

Gone Public

Friday, April 8, 2022

Both

Born in the dizzy bombshell of organic transformation.

Inner chamber of imagination has gone public.

Does “Gone Public” begin with the birth of Stretch Religion or Home Video Studio? Or both? (Spoken like a true Gemini).

I’d say both.

Saturday, April 9, 2022

On the one hand, it’s nothing new.

On the other hand, since it’s all the old stuff, but approached with a new attitude, it is everything new!

Along with my new Stretch Religion my biggest new challenge is getting it out there. Going public – with “everything.”

Basically, while I’m here on this earth, during this life, do the best I can. Make the maximum effort. (Maximum effort equals maximum happiness.)

Guitar:

Okay (OK) Videos

Milan Pavane: “Warm-up.”

How to play guitar: With each string: Touch, feel, pluck, play (TFPP). I want the audience to feel the “Touch feel.” And ultimately, I want them to feel and know the TFPP.

Thus, there is no “warm-up.” TFPP starts immediately, with the first note. Note: Dizzy. Truly diving into the going public trauma. I’m proud of myself!

Now both the Milan Pavane and Bach Gavotte in D are “out there.” The first

steps have been taken. Okay.

Birth of my new video company and business: Okay (OK) Videos: Possible other titles: All is one Videos, AIO Videos, Okay Videos. A subsidiary of JGI. My first business idea in years.

Alhambra video: A very slow, touch-feel Alhambra video. No Walls Video. I start out wide open right away. No walls, no holds barred, dive right in from the first note.

Writing Class as Therapy
and not about Writing Perfection

Barry: Send him my latest New Leaf. This would mean that writing class, writing is more about therapy than perfecting the writing skill, editing, perfecting my works, etc.

Returning

Returning with a new attitude is much harder, and takes longer than I thought. But I must admit, it is happening. The baby is slowly being squeezed out of the womb.

Sunday, April 10, 2022

Stock Trading Has Served Its Purpose

Stock trading is about financial security. It has served its purpose. I'm about as financially secure as I will ever get.

Just as I've lead enough tours, and they have served their purpose, so stock trading has served its psychological purpose. I say "psychological purpose" because financially, it mostly lost money.

Business Is Me

The pain of not doing it is worse than the pain of doing it.

There is pain in either effort.

I must do it, despite the pain.

So what's new?

"Only" that business – performing – is now part of the miracle schedule. The care of "others," and the AIO phenomenon, has entered the magic ring. Business connects all the elements in the gone public All Is One.

Business is performing, Performing equals anything connected and connecting myself to others, which is everything. This is the radical new idea is the transforming post-Covid new attitude I want and need. I'm returning to create New Land with this new attitude.

Thus is business now part of the miracle schedule. I have to do it. On the other hand, I can't help but do it since business is me, and All Is One.

Gone public and gone private are the same thing. It's all business, AIO.

Home videos are my first step into the New Land.

What are some motivating assets in this New Land? "Bad" knees?

I'm dizzy with something. It seems with business and performing being me, and joining the miracle schedule, I am directly diving into the deepest center of my trauma. Dizzy as I fall off the cliff and into the Pond, the pit of my stomach.

Guitar: Note the "can't miss" Alhambra.

If I "can't miss" on the Alhambra, it means I "can't miss" on anything else!

Thus, diving into the darkness of the business/performing deep pit trauma is a "can't miss" situation. I'll be successful everywhere! This shows the Return with a New Attitude I've been looking and waiting for.

Garbled But Good

Garbled NLJ energy pages to work out my therapy. Unedited, unexpurgated,

raw.

For Barry: Send only “perfected” stuff.

New On-Line (Folk Dance and More) Business

Is a new idea bubbling up, bursting through, and breaking my body apart?

Exclusive, private, paid, etc.

(Or am I just getting sick? Humor and the latter.)

