business. They cement my spiritual reality to the material reality on the ground.

Thus, they cannot fly as much or as high as the potential wildness of my imagination. Thus, they are not as free, as running wild on the lawn free, as my four (other) miracle schedule art forms.

Or are they? Or can they be?

This asks the big question: Can spiritual and material reality ever be one? Can these dueling spheres ever be united into One?

By even asking or bringing up the question, I am implying, hinting at the answer, that deep in my heart, I know already.

The answer is (obviously) YES.

Material and spiritual reality are, on one level (the lower level) separate. But on the higher level, they are One. How to unite them, bring them together, is always the question. And this question can only be answered through attitude. I call for a change in my attitude. I have to somehow learn to see, believe, and even act upon the higher fact that, on a higher level, perhaps the highest level, material and spiritual reality are One.

Living in Inner Peace

Certainly, if I could put material and spiritual reality together in my own head and attitude, this would be the finale and end of my quest.

The end here does not mean death, but rather living in inner peace during my earthly existence.

In truth, there is no way to avoid the above conclusion. Now, how to live it, and live with it.

Teaching Folk Dancing

I wonder if my left knee pain has something to do with resistance to the union of material and spiritual reality, resistance to All is One.

Material resistance (as expressed through my knee) to spiritual reality.

Of course, teaching folk dancing, with the “teaching” other humans as the material reality, and “folk dancing” (dancing alone and with myself unencumbered) as spiritual reality, is a perfect metaphor.

How to bring my teenage violin playing out of my room. Perhaps that can happen and is my route after eighty.

Saturday, April 15, 2017

Follow my Miracle Schedule

So if I am following my miracle schedule, and all is in order, why am I unhappy this morning as I wake up?

Fear. Fear has invaded (poisoned) my body and mind. Physical fears: knee, lower back, even heart, and dizzy in the brain. Reasons: getting old, getting sick, decaying with age, falling apart, etc. Is all this true? Partly. Is it something to fear? Perhaps.

Can miracle schedule prevent it? Probably not. Destroy it? Probably not.

Are my fears then justified? Perhaps.

But should they deter me from following my miracle schedule? No.

And once followed, will my miracle schedule make me feel better? Yes, probably, no doubt. Again it's the “Shut off your brain and move” approach.

So what are my choices? My best choices? Follow my miracle schedule, no

matter what. It is not only my only hope, but my best direction.

Three Directions in Music, Dance, and Life

There are three directions in music and in life: Up, down, and flat.

This equals three feelings: Up is Happy, down is sad, flat is the resting state—between happy and sad.

Think and express this starting with my Bach Gavotte in D.

Alhambra is flat amidst the up and down movement, rest (treble tremolo) amidst the up and down, the happy and sad.

Turning New Leaf Journal into Tabula Mirabilis

By switching my New Leaf Journal in third person, and adding a few descriptive nuances, quotation marks, dialogues, etc. can I turn my New Leaf Journal writings into Tabula Mirabilis (Miracle Schedule)? Can I turn them into short story, Handfuls of Air, fiction type, publishable books?

Is it right? Fair? False and phony?

Or, with such a simple twist into third person and adding appropriate quotation marks and/or a bit of dialogue, am I on to something?

Am I onto a new form of writing in my post-eighty world?

Sunday, April 16, 2017

(Folk) Singing

New Guitar Folk Position with Similar Straight Back

Drifting, dribbling, meandering back folk singing:

What's new? What's post-eighty?

Sitting and new guitar position.

Dropping flamencan position, guitar on right hip held in place by pressure on

right shoulder bearing down on guitar and connecting, tying, stabilizing it through the right thigh.

New position: folk singer position. Hold guitar easily, rest guitar on right thigh.

In both positions, singing position is back and spine straight so diaphragm can work correctly.

In the past, I used flamencan position: guitar higher, thus back straighter.

Disadvantage: harder to hold, "balance" guitar on right thigh.

