

Romania

I Am Free

Friday, August 4, 2017

Arrived in Bucharest. Checked my stocks. First thought: I'm always losing money in my model account.

Do I dare get out of such trading. . . forever?

The message is clear. (But what about my thrills?

Maybe cut down to 5G?

Or quite cold turkey?

Friday, August 4, 2017

Stock Market

I'd see it as a traumatic loss.

I'd have to give up the whole model account.

Perhaps get a my pleasure at watching the stable stocks go up, and watching my stable account rise. Perhaps a slow, deep, in-depth satisfying pleasure. But not a gambling, beat-the-market, look-how-good-and-smart-I-am pleasure.

But definitely an addiction I would be giving up.

It is a negative addiction, not as bad as it used to be, but negative nevertheless. But it also gave me a strange solace and peace, a huge distraction from the daily world.

Almost like eating candy, or sweets. I know it's bad for me, but I do a little of it nevertheless,

Truth is, I'm eating less sweets. I'm wanting and needing them less. Perhaps the same thing is happening with the market. I don't need the distraction as much, I'm wanting and needing it less.

But up to now, I still wanted and needed it.

Perhaps I am at the end of this road.

Can I get the same kind of gambling and smart pleasure from merely watching my stable stocks? Do I still need, even a little bit, of my sweet stock market distraction?

Less and less, yes. But none? M I up to it? Am I ready? Will the Romania trip and phase usher in the difference?

Yes, I am a free man. Free to choose my pleasures and addictions. But I also hate to lose.

And I have been losing with my trading account ever since I started. I know this is not the right road for me to make money. I know I'm not good in it.

I also know I'm stubborn and hate to give up any venture I start.

Hate to lose, hate to give up. Also, hate to admit defeat.

I know I have no calling for trading stocks. God did not put me on this earth with that purpose. In an sense, He is "forcing" me to trade stocks, and loss money in the process, in order to learn something about my true calling and purpose in life.

No question, trading stocks is a constant and time consuming distraction from my calling. It is a constant loss and defeat.

The losses are slowly wearing me down. But up to know, pride tells me I will never give up! I will go down in defeat despite what God says, Yes, I'll show Him, and the world, too. I'll show them I can handle money and get rich, too! Wins in the stock market will prove I'm smart! And this, despite the fact that they always prove the opposite.

When does pride and drive become stupidity? Well, name calling won't help.

I have a sickness, an addiction, a powerful love of distraction, a powerful desire to verge off my path, to tickle myself while I destroy myself. Indeed, part of me loves it.

Well, in one form or another, I've said all this before. I intellectually know all this.

So what? What will finally cause me to take the plunge? To totally drop, close off, give up my Model account, and move everything into the stable one?

I'd like to (I entering?) enter my Romanian Period.

But what will that be?

I only have a limited amount of time, energy, and ability to look at screens.

Could coding, learning HTML replace stock trading?

Or building up my tour business?

Or writing and yoga? And even running, in the distance?

Slow as it may be, I may even have to admit that I walk faster than I run! But at least I know that running is good for me. Can't say the same about market trading.

The Romania Stage

Maybe that's the new Romania stage: Maybe the money aspect just doesn't mean as much to me anymore, and this whether in the stock market, or beyond. Maybe, since money is now okay and stable, maybe money just doesn't mean to me what it used to. Maybe I'm finally okay and free with money and can move on to my real calling which has always been in the arts and organization.

Maybe that's my new post-eighty, Romania phase. Maybe Romania is the symbol of finished transformation, and ready to move on to a new attitude and life.

Maybe I'm finally free, and can step beyond the post-married fears of poverty, no money, and the grip of finance on my fears. Maybe I've finally stabilized it and am ready to move on. . . . to the Romania phase.

In this sense, trading stocks becomes "beside the point."

And it will drop from my tree, easily and effortlessly, like a well done and completed leaf.

Bulgaria 2015 Jane Pook Facebook page

https://www.facebook.com/jim.goldad/media_set?set=a.10212430228144026.100005649091999&type=3¬if_t=shared_album_invite¬if_id=1501936571344851

Sunday, August 6, 2017

A new day. Folks arriving on the plane.

Wednesday, August 9, 2017

The strange truth is no one in my group, or among my customers, wants to hear about how miserable I feel, or scared, or frightened, or about my pre-tour, pre-performance anxiety, worries while climbing the mountains, or fears about whether I'll be able to make it or not, etc.

Evidently, those heroic conversations are only for me, and my Maker, and my wife.\, and few chosen others. (Or maybe even less.)

Monday, August 14, 2017

Discouraged by Gail's comment.

But wouldn't I be disturbed by any complaint? Or unhappiness of one or anyk of my clients?

Answer: yes. I care about my client's happiness. I take their complaints personally. Then I think, what if anything, can I do about it. What, if anything, can I, or anyone, do to fix it?

In this case, the heavy travel program is over, and I can't do anything about it.

Do I think the program is bad, too hard, too overdone with monasteries and churches. Yes, and no. Perhaps we can leave out a few churches, and put a museum or archaeological site in its place. Or maybe not Maybe mostly monasteries and churches is what Romania has to offer. Maybe it;s a very important part of their history and culture.

So, in summary, I'd simply eliminate a church or two, and a monastery or two. That's it.

Next question: Should we travel so much distance, and spend to much time in

the bus? Positives are: we see a lot the country, its geography and landscapes.

Negatives: It's hard to sit so long.

But travel is travail. That's part of it's nature. WE sprinkled the sitting with lots of dancing, and great dancing at that!

In summary, the negatives are we did a lot of sitting, and rushed from one site to another. The positives are: we saw a lot. More than most.

Would I do this exact tour again, minus a couple of churches and monasteries? I think so.

What beautiful areas are Bucovina and Moldova. I could never say that without all this sitting and bus travel. In the end, the sitting will be forgotten. But the images will linger the rest of my life. And for the travelers, too.

Hardship (of travel, and maybe in general) is not a bad thing. It's just uncomfortable.

Improvements: Thus I would add an extra day in Gura Humorului, add a walk in the forest or picnic, eliminate the daily third meal, and a church or two. (and add a museum.) That's it.

Hand-painted eggs.

Tuesday, August 15, 2017

Approaching the end. What have I learned?

Sunday, August 20, 2017

Got home Thursday.

What's new?

Classic Guitar Playing: Slow is the New Fast

Just as "rushing is the new slow" on tours, and in life, perhaps in my new classical guitar playing: Slow is the new fast.

Slow as a Real Positive!

Maybe during the year, over the summer, along with eighty, I've made my peace with slow. Slow guitar, slow, Hebrew, slow running (LSD, long slow distance), slow weight training, slow focus on dance steps, and more.

Slow also means steady, balanced, focused, and in depth. All good things.

I'm okay with slow now. In fact, it's a real positive!

Monday, August 21, 2017

Internal Wanderings and Adventures

Classical Wanderings and Adventures on the (Classical) Guitar

If it's okay, and even good, to play my classical guitar pieces so slowly, then Leyenda and Soleares will open up in new, sunny, exploratory, dynamic ways featuring internal wanderings and adventures and more.

The Post-Eighty Life

Maybe its time to throw out the past entirely, and start all over in a new, totally different, post-eighty life.

Starting with slow, re-focused, internal wanderings and adventures in all old and ancient arenas.

Tuesday, August 22, 2017

Guitar: I must first get the public out of my Bach.

I can start with the Bach Bourree.

Thursday, August 24, 2017

Uniting my Artistic, Business, and Professional Skills

I feel quite empty and drained this morning. I'm waiting for the intensity of the

Romanian tour to diminish and die so I can move on to another and my next life. I want to get back to writing, creating, and something "beyond" and besides tours. But somehow, so far. I can't.

