

Cure and Transition

Wednesday, June 30, 2021

Bringing the Divine Presence into the World

Every Step a New Step

Practicing Positive Thinking

For some reason, I used to think that practicing positive thinking was stupid, probably because it didn't work. Whenever I tried, negative thoughts crept, slipped, then rushed in to overwhelm the effort.

But now, for some reason, I'm ready and willing to try it again. Very hard, a huge challenge: Taking control of my imagination and my life.

Take small steps.

Try it for forty days. See what happens.

I'll be imagining goals of success.

Thursday, July 1, 2021

Guitar: I've tried everything—practiced fast, slow, speed, very largo—and in the end, nothing works. So, whatever I try, in the long run, it doesn't matter. I don't care.

And perhaps, as a result, this morning, my fingers are flying as my guitar playing sails through the stratosphere!

How strange. Light shines through the back door of "I don't care," and "It doesn't matter,"

Dropping Question Marks

Idea: Drop question marks.

It's a huge move.

Why?

By dropping question marks, I'm moving from doubt to definite. (And if I'm

wrong, I can always reverse my decision.)

What about parentheses? Not yet. . .but maybe.

Sunday, July 4, 2021

Motivation and Purpose

Terror Sparks Hope

After a month of terrible tension buffeted by the storms of indecision—should I retire, or should I return to work—my arteries decided to attack, stop the indecision pain, and let the heart make the decision for me.

Start writing like crazy to understand myself.

Would I ever return to folk dance and folk dance teaching for my health?

Would I ever return to running, yoga, gym, and exercise for my health?

Never mind the motivations of fun and joy. They will happen anyway, but as a by-product.

Further exploring purpose:

Money is out. Except for stock market and trading which are really my new sedentary sport.

Joy and fun are out.

Health: Maybe. After all, health means “whole” or All-is-One.

I always need a calling.

Could health be a new calling? (Already feel a tension in my heart.)

What about my “belief” and feelings of superiority and arrogance? Obviously, they are destroyed. I feel somewhat naked without them—and I am. Yes, naked, unmasked, and revealed as the sensitive, vulnerable person that I am.

Out the window is also “strong and dynamic.” I hate to lose it. Can I ever get it back? On another level? Or is the question, another form of put-down? After all, I am facing a real challenge. Also remember, I wanted a fresh start and a new life. And voilà, I have one! (And I didn’t even have to make a choice.)

I now have a good excuse or “reason” to stop, give up, my tours and folk dance classes.

Do I really want this? (Is there even a choice?)

Certainly, if I return, I’ll need new and fresh reasons to do so. At the moment, I have none. But it is still too early to tell.

A shot of fear/terror just went through me. I trembled in panic. But then the thought popped into my head: Could this fear, felt deep in my gut, be the first shot of potential energy, one that can and will fuel a newly energized future?

Indeed, veiled in terror, lying deep in the solar plexus, a shot of optimism in a new landscape.

Where and how to start a new life? Is this terror germ the place to begin? If I can and dare to trust my instincts, it seems so.

Dance of the Week

Should I stop sending out Dance of the Week since I am out of business, no longer teaching folk dancing or running tours? Should I totally leave the field, at least for awhile? Or see this period as a hiatus, a transition time of reflection while I figure out my next move, and keep my options open by continuing to send them?

It’s easy to do.

But is it honest?

If I continuing send my Dances of the Week, am I “tempting” others to come to my folk dance classes, and/or join my tours. which may never exist?

Symbolism (and Perhaps Actuality) of the Stent

Maybe, like a lot of things, for guitar, the big A won’t matter anymore, And for folk dance, neither will my knee or leg.

I’m losing a blockage, putting a stent into my Alhambra, my guitar playing, my perfection, and folk dance knee/leg.

By losing my blockage, I'm giving up, losing a great put-down friend that has been putting me down so long, I hardly know how to live without it. So I cry at the loss.

How strange, new, and weird are these emotions.

Monday, July 5, 2021

Do clotted arteries equal a clotted mind?

More important, do clotted arteries result from, are partially caused by a clotted mind?

Indeed, my mind has been cluttered by indecision about how to change and what to retire in my life. And this really began after the two month anger-and-panic period at the beginning of corona. Since then I have been wondering, asking, how can, and will, my life change? It is possible. But what exactly does that mean?

Of course, this was just a theoretical problem during corona. There was no work anyway and thus no real possibility of making a choice.

