

Leadership

Saturday, August 7, 2021

Performance Anxiety Down the Drain

Here's an amazing morning realization:

I'd rather fear my audience and feel performance anxiety than express the overwhelming love I have for them.

This love unites me with the Magnificence. In the process, I lose myself, my ego disappears, my self dissolves in a sea of Love.

Lose my ego? Give it up! Are you kidding? I'd never do or dare to do such a thing in public. In private, yes, but in public, never. So, most of my life, I've chosen to keep my ego within its tight shell. Of course, while ensconced in this self-created prison, I still feel the love of audience. But I do not express it. Of, if I do, it is only indirectly, very indirectly.

And this greatly hinders my art.

And puts fear in the place of love.

Am I ready to express this vulnerable and loving truth in public?

I sure would like to.

So maybe my performance anxiety, is the fear of expressing love. Performance anxiety would then be a TM Sarnoian distraction.

The artery-cleansing heart breakthrough opened this giant emotional wall.

And of course, the eternal is found in love.

The Post-Covid "Dare to Dance!" Program

Jim Gold, head of the Folk Dance Party, has decided to run for president.

But before he does, he'd like to offer his new post-covid "Dare to Dance" program.

In this time of political division, health fears, and cancel culture, our "Dare to Dance!" program offers a refreshing solution to separation of all kinds.

First, we are not a right or left party. Instead, we go in all directions, right, left, forward, back, sideways, even diagonally. Also we go up and down with jumps, squats, digging movements, and a few lying-on-the-floor steps.

Also, we don't care how you think, feel, or look. We accept all people. For example, we accept those vaccinated who are protected (as well as possible in this imperfect world). And the unvaccinated.

Tall and short, fat and thin, smart and dumb, he/she/they, him/her/them.

The only folks we do not accept are the financially challenged who refuse to or cannot pay our \$10 entrance fee.

Guitar

If I believe in Sarno's tension myonitis syndrome.

What was my performance anxiety hiding? Why did I create it? What did it distract me from?

Why, from my audacity, boldness, and courage, of course, and my determination, persistence; and aggressive "fuck 'em all" approach, my "I'll do it anyway," my "I'll do it no matter what anyone says," my "I'll find a way, no matter what!" my "I will do what I want!"

Performance audacity, indeed.

And evidently, my history proves me right. Otherwise, I couldn't have had a guitar concert performing career.

But I gave it up to "perfect myself." And in this discovery process, to discover the roots of my so-called "hidden" performance anxiety. (Of course, it was never "hidden." But then, for ten years, I did it anyway.)

But now, after forty years of searching, forty years in the desert, I'm still not perfect, but I've found an answer.

Performance audacity is my answer.

Go for it.

Winning the Glory Prize

Maybe there is no way to change this.

Maybe I don't want to.

Maybe I couldn't change it anyway, even if I tried.

Maybe it's simply a truth about my nature.

And I'd do well to accept it, deal with it, and use it to advance myself.

Aha, I like that: Use losing to motivate and advance myself.

Also, the truth is, I don't lose unless I aim higher and try to move past what I already know how to do. Thus, failure, losing, means I'm trying, making an effort to move up the ladder. And moving up the ladder has its own glory.

Find Happiness in Losing

Although it can be depressing and sad, losing can be more motivational than winning.

Winning is a resting place.

Where do you go after you win?

Winning is glorious, but only for a short time. The sunlight at the top of the mountain can last minutes, hours, days, even weeks. But eventually the light fades. Boredom and listlessness set in. Slowly, you start heading downhill.

The long-term satisfying road is the road up.

And this road always has failure along the way.

Hopefully, with this realization, I'll learn to be happy when I lose.

Where does love fit in?

I'll love the motivation!

Tuesday, August 10, 2021

Can I solve my guitar performance anxiety (PA) problems without an audience?

In others words, can I solve them now? Today?

Okay, yes. I don't need an audience to go to the next level.

But if I don't need an audience, why have I been practicing all these years?

World of Poisons

My left shoulder pain represents the old guitar (attitude) poisons in my body (mostly right wrist), which I'm now replacing.