This time the dying seems different.

Somehow I have integrated tours into my life. This through FB, Youtube, blogs, and even "Tour and Folk Dance Stories.

Possible titles:

"Tour and Folk Dance Stories.

Tales (Tails) of Tours and Folk Dance.

(Ruchenitsa) East Cerebellum Adventures (Off The Beat)

Could this writing direction be what I am bringing back from Romania. With these titles, I am uniting my writing with my professional life, somehow bring together all my artistic skills.

Could this be possible? Is that really what is happening, what is different? Certainly it is a new, post-eighty vision and direction.

Let's assume I'm right. How will this new coagulation manifest itself?

First, FB, Youtube, videos, writing, photography, tours, and folk dancing are the forms, both artistic and business, that are all coming together.

Tours represent my business, marketing, and organizational skills.

Folk dancing represents my artistic and physical skills.

Video and photography represent my technical prowess (I've never used that word before), and my visual artistic eye.

Writing, of course, represents the depths of my imagination.

FB and Youtube represent marketing.

That's all I can think of at the moment.

Well, what about guitar and gym, athletics, running, yoga, and strength training, and studies? Where do they come in, if at all?

The triple three athletics, gym, yoga, and running are somewhat represented in

folk dancing. But not exactly. Guitar and singing hardly fit in at all. Studies are somewhat represented in tours, but not exactly.

Must they be represented? Maybe not. But I'd like them to be. I like unity, unified vision and action, oneness.

Therefore, post-Romania, I shall somehow fit them all together.

Indeed, music (guitar), athletics, and studies are all integral parts of my miracle schedule. As such, they must somehow belong to the All, the Union of myself with my parts and vision. Maybe I just haven't figured it out yet.

So, let me ask the question: How can I fit music, athletics and studies into my new post-Romania unified, all-is-one vision?

Love

Guitar, singing, and performing used to be part of sales. But it isn't anymore. I don't really use or need it for sales.

So where does it fit in?

Has its former purpose dribbled away, like folk dance weekends? Sadly and strangely, I'd have to say yes.

And yet I love doing it.

Same with studies. (History, language, etc.) They used to be part of sales, but I no longer need or use it.

(Yes, I'm using the fruits of former studies: my technical, computer, social media skills. More on this later.)

Same with athletics (which have never had anything to do with business or sales). I love doing them just the same.

Is love enough? Maybe.

Is love the big unifying factor? Maybe.

Isn't love the trunk, with all my miracle schedule and artistic, organizational,

sales, etc skills going out, growing out as branches.

Isn't love the unifying, all-is-one, feeling and factor I'm looking for?

Money and fear have dribbled away as motivating factors. (Post-success, this has taken at least five years.)

What then will motivate me post-Romania?

That leaves only love.

Love is the only feeling, thing, factor that is left.

How do you find love?

Start with the question: Do you love doing it? Do you love this? Do you love her, him, them?

The you automatically and immediately (and even effortlessly) expand from the particular to the universal.

Money, the Stock Market, and Love

Stock market play has reached its limits. I am "satisfied" with my level. I no longer need to put more money into it and/or my model account. Financially, I am level and satisfied.

What now? What shall I do with new incoming monies? Does or will money fit in at all, have a (new?) place as a motivating factor?

Does love have any answers?

Can I find love in finance, money, and/or the stock market?

Or do I need, am I ready, to move on to something else?

Friday, August 25, 2017

The Awe and Wonder

The Joy Moment in Folk Dancing

The circle of folk dancers are One.

God and the audience are One.

Thus (perhaps) my grand life and daily purpose is to experience, know, see the awe and wonder of All-Is-One.

When I play (practice) guitar I always want to improve.

Why? On one level, it is to serve and please an audience.

But could there be a grander purpose?

Could that grander and ultimate purpose be to serve, please, and see the wonder of God? To experience and know the All-Is-One feeling.

Is the audience a heavenly representative of God?

Is that why I want to serve and please them?

Is that why constantly strive for self-perfection and self-improvement?

Could be.

Are audience and customers the same thing?

Are they angels in disguise, and God's representatives?

Maybe.

If that is the case, then we are all striving together, in our own strange, twisted, and unique ways, toward perfection and Oneness.

Why do I want to please God?

Because, since within me, and within all things and creatures, is a spark of divinity, (I am a "piece" of God, I belong to God), I ever aim to reach His higher form of my particle self. I ever want to unite with that spark of divinity. When I do, His purpose is revealed in the Awe and Wonder.

God and the audience is One.

That's the spark of Eternity. Everything else will disappear.

That's why reaching it, feeling the spark, feels so great. For that brief ecstatic, sparkling, and joyful moment, you have touched, are in touch with Eternity.

Bringing it down to earth, that's what the joy of (moment in) folk dancing is all about.

Audience

Together and alone are the same thing

What's the difference between playing for an audience or playing alone?

The energy level is higher when you play for an audience. Quantitatively, there are simply more vibrations in the room.

But in metaphysical, higher vibrational reality, I am always playing for, and with, an audience. (The audience is part of God and the world. Thus, there is no getting away from it, no escape.

Thus together and alone are the same thing. You are always alone just as you are always together.

Singing

Singing: What's different?

I've got my eyes closed, and I'm going into my soul.

(I've got my eyes closed in Gavotte in D also. And I'm going into my soul.)

I haven't forgotten the audience. But by closing my eyes and (without fear, without the old fears) going into my soul, I'm uniting with their deepest aspects.

Classic guitar, too.

This is the fearless, post-eighty life.

Saturday, August 26, 2017

Checking Frustration, Anger, and Misery at the Door

My attitude towards Pinnacle, computer problems, and even editing my writing is basically terrible. I get so easily frustrated, angry, and stand ever at the edge of giving up. Luckily, I never (or very rarely) actually give up. I soldier it out until the end, until something gets resolved. Where this “nver-give-up” attitude comes from, I’ll never know. But luckily, I have it. But, in any case, the road to eventually success is paved with frustrations, anger, bad feelings, and misery.

I should, could, and would like to check this attitude at the door. And I could, should (and will) start today!

I’ll start with Pinnacle, then move to writing, and finally to computers.

Possible upcoming solutions.

1. Pinnacle:

a. Bring to Frank and Joe. See if and how they figure it out.

B. Buy new Pinnacle at Amazon.

2. Editing: Start with Terry’s Jim’s Choreography bio. Then move on to Tours and Folk Dance Stories.

3. Computers:

a. Fix my Paypal registration forms. See what Dee says.

4. Other

Sunday, August 27, 2017

Maybe expanding the tour business is not what I want. It will give me more sitting at the computer, more accounting and paperwork. Do I want that? Not necessarily.

98% of my money comes from running and leading my own tours, and folk dance classes, and bookings, etc. Almost nothing comes from my “partners,” the tours I sponsor for Lee, Richard, and even George. Why do I bother promoting them?

Maybe I should let the whole venture slide, let Japan, Scotland, Poland slide, stabilize my business with only myself, and move onto something else.

After all, once upon a time, I wanted to be a writer. What happened to that? Or even an guitarist, and an artist. Hat happened to that? Or even a choreographer?

What happened to that?

Expanding the tour business is really only a “hobby.” It’s worth a tiny bit of effort, but nothing more.

Obstacles (as Opportunities)

What opportunities are hidden in these obstacles?

1. Pinnacle title editor
2. Israel and Balkan Adventure missing Paypal button
3. Interview/Choreo writing
4. Lethargy

What opportunities are hidden in these obstacles?

The Twins

Control and Freedom Working Together

Guitar: Speed and control. Alhambra. Controlled speed.

Speed equals complete freedom, running wild on the lawn.

Control equals slow; it limits my freedom. Yet I need control to be in charge.