But that all changed in mid-June when both tours and folk dance classes opened up. The shit hit the wheels and I was able, and had to, make a real decision. Back to work? Retire?

The immediate key was Should I accept and return to teaching folk dancing at Goldens Bridge. Or not. And truly, I was incapable of deciding. Yes, no, maybe, back and forth every day. Living daily in the vise, squeezed by these opposites, with no definite decision in sight, truly drove me nuts. It created countless TMS muscle pains in my body. And the brand-new one was between my shoulder blades.

This one finally brought me to the doctor, a stress test, three clotted arteries, stents, and the beginning of the new attitude I long ago wanted to find.

I couldn't make a decision. So the doctor made the decision was made for me. "You have to cancel your Goldens Bridge classes, at least for two weeks."

I was devastated. "I can't do that," I said. "It's an opening night. Hundreds of people will be there. I can't go back on my word, my commitment and obligation."

They'll all be disappointed."

"You have to cancel," she said. "There is no choice. (Unless, of course, you want to take the chance of dying.)"

So I called Goldens Bridge and cancelled.

(It all eventually worked out. Michael and Cindy took over, ran the night, and the folks there, although some were shocked by my sudden cancellation, still had a good time dancing. And this can and will continue in the future.)

But getting back to me:

Were my clotted arteries (almost a heart attack) a long time in the making? A year or more and culminating in the grand June three weeks of vise-like indecision?

And did I, or part of me, "create" the situation, clog my own arteries during the process and thus force others, namely, the doctor, to make this extremely difficult choice for me? Did I do it to protect me from something even worse, namely to bravely and courageously give up my beloved Goldens Bridge?

Only I will or can know.

But I can and will also ask the doctor these speculative questions.

As I read Hebrew this morning, I suddenly feel a bit dizzy.

Is this a real, new dizziness created by my new situation?

Or is it arising from a hidden terror, from the sudden loss of all my power and a new self-concept as a (temporary, I hope) invalid?

I'm puzzled and humbled, frightened but peaceful. What a strange new combination.

Yes, I'm frightened by this apparent loss of power.

Note the word "apparent." It means I'm not sure why, or even if, I have lost it. Maybe I'm at the edge of a new power. Who knows where this will lead?

But along with this fear, I'm also fascinated by how my mind works.

Part of it has separated itself, and somehow stands beside me, observing, looking down with great curiosity, trying to figure out how my thought process works. It chronicles the continuing adventures of a mind, in this case, my own.

It is the reason for this New Leaf Journal and its journal-writing process.

New Power

Due to the total breakdown of my old life, I could be at the cusp of a new power.

I wonder if this is true.

(Secretly, I sense, even know, it is! Is this too brash and arrogant to say? Or do I now simply have more faith in my intuition?)

Let's say I'm right.

If I'm giving birth to a new self, and I am, why wouldn't a new power come with it?

What might this new power be?

Spiritual power? Mental? Physical? Combination of all three? Other?

Do I even dare entertain such a brazen thought?

Is it hubris, or am I just getting smarter?

Scary in its magnificence.

Every Step a New Step

Go over all the old beloved routines.

Starting with yoga.

Slow, carefully, thoughtfully, mindfully

Every step a new step.

Tuesday, July 6, 2021

The powerful period of indecision, the past three weeks of uncertainty, have blown up my old world.

I wonder if they symbolizes the end of my "corona period."

Moving on: Let's start with folk dancing. Golden's Bridge, and followed by Darien.

Am I giving up these jobs forever?

Or just taking a break?

Giving up makes me sad and strangely angry. "Giving up" also contains the doubts of "Can-I-do-it?"

Taking a break feels smart and energizing. It also says, "I can do it, but I need a new attitude and approach."

So what do I want?

What is possible?

Either way, I must be physically fit.

So, before I can make any decisions about my future direction, I have to regain my health and become physically fit.

Yesterday when I went for a walk, I felt a tiny wave of self-disgust. A good sign of energy rising.

I hope it means I am turning the corner.

The word "hope," of course, signifies doubt. Things might happen, or they might not. But "might" has its own mighty power.

My total house fell down. Start therefore, building a new house from the bottom-up. The bottom is the physical fit structure.

Making a Decision

Making a decision: For Golden's Bridge, Darien, and other.

Rational. Emotional.

Certainly, this time, for Golden's Bridge, my decision making process was terrible. Indeed, I could learn, improve

my process, and make the next on without so much heart aches.