My left knee pain represents old folk dance (attitude) poisons in my body, which I am now replacing.

What about mouth rot? Mandibular poisons manifested in the teeth and jaw. Singing, speaking.

Thursday, August 12, 2021

Embrace Excitement, Drop Fear

Am I asking my audience to do me a favor while I perform? To wait around while I play a slow "Alhambra?" To embrace, accept, and sit for all my vulnerabilities?

Instead of asking, really begging them, can I demand that they listen? Demand that they accept my slow-playing short-comings?

Can I instead redefine slow playing as playing in depth? Well, it's true. It is an eight minute meditation.

Dare I redefine slow playing as a pathway into depth? And because this is so, I can demand that the audience listen (for their own depth good.)

Demand? Or command? That is the question.

Demand is a dictatorship and, as such, is based on weakness, inferiority, and lack of confidence.

Command, on the other hand, is the God connection. Onlyh God commands. (Witness the ten commandments.)

Therefore, a so-called demand, in order to command, must first connect to God.

All this means that first I have to connect to God. Then I can command to listen. Through me, to hear the Word of God, the notes of God, folk dance steps of God.

Slow, deep, fast, all those words become mere techniques,
That's it! Eureka!

I must stay connected to God when I perform the "Alhambra." (Note: not play but perform.) As leader, whether in concert, teaching folk dancing, leading a tour, whatever, that is my task and meditation. To connect and dwell in the Magnificence. If I do so, others will naturally follow and listen. (And if they don't, so what? At least I've done my job.)

Bring Fun and Joy to the World

United Leadership Land of Fun and Joy

I will not let my ancient (joy-squashing) attitude drag me back into the old neighborhood.

No, no, no. No more. Never again!

Writing today's leaf has been a true and great revelation. And since it is a revelation, I shall revel in it!

I shall allow myself, my new self to revel in it! To jump for joy!

And what is the revelation?

Leadership is fun and joy. And it is my job to make it so. Even if situations are bad, times are tough, and I feel personally miserable.

After all, that is what a leader does: A leader leads.

As a leader, I'll lead with my fun and joy celestial connection.

I want to bring fun and joy to the world.

Live in the United Leadership Land of Fun and Joy.

How to do it?

Start by feeling the fun vibration. Once you do, it starts to radiate. Soon,

naturally and easily, it begins to shine on everyone and everything.

Fun and joy: Not a bad start.

August 15, 2021

Is “Alhambra” my Promised Land, which, like Moses, I will always think about, aim for, but never reach? Will “Alhambra” always remain a private hidden treasure, a secret I am never able to reveal in public? Is that is why I freeze up whenever I play it in public?

Is the purpose of “Alhambra,” along with classic guitar and classical music in general to remind me that the Magnificence exists as my light and inspiration, but that its Beauty is diminished and even expelled whenever I reveal it in public? That, like my desire to reach the Promised Land, it flourishes only in my private garden?

Maybe that’s the deal I have to make with HaShem: To keep Big Al, along with classical guitar, and even love of classical music as my secret love, actually our secret love. In return, He gives me access to my public personality with its ease and comfort with people, expressed with natural flow in folk dance, folk singing, and writing, and their easy public expressions in folk dance teaching, folk song performances, book publishing (but not book selling), an even in organizing and leading tours – all organizing and organizational social director skills.

In exchange for accepting this division, HaShem will give me the double joys of Excitement and Enthusiasm, to be easily expressed through these social mediums.

Is that the deal?

The desire to play “Alhambra” in public, along with playing classical guitar, and even trading stocks, is all about ego: proving myself, showing my wife and others that, by performing on classical guitar, or making money as a trader, I am good. So far, after forty-five years of trying, I’ve failed at both. And I know it. I just haven’t understood why or accepted it.

But for the social director skills of folk dancing, running tours, or folk singing,

there is little to no ego. With the funny touch of humor (perhaps self-disdain), I have for them, they remain fun, funny, natural and easy for my soul.

My ego struggles and dies on the cross of classical music (and of course, trading). But my soul flourishes with the people directed folk stuff.

After almost two years of Covid retreat, and after forty-five years of wrestling with ego, my soul wins.