Control and freedom work together as partners. Time to let control into my running wild on the lawn freedom moves.

The twins, the Alhambra partners, Control and Freedom work together. You can’t have one without the other. Without control, freedom degenerates into anarchy; without freedom, control loses its energy, its juices run dry, it becomes vapid, parched, empty, and lifeless.

Control also goes with power, freedom goes with looseness and scatter.

Monday, August 28, 2017

New day. New start. New goals. New Year

1. Legs and yoga
2. Alhambra, and Leyenda: Get it! Finalize it!

Freedom and Control

A. Controlled freedom. Freedom in control. Right index finger is the control finger. Focus always on index finger. Then freedom will leak in by itself. (Lose focus on the index finger, give in to the others, and anarchy will reign followed by sloppy playing.)

Would I say control comes first, then freedom follows? Maybe. The learning and the technique is about learning how to control the elements. Once control is established, freedom (to create, etc) follows. Just as a baby is born free and wild. As this child learns to control itself, self-control, and its freedom, its ability to be free, will follow. Same in a society.

Control is first.

Thus index, as the control finger, points the way. Ever focus on the index finger, and freedom along with artistic creation will “naturally,” even easily follow.

This has to do with running-wild-on-the-lawn. The wild part has meant, symbolizes total freedom. My mother saying stop, be careful, watch yourself, stop running wild means and symbolizes control.

To safely, securely, and creatively run wild on the lawn means I have to combine freedom with control. I can't have one without the other. Running wild and mother go together. Period.

This is the finale, the final element or piece to running wild on the lawn as a creative artist and an adult.

My Alhambra, and Leyenda, are ready for adulthood.

(Perhaps so are my concerts and stock market trading.)

Concerts, Stock Market Trading, EditingMy New Friend

Wow. How did these come up? Why now? (Of course, I know.)

Editing fits into this because editing is control, whereas initial writing is freedom.)

1. Concerts

2. Stock market trading

3. Editing

(Post Romania, post-eighty contributions.)

I hate to give up my freedom, my old concept of freedom. On the other had, I won't have it until I establish control.

But I am creating something new, an amalgam, forging a new bond between control and freedom. Creating, giving birth to a new friend.

Basically, I'm making peace with my control factor.

This by synthesizing the opposites of control and freedom,

Thursday, September 7, 2017

On PerformingProving Myself by Performing Classic Guitar in Public

Evidently, I live under a perpetual classical guitar cloud. It is my lifetime ego disease.

I was asked to play again last night. I played the Bach Gavotte I've been practicing; I played it slowly and softly.

This was my chance to play classic guitar in public; and it was dismissed, unnoticed, diminished.

That's one reason why I feel discouraged (again" this morning. The fact that my soft, slow playing was "unnoticed, and diminished" confirmed my performing fears.

And I once again gave in and to my performing anxiety, my fear of performing.

Dare I ever perform again? And if I do, will it heal me?

Probably.

Does that mean I have to perform "no matter what," in order to cure and redeem myself?

Maybe.

How terrifying.

But living is such classical guitar fear, giving in to my classic guitar fear of performing may even be worse. After all, what am I practicing for? Ultimately, I must admit, it is to play for others.

How can I face and deal with this major blockage and fear?

I "refuse" to do what I'm good at (singing, personality performing, etc.) but insist on "proving myself" through playing of classical guitar.

And this insistence seems to never go away.

I live under this perpetual classical guitar cloud.

What is the ultimate answer to this fear? Perhaps it is that I must perform classical guitar for others, "no matter what." Evidently, I must "prove myself." And this, if only for my own good, my own ego.

Nobody cares about this disease but myself.

Perhaps I must "use" my audience in order to cure it. Will I ever do such a thing? Will I ever dare to embarrass and humiliate myself in public by playing classical guitar? How did I end up with such a disease? Well, it doesn't matter how. I simply have and suffer from it. That's just the way it is.

Can such a lifetime ego disease be cured?

Will daring to play classic guitar in public (even just once) really cure it? Will the acceptance and approval of others really make such a difference? (Of course, these questions are besides the point since I know that by asking them, I am subtly and surreptitiously again backing out of performing.)

I know that all this is a grand way of putting myself down, of returning to the old neighborhood.

I've left the old neighborhood in so many ways. Can I, post-eighty, leave it in classic guitar as well?

Or is my anxiety a "comfort zone," a safe place for my brain and mind to rest? Or maybe I should just learn to live forever with this frustration. (Since Tour and fd life is so busy, and I have little time to give concerts, etc.)

Friday, September 8, 2017

Stupidity as (a Form of) Resistance

I just hate knowing about these relationships, that is, daughter-in-law, uncle, son-in-law, cousin, etc. I wonder why?

Part of me loves my stupidity, the fact that I can't, or don't want, really totally refuse to get them into my head.

Yes, I love my stupidity. I love being the fool on that level. It's funny. But also, it is my subtle form of resistance! Resistance to whom? Somehow I sense it must be, once again, my mother. But I don't quite know why or how.

In any case, loving my stupidity as a form of resistance, of staying stupid so I can stand up for myself in opposition of some mythical great force, is very interesting.

Stupidity as a form of resistance. Hmm.

Saturday, September 9, 2017

A Torah/Hebrew Teacher

Hebrew and Torah-wise, I've been very isolated. Probably because I needed to gain enough knowledge of Hebrew under my belt. Enough to function. But now I've reached the "I'm going in circles" point. Ready to take the next step, move on to the next level.

That level may well be to get a teacher. A Torah/Hebrew teacher or "partner" as

David Wander called it.

Sunday, September 10, 2017

I Am Free

Giving Up

(Fast) Arpeggio and Apuyando Down the Drain

In public, before others, I will never be able to play Alhambra, and its arpeggio subordinates Leyenda, Alard, Back Prelude in Dm, Villa-Lobos Prelude no. 4, and the arpeggio passages in flamencan pieces, and more.

I also will never be able to play fast either: Never the fast apuyando passages as in Bulerias, Zapateado, and more, never a fast Back Gavotte en Rondo, Zambra, or whatever.

Thus, I shall give up trying. (This after only 50 years!)

I am free.

Free to do what?

Play folk songs, and be a comedian. (?)

Actually, playing all these (formerly fast) pieces slowly, or "at my own relaxed and friendly pace" feels very good and is mucho fun.

(But I'll never again play them under the pressure of eventually performing them for others, in order to prove myself to the public. Gone and done! Thank God!)

Note: Last paragraph parenthesis because epoch is over.

Although I never have to perform again, playing and singing folk songs, leading group singing, and being a comedian is easy for me. It comes (almost) naturally and without effort. So now that I am free, we'll see where this new place leads.

Yes, playing Alhambra and others in this new free place is no longer painful and torturous. It's actually lovely and fun.

Now I can dwell in the lovely and sensual feeling in my right hand finger tips as they slowly and sensually touch and pluck the Alhambra, and other tremolo or arpeggio pieces strings.

How lovely. To move so slowly, deliciously, thoughtfully, feelingly, and sensually.

That is the way to ENJOY.

Down into the emotional, beautiful, sensual center of each note, song sound,

Monday, September 11, 2017

To live with uncertainty and many shades of meaning. This between moments of focus.

That is the nature of Hebrew words: Many meanings within one root word. Creating, pointing out opposites and uncertainty.

Also the cause of frustration with computer programs, and anything that doesn't work immediately. I can't stand it, and kill myself striving for the solution. Then, once it is solved, I begin again, finding another problem which can't be solved immediately, and again I scream in frustration.

Living in a continual flow of uncertainty with moments of focus in between. Or vice versa.

Tuesday, September 12, 2017

Find the source of my singing soul.