New folk singer position: Easier to hold. No balance problem. Guitar rests easily on right thigh. But adding straight back!

Add rest guitar position, keep straight back.

This renaissance taking place on Easter Sunday.

Wednesday, April 19, 2017

Missing my Depression

Evidently, I have to be moving toward some magnificent goal or I get terribly depressed. A realistic goal is fine, but the goal could be completely unrealistic, unattainable, impossible to reach, too. All that doesn't matter. Movement, moving toward it, dynamically moving, traveling toward its shining light, although it may fill me with dread, also completely absorbs my mind, and, in its strange way, makes me happy.

Yes, the goal must be magnificent and grand, attainable and realistic is good, but long range not attainable, unrealistic, and impossible is okay, too. As long as it is magnificent and shining and I am moving toward it. Yes, there can be short periods of rest, moments when I feel total conquest and even ecstasy. And these can be appreciated for the ephemeral moments they are. But remember that they are only moments. Rise up and down with them. Soon a new struggle will emerge. And my dual natures, happy and resistant, will be with me as I enter it.

Missing My Depression

Of course, grabbing a magnificent goal is my way of avoiding facing the lost and lonely feeling of meaninglessness and purposelessness, which causes a deep depression. This is part of my personality and always there.

Since it is always present and possible to fall into this hole, what is the best approach to handling it?

1. Fall into the abyss, the hole of depression. Feel its devastating quality as deeply as possible. Let the horrible feelings wash through you, and, in this manner, eventually, like a cloud, it passes. Thus you see the nature of the “feeling” illusion.

2. Since I am older, wiser, and more experienced, and I know the cycle: Up/down, depression/elation, abyss/heaven, and the importance of the guiding light, how the shining purpose drags me out of the pit, why not simply bypass the abyss with its depression, bypass the cycle, and simply jump right into a new purpose, grab the new shining light with its magnificent goal?

Am I strong enough, and wise enough to bypass the dualism, go beyond the cycle, grab the ever-shining star?

Do I feel I’m somehow “missing something,” even cheating a bit, if I don’t dive into and deeply feel the depression?

Do I actually miss my depression?

By bypassing my depression, do I feel inauthentic, unartistic, missing my old neighborhood melancholy?

Wednesday, April 19, 2017

Diving In-with Wisdom

Now that I am older, wiser, with more self-knowledge and experience (80), what is different?

Can things that once took an hour to accomplish, with and through warm-ups and practice, now be done in 5 minutes?

Like guitar practicing. Or yoga, running, or folk dancing?

Can I now, without warm-ups, or with very little warm-ups, simply just dive in?

Just by asking this question, it means I'm ready to experiment, to try it.

Can I, sometimes with just a mental thought, only using mental thought, just dive in? Only preceded with a mental thought, just dive in?

Thursday, April 20, 2017

Guitar: How far under a microscope can you go?

Is there a point of diminishing returns?

Is there a point, at the bottom, when you start to go backward, where further microscopic examination becomes not only useless, but harmful?

Maybe.

Friday, April 21, 2017

Moods

Woke up this morning with knee pain and worried about it. Then I had coffee, and started studying Romanian history and language. Now, about 40 minutes later, I feel energized, inspired, and ready to roll. Nothing has actually changed. But my mood reversed entirely.

One thing you can't trust is your moods.

If only I could learn that.

Saturday, April 22, 2017

Reaching the Land of Should, Must, and Have To

Motivation is, and has been, my new problem. Why do anything? Why bother? Big questions. And even bigger now that money has diminished as a prime motivation.

What will drive me? I can hardly figure out a thing. Not good or pleasant. But what, if anything, can I do about it?

I've always hated and tried to avoid the word (or action) of should. I have always tried to avoid doing what I should do. Better, I've always said, do what I want. Not should, but want.

Should, along with must, are anathema. Love, passion, doing what I like, have been my desires and blessings.

However, perhaps it is time for a change. Perhaps my new age and circumstances call for a change.