Can I accept my new service union?

With my newly tested post-Covid knowledge, is there even a choice anymore?

Indeed, it feels weird, "comfortably" uncomfortable, strange, and different. But isn't that what developing and growing new brain cells feels like?

Wednesday, August 18, 2021

Funny how performing as a concept, and worry have suddenly dropped out of sight, Trading, too. Neither an issue or even a desire.

These great driving ego forces have almost been forgotten. Somehow CG and T (classical guitar and trading) do not matter anymore, at least in the old way (whatever that means), these ego trips are over.

What, if anything, can, should, or will replace them?

If anything, my new post-Covid "direction" is public service, for others, what comes easily and naturally. Which means folk dancing, folk singing, and writing (bits for performing or reading.) All these feel and are, for me, "easy" and flow naturally.

Voice.

Now all is for public service, soul not ego.

But if it's only for public service, for others, should I bother? Without ego to drive me, and only for soul, why make the effort?

One reason is that I have nothing else to do.

Sunday, August 22, 2021

Meeting Mr, AdrenalinThe New Motivating and Motivation King

Mr. Adrenalin enters as a shot, a rush, a charger.

He brushes away money as a goal of effort and replaces it with a rush of motivation. He quickly takes over and becomes king of the new realm.

Now that Mr. Adrenalin has taken over, I have a new, permanent, internal, physical, positive motivator running my ship. (This means that money worry is over, along with fear, performance anxiety, and all the other negative clan members.)

What about the “why bother?” clan? They are the greatest of all pains, and cloud my days with diminishment and negativity. But with the advent of Mr. Adrenalin, they have been pushed into a corner. And I’d like to dump them out the back door.

Can I disappear them? How wonderful that would be!

Zoom Possibilities

What is the relationship between Wahoo and Zoom? Both are mighty vibrations and move quickly.

Anything else?

Here’s a new idea: As I play this morning guitar, I see folks watching me play, watching me perform my slow, slow, slow morning Bach Gavotte with its focused, touch, feel, pluck, play, listen (TFPPL) method of energy rise.

Note: They are watching. And it is fine!

Meaning: I do have something to offer: my meditative powers. As I let my audience in, they happily watch my guitar meditations and explorations.

And isn’t that what classical guitar playing is all about?

Indeed, guitar playing, singing, dancing are all forms of meditation, and exploration, too.

Thus, I am offering a Meditation/Exploration concert.

Idea: Zoom Meditation/Exploration Concert (MEC)

Or drop “concert” and find another word.

Would such a Real ME concert (RMEC) work for flamenco?

Would it work for folk singing?

Would it work for folk dancing?

What Do I Want Manifesto

I began this long Covid vacation by realizing I want to use this time off to find out what I really want.

Well, now I know. I what I want is to return to the world with a totally new attitude and approach to everything I think and do. I want a total rebirth and refreshment.

Maybe the MEC approach is a concrete, physical answer. It’s something I not only can do, but actually do! In fact, it’s the way I live life every day. I’m just taking the next step and making it all public.

I used to be ashamed and afraid to make my life style public. But no more. In fact, I’m actually becoming proud of it!

And with the help and guidance of Mr. Adrenalin, it may well become a pleasure!

This fast, rapid (zoom) re-entry feels comfortable, easy, natural, and my way. It’s comfortable and easy because it is my way! I’m offering myself on a platter for all to see, hear, smell, taste, and use what they can (and discard the rest).

Zoom may be the new technology to do it.

Am I onto something here? Is this my grand break through?

Today is feels like it

Monday, August 23, 2021

Optimism on Becoming a “Was

As I read about the next generation of folk dance teachers, I have a strange

sensation that I'm slipping out of history, fading into the past and becoming a "was."

The feeling is beyond bad or good but rather strangely distant. Peaceful, philosophical, protective, and very different, it is highlighted by my indifference to folk dancing on Zoom.

I'm on the way to a different place.

Perhaps I'm there already.

Of course, the river never stops flowing.

My "was" will turn into a "will be."

But what will I be?