Wednesday, September 13, 2017

Vacillation. Thankful if anything works. Expect things to fall apart. Sudden functioning of Pinnacle.

Fear, Overwhelmed, Pre-Performance AnxietyRetreat Before Action

Fear is natural. It is a form of energy. Flight or fight.

Fear can take form in feelings of “overwhelmed” or “pre-performance anxiety.”

Both (Overwhelmed and pre-performance anxiety) are places of safety and comfort, safe spots to dwell while you retreat.

We need safety and comfort.

We also need action.

Overwhelmed and pre-performance anxiety are places to rest, think things over, even contemplate, before you decide how to act (what to do).

The Road of ImperfectionThe New Me As Perfectly ImperfectDivine Sloppiness Comes to RoostStarting with Guitar

Guitar: Could I allow myself to make mistakes, play sloppy, gloss over notes, with the idea that I'll never play or be perfect, and that one (accidently) perfect day will lead to another, the next day's imperfect day, and that imperfection, sloppiness, and mistakes, and missed notes are just part of the game. And part of life. It will never be perfect.

And this way of playing, and thinking is, for me, an advancement! I can let my emotions roll without worry or concern. Since I know there will be mistakes, sloppiness, and missed notes up ahead, and nothing can stop these imperfections from occurring.

I'll be imperfect, and the only perfection I will ever permanently achieve, is the perfection of imperfection. I'll be perfectly imperfect. And that's okay. It's human, and it's life.

And this in all fields.

Of course, I will strive to be better, even strive for perfection. But although

striving may lead to a moment of perfection, that perfect moment will soon disappear into the past, and new imperfections and strivings will take its place.

Thursday, September 14, 2017

Seeing The Audience: A New Commitment

Pushing for an audience.

For the first time playing the guitar (Bach's Gavotte en Rondeau) I experienced the audience in front of me. I saw it (the audience) as pushing, motivating, even inspiring me to play better. On one level, "better" means playing faster, But more important, beyond playing faster, beyond focusing on technical prowess and getting all the notes exactly right, from now on, as of today, I commit to playing with divine sloppiness, abandon, and letting the emotions roll.

Pouring The Notes Into Their Hearts

I just played Gavotte en Rondeau slower before the audience. I was pouring the notes into their hearts.

This means I can play either slower, or faster, or whatever but the most important thing, the main thing is that I (want to) will be pouring the notes in their hearts.

New Practice

"Pouring the notes into their hearts" is my next (guitar and other) practice.

Friday, September 15, 2017

Hobbies

The word "hoby" sheers away its importance.

Thus seeing studying Hebrew as a hobby makes studying Hebrew seem puny, insignificant, frivolous, unimportant. It lacks purpose, meaning, and power. It is, after

all a “mere hobby.”

Evidently, I have always hated the word hobby.

Yet Bernice says that people’s hobbies represent their real interests, what they really love. They don’t have to do their hobbies. But they do have to, are forced to work, to make money and earn a living. They are slaves to their (moneyed or salaried) work, but free in their hobbies, free to do what they really love.

I’ve always liked and used the words “interests, passions, inspirations, fascinations, whatever. But I’ve never used the word “hobby.”

And yet, most or so much of my life is built around my “hobbies.” Truth is, everything I study and do that earns no direct money is my hobby. That means that everything I do in my miracle schedule is a hobby!

My miracle schedule is my hobby!

The word “hobby” comes from the Anglo-Latin *hobi*, a small active horse. Hobby horse is a mock horse used in Morris dancing. A child’s riding horse.

The modern sense of the word hobby is “a favorite pursuit, object, or topic.” and is a shortening of (a child’s) “hobbyhorse” connected to the notion of activity that goes nowhere.

(Some connect “horse” to Latin *currere* to run.)

Well, with this kind of etymology, no wonder I see the word “hobby” as diminishing the meaning of anything I do.

But no doubt, it is time for a change of meaning and attitude in my life especially with the knowledge and realization that my entire miracle schedule can be renamed as a schedule of my hobbies! And to redefine hobbies as doing what I really love.

Thus, to summarize and reiterate:

My Work is” Folk dancing teaching, and running tours.

My Hobbies are all enshrined in my miracle schedule. Thus the big four, or five: Writing, music, exercise, study. . .and stock market trading.

Does “hobbies” deserve a capital letter? Well, why not. Why not elevate

Hobbies and make them (very) important.

Stock Market Trading as a Hobby

Can stock market trading be considered a hobby? Probably. Even though it is about money, and makes and loses money, I don't have to, I'm not forced to do it. Therefore, it also has to be registered as a hobby. Interesting, indeed.

Thus enshrined in my miracle schedule is an added attraction: Writing, music, exercise, study, and stock trading.

Can I put stock trading under and in the "study" rubric? Or is it a "separate" entity? Does trading involve miracles? Partly. A grey, foggy area. I'd like trading to be part of study. But is it? I'm not sure. But evidently, in its own special way, it too is a hobby.

Stock Market, Miracle Schedule, and Hobby

Yes, it's a hobby. My stock market trading is a hobby. Therefore, I'll add it to the miracle schedule. And yes, it's a miracle when one of my stocks goes up!

Saturday, September 16, 2017

My New Year and Fresh Life

Infant Vison Begins

Yes, today is the first day of my New Year.

The new year means a post-eighty year, which means a "moving beyond eighty year", a "no more thinking of the down implications of eighty year," a fresh year, and a new beginning and a fresh life.

Throw out the old, and bring in the new. With writing, it means putting away everything I once wrote, and starting fresh.

Is this the real birth of Infant Vision? Maybe.

I'm finally old enough and mature enough to enter the world of Infant Vision.

Writing: Start with infant babble writing: The blabosphere of nesome biggerwhats sinks the belly ship.

Guitar world blinks into hobbyhood, and a slow, delicious, my pace playing.
Gavotte en Rondeau reborn bright and focused.

Anything else?

Website: I love my working in the WordPress garden of my website.

Videos: I'm fascinated by video fun-and-development aspects of Pinnacle.

Tours: Balkan Splendor, Serbia, and more:

Maybe that's the real purpose of the guitar: to go down, down, down and find my deepest note.

Guitar has nothing to do with the audience or performance, nothing to do directly with others.

The real purpose of the guitar is for and with me to go down, down, down and find my deepest note.

Sunday, September 17, 2017

Purpose

Work Toward Fixing It

I like the idea that something is wrong with me.

"Something is wrong with me," (dysfunction) is motivating. It gives me a purpose!

"Something is wrong with me" means I can work toward fixing it.

I can't speak Hebrew. Work toward fixing it.

Study Hebrew.

I can't play fast arpeggios, and Alhambra. Work toward fixing it.

I can't run fast: Work toward fixing it.

I can't chin, can't get enough clients and travelers for my tours, can't do or get many things. These "can'ts" create purpose.

What About Overwhelmed?

What about overwhelmed? It often comes with too many purposes.

Remember: the overwhelmed feeling is a “safe and comfort” zone. I “like” it because it prevents me from diving into the present, seizing the moment, where true satisfaction, peace, and happiness reside. I am simply used to it. When I am stressed (when I create stress in my mind), driving to the “Land of Overwhelmed” the safe and comfort zone, is simply an old neighborhood habit.

Let me try to change that through awareness.

Monday, September 18, 2017

Computer art

Business and art: all is one!

Wednesday, September 20, 2017

Do I Need Warm-Ups?

Am I getting lazy, or am I at a new stage?

Do I really have to warm-up so intensely before folk dance class. Do I even have to warm up at all?

What’s new?

Partly, I’m not nervous before the class. I don’t feel I have to be on and at my best in the beginning. I can just be calm, relaxed, and even. I’m neither confident or not confident. In fact, I’m not even thinking about it. I’m just even.