1. Monthly newsletter
2. Dance of the Week (or Month)
3. Folk dance aerobics videos
4. Ten-Week folk dance course
 - a. Featuring my dances
 - b. For beginners: How to folk dance
 - d. General folk dance class.
 - E. Weekly general but private Zoom class???
5. Discounts (Jim Gold Card) for members on all JGI stuff, tours, classes, books, etc.

Monday, April 11, 2022

Cape Cod Life

What is the model attitude for retirement?

The Cape Cod Life.

What is it?

Yoga, running, swimming: My body singing! Add guitar and some study.

Summary of my past life:

Teenage years: Violin and basketball. Music and sports.

College years: Added study (intellect/learning)

Post-College Greenwich Village years: Writing (English language and poetry to

combine study and music.

Marriage: Business and money.

Retirement: The Cape Cod Life

Okay, where am I this morning?

Should I consider giving up the last vestiges of work: my folk dance teaching?

My body, especially my knees (and legs) say yes.

But do I?

Am I my knees? Or more than them?

I always thought I loved teaching folk dancing. And indeed I do. Or at least part of me does. But another part, the retirement brain, says I do not like the chains of commitment, the fact I have to show up to teach the class every time. Yes, they are love chains, and lesser chains, but chains nevertheless.

As a retiree, I am "allowed," there is presented to me the possibility, of giving up all chains!

At the beginning of Covid, my "goal" was returning to life with a new attitude, a different perspective. Well, retirement, especially with the Cape Cod Life style in mind, is certainly a new attitude and different perspective!

This retirement idea has so many meanings and implications.

For example, if I am never going to play guitar for anyone ever again, never perform in public or private ever again, and this because I don't have to, then what is the meaning of my playing?

It could only have a self-healing purpose. (Obviously, AIO keeps taking place, but only because it is the truth and happens by itself, with no effort from me.)

I'm dizzy, feeling weak, and strange. Is it a cold, Covid, other, neither? Who knows? But more important, who cares? If I don't have to go to work, or teach folk dancing, then does feeling or being sick really matter to anyone but me?

I am utterly free to go in any direction I wish, do anything I want, do anything I can, make up my mind, reverse myself, commit myself, uncommit myself, stand up straight or slouch, be in shape or out of shape, move fast or slow, dance gracefully or like a klutz, play guitar slow, medium, fast, or at any speed I like. Such freedom of choice.

Is it a good thing, a bad thing, or beyond morality?

As a retiree, does life really just come down to doing what I want? Or is there a bigger plan beyond little me?

Tuesday, April 12, 2022

Direct Connection to the Light

Why am I sick?

The pressures of transition into “retirement” have broken down the walls; new germs have entered to eat away at my old self. The result is a cold, sneezing, stuffy nose, drips of snot, a strange dizziness, gut-felt panic, and a straggle of other symptoms.

What does it mean? And why now?

To break down the walls. Redefine myself. As a retiree.

What does “retiree” mean?

It means finding a new purpose for guitar.

Worse (or better?) I lose my audience. All of it.

It means never mind them. Give up the audience. Make a direct and totally healing connection to the Light. (When I do, the audience will receive all the benefits anyway, along with me. When light shines, it shines on everyone. My audience, although important, is secondary. Do not look to them for enlightenment, acceptance, or love. They contain light within them, but they are not the source of strength, shining, and Light.

When playing guitar, look directly to the Light.

Play with the Light in mind.

That is the next “retirement” step.

I expect that when I step into it, my sickness will lift, and I will become well.

We’ll see if my expectations are right.

(And missing that is why I am sick.)

Do I need to taker a week off, a week at home and in seclusion, to enter, become part of, dive into the new Truth? I hesitate to do it, I hate to break commitments. But note how, with this thought, a sudden rise of indecision if dizziness hit me.

Is indecision the cause of my dizziness? Transitional dizziness. Not sure which master to accept: the audience or the Light.

Will the solid acceptance of the Light dissolve the division, push away the dizziness? Try it and see.

Yes, I am losing my audience, my business, connections to others, my past, my old identity, and more by “retiring,” But I have a chance to gain a focus on the Light. (And of course, once I do, as a secondary benefit, all the others will fall into line to benefit along with me.)