Fading out, does bring perspective. Paradox rules my world. A new significance may rise from my insignificance. By mattering less, things and events soon may matter more.

Ego fades into oblivion.

The old self burns slowly, then falls apart.

New powers of focus, concentration, and perspective are rising from its ashes.

Does the above feeling and knowledge help my summary?

Yes.

Then let it.

Open the doors to excitement as I enter my new life.

Tuesday, August 24, 2021

It's all old stuff out the window, starting totally fresh as I enter the world.

And the world is now folk singing on the side, meditative, guitar.

And folk dancing entry:

Time to use all my Covid new attitude development skills.

Okay, and this came out:

Bring Healing and Joy to Others

Bring healing and joy to others.

Well, I finally found a purpose I like, believe in, and can pursue. I even have all the tools to do it.

Harry Berlow was my first Flamenco guitar teacher. Rolando Valdes Blaine was my first classical guitar teacher. Like so many I know and studied with, they died years ago. Can one dedicate pieces to the dead? Why not? After all, like the terms “classical guitar” and “folk guitar,” the words “living” and “dead” are, on the deepest level, really phony divisions.)

Note on Guitar Healing and Joy Techniques

1. Playing near the bridge: Cuts into the wound, opens it, and cleans it out.
2. Playing over the sound hole: Clots, closes, seals, and heals the wound.
3. Playing over the rosette: Moderates and “normalizes.” (Artist note: Not much drama in normal. What to think or do, if anything?)

Folk Dancing:

Same dedication as guitar. First dedicate each dance to someone. Then send them joy (joyful) healing vibrations by dancing it (either in private or public.)

Bring healing and joy to the folk dance world. This is tikkun olam at its best. And I have the tools, technique, and skills to do it. You can't beat folk dancing! Only thing lacking was direction and purpose. But now I have found the purpose. It's the ultimate going public. Go for it.

First Re-Entry ApplicationTalking to my Knees!

Talk to my knees. Give them commands. Show them who's boss. Wag my finger and tell them: “I am the placebo. I'm the boss, the leader. I'm too busy to bother with you. Get back into your corner! Shut up and leave me alone!”

Now try this with guitar.

Second RE-Entry ApplicationTalking to my Fingers

Talk to my fingers. Give them commands. Show them who's boss. Tell them:
"Your resistance days are over. I'm the boss, the leader! Shut up and move!"

(Important note: My right knee suddenly stopped hurting!)

Tremolo Reconnect

There's a strange connection between my right shoulder being tense, controlled, muscular, powerful, and my index finger.

And my right knee? Note this morning's displacement.

Is this the tremolo disconnect re-connecting? Seems so.

My tremolo was no problem when I took my first classical guitar lessons with wonderful, loose-and-easy Rolando Valdes Blaine. My disconnect started when I switched to strict-and-concise Alexander Bellow. He told me my tremolo was uneven and to practice it slowly with a deeply relaxed right wrist in order to master it. This was the Segovia method, which he proudly taught. Since then, my tremolo has been my biggest problem.

Now, today, I've rediscovered the tension in my right shoulder, and its link to my right wrist and index finger. The tension signifies controlling and control, muscle and muscular, power and powerful.

Do not fear of deny it. Rather dive into it!

And it only took fifty years!

Moving from left shoulder displacement (distraction) to right shoulder replacement (retrenchment—right shoulder retains contains anger, self-righteous rage, aggression, and punching power).

Couldn't be that simple.

But maybe it is.

The fifty year guitar nightmare vanished.
It cut me off at the fingers and at the knees.
Destroyed my power as boss and leader.
Back to Blaine and his flying “Malats Serenade.”
I’ve cured the Bellows disease.

Bellows gave me every excuse for self-diminishment. Which I gladly took.
Which I gladly needed. Did I really need it to diminish myself, put me down?
Evidently, putting myself down gave me some kind of perverse pleasure. Perhaps I
needed my heart to be attacked, and this, along with total artery cleansing, opened a
new passage by destroyed my old emotions, then pushed me to the exit, and forced me
to move out.

And that’s where I am today.
It’s been an unbelievable adventure.