How to make the easier?

How to separate rational and emotional?

I don't want to be hospitalized every time I have to make a big decision.

Where Does Guitar Fit In?

In this new life, where does guitar fit in, if at all?

Note: "if at all." An earthquake tremble.

What does it mean?

Will guitar have an entirely new place?

I certainly don't envision myself giving up guitar.

Still, "where does it, or will it fit in, if at all, means something. What it means will belong to the new house.

"Curiosity" and "What-do-I-want?" questions.

Clogged Arteries

Clogged Arteries

Open up blocked arteries.

What a symbol for opening up the Flow of Power

My power. Ever stopped, stymied, and inhibited but now blown open by this dynamic post-covid cover, sewer manhole explosion.

It starts with the flow of power through guitar.

And the birth of Mighty Wrist.

But it doesn't end there.

Rest-Stroke vs Free-Stroke

This might also settle the rest stroke-free stroke question with the answer falling on the side of free stroke.

(Seems it is obviously, free stroke.)

What about flamencan apuyando?

Perhaps that has to remain the same. Part of tradition. (But they all have long nails.)

The Adventures of Mighty Wrist and the Dynamite Heart

(Barry says cut this one out, but I like it.)

Slow, focused, and strong, or fast and dynamic, Mighty Wrist flying underneath and overneath notes, flowing through blood streams, unclogging arteries, clearing veins, as he builds the Dynamite Heart for his beloved Violet VeinPopper.

Artery-clad in green dynamite tooth-filling, the scarlet, stent-carrying, dye-ensnarled Mighty Wrist rushes to save his beloved Violet from the unclean jaws of the razor-toothed jaws of Big Dragon Charlie Pipesqueek.

Tuning up his antlers, and rubbing his salted krotchifier, the knighted Hero of the Unusual, supported by his army of ulnas, marches across the Follicle field, catching hairs with every footstep.

“Never mind the music,” says Mighty Wrist (MW). “It’s the fun of the fingers flying that counts,” he bellows, sending the second digit rocketing into space.

Wednesday, July 7, 2021

The Divine Presence

Answers are tough. But questions go on forever.

Does life have a grand purpose?

Or not?

This is the “usual” “What is the meaning of life?” question.

But it is usual, constantly asked, with its answer never fully agreed upon, precisely because it is the question.

So, as I sit here, wondering about stents, time, and purpose, I ask again: Does life have a grand purpose?

I think it does.

I agree with the Jews and the healing philosophy of tikkun olam. The purpose of mankind (naturally, that word includes womankind) is to heal the world. And one of the ways of doing it (perhaps the only way?) is to bring the Divine Presence down to Earth.

How do I know about the Divine Presence? Through music, of course. It is exactly what I felt when, as a teenager, I played violin in my room and had those great melt-down experiences listening to Beethoven symphonies and more. As I broke down in tears, not of sadness but extreme joy, I realized, absolutely knew, there existed a Higher Power, a Magnificence guiding both me and the world.

Of course, growing up in a secular family, I never told anyone about these experiences. Others would have said I was crazy. Why subject myself to such ridicule? Also, why sully my beautiful connection to what I would later call the Divine by throwing it out there before swine to be mocked and eaten alive? These “others” might threaten my vision, even destroy it. I couldn’t take such a chance. So I stayed mum.

But of course, deep in my unstented heart, through the experience of music, I knew a higher power existed. And deep down, this knowledge gave me the strength and courage to pursue my dreams, endure, move on despite obstacles and hardships to do the things I loved because I knew that love was the big connection to the Grand Magnificence and, through this healing power, to all others.

The next two big questions are:

What do I want to do?

What can I do?

I'm not sure which one comes first. Perhaps they cannot be separated.

A good starting point is to consider the thought that the power of wanting makes all things possible.

Is this realistic?

Don't people have limitations?

Yes.

There are limitations.

Only no one knows what they are!

Since this is so, the best thing to do is know what I want, and let the "Can I do it?" take care of itself.

Guitar

Is there a higher purpose to and for my guitar playing?

If there is, would I have to play for others, to perform for them, in order for this purpose to be fulfilled, achieved?

Or is my personal, one-to-one practice, my personal prayer playing enough?

I sense it is.

But if I could ever do both, achieve the big me-and-them, play for myself and for others, pray in public by playing guitar in public, it wouldn't hurt.