If I can lift this lid, I expect to get better. The veil of sickness will fall away and I will get better.

We’ll see if my expectations are right.

(Note: when I said “expect,” a word which introduces doubt, a sudden wave of dizziness washed over me.

Maybe better to affirm and say I will get better!

Wednesday, April 13, 2022

Dizziness, over the cliff, into the unknown.

Why afraid of the power?

Fear of the unknown.

Dive into the dizziness and chills. Find power, strong guitar. A secret pool of strength.

A new lifetime dream: Reverse Arthritis (in my knees).

An impossible dream.

But I like impossible dreams.

Dizziness and knee commitment.

Opening a chapter of new strength.

A dizzying beginning.

Starts with New Strength Alhambra.

(Am I worthy of such a gift? I have to say yes. It's impolite not to accept it.)

An utter breakdown. . .and breakthrough.

I'm not re-tiring.

I'm re-strengthening.

This means I should get well very quickly.

There's not more "reason" to be sick. The sickness has done its job.

Thursday, April 14, 2022

Public and Private Merge into Beside-The-Point

Scared and weak.

Scared by my weakness.

Woke up early, feeling a bit dizzy. And this without eating. Is it the remnants of my head cold? Also worried about how weak I felt last night after my short "fast walk." So wiped out. Resurrecting my knees and body might be a bigger project than I thought.

What is the worst that can happen to me? I'll get sick, stay sick, and die. Okay, at least I know the limits and end game. But I'm still here today. So now what?

What will I do today?

First thing is, I doubt I'll keep sending this NLJ in to Barry to edit. Going public with my pains, thought process, and more has gone as far as it needs to go. Right?

Maybe somehow I have publically accepted my miserable inner bordering-on-doomsday state and states. I am simply a worried person. I get scared easily. That's just the way it is. Not much I can do about it. Oh yes, I fight my fears and even surmount them. But they always keep coming. No end or ultimate conquest in sight.

So be it. What can I do? Basically, nothing but keep acknowledging them, keep dealing with them and like a ping pong ball, keep batting them away. Such is life, at least my life.

Do I feel better or at least "freer" now that I know (think) this journal will be completely private? I can write whatever I want, and in any direction?

Well, no.

But this way of thinking is part of my new "retirement" mind. Nothing I do is really for the public anymore. But it's not private, or for private, either. Actually, it feels like the whole concept of public nad private, public versus private is becoming, or has become beside the point.

Aha, amazing. This giant lifetime conflict has ended, Public and private have merged into a beside-the-point whole. All-Is-One has been achieved, at least in the public and private realm,

Does this mean that the search AIO is over? Have I reached my goal? On one level, maybe.

Do I need a writing therapist (Barry) to confirm and hear all this? I'm not sure.

We All Struggle, Even Though Some Smile A Lot

Do I feel others should know, and will benefit from knowing about my

struggles? Maybe.

This is a big and important question. Will knowing about my struggles help others?

If I answer yes, it means reading my journal and fiction books is important. They talk about my journey, my struggles, and how I am sadly human.

I say “sadly” because many of the struggles feel so awful, hurt so much. Why should I burden others with my pain? On the other hand, even through my absurd and amusing sense of wild humor, if others know about it, maybe they’ll be encouraged to accept their own struggles.

We all struggle, even though some smile a lot.

Arpil: A Riotous Cleansing Month

On a superficial and even deep level, and certainly an absurd level, April is turning into one of the worst months in my life.

Tourwise, more Bulgarian Koprivshitsa Festival tour cancellations. From a pre-pandemic high of 55, two years of Covid-drip cancellations brought the number down to 40. Today, after I sent out my final billing letters a month ago, we are down to 19. Final decision is April 26 which is payment due date. So the end is still not in sight.

Then came all the “how to re-enter” and “retirement” questions? Many of these have strangely been answered. But only after a total war of inner destruction which collapsed most of my old ideas (maybe all), riddled my body with bad knee and head cold disease (but note, my Covid test came back negative!), along with the tensions of indecision.