Thursday, August 26, 2021

Is worrying about my heart a new cardio form of put down and return to the old
neighborhood? After all, after my operation, Dr. Stone said I was fixed.

So, at this point, I say yes.

Time to move beyond cardio, beyond the new form of put-down and self-
diminishment. Stop farting around. After all, all my new attitude lessons have been
learned. It is application time.

Also check out my knee, and periodic worries about body aches and pains. Are
these, like cardio worries, also forms of put-down and self-diminishment? I’d say yes.

Time to drop them all. And replace them with “Leader of Bring Healing and Joy
to Others” movement. (What a challenge!)

Guitar

The Alhambra Syndrome is also a put-down, self-diminishment. Drop it. Focus instead on the bass, and everything else (tremolo) will take care of itself.

Joy and Sadness

There is also joy in the “sadness.”

How so?

Sadness melt the ego, breaks it down. And thus opens the door to the Magnificence.

Friday, August 27, 2021

One reason I tell myself (explain and rationalize) why I don't take credit for the folk dances I choreograph is because I'm afraid folks will not like the dances and criticize me for them. Thus fear of criticism has been my personal “explanation” for not taking credit.

But maybe there is a higher reason for not taking credit. Maybe they are better danced and taught “without ego.”

And when not hindered by ego and all its self-protecting concerns, my grander life purpose of “healing and bringing joy to others,” namely, love, can more easily enter the folk dances and their teaching.

I started today with deep discouragement.

Why?

No projects.

Evidently, re-entry and application is on its way. Also, pat of re-entry is having new projects to follow and fulfill. And, as these discouraging thoughts came to mind. Suddenly, as often happens (since depression precedes creation) new ideas popped into my head.

Saturday, August 28, 2021

Allow

The new word of the day is "allow."

Allow the infinite to enter.

Start with the Allow-hambra,

The whole right arm (yad hazak), opens, relaxed, and allowing the Power to enter through the right wrist.

Right shoulder is the flow shoulder. Power flows through the relaxed right wrist and fingers.

So far the left shoulder is the resistance shoulder. That's why it hurts. I'm cutting through the resistance with Magnificent Infinite Self (MIS) All-Is-One knife.

Sunday, August 29, 2021

Allowing the All in Allow In

The infinite present includes the audience, me, everything else animate and inanimate. It includes All. No divisions.

The audience is always present. It is around me in vibrational reality even when I am alone.

Thus, I am wasting my time practicing to improve so that I'll be closer to perfection when I finally "perform" before my audience.

On Forgetting in Public

When I teach folk dancing, or perform in general, what happens when I forget the dance or other material in public?

What should I do?

Make something else up on the spot.

Improvise in the present.

Drift and wander off into another speech. Play some jazz and new chords. Whatever.

Forgetting in public, then improvising your way out, is a great teaching, favor, and encouragement to the audience. It shows that no forms are fixed. Handling your memory lapse by improvising on the spot demonstrates the grand truth that creativity, spontaneity, and improvisation rule the present.

Monday, August 30, 2021

Leadership and the Leyenda Bar Wow! State

Bach's body is dead, decomposed, and gone. But I see the real him, his spirit as part of the Infinite, and allow my self, my real Self to connect with his spirit, the Spirit.

Do I even need this mental image and bridge?

I'm there. Will I slip back? A sudden fear.

If I slip and forget, and I probably will, best is to re-engage, retreat and re-engage.

Tuesday, August 31, 2021

Return to Community

The Practice of Self-Love

Self-love is the key to community.

It is not selfish. Rather, it is the All-Is-One meditation practice, universal love (often hidden and disguised).

Self-love is the key and foundation. With its wisdom and practice, everything else falls into place.

Guitar Meditation Concert

Visualize a concert where no one claps. No applause. The audience just sits quietly in meditation. We are one in the silence.

Dual Aspects of Applause

Applause separates audience and performer, reminding them of their division.

Applause unites audience and performer in joy and appreciation.

My Talents

What is my primary God-give talent, the one I was born with?

Not artistic talents, although I do have them.

Maybe the biggest one is my easy, natural, no-problem, social-director talent/ability to communicate and motivate.

