

Creating the Eternal Fun Life

Monday, September 27, 2021

Brain Re-wired?

Yes!

I wonder if, during the past year or so – the corona year and a half – my brain has slowly been rewired.

I hope so.

If it has been, it would be hard, hopefully impossible, for me to go back to the way I thought and was. It would give me more confidence that all the great changes I have made can stick.

But since I will never know if my brain has been rewired or not, and I need this knowledge and confirmation for self-confidence, why not simply claim it?

I am different, new, redone, fresh, whole. Yes.

I'm cooked and done. That's just the way it is.

Now I'll move into my new world with wholehearted power, confidence, fun, boldness, joy, and a string of wahoos.

I don't have to push or try. No obligations. I just have to hang around, be myself, watch it all happen effortlessly, by itself, or rather, by my ever-connected All-Is-One real self.

Achieving My Guitar Goal

Note the Sept. 26 entry. With the advent of speed, and successful Alhambra, Leyenda, and other arpeggio and fast pieces my desire to give a concert vanished.

Maybe David's "bravo" was the only bravo I needed. An inner and outer bravo resounding through the All-Is-One universe

Maybe I have finally achieved my goal. There is nothing left in guitar playing that I want to do. And this includes giving a concert.

Now I only play for my own enjoyment, and of course, since All-Is-One, with my enjoyment comes the enjoyment of everyone else.

No Goals

Live and Luxuriate in the Infinite Present

Maybe this year I'll have no goals and just live and luxuriate in the infinite present. And see what happens.

Tuesday, September 28, 2021

Sacred Warm-Ups and Guitar Meditation

Sacred warm-ups unite one immediately with the universe.

Start with my morning guitar playing with sacred warm-ups.

How? When warming-up, mentally put my mind in immediate touch with the All. Play for and with the universe.

Half hour later:

Mr. Fear has returned, entering my fingers for his brief moment. As usual, he is trying to protect my performance on the earthly plane. But I'm aiming for the guitar meditation plane, the astral Alhambra plane where all are united.

Wednesday, September 29, 2021

New Approach to Publishing

A possible new approach to publishing. Give my books away. Free! My books are my new "advertising" expense.

A gift and hope.

Hope equals positive expectations. For me, others, the world since All is One.

Will this approach motivate me to publish?

I hope so. We'll see.

(I could start with Carlos the Cloud)

Thursday, September 30, 2021

Writing

Fun in Writing

New Goals and Commitment

Creating the Eternal Fun and Good Humor Life

I stepped into Barry's writing class feeling quite out of touch. But it didn't end that way.

I felt re-energized after he read my stuff. I loved what I had written in my NLJ. And I rethought my commitment to writing.

What did I come up with?

First, two goals emerged for this year:

1. Publish another New Leaf. Call it Dr. New Leaf Strikes Again. (Thank you, Zane.)
2. Write, edit, create, and possibly (if ready) publish another book of fiction. (A la Carlos the Cloud.)
3. To accomplish the above, make a new one-morning hour-a-day commitment to writing!

To do this, I may have to (will have to) replace stock trading with writing. Of course, I've known for years that trading stocks has been my major distraction from writing. At this point then, I might ask myself again, Why did I need such a distraction? And do I still need it?

The answer to the latter is "No." I have reached the end of distraction. It's a new life, a new time, a new me, and yes, it's time to dive into the new writing, now defined as Fun in/of Writing!

What makes me think I can give up trading, and replace it with writing? On the one hand, giving up trading stocks is quite sad. I'm losing my great "fun." Of course, I know it's only fun when I win, and most the time (really, if I look at my long term record, it's all of the time), I lose money. And losing is no fun. But when I win, I forget

the pain of losing which is replaced with the adrenalin high of winning.

Still all this “explanation” is now besides the point. I am in a new place. I am trying, and ready, to create the new eternal fun life plan. And writing has to be, is, a part of it.

During the post-stent period, I’ve found that fun in classical guitar playing. A major victory. I want to continue this attitude streak with fun in writing, then add fun in Hebrew, fun in folk dancing (I already have this), fun in yoga, exercise, and more.

Friday, October 1, 2021

On Leadership

Index is the leader, but as leader, it often lets thumb dominate, and even other fingers. Thus in “Alhambra,” index purposely slips into the background.

The joy of guitar:

Best ever “Alhambra,” and Sor Etude No. 12.

Get used to it.

Saturday, October 2, 2021

Age is Besides the Point

Aside from physical and social changes, age is besides the point.

Best Guitar Ever Moment

After my sacred warm-ups, I played “Alhambra” for the first time. Although not yet totally warmed up, I had an outstanding bass. Best ever.

Can I live in the best ever?

Take it moment by moment.

I’ve just had the best ever “Alhambra” moment. It can never be repeated again! That is the paradoxical, transient yet eternal nature of a moment.

Revel in its passing glory!