But it seems now, as I stand here recovering from all my setbacks and diseases, things are gradually falling into place. Finally I now I have all the future, retirement, and post-retirement “facts.” I can make some definite decisions.

And that at least is a start, even a new start.

Learning to Appreciate Whipsaw (Contradiction) Gift Packages

On the level of my future, and desire to give up leading tours (but not my tour business), the Bulgarian Festival tour cancellations are good news in horrible form. They make it easier for me to pass the Bulgaria tour leadership on to Lee, and worst case scenario (if tour numbers go to single digits), not Lee but to Ventsi. Thus they make it easier to drop my commitment to personally leading, something I wanted to do anyway.

This is a form of love, send down to me from Above in the form of a contradiction, even a whipsaw. It's a gift package containing both loss and benefit. A perfect contradiction.

Well, at least I like perfection.

Now learn to appreciate whipsaw (contradiction) gift packages.

On The Positive Side

On the positive side, maybe a lot of gifts are being given to me this month, but I haven't realized it.

The above cancellations are (obviously) one. But my bad knees have introduced the option of even giving up folk dance teaching (unthinkable until today, but now a "freeing" thought).

Also they have given me a new and wonderfully impossible goal: conquering arthritis by healing my knees.

Also, after these violent physical and mental storms, I feel more comfortable about retirement. And perhaps redefining re-tirement as re-strengthening. Starting with Alhambra and moving to knees.

Yes, the dust is settling. Most of it still in my nose. No wonder I'm sneezing and so stuffed up!

The Laughter Point

I'd rather laugh than cry.

But is there a choice?

I won't feel good until I drop all earthly ties

And see everything around me in ethereal and vibrational form

My wife, sister, brother, friends, some others as angels

I am losing everything and every thing

How sad.

Wife, friends, family, body, all.

I hate feeling so mournful

But there is no escape.

Sadness, mourning, tears, and crying are the only way to go.

Anything good in all this?

Can loss ever be a gain?

Will I ever be wise enough to see it that way?

Is there a bottom beneath the bottom?

It doesn't get any worse than this.

Or does it?

Some say there is an absolute bottom

when you hit it, you start going up.

When will that happen?

Is there a point where you just give up
and start to laugh?

Indeed, there is such a place
and I'm almost there.

I died, and just came back.

The Israeli angels planted

a new *hashmal* electric engine
in my heart
Today another one is coming
to start my ignition

Friday, April 15, 2022

The Adventure Continues

What does dizzy have (if anything) to do with my new direction?
Where am I presently?
I have lost, or given up, all my identities.
The final, folk dance teaching, is out the window.
Preceded by tour leadership lose.
Then my guitar concert dreams have dribbled away
Along with writing, becoming known as an author by promoting and selling my
books.

These four identities, along with money, were great sources of motivation. Now they are gone.

With the final email to the remaining Bulgaria tour registrants, telling them and now all, that I will not be leading the Bulgaria tour, I have reached the end of a long, torturous tour-commitment leadership road. Thank God for that! It is over, I am free.

And as you see, I am now also “free” of all my former identities. I don’t feel bad anymore about these losses, only a bit lost.

It’s been a many-month descent. I feel like I hit bottom, and now have nowhere lower or else to go. And yesterday evening I felt a touch, a sliver, a joyful ray of wahoo.

Yes, I’m at the bottom after a dizzying descent. I’d say it has been a cleansing process as well. cleansed of my former identities.

Perhaps this terrible cold I have had, and the dizziness that went with it, which sent me to the hospital emergency room to check if I was having a stroke or heart

attach, which happily all came out negative, was “sent to me” from Above (or Below?) as a cleansing agent.

In any case, I’m still dizzy this morning, only less so. It feels like progress, but again, I am not sure, not completely convinced. But getting closer. (Note with this last paragraph a slight dizziness. It may well confirm my cleansing from Above thought.)

What now?

Since rebirth follows death, and every ending is followed by a new beginning, maybe my new direction is to rest in peace. Or at least to learn how to rest in peace, while remaining alive in the process.