Maybe it is time to move to a new neighborhood: The Land of Should.

Doing nothing, having little to no motivation is both depressing and bad for me. I know that following my miracle schedule is both good and elevating. Nevertheless, somehow, at this stage, it is hard to do. Enthusiasm and inspiration have somehow fled. And I am left empty and wanted.

What can fill the gap?

Perhaps "should," "must," and "have to."

The Land of Should is the land of commands. I hate taking commands, or being commanded by others. But how about now taking commands from myself? This of course, along with commands from Mr Above who no question, works with me.

How about Mr. Above and myself making a new contract, creating a new team, and this based on both of us forcing me, forcing myself, telling the new post-eighty me what I must, should, and have to do.

We could also force me to give up, drop my old ways of thinking, force me to think differently. Telling me, nay commanding me to drop impending doom, and other non-motivation ways of thinking.

Perhaps it is time for my own personal 10 Commandments. My new Laws of Life.

How many commandments shall I have? And what are they?

I used to also think that these down feelings were “creative.” That is, by sinking and exploring the bottom I would somehow become wiser, with more self-knowledge. Also, by punishing myself, sinking to the bottom, whipped and smashing and pummeled so I sink down to the bottom, I would somehow be motivated to rise again, to find new nourishment in the bottom soil, nutrients in the mud, and thus rise, with greater knowledge, creativity, and self-understanding to a new level.

Any maybe this was true. The key word here is “was.”

But I wonder if it is still true? Maybe I have finally learned my lesson and lessons. Maybe now I know and see that it is all a cycle. I go up, then I sink down, then I rise again. Over and over, on and on, with no end in sight.

So maybe it is time, maybe I am ready to “see through the cycle,” to move beyond this cyclic illusion.

But how can I resist the cycle? How can I, even as I live in it, move beyond its ever-repeating illusion?

Good question.

Maybe by working with Mr. Above, the two of us can force me to see beyond. Thus forcing myself is the right road. The Land of Should, Must, and Have To.

So what are the “shoulds” and “musts” I have to do?

I’ll start by putting them in question form. I tremble as I say this but first thing that comes to mind is:

1. Give a concert. (Force myself to give a concert. It would be (would it be?) classic guitar only? That, of course, is my greatest fear. Maybe it has to be classic guitar only. That is the big challenge and fear.

Why do it? Why put myself through such suffering? That is a big question.

On the other hand, why am I always practicing? Should it eventually be for

others to hear? (There's the word "should.") There's my "obligation", my must word. (But notice, Gemini rising: my inner self immediately starts to resist.)

It is a totally useless endeavor. I'd only give it to prove I can do it, to prove myself, to feed my ego. Very personal. But would proving myself and feeding me ego give me enough motivation and reason to do it? Round and round the questions go. Paralyzed is my present state. I stand on the ledge, ready but afraid to jump.

Micro Concert

I tried micro-running. It worked, I developed a whole new way to run. I still use it.

Maybe I should use the same approach to concerts.

How about a micro-concert?

Maybe I (would) should just play the Bach Gavotte. In my new style: slow, concentrating on each note, beautiful tones. (Followed by Gavotte en Rondeau.) That (would) should be my first entry into this new world. A mini, tiny, micro-concert.

My micro-concert might even be just one piece. Or two.

Difference Between "Would" and "Should"

Note above how I changed "would" to "should."

"Would" is a doubt word. "Should" is a command word. Both deal with the future but with totally different energy forms.

"Would" holds back.

"Should" dives in.

How To Give A Mini-Concert (Micro-Concert)

No sales, preparation, programming, concert venue, concert hall, house (living room) concert hall, audience round-up, large audience collection, publicity, or advertising is needed.

I could give a mini-concert (a mini-concert can be given) anywhere at anytime. All

I need is a guitar and one person. I could simply say: “Hey, please give me a moment. Sit down and listen to this.” Then I pick up my guitar, play my Bach Gavotte, without any warm-up (dive right in), and give a mini-concert.