And the arts and art forms I have developed are means of expressing this, means of communicating and motivating others.

If it is true, and I think it is, what, if anything does this mean for my upcoming return, and my future?

Thus, when I pick up my guitar, I am automatically playing for everyone, whether they are physically present or not. The whole world, actually, the universe, past, present, and future, is my automatic audience.

I am no longer practicing to become better for a future performance. To try to do so would be a total illusion. Everything exists in the here-and-now. That's why I don't have to give a concert. I'm giving one already! And always am. In this world of Awareness, even as I sit playing in my kitchen, I'm playing, "performing" for them.

Yes, I'm playing Gavotte for them right now! Slow and gorgeous and perfect. I'm opening my soul for and to them. This because their soul is my soul, and my soul is their soul. We're all connected, This is The True Concert.

Thursday, September 2, 2021

Maybe folk dance is my calling, my rabbinate, my ministry.

Then what about the guitar, writing, and folk dance tripod?

We are One. So the tripod doesn't really matter. All three forms of expression

are Good.

How to practice "All Are Good" daily?

If it's "all good," what is there to work towards, to attain?

Answer: Nothing.

The meditation is to remember and stay in the All-Connecting Universal Emptiness (which is really Fullness in disguise.)

Thus velocity guitar playing really doesn't matter, since I'm giving a concert throughout the universe all the time, anyway. Speed to impress others is besides the point; it really doesn't matter. Mistakes, or harsh notes, fast or slow, my audience is ever-present; they are seeing, hearing, listening, observing it all, anyway.

Friday, September 3, 2021

I don't need "improvement" since I am now improved.

Perhaps my new definition of "improvement" means. not to get better for the future, but to play in the here-and-now. Today's music is the only music! To be in the present is king.

The mind may want to improve, but the soul wants only to ex-press, to be, and to play.

So, for a start, my question is: How to play with guitar, language, dance, and exercise?

What might prevent me from "playing?" Only the self-limiting thoughts and belief about myself. (This from Anita Moorjani's great book Dying To Be Me.)

All Day Flame

I'm stepping out of the fire. Again.

Can I really stay in the flame all day, remember the burning of success passion, feel it all day?

Well, why not?

It is a choice.

In the past, I've chosen to come down, to dwell in the lows of the old neighborhood. To not celebrate successes.

I could just as well choose to stay up for the rest of my short life. Why not enjoy the rest of the trip?

Staying-up power is located in my right brain, once unclogged.

I just crushed the Leyenda Bar Demon.

Stay up!

Monday, September 6, 2021

New Con-cert

Start with guitar.

Share with family. From there, move to everyone. "This is what I, Jim Gold, can and will share with everyone. This is how I do it. Only me. It's based on how I do it and what I know. Nothing else. I share my wisdom indirectly and directly.

Folk Dance and Exercise

I'd like to somehow combine folk dance and exercise into one art form.

First step is to see, envision them that way.

I can relate all my exercise moves to folk dancing. Then perhaps incorporate them in new type of folk dance choreography. Of course, folk aerobics are part of this, but they are really improvised warm-ups rather than an actual fixed folk dance choreographies.

Giving Up My Ego and Winning the Alhambra

Could it really be, have been, that easy?

It was all about a grand fifty-year fight between my ego and Andres Segovia. The battleground was the Alhambra.

My way was the treble. His way was the bass.

I fought for treble domination for forty-five years. And lost. Truth is, and always was, the Alhambra melody was in the bass. Segovia was right. I finally gave in, gave up, lost my battle.

But I won the Alhambra!

Have I really given up my ego?

Well, at least I have in the Alhambra.

But having done it here, will the fruits of this loss, or rather, victory, flow and be found in other things I do?

I hope so.

And if it does, how will it manifest?

We'll see.

Transformation

First, I'll kneel at Segovia's feet, bow down before him, and worship him,

I'll imitate the way he plays and everything he does.

Then I'll absorb him; he'll become a part of me.

We'll merge.

In a new freshly emerged self-image.

Segovia and I become one.

And a new Jim Gold guitar self is born.

Thursday, September 9, 2021

Going Slow Has Special Benefits

When I drop negative judgements, should I replace them with positive judgements?