Authenticity

In order to play authentic guitar, first discover my way of playing.

This can be done by knowing what I want.

What I want is my way

Knowing this leads to authenticity.

And authenticity has a direct line to the Big Upstairs.

Prophet

I'm writing like a prophet.

Quite amazing.

What is even more amazing is that I'm not amazed.

Is being a prophet the next step in my life?

How bold, arrogant, and haughty hubris-filled is such a question? Yet, I just asked it.

But perhaps calling the idea an act of hubris is just another old-neighborhood way of putting myself down.

Okay, suppose prophet is the next step.

Lots of humans have become, and even are, prophets. Why not me? Is it really such a big deal? Well, yes. I'd see it as a great honor, and be very proud to possess the calling, without the ego pride, but with humility.)

Perhaps it's a question of "getting used to it," thinking of myself in a new way.

Could unclotted arteries lead to unclotted mind and, from there, to an unclotted spirit and a clear pathway to the higher powers? Sounds possible, reasonable, and right.

I tremble at the thought.

But trembling is good.

How about the Tremble Exercise program to help keep the mind and arteries unclogged?

Thursday, July 8, 2021

The Cure

Joy is the fire that burns away all ills.

Joy is the ultimate medicine.

It is the cure.

But how, and where, do you find it?

How and where do you get the stents to widen the arteries so that joy can freely

flow through them?

To find joy, start with mild pleasure.

Start by putting joy into my knees.

I had mucho fun this morning sailing along on the "Alhambra" guitar. I tremoloed to the heavens.

Start with the heavens. Direct connection to the divine. It's what I want. Then, eventually, I'll move it down to audience and its people.

Yes, it was mucho fun playing "Alhambra." Exhilarating, in fact. Joyful.

Fight death with the joy attitude. Playing Alhambra with delicious joy is the first step.

Gold

Indeed, it is Alhambra Unclogged. AU is its chemical symbol.

And what is AU but gold!

Yes, that's the way to play! Pass power into each finger starting with the index.

And on this mighty quest, speed slow or fast is besides the point.

Draining

Drain my legs of their folk dance poison. Clean, clear, and purify the channels.

Then drain the poison from my yoga body. Find, or rather rediscover, the pleasure, joy, and love in my yoga body.

Then on to desk work, which is totally polluted.

They all need upgrades, cleansing, new attitude stents.

Sunday, July 11, 2021

What Do I Want?

What do I want?

Do I want to stay in the new neighborhood? Permanently?

Or do I want to periodically slip back into the old neighborhood for a short visit?

To see once again my old friend self-doubt and uncertainty?

I want to stay.

Permanently.

What is the New Neighborhood?

It the Land of cleared arteries and wide open pathways.

Monday, July 12, 2021

Calligraphy

Should I “bother” with Hebrew calligraphy, and add script, both as a form of meditation? Is it too much, an added burden that will pull me apart and overwhelm me?

Or is it a new final interest, one I pursue to get closer to the letters, the Torah, Jews, Judaism, and eternity?

I'd say yes.

Plus I love calligraphy.

Crossing the Line

I think I've found the root of my panic. I'm trembling because I have to submit to the Voice.

Lose, give up, drop my ego. Humble my little self. Submerge it and give in. Give myself up to the Voice.

I'm not angry but afraid. By giving up and giving in, I'll be falling straight into the loving arms of the Abyss.

That's what pathways stuffed with plaque are all about. A call and a calling. A knock on the heart and head to pay attention to the Big Guy.

God loves you. He will give you All.

But first you must listen and submit.

I feel somewhat like a fool, a bit embarrassed. Fooled by Ha Shem.

What would my secular, communist family say? What would Ma say? "You're a fool, a dope. Stupid, stupid! Only idiots and soft brainers believe in such trash. I can understand submitting to Lenin, or Stalin, but God? Forget it. How stupid can you be? Only fools worship God and religion. Come back home. Worship the Truth with us at the International and One-World Order.

I have crossed the line with a deepening vision. I'm breaking all the family rules, boundaries, and traditions. I'm stepping outside the box, way outside. becoming a crazy, wild, mystic religious. A Hassid of the worst order. Turning away from the red star. Conversing to the Higher Power. Total ostracism.

Okay, Ma, you're right.

But what's the trade off?

I get to play the Alhambra!

And after that, He'll throw in all the other little a's, starting with the audience.

I could end up with a fearless life.

So, what's the message?