Difference Between Mini Concert and Micro-Concert

I am not ready for a mini-concert.

But I am ready for a micro-concert!

Mini-concert means playing at least several pieces.

Micro-concert means one piece. Or even less! Half-a piece is okay. Even playing just a few measures is okay for a micro-concert!

The Beauty of Micro-Concerts

(One Note, Or A Few Measures Are Enough)

That’s the brilliant beauty and engineering of a micro-concert: Even a few measures is okay! In fact, even if I play one note! One note is okay! That’s really a micro-concert. And I can easily do it! Anything more than one note is “extra.”

Thus I can easily satisfy my audience, By playing more than one note, I’d be giving extra, more than my audience expected. This will make them even more satisfied, even happier!

Why if I played even a few measures they would be ecstatic. And a whole piece? Joy would know no bounds. (Maybe that would be too much for the first time.)

The minimum for a micro-concert is one note.

There is no limit to the maximum.

It’s funny, too. Micro-concerts are a comedy in disguise. This adds the humor of the whole event. And I love (and need) humor!

A micro-concert is a comedy and concert, all wrapped in one.

It’s a comedy that mixes humor with beauty.

Micro-Reading, Singing, Exercise, Yoga, and More

I could also do a micro-reading, or even a micro-singing, or even micro-exercise, micro-yoga, and, of course, micro-running.

The minimum here is reading one word, or singing one note. There is no limit to the maximum.

Micro Motto

Our motto is: If smaller is better, micro is best!

Sunday, April 23, 2017

Lack of Goals, Purpose, and Direction

Truth is, all this morning depression stuff is nothing new. Only now I “blame it on” (or credit it to) old age. Before it used to be lack of jobs, clients, travelers, whatever. It partly still is. This, plus loss of direction. (I remember this in Greenwich Village, too.)

So basically, my depression is nothing new. Only the reasons (rationalizations) have changed. Now it’s old age, plus lack of direction. It used to be young age, and lack of direction. Evidently, the constant is lack of goals – both long and short term – lack of purpose and direction. That means I’m wallowing the mud of going nowhere.

What is my major accomplishment this year?

Probably my blog, learning WordPress, and how to handle my website.

Could blog and website, and WordPress, signal a new direction? Partly.

I Need a Business Direction

Truth is, I don’t have a business direction. And I guess I need one.

I used to have business directions.

1. First career: Building up my concert bookings. Assembly programs, college

concerts, club dates, etc.

2. Second career: Folk dancing/travel: I building up my weekends and dance classes. But mainly, using them to build up my folk dance travel business.

Money was a prime motivation in both previous careers.

3. Now I am in stage 3. Money is no longer a prime motivation, although it helps.

So where am I?

I don't know what to build, or build up. I'm a bit lost. Basically, my career has gone as far as it can go. Even more than that, I'd say it has ended! (As least that's how I see it now.) No wonder I'm down. It's not age but a direction thing.

I need a new business direction.

And a reason beyond money to do it.

A good subject to bring up when I meet with Deborah.

Next Business Direction

The Mystery of Money

Okay, I've defined the problem. Now what?

What could be my next business (businesses) direction?

First thing that comes to mind is writing.

Maybe money is still my main motivation. But not necessarily because I need it to survive. Money shows a deep material reality: It "proves," that deep in their gut, others are really want and need what I have. Money is a measure of need, want, even interest and love. Will people actually buy it? Is a big question for me.

Somehow I doubt it. Money is money. It has a visceral, powerful, survival power to it that (used to) strike me deep in my gut. I used to call it fear.

But I lost my fear. Or maybe, I just gave it up. Or maybe I just don't need it anymore. Or maybe I'm wrong on all these counts.

Maybe I need money as a prime motivation and motivator.

But how?

So maybe money has to figure into my next business in some new way.

But money doesn't work anymore.