Well, why not?

Certainly, they are more beneficial.

For example, what good can come out of left knee pains?

They slow me down. Going slow has special benefits.

Also the startling jolt of break-down annoyance (gut-stopping jolt of pain) gives me a chance to focus on relaxation and Magnificence with each step.

Making Friends with Mr. Stupid

Of course, it takes great courage and strength for me to go slow, because when I do, I'm always fighting my childhood enemy, Mr. Stupid. As I recall, he was best friends with my mother, and, as allies, they worked to keep me on my toes, fast, and constantly on the lookout to avoid their barbed arrows of easy criticism.

Yes, Mr. Stupid was my enemy, and still is.

But I'm learning to deal with him, even befriend him a bit.

Maybe, subtly, he even has a message I've tried to avoid all my life.

Could it be the awe and wonder found deeply in the etymological Latin roots of "stupid," namely, stupendous, awe-inspired, grand Wow!, amazement, and more. But you must go slow, be patient, to find it.

Am I ready to accept Mr. Stupid as a friend?

Maybe

And what, if anything, does he have to say about Mr. Left Knee, and Mrs Left Shoulder?

Befriending Mr. Stupid has nothing to do with doing or performing.

But it has everything to do with being and stepping into the cosmic Magnificence of self with wonder, awe, and majesty.

What about concerts and performance? Where does Mr. Stupid fit into these?
Answer: He doesn't. It's not a show, a performance to please others. However, if others want to watch or participate, that's fine. Since it's not about doing, but being, so

be it. Others are invited but obviously, although by its very awesome cosmic nature, it includes them, it's not a show or performance for them.

The Greatest Rule

The greatest rule for guitar playing – and life – is there are no hard and fast rules. Start by playing guitar with “no rules in mind.” See what happens.

Great wounds either kill you or transform you.

Friday, September 10, 2021

Watch Them Pass

What's the difference between a thought and a feeling?
Is the pain in my knee a thought, feeling, or both?
If both, which one comes first?
You're either in touch with your Magnificence, or you're distracted, and not.
Knee pain is a typical distraction.
So is the “inferior guitar player” thought.
What to do, if anything, about these distractions?
Probably best is allow them, accept them, do not judge them, and watch them pass.

Wednesday, September 15, 2021

Back

I put some of my old VCR videos on thumb drives so AI could view them in my computer.

Luckily, one of the videos was a children's performance of my World of Guitar

school program given in Pine Lakes School in Wayne on 1986.

I watched my old self perform.

I was great!

Easy, fluid, personality style, Most amazing, my guitar playing was great! Clear, fast, competent, no mistakes or flubs, lively and dynamic.

Hard to believe how good I was.

I can say it now. I'm over forty years away from that performance. Lots of distance from that show and period. I was really looking at another person. And to my happy amazement and pleasure, the old "I" seemed to play better than the new "I" of today. And this after over forty years of practicing to improve!

What happened? Why did I bother practicing all these years? Why did I have such an inferiority complex? Why did I give up my performing career in order to "improve?" Evidently, I was great to begin with. Only I didn't think, feel, or realize it.

Although others knew, recognized my skill and talents, and hired me to perform, and I ended up making a good living performing, I certainly didn't see it myself.

I had a huge inferiority complex to deal with and conquer, and no doubt, that's why I ended up taking over forty years off to so-called self-improve. During this long process, I can't say I've improved at all. But I have, through leadership in folk dance and tours, discovered self-confidence. (But note: all this guitar practice didn't give it to me.)

Thursday, September 16, 2021

The Meaning of Tours

All my sales, everything I do, focuses on tours. They play a central, the central role in my sales life.

What is the meaning of this importance?

Why are tours suddenly so central? How important are they to me, to my psyche, to my life? Evidently, more important than I realized.

The excitement and dynamism of tours, of sales, of book sales, booking sales, weekend sales, folk dance class sales, boutique sales, are the common thread.

Can I put this into my language study, my computer study, even my editing? In other words, can I make my studies part of sales?

But mustn't you study something before you can (dare to) sell it? Mustn't you be a master before you can present things to others?