If I’m even, do I really have to warm-up? For all and everything?

Note guitar: I don’t warm-up anymore. I simply jump straight in to Gavotte by Bach.

Will this new neighborhood now start to flow into other things I do? And in the process, will my body decay?

Just as I now believe sitting much time at the computer may not be bad for my body: the interest and inspiration from my computer work will override the aches,

pains, and “damage” done from sitting so much.

So will my interest in my folk dance class, gym workout, and even running override my lack of warm-ups. Plus I always start off a bit slow. I don’t jump in full force until 5 or 10 minutes into the events, whether it be running, dance, gym, or other.

Thus, as an experiment, try “not warming up before folk dance class. See what happens.

Also, warm-up with known dances, dances everyone knows, such as Dimna Juda, Ali Pasha, Fado, etc.

“New warm-ups: Maybe a few moments (even minutes) of light movements.

Banished, Vanished, and Disappeared

Old Fears of Hurting Myself (Injury)

One of the reasons I warm up is I’m afraid I’ll hurt myself if I don’t.

But there is a difference between hurting (stiffness loosening up), and getting hurt (pulling a muscles, etc.)

I certainly won’t hurt myself if I start my events (“warm-up”) easily and slowly. This means easy dances everyone knows, or easy yoga, running, whatever. Micro. It may hurt, as loosening stiff muscles sometimes does, but I won’t get hurt (pull a muscle, etc.).

Introducing a Brief New Fear

Fear of Sitting too Long

Dispelled by the Hot Energy of Creation

Untrue. It may create aches and pains, but I won’t hurt myself by sitting too long. In fact, the hot energy from the interest and inspiration I draw from the fascinating activities I’m engaged in while I’m sitting, will dispel whatever aches, pains, and fears I

have.

End of "Sitting Too Long" fear. Out the window!

Dare I let in the pleasant?

And not overdue my "warm-up" exercises until they hurt.

And why do I say "dare?" Is the pleasant really so threatening? Maybe. New road beckoning.

Balance

A calm and quiet mind is the best (and only) thing for balance.

Focusing on abs, ankles, etc, is almost worthless. Focus on the mind instead.

Calm, quiet, steady. And this, even as music (of the Balance Dance" is going and you are "dancing."

Stillness, stopping, is part of dancing.

Thursday, September 21, 2017

I Want and Need Elevation

On Why read the Bible?

I want the bible (Torah) to effect my life because I want something greater for myself.

I want and need elevation.

I chose to make the bible stories and the Hebrew words themselves very important, totally vital.

Yes, I need and want elevation.

Therefore, I choose to find it in Hebrew and the bible.

Guitar: I can play anything I want, as long as I play it slowly. . .and with focus.

And I don't need warm-ups. The slow playing itself is the warm-up. (Or maybe

a 10 second "mental" warm-up.)

Could this be true for everything else? Probably.

Yoga: Yes, it hurts. But I'm not hurting, injuring myself. It's only stiffness.

Yoga: Yes, good. It worked.

Now B.S, preparation, just a bit.

Friday, September 22, 2017

Connection: Akeida

I'm not sure if there is a connection between me and Judaism, but I know I want a connection. I want to belong, be a part of something greater than myself. I don't want to be alone, in the wilderness, floating in space, unconnected.

So therefore, connection, being bound to a tradition, akeida, is a desire (and and need?) lodged deep in my soul and being.

Wednesday, September 27, 2017

Speed Practice

Using principles of the 5 one hundreds speed/sprint running, apply to Alhambra, 5 one hundreds speed/sprint tremelo.

Mixing fast and slow,

Mixing fast, less fast, less less fast, slow, faster, fast as possilbe. Maximum speed.

Give it all I've got. Then back to slow.

Running and tremolom same thing.

From going slow, to giving it all you've got.

Thursday, September 28, 2017

Confirming What I Know

(Philosophically, at least)

Philosophically, it seems that, rather than learning new things, I am more

confirming what I already know. Witness my reading of Hirsh interpretation of the Torah.

Well, this is “reasonable” since I have been around a long time. Perhaps, at least philosophically, confirming what I know is my next stage.

Saturday, September 30, 2017

Overwhelmed, overpowered, subdued, rested: a place of comfort.

Writing as a form of Study

I like it.

I’m applying biblical/lingual learning in my morning editing, which immediately follows in the order of study.

Study? Would I call my writing, especially me editing, study?

Well, why not. I love to study. And indeed, I am learning as I edit, and create.

Guitar and Headache

Fast and Slow: I Want and Need Both

Yes, I want to play fast.

I want to play Alhambra, Leyenda, and all the rest at full speed.

But evidently I also was the comfort, rest, and peace I get when I play slowly.

I don’t want to give up my slow in order to play fast. And I don’t want to give up my fast in order to play slow.

I want both.

Note: I got my headache after I played fast. (But mentally, I said, I’m giving up my slow life, my slow playing, and along with it, my years of living in my slow place of comfort, rest, security, and peace.

Evidently, I need and want this place. Even the House of Overwhelmed and House of Frustration that comes with it. Evidently, I need them as resting places, rest and comfort stations.

But I also want the dynamism and excitement of fast!

Fast and slow: I want and need both.

I don't want to throw out my past. And yet, I want and need to move into the future.

The future is fast playing (and running).

But it also holds slow.

"Both" is the path of the future.

Pre-Tour Safe Spots

What are pre-tour safe spots for me?

Anxiety? Pre-performance anxiety?

Overwhelmed (by details, pre-departure preparations, etc.)

Past and Future Welded

Slow represents the past; fast represents the future.

Bring slow and fast together means bring past and future together, which means going over past things with equanimity.

Past things such as choreographies, guitar pieces, od written pieces (editing), etc.

Sunday, October 1, 2017

Consolidation

The next two pre-Balkan Splendor tour weeks, are weeks of consolidation.

That's the "stuffed" feeling I've been having.

I've made lots of breakthroughs and gains during the September New Year.

Now it's time to consolidate them.

What are my breakthroughs?

What should I consolidate?

1. Fast Alhambra

2. Fast running
3. Right foot balancing
4. Website growth and expansion.
5. Pinnacle, video, and photo editing
6. Writing editing.
6. Right foot balancing

Three Language Study Choices

Also a question of what is wrong with my memory for Hebrew. (And perhaps names and other things.) I can't remember the words I read and learned yesterday.

Is my memory really so bad?

Or is it my memory or memorizing method?

Could indeed be the latter.

After all, when I memorized all my guitar and violin pieces, my gaida, and folk song words, I repeated each song, piece, and folk dance over and over again. And this, day after day. Constant repetition was my guide. And I drilled these songs and pieces deep into my heart and being, so deep in fact, that I remember them even years later.

Am I doing the same with Hebrew? No. Instead, I move very fast, drift over each word, never focusing too long on remembering any word. And this is true of all my language studies. And that is because I really don't take any of my language studies seriously! They are more like morning mental baths, calming and drifting over my skin, but never, (or rarely) entering my body. I somehow want my language study to be a "relaxation."

Whereas I love my pieces, dances, songs, etc. and want to sing, play, or dance them over and over again, with my language words, I feel a constant inner pressure to move on and learn more, learn all, learn all the languages. And thus I never really dwell on one language, or even one word.

And that's why I both "know" many languages. but also know none of them

“well.” I know a smattering, I have surface “knowledge” of many languages.

Yes, I rationalize this by saying that languages are my “hobby,” that I really don’t “need” them to lead a tour or even know a country. And all this is true.

But is it satisfying? I am constantly frustrated by my challenge/task/road of wanting to know all the languages. So, like a monkey, I am constantly jumping from one to another.

How to handle and deal with this constant frustration?