Give my heart to Big A, and my arteries will follow. Blood will flow through my body, delivering oxygen to every prison cell. The bars will fall, and everyone will walk. Not bad for a mere conversion. It's all so good and healthy.

I like working with Big Al. He'll also soften worries about death and fragility.

In fact, He'll take care of Everything.

All I have to do is submit. Not a bad deal.

Moses was right.

Tuesday, July 13, 2021

It's not to improve my body, but to extend the meditation through my body,

using it, like my guitar, as another tool.

I Miss My Arrogance

Feeling good this morning.

Humbled, lost some (all?) of my arrogance.

I miss it.

Why was I arrogant in the first place?

Fear? Illusion? Ego? All?

Now I'm humbled. I'm just like everyone else, vulnerable.

My arrogance gave me a wonderful illusion of invincibility. Ah, how great was that! And didn't the beautiful dream of unlimited arrogance give me the courage and strength to extend my boundaries, try crazy things, step out of the box, run that extra mile or hour, explore that crazy destination, go beyond that limit, through that closed door, break through boundaries, and aim for the sun?

Now arrogance has dribbled away, slipped down the drain.

Can I find another source of strength and courage in the level plains of humility?

Guitar:

Today my tremolo gained all fingers. Middle and ring clustered together with index, and with thumb retreating from the lead, they suddenly all worked together to produce a perfect, or rather, perfected tremolo.

I thus gained the fingers, all of them. They looked beyond the cluster and found One Hand. And came up with a new motto: It's All One Hand.

15, 2021

Index as the Fun Finger

Index as fun finger could initiate a new era.

How did I arrive at this astonishing feeling?

Yesterday, after a stock market trading losing streak, I asked myself: "If I gave up trading, what would fill the emptiness?"

"Yes, I'm discouraged again. And giving up. . . again.

"But am I finally 'forcing myself' to give up a worthless pursuit? Am I finally making a 'wise' decision?"

"I don't know.

"What is the rational way to decide?"

"What did I do wrong in my trading yesterday? Greed, by taking very large positions. But taking such chances is the fun part of trading. What fun would it be if I gave that trading style up? Not much.

What to do? Indecision again.

Friday, July 16, 2021

Visiting The Fun Index Finger

Jump into the Happiness Alhambra Abyss

How to be happy?

If practice makes perfect – and it does – then to be happy you must practice happiness,

How?

By taking one small leap into the abyss at a time.

Love and my enthusiasm are the boat;

Courage, bravery, stretch out its sails.

Without that wind, the boat stays motionless.

Do I have the wind to power my guitar?

Am I courageous, brave enough, to let happiness in?

Saturday, July 17, 2021

Having Fun Heals The World

Index Finger Fun Extension

Having fun heals my world and, in the process, almost “by accident, and incidentally, helps others (through example), and heals the world.

Hard to believe that such a “selfish act,” the act of enjoying my guitar playing, helps others. But it does – through the shining process.

How?

When my sun shines, it shines on everyone.

It’s a cosmic law. If I help myself, I automatically help others. And this whether I think about it, want it or not.

The guitar is the best way I can help others, heal others, create tikkun olam, by having fun, enjoying myself.

What a challenge!

But maybe now, with unclogged arteries and an open heart, I am ready to succeed.

It’s such a paradox. I thought I was a fun guy. Lots of smiles as I social direct, dance with guests and customers, talk with friends.

And it’s true.

I not only have a born talent to enjoy and lead others, I like the bantering process.

But deep in my soul, I won’t allow my personal self to have fun. In private my goal is to constantly improve, get better because it is my job to take care of others and heal the world. And until I am perfect, until I am perfected, I cannot do my job well. I can’t really take care of others and heal the world.

The paradox is: If I could allow myself to have fun, to roll with my fun index finger, to frolic with my emailing of others, to allow myself to enjoy each step of these processes, I’d heal the world and take care of others even better!

That is the beauty of my heart situation and artery-clearing stents. By uncluttering this oxygen-bearing passage, by cleaning out the inhibiting plaque, symbol of accumulated mental garbage, by unclotting and unclouding these life-giving highways, I am clearing a pathway to personal fun!

To enjoy my classical guitar playing!

By accepting my fun index finger, fun "Alhambra," fun Bach, fun email, and all other fun forms, I'll heal the world!

Not bad for a day's work.

Visits to Hell Strengthen My Resolve

I'm afflicted by periodic negative visits, slips into the old neighborhood of discouragement, emptiness, purposelessness, death, and "Why bother?"