Let the Thumb Do its Job

I've settled the "index finger as leader" question and its leadership decision to stay in the background and allow the A1 thumb (bass) to stand out.

Now, with that decision made, let the thumb do its job.

Guitar Joy

First experience of guitar joy.

Now, the first inkling, shade, hint of "sharing."

With a fiery Sor Etude No. 12, and flowing Alhambra, do I actually want to share my guitar joy with others?

Scary, but Glorious

No Going Back

I'm on the cusp of waking up after so many years of practice in the trenches.

Like a snake, I'm slipping out of my old skin.

Scary, but glorious.

I'm realizing every guitar dream

Out of my cocoon, fluttering,

No going back from waking

No passage out of this molten state.

It's hot, strange, solid, and dreamy.

Accept it, and move on.

My body is broken and dripping,

But that's how a butterfly feels before flight

Sunday, October 3, 2021

A Radical Thought

If All-Is-One is true – and it is – then earthly life and so-called astral “life” merge, come together, are the “same.” Thus, long-term, there is no such thing as life or death. These terms are really human definitions, distinctions, we separate things, break them into smaller pieces to better understand them. But in reality, on the broadest, highest spiritual plane, all things are connected.

So life and death are earthly, material distinctions, and on the Highest, not real. We see them as separate; separation makes us suffer. To see all as connected brings peace of mind. And with the mind at peace, healing of the body, peace of body, follow.

Thus every moment, although unique, is connected to the Whole. By its very nature, it merges, joins, rolls into the Infinite. Our terrestrial job to awaken, is to see know it.

Linger, Dwell, and Luxuriate

Guitar: Allowing my a finger (ring finger) to linger, dwell, and luxuriate in slow sensuality on the high E of Bach’s “Gavotte en Rondeau.”

Also the Musette echo effect, first near the bridge, then over the sound hole, of his “Gavotte in D.”

Monday, October 4, 2021

Tikkun Olam on Steroids

Tikkun olam means healing, And thereby improving the world.

Since healing means creating fun, and self-improvement means creating fun in a public vibrational performance, then quietly, hidden, and secretly, even when by playing my guitar alone in my living room, I am always improving the world.

Its tikkun olam on steroids.

Tuesday, October 5, 2021

It's okay to be lazy; it's okay to be angry.

This "okay" frees me from the dichotomy (good or bad) of judgement.

And it frees me to choose how to act in the world.

And by accepting as okay my anger or laziness, it makes it easier to choose to be diplomatic and understanding.

Thursday, October 7, 2021

Now What?

I woke up feeling sick to my stomach and angry.

Why?

Well, I'm back – and empty.

I know I need to create new goals.

But why?

My "little goals," short-term, are merely self-motivations. They put me on the road to the here-and-now. On this creation trail, my goal is self-satisfaction. And when I achieve it, its performance will satisfy the world. Thus, self satisfaction equals Self-satisfaction, since All is One.

Folk Dance Class Vaccination Solution

Trust and love go together.

My folk dance flier says many things. One of them is: "Masks and vaccination required."

What do I say when someone asks: "Is everyone here vaccinated?"

My answer: "Yes, everyone is vaccinated."

"How do you know?" they may ask. "Did you see their vaccination cards?"

My answer: "They told me they are vaccinated. And I trust them."

When trust and love go together, joy is easily created.

And joy is what our folk dance class is all about.

Friday, October 8, 2021

Luxuriating in Regret

(Melody is in the Bass)

I want to live, dwell, and luxuriate in regret.

I spent over forty years denying the bass. and focusing on the treble in the "Alhambra." Thus I could never play it.

This inability "allowed me" to start the tour business.

Should I luxuriate in my regret?

Well, why not? Sure, enjoy it.

But truth is, without the thumb, bass, diversion I never could have or would have built up my tour business. So the result is I have a guitar regret side by side with a tour business victory. Plus I made enough money in the tour business so that I can withdraw and focus on guitar and "Alhambra," and of course, in the process, and the new freedom I now have, discovering the "Alhambra" source in the bass.

So why not luxuriate in the regret of forty years spent in the "Alhambra" Tremolo desert? I built up a tour business. Maybe that was the purpose of my exile.

Saturday, October 9, 2021

Healing the World by Playing Guitar

When I play guitar, how do I know if my notes are healing the world?

Thinking it makes it true.

On is own vibrational level.

Think they heal, and they heal.

Think healing notes, and you will play healing notes.

Send those notes into the world,

And that is where they will go.

The world will be a better, more loving place

And so will you.

Sunday, October 10, 2021

It's All About Curing Others

Misionera or Sor Etude Number 12

Moving a mile a minute

Fast of slow

Dynamic or drippy

Fingers flying or fingers dying

It's all about curing others

(And myself, in the process)

Monday, October 11, 2021

Folk dancing nails you to the present in a high-energy, high intensity setting.