Is there anything that will?

I used to need something down and dirty, aggressive and hard, gut-wrenching and fighting for survival, like money. Money, although it never became an end-in-itself, was thoroughly mixed with the end-in-itself.

Do I still need it? Maybe.

Is love and passion enough? I'm not sure.

Money also means getting out in the world and doing things. I need my closet for meditation and development, but I also need my outside world to test myself and grow.

I need both.

Do my things work? How, and what things do I test in the outer world?

Old questions return:

Do I need to take some risks? Do I dare take chances?

What risks are worthwhile?

Do I dare give a concert?

Do I dare do a reading?

Am I going round in circles again? Have I lost my nerve?

Daring:

It seems to all start with concerts. But I must be paid.

At this point, are tours the easy way out?

The "And More, All-is-One Show"

Easy and Fun To Do!

Maybe the Show has to have classical guitar, but on a micro-concert level. Maybe that is my challenge.

Maybe it also has to have readings, but on a micro-reading level.

Maybe I have solved to problem of how to perform classical guitar, and how to give a reading, all in one, with the new micro-movement.

This would an all-in-one Show. Folk songs, comedy, classical guitar, gaida, readings, ad libs, and more. The "And More, All- Is-One Show." A concert of audacious proportions. (Audacious, but I dared say it!)

And I must say that giving such a show would be easy and fun to do!

Monday, April 24, 2017

Making Others Happy Through My Creations

They love it. My joy is so intense it hurts. And I cry with happiness.

Why does it hurt?

First, I feel an obligation to respond.

Second, it fogs over the fundamental reason why I do it. I create it for love and need. Making others happy is a great confirmation. It confirms that my love and need also works to fulfill the love and need of others. And I love when it happens! But the pleasing of others, although such an intense joy, nonetheless, comes second.

Through selfish divinity, divine selfishness, I create through love and need, and to fulfill my destiny.

Sunday, April 30, 2017

New Goals and Places

Three months goals

1. Athletics:

A. Gym: Chins

1.1x/week (Wed). 4 sets of 5. 3 minute breaks.

Numbers: 12, 11, 10, etc. Go down each week.

B. Running: Speed training. How?

C. Yoga

2. Guitar: Index. "Speed:" focus on index" renaissance

3. Attitude: Swim easily in the "overwhelmed." (Certainly better than underwhelmed.)

Wednesday, May 3, 2017

Blog Writing

I've crossed the line, learned the basics of blog writing. I'm ready for the next stage, stage two.

Why am I discouraged?

Two, maybe three ideas have been knocked down.

1. My blog. Deborah and Dee said a blog is to tell my story. It is not for a list of (Wednesday) folk dances.

2. Smaller: Stephen said we need one more for Romania.

3. Maybe: I gave up stock trading.

What to do, if anything? What to do with my blog?

How to have fun with my blog?

A. Continue making my lists?

B. Write about dances, how and why I choreographed them, their history, meaning, background, etc.

C. Write about my tours.

D. Put up videos and pictures.

E. Practice writing about travel, folk dancing, and etymology in my New Leaf. Practice and prepare my blog in my NLJ. Learn this new form. New direction.

Different.

Write about my guitar, exercise, anything. It is my story.

This means writing for the public. Thinking they are looking over my shoulder as I write (and speak). How would and do I talk? Very different from previous approaches where I wrote “only for myself,” to express, find, and discover myself. Well, truth is, I have already expressed, found, and discovered myself through my NLJ writing. I’ve been doing it for years. Perhaps it’s a “been there, done that,” perhaps it has gone as far as it can go, as far as it needs to go.

Perhaps I am now ready for something different. Blog-style writing could be it. My true story. Gone public. Certainly, a new and different challenge and adventure.

Thursday, May 4, 2017

Improvement is Forever

Even at age ninety-five, the question still is: How can I improve my dancing?

Now I turn to blogging, a new art form.

So ends a New Leaf.