Where does this old neighborhood come from?

Hell.

It's a visit from the devil himself.

Why does he appear periodically just for me?

Should I feel flattered by such personal attention?

What is his purpose?

Could it be to strengthen my resolve?

What a positive view of negative forces.

Tuesday, July 20, 2021

Meditation

The Meditation Muscle

Great meditation session with Michael.

I woke up this morning, began my study of Hebrew, and felt a strange new dizziness. It worried me. Why? What was it? Am I about to die, faint, end up in the hospital? Other?

I then took a piece of paper and created two columns.

In the negative column I wrote:

Nervous

Afraid to handle outside pressure

Agrophobia, afraid to leave the house

Disease

Other.

In the positive column I wrote:

A new dizzying level of guitar meditation.

My first *tikkun olam* meditation for guitar.

A new path: I must now go out into the world and play my guitar for others.

A few minutes later:

I hope I'm right on the dizziness.

Note: I'm losing faith and moving back into my old neighborhood. But perhaps it's part of the growth process. In the long term, I need to integrate my old neighborhood with my new neighborhood.

Wednesday, July 21, 2021

Dizzy with Wonder

Can I enjoy anything?

How can I free myself to enjoy?

How to go from tough professional to the love (*amato, amour*) of an amateur?

Mentally, give up money, earning as a means to an end. Rather, earn enjoyment from work and play. (Money may not heal the world, but enjoyment sure does!)

Aim for oneness, unity, collecting all energies into one grand smile.

Is enjoyment a practice?

Maybe.

"Practice" enjoyment.

Suddenly, I feel dizzy.

Dizzy with enjoyment, breaking the barrier to the promised land? Or dizzy with disease, another visit from the old neighborhood?

“Dizzy” comes from a Dutch/Germanic root meaning “stupid.” “Stupid” comes from Latin “stupido” meaning wonder.

Am I dizzy with stupidity, dizzy with wonder?

If I’m dizzy with wonder and fall on the floor, what a way to collapse!

But I don’t want to collapse. I want to enjoy.

Is enjoying so difficult?

Guitar: Per-Forming the En-Joy

It all starts with guitar.

Give up my terrible, terrible concert attitude, that I must, eventually some day give a concert, and this to prov to others that I can play, that I’m a good guitarist, good musician, good person, good artist, good everything. Aiming for praise, approval, and even, as an older. married and mature person, money.

I’ve had this noxious, destructive, terrible attitude certainly all my married life, and maybe even before that.

Time to subtract it, give it up the old attitude.

Time to dive into this new heartfelt, life-saving, post- covid, liberated artery attitude that I want, need, and crave. Time to ride the coronary highway and take the atrium exit from fear, panic, and performance anxiety.

Give up the idea and goal of performing for others.

Grab the new purpose, the grand attitude of per-form with its true meaning: to search-and-find the grand En-Joy.

Singing

I started to sing “J’ai Rendez-Vous Avec Vous.”

The same dizziness returned.

Is the next step en-joying the vocal vibrations for the same guitar reasons as above?

Friday, July 23, 2021

The Devil's Questions

Limitations and Eternity

Some questions are merely fancy ways of depressing myself. They cannot be answered. They probably should not even be asked.

It is the devil's job to throw you off and bring you down. One of his methods is to pose unanswerable questions whose purpose is to depress you.

Questions like: Why must we all die?

Or why are all things transient?

Limitations exist. Figuring out eternal life is a toughie. So far no one knows what to do about it.

Maybe it's best to accept these limitations and move easily, happily, and naturally within their boundaries.

After all, my limited goals are occupying and challenging enough.

A Concert of Good Vibrations

If good vibrations are the key to healing the world, what difference does it make where I send them from?

Is playing guitar in person important? After all, I can send out good vibrations by playing alone in my room.

Why bother playing for an actual audience? Isn't a virtual one enough? How about an invisible one?

Is the desire to play for a live audience simply an ego trip? One where I need to prove myself by hearing applause, seeing smiles, and more?

Is it a true ego-less service, or a self-service?

Or a bit of both?

Saturday, July 24, 2021

Patient

Yesterday I started the excellent cardio rehab program in Hackensack Hospital.

I came home in shock. Late in the day I felt totally tired. I went to bed early, and this morning here's what I think:

My old life, and self-definition, has been blown away. I am now, and see myself as, a patient, a sick person who needs to be cured.