Three choices:

1. Give up. Accept that I will never learn any language well and leave it at that.
2. Focus on one language. (In this case, Hebrew.) Learn it as well as I can. Leave the others alone.
3. Give up all language study and move on to something else.

Monday, October 2, 2017

Live in the Moment

It all moves through me like a sieve. I can’t remember most of it. And that is the way it will be. And that is life. Get used to it.

Thus, once again, the great and only truth: Live in the moment. Enjoy the moment. There is nothing else.

Wednesday, October 4, 2017

New Goals, New Life, New Start

Think young. That’s the only way to go.

Am I young? Is it true?

What is true? What is truth?

I am eighty. I have no control over my actual age, this physical reality.

But I do have control over how I think and feel, over my mental and emotional reality.

Go for it. From now on I choose to think and feel young. Period. No more giving up on short or long term projects; no more moaning and groaning over my eighty age. I hate to admit it, but I have been subtly, unconsciously, and consciously, moaning and groaning over this since my birthday! That makes four months of groaning. And giving up! Nauseating. Disgusting.

From today on, that will be irrelevant.

From now on, age will be besides the point.

The boil has come to a head. After four months, my days of groaning, has run its course. I'm through, finished, done with that "recovery" road.

Today I am reborn as young and dynamic.

I shall begin to reestablish my old goals!

What were they? As a start:

1. Running a marathon
2. Playing Alhambra
3. Doing yoga postures and positions.

Thursday, October 5, 2017

The Evolution of Fun

Guitar: What a long and beautiful evolution it is to enjoyment of my fingers.

Questions of speed or slow have disappeared. Fun and enjoyment of the finger feeling, sound, whatever, have emerged in its (their) place. The pressure (to play is a certain way) is off, vanished.

What a beautiful evolution.

(I heard Dave saying, the purpose of folk dancing is fun.)

If I could do this in everything I do, approach things with this attitude, it would be the most major of major breakthroughs!

Could I even make this a "goal?" It would be worth 80 years to create and have such a goal. To enable myself to have and implement such an attitude and philosophy.

Do I dare to even try?
Well, why not?
How about starting as of today.

Sunday, October 8, 2017

I Can Only Play Alhambra "My Way"

(Do I Dare to Dive into Self?)

Suppose in the heavenly scheme of things, God has given me Alhambra for a totally different purpose.

Suppose, at my age, I am at the stage where I learn to accept who I am, and what I can do. It is more about going over the past, looking into it, learning what it means and accepting its findings, and this, rather than changing myself, and so-called "improving" myself. Maybe it is more about discovering myself, what my true talents and purposes in life are, rather than try to change them to find what I'd like them to be.

Yes, I like, I want to play Alhambra, fast and "correcting."

But, yes, I cannot do it. Although I have tried for 50 years, I still fail to do it. Perhaps there is a message in this failure that I am not understanding.

Perhaps God has set it up so that I will never be able to play Alhambra, or any arpeggio piece, that is, play it in the fast way I think is "correct."

Perhaps I am not meant to, and have never been meant to, play it that way. That is not, and never was, the talent that was given me. I was (evidently) meant for other purposes.

It is sheer ego that makes me want to play Alhambra like Segovia. I always want to prove to myself and the world that I can do it. And note, I always fail!

And although I always fail, I keep knocking myself on the head with it, keep trying, keep knocking my head against the Alhambra tremolo ego the unbreakable ego-driven wall.

Alhambra is about my ego. It has nothing to do with God or my given talents or

purpose in life. And perhaps, until I can handle my ego(which I still can't), perhaps I will never be able to "play" Alhambra, or any tremolo piece, in the way I was put on earth to play it, or do anything else.

So what is today's conclusion?

I will never be able to play Alhambra "correctly, that is, with the speed and power of Segovia. (And, of course, this goes true with Leyenda, Bach, Prelude in Dm, Alard, VL Prelude No 4, etc.)

I will never be able to imitate Segovia and all the other players who play Alhambra fast, flowing, beautiful, and powerfully. I will only be able to play it "my way." (Which, until today, I see as inferior.)

This may be God's message to me. And it only took 50 years to realize it.

I have many talents. Imitating the masters like Segovia, etc.) is not one of them.

I can only do things "my way." (Inferior, miserable, and small, as it may be.

Wow, what a put down of me and what I can do! But sadly, truth is, that's the way I see myself.)

What a terrible self-concept! (And this after all my accomplishments in other fields!)

But it all comes out in my infant approach to Alhambra, and classical guitar, (which harkens back to "classical" violin, and my teenage self-concept.)

Can I change my self-concept? At age 80, am I finally ready?

Do I finally dare to take the dive into self?

The Blessings of Inferiority, Smallness, and Put Downs

But I should also recognize what a strange pleasure it gives me to see myself as inferior, failing, put down, etc. It harkens me back to the old neighborhood, a restful, peaceful childhood where everything is taken care of, and I, if I only remain a child, small, and inferior, I will be cared for and loved. How wonderfully soothing is that state! No wonder I so often hearken back to it.

Putting myself down, feeling inferior, small, insignificant, playing Alhambra as an inferior person, all these diminished and low states, places without any responsibility, bring peace to my mind! No wonder I love them.

That is why I keep playing Alhambra “poorly.” (And that is why playing classical guitar is so relaxing!) It brings me back to childhood and teenagehood, a place of no responsibility, where I can run free and wild on the lawn, and be totally cared for and loved.

Do I want to give this up for mere “competence.” for the mere imitative dream of playing Alhambra like Segovia? Evidently, deep in my unconscious, I’d rather not. So in my conscious mind, as I strive for improvement and perfection, my unconscious mind pulls me back to the beautiful, relaxing, beatific, irresponsible state of childhood.

Perhaps all adults need such a place of relaxation. Perhaps I need it, too. Perhaps I never want to give up my put-down, inferior state of peace, wonder, and tranquility. (Note the word “wonder.” Can wonder be achieved in the heavy adult responsibility state? Or do we need to remain childlike to find it? Maybe it’s a question of “both.” Every adult needs to find a place to be childlike. But not vice versa.)

Self-Awareness, Infant Vision,

Return to the (Enchanting) Land of Awe and Wonder

Knowing the above, where to I go from here?

Maybe only self-awareness, of my mind and its search for self, is the only viable and practical result.

Maybe improvement and perfecting is never really my goal.

Maybe, through put downs, inferiority, and smallness, only return to the (Enchanting) Land of Awe and Wonder is my true, and best, running-wild-on-the-lawn, Infant Vision, child-like goal.

Interesting: when I first started classical guitar lessons, I don’t remember ever

thinking I couldn't play Alhambra. In fact, as I recall, I could always play it. No big deal.

But then I wanted to "improve it." This started with my lessons with Bellow, when he said my tremolo was uneven, and the way I could perfect it was by playing is slow. So I started to practice it slowly, self-consciously. And from then on, I couldn't not play it "correctly." (When I studied with Blaine, this was never even a thought or a problem.

But did my inability to play it also coincide with my marriage and the sudden traumatic responsibility I took for making a living. Was the pay-off for this new attitude, a retreat in the peaceful inferior state of childhood with its new "Alhambra improvement road inability, its retreat into peaceful and relaxing tremolo incompetence, and my newfound inability to play any tremolo and all, Farruca and of course, Alhambra included?

Indeed, making a living is traumatic. And I first did it through guitar. Folk singing was my easy strength. (And probably why I could make a living giving concerts.) But classical guitar was to prove my worth, and thus, always an inferiority gambit.

(But I needed to play it in public to prove my worth and dignity. . .but also to put myself down in public (that is, subtly relax, let my guard down, trust the audience, and be a child.)