While playing the metallic Musette portion of the Bach Gavotte this morning, I found pleasure and glory in the a finger (ring finger)! Remember it.

Perspective

It's a perspective thing.

There are many planes of existence.

On this plane of physical existence, better, worse, and self-improvement exist, are an important factor. Thus, while passing through, healing the world (tikkun olam) is a purpose, task, and good practice.

Time does not move in a linear fashion.

Future and past are human constructs.

There is no future reincarnation or future heaven.

Rather these states, or places, are here right now.

Time reaches out forever across the present.

So "have a nice day."

Now.

Learning Vibrations

Learning vibrations are pleasant and fun.

When I learn a Hebrew word or anything else, since everything is connected, the whole world "learns" it along with me.

This is the universal beauty of study.

Study and learning are filled with pleasant, expansive, fun, positive molecules.

When I study, I unconsciously (consciously, too) spread these molecules of joy deep into the maw of the vibrating universe.

A worthy practice.

What is my Purpose

What is my purpose?

Spreading joy in this hurting and damaged world.

How to do it?

First heal myself.

Once I've succeeded, spread the news through my art and organizational forms.

Joy includes the tears of catharsis, peals of laughter, roaring belches, and an occasional fart.

The Purpose of Depression

Depression means the loss of connection to others. Pressed down, de-pressed, lost, lonely, sinking into a pit of despair, purposelessness, and meaninglessness.

The purpose of depression is to reconnect you.

Depression ends when the knowledge that we are All connected is remembered.
Then it is replaced by curiosity.

Mercy is reconnecting.

That's why the French say "Merci."

Friday, October 15, 2021

A New Look at Singing

How about facing the shocking truth that singing is so much fun! (Is that why, like reading novels, I've avoided it for so long? Both are so easy, and so much fun.)

Does this also include talking to an audience? My bits and comedy are so much fun! Especially my stories, quirky humor, etc.

Maybe I am really not afraid of the audience, its criticism, etc. Maybe I've been afraid of the fun! The fearless abandon of diving in and having a great time!

Maybe I've been hiding behind classical guitar inadequacies and my invented problems.

Maybe its time to come out of hiding, take off the mask.

Saturday, October 16, 2021

What is the next stage for Alhambra and guitar, if any?

What role will the guitar now play?

Is this really the end?

How sad, if yes.

I want guitar to play a role. I've put in all this time, so many years of effort. But so what? Who cares? Do I even care? Look what happened to my years of violin practice. All gone, over, down the drain, finished. Evidently, the violin had served its purpose.

Is this now true of guitar? Has my playing run its course, served its purpose? With the conquest of the Alhambra, where do I go from here?

My Stock Market Trading Self

Stock market trading is much more important and meaningful to me than I want to think. Money, security, success and failure are all very emotional.

Plus note how much time I spend trading. I am obviously attracted to it. I must like it, love it, if I willingly spend so much time at it.

This morning I suddenly felt chilled, feverish, and sick. This is rare. So I asked myself, "Why now?" Immediately yesterday's stock market trading success came to mind. Yesterday was my best trading day in months! (Maybe years?) Seemed everything I touched turned to gold. I was secretly thrilled, surprised, stunned, amazed, and gloriously happy. But of course I suppressed these feelings. And consequently, the happy thoughts turned on me in reverse direction, and instead of helping me celebrate, gave me chills, fever, and made me sick.

I don't want to be sick. And there is no reason to be sick – unless I suppress my real feelings. Which are total Wahoo!

So today, I must reassess my stock market trading.

It's about crude money.

How I love it!

And how I love succeeding at it! Like yesterday.

I love the stock market. I love and am fascinated by trading stocks.

What is the result of this grand acceptance and personal revelation?

Maybe stock trading is what I have been looking for. Maybe it is the interest, love, passion, career, and new job (I have discovered and developed) that will "replace" tours.

How could I even say or think such a thing, when in the past, I was so bad at it. No skill, always losing money, Or at best, never making any. And this kept happening year after year. Even these Corona years, when I dedicated myself to trading.

And yet, I keep and kept doing it, stuck with it, never giving up. Is this a sign of love and passion, despite failure?

Maybe.

For some reason, trading is very fascinating and important to me. It is totally contrary to my background – no history of trading or even interest in my family. How did this happen? How did such an interest arise?

From playing in the park? From being mischievous, robbing mailboxes when I was a kid, having a sense of humor and adventure? Maybe all of the above.

Perhaps yesterday's success was a teaching moment. A subtle message send down by HaShem Himself to clearly reveal a new pathway for the new me.

In any case, I have the bug, passion, love, and interest. And this continues through failure or success. Admit it. Go with it, See what happens.

I wanted something new. Maybe it has been right in front of me all along. I want more stock market trading success. I can only get it by facing failure. Which I certainly have done.

Maybe this signals a new beginning with an acceptance of my trading self.

So ends a New Leaf.