Of course, on one level, this is no different, and I am no different from the person who existed yesterday or a few days ago. I partially see myself always as a sick person who needs to be cured. But this news used to be tempered by arrogance, the feeling that somehow I was above the ordinary trials and tribulations of life. I know this is ridiculous. But a small corner of myself nevertheless believed it, and loved to believe it! My arrogance felt so good!

Now it's all gone. I am a mere patient, walking on the treadmill with everyone else.

Interesting side note: When I woke up, my right knee hurt. But my left was fine. A total reversal of knee pains and problems. Does this have a subtle meaning? I don't know, but I wonder.

I moved on to Hebrew. I have no new Yanshuf newspaper to read, so I am rereading my old one.

By rereading my old newspaper, I'm repeating myself.

Nothing will be hurt by repeating myself. In fact, the second time, you go deeper. The third time, even deeper. On and on. As Heraclitus said, "You can't put your foot in the same stream twice." The more you repeat, the deeper you go!

This morning my legs are shot, too.

Is it from overuse, a new life, or both?

I'd like to think new cells are forming and I'm feeling the new growth pains of a new life being born.

If I like to think it, does that make it true?

At least on a different level of reality?

Is it a predictor of the future, or the truth of future possibilities?

I like renewal. I like a fresh view, and a daily new life. After all, what is New Leaf Journal all about?

Can I wish things into truth?

Are daily aches really growth pains in disguise?

Can I create a new reality by wanting?

Heart Attack

What to do when the heart attacks?

Go on offensive: Attack it back!

Treat it like monkey mind.

When monkey mind jumps, bounces, and pushes you around – which is almost always – push back!

Put the monkey back in the tree where it belongs.

Put the heart back in place where it belongs. Don't let it out of its pericardium.

Alhambra Attack

Alhambra will never get better by practicing it slowly. It will only work by bringing out the bass while tremolo fires along fast and light (in the background).

Practice and play it concert style.

This is true for Leyenda, and all the other concert pieces as well.

The Poor Attitude Manifesto

Deep in my soul (actually, not so deep) I believe that I am washed up due to old

age and death. This belief, philosophy, poor attitude, certainly puts a damper on enthusiasm.

Is there any way around it?

Sunday, July 25, 2021

My Eternal Audience

Why study Hebrew and Greek?

The bible is written in Hebrew and Greek.

Why study these two biblical languages?

Because they give access to eternal life.

And that's what I want and need.

After I shed my body, will there be more of me?

Anything left to stir the pot?

Beethoven says YES

The Bible says YES

Health says YES

All-Is-One says YES

If these prime beauty sources say YES, why shouldn't I?

YES is best

Best for my glow

All parts working together
in the heart release program.

Crossing over is a bit scary

Exhausting, too

Coughing and run down, I sneeze out the old life.

What about guitar?

Do I play fast or slow for my new fans?

No need to rush

My Eternal Audience isn't going anywhere.

Never walking out, here to stay

They just sit and smile. . . forever.

Tuesday, July 27, 2021

Audience

I can't get rid of the audience no matter how hard I try. Evidently, they are part of me. (Witness meditation.)

But I can merge with them.

Stock trading: Why do I bother wasting so much time with it? What is the attraction?

Dangerous, evil, mischievous, bad boy, wrong, incorrect, running wild on the lawn, risk, taking a chance.

When I'm tired of being good and creative, I turn to the darker side, which, although I am good-hearted and kind, nevertheless turns to mischievous self-slaughter, like risking and losing money in the stock market. (With, of course, the hope that the messiah will come in a lightening strike when one of my small stocks miraculously shoots up!)

Trading fits my mischievous side. That may be why I can't give it up. I need its darkness. or at least part of it. So stock market day trading is my accommodation to the necessities of touching the dark side.

Is it possible to soften this addiction? I'm not sure.

Guitar

Giving my abused right index finger some time in the sun. Time for recognition and light. And love for its slow-giving power, its constant support during years of

beating and abuse as its sleeping power remained camouflaged in the background, a quiet grandfather, knowing and demonstrating its hidden power by never giving up, ever supporting my slower self.

Fast self equals my dynamic, jumpy self, exuberant, radiant, wild and funny joy self, tittering on the edge, bordering ecstasy, often ready to jump off a cliff – ungrounded, ready to fly or float, wild and untamed, in the stratosphere.