True Goal

So can I say that my post-eighty goal is to somehow return to the childhood state of awe and wonder.

Note: I have dropped (forgotten about?) my long-held, life time desire to run-wild-on-the-lawn. Where did it go? I can't say I've achieved it.

Maybe in this post-eight, lost state, my true desire is to return to the past, my past with its childhood, in room violin practice, creative imagination state of awe and

wonder.

So, how do I return to this state? What is the route?

Writing did it for awhile. My crazy, off-the-wall imagination and stories. Maybe it will do it again.

What about guitar? Somehow I doubt classical guitar is my route. It is too imitative.

I need fresh, creative, untouched territories. My own song writing fit that need. Also (later in life) my choreography.

So, I need to create, fresh and new.

My fields could be

1. Writing

2. Choreography

3. Folk songs

4. Maybe original classical guitar pieces. I did that once. And the pieces were good.)

Whatever, my endeavors must be new and creative! Imitation of others is out. I may want to, have wanted to imitate them but I simply cannot do it. Rehashes and imitations of masters like Segovia, Heifetz, Casals, etc. is basically impossible for me.

Reviving, Renaissancing the Past

A True New Leaf: A Total Starting Fresh

What about hatred of going over the past?

How sad and how I hate it!

It is so painful to go back to the past, to revive old dances, even my own choreographies.

To review my old tours, and their itineraries?

So much I have forgotten, or want to forget.

Why do I hate it so? Is it (partly) because I see it as going over a dead past,

instead of reviving, renaissancing it?

Maybe.

And yet, I sense this is part of my new direction.

Why?

I have to place else to go.

Business-wise, all I see up head is sales.

The next step is sales. I've done everything else. I'm totally prepared.

Or do I have some place else to go?

What about creation?

Can sales and creation both take place? Can I do them side to side?

This time, with the (former, old) paths of imitation cleared, maybe.

Maybe the "How?" will be part of my Serbia/Balkan Splendor tour thinking.

Better than a revival, could I make this a Renaissance?

If the past is reborn in a Renaissance, it means it is brought back fresh, creative, and new.

1. How to bring back my choreographies fresh and new?

2. How to reinvigorate my writing, bring them back fresh and new? Renaissance editing.

3. How to bring back my original folk songs fresh and new?

4. How to revive, reinvigorate, my classical guitar pieces, fresh and new? A renaissance.

5. How to review (and redo?) My tour itineraries, fresh and new? Starting with Balkan Splendor, right now.

All this is a total Starting Fresh. A true New Leaf.

Wonders of Rebirth

I wonder if that's what all my aches, pains, low level depression, and strange fatigue has been all about.

My old body, with its old attitude is dying before the new body, with its new attitude, the revived, revitalized, life-breathing, renaissance attitude can be born and take its place.

Let my upcoming Balkan Splendor tour symbolize and actualize this dynamic return to the renaissance Awe and Wonder, the Land of Infant Vision.

Difference Between Playing and Performing

Here's the difference: Although I feel (felt) inferior playing classical guitar, maybe it is also the place where I felt most safe. That's why it relaxes me. I'm going back to my cared for, loving childhood home. (That's what "classical" symbolizes.)

But there is also the jarring different between playing home alone in my room, in my quiet, solo, undisturbed chamber of my imagination, or playing "reinforcements" alone, outside and undisturbed. at the Park Ewen fountain chamber of my imagination, and the trauma/terror of performing (note: not playing) in front of an audience.

When I think of playing in front of an audience, the responsibility of pleases them rises. And I tense up.

But alone in my room (or alone at the fountain), just plucking the beautiful strings (or pushing the fountain water of "reinforcements"), I feel happy, peaceful, contented, safe, and relaxed.

Thus the difference.

Could this view, this difference ever change?

It could only happen with a change of attitude.

Somehow I have to see myself not as performing UforU the audience, but as "playing with them."

This audience could/would be a concert audience, folk dance teaching audience(class), tour audience (tour customers), or any other "audience." Mym attitude

would somehow have to shift from feeling responsible for them, to playing with them, playing together, see them all as playmates.

See the “audience” no longer as an audience, as folk who will listen to me, but rather as playmates, fellow playmates. We’re all in this together, in the same sandbox playing together. I need them to help build our sand castles. And they may need me as a leader to simply say “Let’s go!”

Leading a Tour

What is a leader?

A leader, guru, whatever, simply points out the direction as says “Let’s Go!”

That’s what my job is leading a tour. Simply point out the direction as say “Let’s Go!”

What is my job selling and promoting a tour?

Simply point out and offer a possible direction, to possible clients, as say “Let’s Go!”

Others as Playmates

Give up the words “audience” and performing”

Give up performing for others.

Replace it with “playing with others.”

See others, all others, as playmates.

Playmates

This means: The world as my playmate. (Obviously, this includes its denizens and material self.)

1. Folk dancers in my class as playmates.
2. My shining travelers as playmates.
3. Listeners to my classical guitar playing as playmates.
4. Listeners to my writing/readings as playmates.

Shame of my "Classics"

My Personal Classics, My Past Creations

I'm embarrassed to play the songs I wrote 50 years ago. Why? What's the matter with me? Can't I do something recent? Don't you have anything contemporary to offer? Etc. The "what's the matter iwth you?" question.

Of course, I could also see it as a classic. No one is ashamed to play Beethoven's Firth over and over again. Or play Bach, flamencan, or Tarrega classics over and over. Or even classic fol songs, like This Land is Your Land. Etc?

Why am I ashamed to play, re-introduce my classics? Like Listen to Your Children, Eli the Elephant, etc.

Same is partly true with my Flory Jagoda dances. Even though they are classics. I'm ashamed to re-introduce my classics. I wonder why.

Program of Only My Own Works, My Own Creations

Why not a program of only my own work?

My own songs, and stories.

My own choreographies.

(Bob Dylan does only his own works; Tom Lehrer did only his own works. Beethoven did only his own works.)

Why not me?

And, since I wrote everything, created everything, wouldn't it be a bottom-line expression of my "true self."

Monday, October 9, 2017

Excuse or Truth?

Purpose is being slowly stripped from my brain.

Is this just an old laziness, an old neighborhood voice returning in a new form?

Or am I really at a new stage in life?

The return of “Why bother? I’ve done it all.” I’ve heard these voices before. But are they different now? Should I believe them this time? Or are they just another old excuse, another mental obstacle I created to keep me from diving in?

I sense it is an excuse.

Okay, let’s say it is. What do I really want to do today?

1. Play guitar. (I was really flying yesterday.)

Going Public

(Resisting my Next Calling?)

Am I resisting to my next calling?

If yes, what is my next calling?

Bringing my stuff to the public.

All is ready, all is in the bin, there is nothing left to do but bring it to the public.

This means sales.

What about creation, writing, and creative efforts?

Maybe the next step is to bring all my talents and skills to sales. Including writing!

It makes me partly sick to say this, to “pollute” my writing with sales. But such pollution of my purity may well be my next step. Going public is partly a polluting experience. But it is also fructifying, gratifying, and energizing.

Do I want to pollute myself by taking my wonderful, magical creative process public? Won’t the wonder be destroyed under the harsh light of public scrutiny? Won’t criticism suppress and even destroy my desires?

Deep down, I somehow know my next step is to bring all my work, along with my inner self, public. But I resist, and even hate it so. Indeed, this resisting ego, this knotted inner fear that my creative self, with its humor and wonder, will be destroyed if it goes public, is my biggest challenge.

Do I dare stand at the edge of the going public cliff, exposing my delicate inner guts to the wild, cruel winds of public scrutiny? Do I dare?

I don't know.

But I also seem to have no other choice. Why? Because I'd "done" everything else. There is nothing left to do but bring my wares to the merchant table, to go public.