Can I possibly "sell" Hungarian words to my customers? Or for that matter, unfinished (or rather unedited) pages? Or even recording and CD producing computer programs that I am in the process of learning?

Can I sell my learning process to my customers?

What question am I really asking here?

Perhaps I am selling excitement and dynamism, a lifestyle of excitement and dynamism.

Bring on the Gospel!

The reason I often avoid dealing with others in the outside world is I'm afraid they may squash my enthusiasm.

Well, those days are over. Indeed, they may try to squash it, but I have the confidence and strength to know that they will totally fail! Nothing will squash my enthusiasm ever again! I will not let it. Enthusiasm is my best quality. It is the center and essence of my gospel.

Sales, for me, is enthusiasm focused on others. It used to require their assistance and agreement. (How could I be enthusiastic, or remain enthusiastic, if they weren't?) But this kind of contingency is now over. My enthusiasm remains, independent of the reactions of others. Sure, I love it when they respond with similar enthusiasm. But if they walk away from me unaffected by my efforts, my enthusiasm remains.

Over and Over

In whatever else one does, playing, practicing, doing, performing something over and over and over and over and over and over and over again creates a qualitatively different feel. In so doing, it opens new doors, reveals new realities, and thus changes forever the way you do or see things.

Lost in Cyberspace

I feel very uncertain and unsteady this morning. I have lost my center.

I walk on a shifting ocean; waves toss me about. The objective world is splintered and frail.

Part of this is computer frailty. My Address Book has collapsed. But part of it is something else, an ending of old Florida directions.

Secrets and mysteries are just one of my burdens. I have to learn to live with them. . .and have fun, too. Quite a challenge.

But why should I think of giving up or giving out my secrets? Why now? Probably because I'm feeling so vulnerable, so suddenly out of touch and weakened. Thus will I offer all the powers of my mind to almost anyone. Let me kneel at your feet and divulge all; let me give up all my independence of thought and action. I want to become a helpless child again, teetering on the brink.

But as I find myself, as strength and self-confidence return, I will again become the captain of my mind: Free choice will once again rule me.

Why do I feel so awful? Could it be the trauma of success, in computer form? My desire to give up everything and fall into a hole, to go backwards, to kneel at the foot of a powerful idol— What else could it be?

Yes, though my doubts remain, my life has much stabilized. I am having many successes: "Alhambra" Florida Folk Dance Camp, CD creating/computer success. Now, post-success, I have "nothing." Nothing to aim at, to live for. Depressed, dumped out. No wonder I want to give everything up including the control of my mind.

What can cure me of this state? Only awareness that I have it, that I suffer from it.

Yes!

“Leyenda” C bar and three-fingered arpeggio: the relaxation problem is in the left hand (not the right). I can play with raised thumb, too.

This means I’m moving beyond maintenance. I can improve; I can actually become sensational! Wow. And this physical improvement can occur “even at my age.” This means such physical breakthroughs, can occur in running, yoga, fifties, calliyoga, folk dancing, all.

If the mind can conceive it, the body can (eventually) do it. But the mind must first believe and envision it.

Why shouldn’t this ability to improve and become sensational be true in other fields as well?

I’m sure it is. But each field takes mucho time, energy, focus, and years of training. Obviously, one does not have the time to do them all. But, I could (would and will) focus. . . on the few fields I know and love.

Risks. . . of Injury

A Strange Form of Motivation

By trying to warm up faster on the guitar or running, yoga, and calli, I am taking on the risk of injury. But it is the risk itself, the fear and excitement created by standing at the edge, that may drive me on.

What about the relationship between risk and the aches and pains created (I create) in my body?

The Trauma of Truth

Euphoria leads to the trauma of truth!

The trauma in “Alhambra” and “Leyenda” is knowing and absorbing the musical truth that tremolo and arpeggio melodies are in the bass.

Intellectually, I realized this a few months ago. But knowing it emotionally and in its total psychological profundity takes more time.

Breaking down the doors, crashing through the barriers, often occur in a lighting flash of momentary insight. Learning to live in that insight takes years.

So ends a New Leaf