Slow self equals my deep, wise self, with mellow joy, bordering on contentment.

Part of this transition is being able to accept the strength of a “slow Alhambra,” and the dynamic power hidden in a slow tremolo.

Adventures of Index Finger

Can slow, wise self and fast dynamic fast self merge in the index finger? Can different attitudes with their separate states, merge into a united states? Can the schizophrenic become monophrenic? Can the many become one?

Stay tuned as daily new Adventures of Index Finger unfold.

Friday, July 30, 2021

I got the green light from Dr, Stone yesterday and I left her office smiling and energized. I'm out of the gutter, onto the sidewalk, and ready for my next walk on the slowly widening path of physical freedom.

As I step onto the next level, how shall I walk? I'm ready to inch ahead.

Sunday, August 1, 2021

Mystic Vision

Guitar: A flow of love through a tube in the wrist. All prejudice falls away and love for all flows. The love channel. And a gorgeous Alhambra is one of the results!

Working through my right wrist, the doctor put stents in my arteries, and, in so doing, sent and put love to my heart. A visit from the Lord to affect my attitude and

change my heart. Was he an angel in disguise? Was he sent down by my father to teach and educate me? After all, Pop passed on from a heart attack at eighty-four. And that's where I am now.

Was the doctor an angel with a message from by Pop?

Was he sent down by the Lord?

Probably.

Will the love that he put in heart disappear as time passes?

Impossible. It cannot. The love is there for good, implanted with a stent in my heart. Or at least near it.

Certainly I am inventing, creating this vision.

Or am I?

Why not stop being so arrogant? Stop believing I am in charge of most things, in control. Why not accept the powerful voice from above, this stent-orian gift as the Lord's implant and submit to the power and flow of His love.

It sure will make a beautiful "Alhambra."

Of course, I'd have to give up my ego and arrogance and submit to the Flow.

This is a transforming experience – if I can remember it.

But how can I forget it? After all, it is now implanted in my body. No way can I forget. The stents are there forever.

Yes, it's all a symbol, a dream, my invention and creation. But real as well. After all, we all work together.

After all, why shouldn't I be chosen for this gift.

It happened to Moses and others. Why not me?

Really. What's the big deal?

It's the new attitude I've been looking for.

I'm out of the gutter and onto the sidewalk.

The "Fuck 'Em All!" Guitar State

A new, brilliant, best guitar attitude and state of mind.

Angry, dynamic, rebellious, and wild.

Maybe that's what all my guitar practice has been leading to: Angry, dynamic, rebellious, and wild.

I just played a new FEM (Fuck 'em all) Bach Gavotte en Rondeau.

Is it the change of weather? It a cool, dynamic day.

Certainly, there is an internal change of weather!

Thursday, August 5, 2021

Moving from Wild to Sweet

Alhambra: Moving from wild thumb to sweet thumb

Sweet mood and wild mood are different. But I'm secretly thinking, nay hoping, that sweet is more advanced, a step up into Jacob's to higher vibrations, rarer, finer.

Is sweet more confident than wild? I think so. At least for today. "Wild" still has parts of mother looking on, as in "running wild on the lawn." "Sweet" is more self-contained and fatherly.

Love of thumb steps into Sweet.

Love belongs to sweet, sweet to love.

Love and sweet go together

Wild and aggressive go together.

Sweet thumb of Alhambra, sweet thumb of Leyenda.

Friday, August 6, 2021

Confusing Threads Among The Goodness

(An All Good Day)

Why did my teeth hurt yesterday? And killing me, too. Such terrible pain that I called my dentist for an emergency meeting.

But this morning the pain is gone! Why? What happened?

Are my teeth a real problem? A distraction?

But if the latter, a distraction, distraction from what?

Sweet guitar thumb?

I had a good day yesterday, starting with the introduction of Sweet Thumb guitar, and followed by a good day of focusing, small, calm, and clear stock trading. Actually, mentally, my trading was the best!

So what, aside from my teeth, is the problem? Could it be that there is none? Could it be that I just took my first, confused steps into the new Attitude-and-Style Land.

So maybe my teeth were a distraction, created to throw me off the Good Attitude path? And there's the thought that my August foray into chemistry, biology, anatomy may have run its course, served its purpose.

So let's start with the goodness and the All-Good Day. And see if I can stick to it and follow its attitudinal and stylish footsteps.

I'm picking up my guitar right now.

So ends a New Leaf.