What to do with my website now that it is complete? Of course, I must go public with it. That's why it was made in the first place.

What about guitar? Why truly am I practicing all these years? To eventually bring my musical wares to the merchant table, and go public.

Why am I writing? Ultimately, for the same reason. I want others to know what I do, read what I write, make a difference. And to accomplish this, I must go public.

My tours and folk dancing are obviously for the public. That is, after all, my business.

What about stock market and money? That is somehow fading into the background, at least for now.

Soothing Myself through Shame

My "shame," the "humiliation" I feel, impose on myself, when I let others see me running slow, or singing my old songs (ones I wrote), even old choroes, and most other "shames" I feel, are really subtle ways of soothing myself, putting myself down, lowering and diminishing myself, and return to the childhood comfort zone of the old neighborhood.

How to handle this? Self-awareness is the only way.

Soothing myself in this manner is not a bad thing, just unnecessary.

Replacing Shame with Pride

Are there better ways of soothing myself?

Am I ready for them?

If yes, what are they?

What are better ways of soothing myself?

Pride in accomplishment might be a first step.

Can I replace shame with pride?

Do I want to? Yes.

On the other hand, not so fast.

Do I want to replace shame with pride? After all, there is a fun, enjoyable, and comforting aspect to shame.

Do I want to give up my fun, enjoyment, and comfort?

The World of Glory

What about my creative self? Am I secretly ashamed of that, and that's why I don't want to go public with it?

No, I am secretly not ashamed of it. I am secretly proud of it! In fact, I'd say that's my biggest secret! Pride in the beauty of my creative self, which consists, among other things, in my love of music and the melt-down, awe-and-wonder experience I am able to have while listening to music. It is truly the most awesome thing. I'm partly afraid to share it with others because I'm afraid their lack of understanding, or even criticism, will destroy the experience for me. So there is a fear involved. And thus I retreat from sharing the majesty of this ecstatic experience.

This is indeed the highest experience of my life. But I always experience it alone. Or sometimes indirectly with others, when I teach dancing, lead a tour, etc. But I don't want to "show off" by verbalizing it, talking about it in public. Plus, it can never be fully captured in words.

I'm getting a bit of the subject.

I can be proud of what I do, what I accomplish. And that is good. However, this most ecstatic and fundamentally shaping experience has nothing to do with pride. I am just totally happy that I am able, that I can experience it. And its vision totally guides

and supports my life.

So going public could be about bring this vision to the public. And truly, that is the only thing I care about. The rest of going public, sales, promotion, etc are indeed necessary, but nevertheless, they are just a sideline.

So pride will not offset the pleasures of shame. Shame is its own pleasant world. The world of Glory is a totally different place.

Humor and Fantasy (as my Best Vehicles)

How to express this?

How to express the excitement, thrill, humor, and fun of it.

What are my best going public vehicles?

For me, communicating indirectly through humor, fantasy (imagination) may be my best method and talent.

Humor (and surprise) has the fun and thrill of it inherent.

Humor and fantasy may be my best vehicles.

(And Beauty will sneak in through the back door.)

My (unrecognized by me) strengths and God-given gifts (talents) are my humor and off-the-wall fantasy (imagination), which I do and can (easily, naturally) express publically in my social director personality and style.

How to (dare) go public?

Through Humor and Fantasy (Of-the-Wall Imagination)

Go public through humor? Advertise and promote through humor? This I would never dare to in the past. (Too many have put down this approach, namely Arlene, and sometimes my wife, come immediately to mind. Well, maybe it's not that many. Only somehow I have built it up as many.

Maybe humor and fantasy (off-the-wall imagination) are part of my hidden and

secret self. Well, maybe they are not so secret.

Humor, Off-The-Wall Fantasy (Imagination)

Running-Wild-On-The-Lawn

Humor, and off-the-wall fantasy (imagination) is indeed part of running wild on the lawn. In fact, it is running wild on the lawn!

"Fast" Classical Guitar

Maybe that's what "fast" (classical) guitar playing really means: Humor, off-the-wall fantasy (imagination), running wild on the lawn.

A wild tremolo, a running-wild-on-the-lawn tremolo. Scales, and more.

This would be my true self playing classical guitar, and leave Segovia and all the others in the dust.

Mistakes and missed notes would move into the humor and funny realm. In other words, they would be and become part of the (humor and funny) show.

Tours: Can I run my first ever "funny tour" to the Balkans. A fun tour laced with humor and off-the-wall fantasy (imagination).

A real humor and off-the-wall Balkan Splendor!

A Funny Alhmabra

Missing the notes is part of the humor.

Missing the notes is okay; it's part of the humor.

A humorous Alhambra, and Leyenda.

Tuesday, October 10, 2017

(The Release) Power in Flying, Sloppy Fingers

Alhambra tremolo opening finger warm-up practice.

Dropping perfectionist tendencies, and entering the world of chaos, sloppiness,

and disorder.

Alhambra tremolo opening finger warm-up practice.

Fast, sloppy. . . and powerful! Flying power fingers.

Fast and sloppy release: What power lies in fast and sloppy.

Alhambra Power

To release the Alhambra Power, it has to be fast. and it has to be sloppy (inexact, imperfect.)

Aim to play sloppy and fast. It puts me in touch with my power.

Sloppy can be, might be, is, a rather negative word. It has put down connotations, and may thus belong to the old neighborhood. Can I, should I, find a better, kinder, even more accurate word for "sloppy?"

Would "loose" be better?

Flowing.

Focused on the flow.

Focused the bigger picture.

Is this the Power Land of Eighty?

Is this the key to power, the secret power I've been looking for?

How and where would this apply to other things I do?

Loose, flowing, sloppy.

Sloppy (divine sloppiness) opens the gates to loose and flowing.

Is there a divinity in sloppiness? Probably. But is it the right word? I don't exactly like it.

Is it time to change it? Can I change it?

I can't say I'm proud of "being sloppy." But I could be proud of being, aiming to

be, loose and in the flow.

Thursday, October 12, 2017

One Serbian book chapter a day.

Alhambra: Segovia Was Right

Alhambra: It may all boil down to a fifty-year resistance to “Segovia was right. The melody is in the bass.”

But I wanted to put it in the treble. I “knew” he was wrong. So I put the melody in the treble, and spent 50 or more years resisting and in resistance. I refused to give in. I was (and am) stubborn, intransigent, right. (Perhaps) This quality of “never giving up” is one of my strengths and weaknesses. It’s why I would never give up my business no matter how bad it got. The “I’ll die first” quality.

But also why I’d never give up the “melody is in the treble” idea. “I’ll die first” before I admit that Segovia was right. (Is this the anal holding on quality?)

In any case, today I realize that Segovia was right. And suddenly, Alhambra seems easy.

I wonder if this will now be true for all the arpeggio pieces, Leyenda, Villa-Lobos Prelude No. 4, Bach Prelude in Dm, and even Alard.

We’ll see.

In any case, Segovia was right.

The Beauty, Power, Relaxation, Ease, and Peace of Submission

It means I must submit, I am submitting, I give up the fight, I relinquish control, I fall into the flow, the leaf falls off the tree. I submit to Papa Segovia. I bow, nay kneel before him. He was and is right.

Submission

The idea of submission is totally new for me.

I wonder how it will effect my tours, tour leading, business, relationship with God, and everything else I do.

I wonder where it will lead me.

Segovia is the earthly guitar model of God. Worshiping, submitting, to Segovia (through Alhambra) would be idol worship.

What then is the HaShem spirit that comes in and through Segovia? What is the HaShem spirit of Alhambra? Yes, I submit to the right (correct) thumb, melody in the bass, technique of Segovia. But what, in truth, is the spirit I submitting to?