What would such “inner peace” mean? What kind of life style would it lead to?

With no identity, where do I go from here?

And what or who is “I”?

The adventure continues.

Can I play guitar with no identity?

Try it.

Cosmic Meaning

I’d like a cosmic meaning to give more understanding and explanation for my suffering.

So what is the cosmic meaning of my dizziness?

Could it be the toilet plunger effect: Going up and down to cleanse the bowl?

Isn’t the brain bowl-shaped?

Whip-sawing up and down, back and forth, to clear my brain.

Could the cosmic meaning of my dizziness be dizzy with success?

Note the first re-registration of a Bulgaria cancellation. And Lynn A. did this with the knowledge that I am not leading it! This, along with Louie’s “I’ll miss you” (meaning she’s not cancelling) is a fantastic optimistic sign for my new tour business

model, which is, running the tours without my personally leading them.

My sister said, "When folks find out you are not leading the tours, maybe even more will register!" This really made me laugh. But it would be a business dream come true. It means I can run my tour company, even grow it, without personally leading each tour. Truth is, I do have great folk and folk dance tours.

Maybe the ones I lead will be even better. . . Or maybe not. Maybe they are just as good, or certainly different, when others lead them. Maybe my leadership was just a training group for me to learn about the business. I think so. I hope so!

In any case, I definitely have learned about the business, and now know it well. Who else to lead this company but me? But that does not mean I should personally lead each tour, or even any tour.

Louie A with her "I'll miss you" as a first, and Lynn A re-registering knowing I will not lead, as a second, are fantastic signs for future JGI tour success.

Dizzy with Success

What does dizzy with success mean?

Is it my next chapter? (Note my stomach churning.)

Is it my new identity?

Yes.

Can I stand this new dizzy with success?

"Stand" is the key word.

Stand steady and firm in success.

I'm still a bit wobbly, but getting better.

Getting used to it.

Saturday, April 16, 2022

Woke up this morning with a new nausea.

I've moved from dizziness to nausea.

Is this progress?

Maybe.

Why do I question it?

Perhaps because since yesterday everything has come together. All my retirement aching dreams have been realized! I'm on a new and good track! And even feeling good!

I'm feeling good while I'm feeling bad. That's the nauseating state I am in this morning.

Perhaps that's why I woke up nauseous. Truly, my nausea "made no sense." I'm feeling good. Things are all together. I'm not even dizzying mad anymore. (Well, maybe I am a bit since I just got dizzy saying this. So perhaps this nausea is just a Sarnoian TMS replacement for my dizziness.)

In any case, everything is in order and looks good up ahead. My retirement problems and questions have been solved and resolved. I'm ready to move on.

And where will I move?

First, business-wise, believe it or not, now that I'm not going my Bulgarian tour, and all my clients know about it, I'm ready to promote it! I even woke up this morning with this strange new desire. Now that the path has been cleared, I'm ready to roll in the next JGI tour sales direction.

What other miracle schedule good-in-themselves?

Beautiful writing

Beautiful guitar playing

Beautiful choreographies

Who is my guitar audience? I don't have one.

The face I no longer have a guitar audience is my strength

Yes, not having an audience is my strength

(Of course this means that the one and only audience I have is Mr. Upstairs. He's

always there, watching and with me. So in actuality, I always have an Audience. I'm never alone.

What about my body parts? Same thing. They are never alone either. I wonder how my knees feel about that?

Sunday, April 17, 2022

Losing (Giving Up) the Audience

Guitar:

Losing (giving up) the audience is a great leap forward for me! Now, with no audience, free of the concert devil, by dropping all my former desires to give performances, I can play in any direction, experiment, expand, grown, and learn.

All good.

What about folk dancing? Not the same problem.

Writing? Different, My direction is editing, focus on smaller areas, perfection, slow down.

Exercise and knees: Again different. On its way.

Singing? (Formerly only for the audience, for speaking, reading, sales, performing). Now, with no audience, we'll see.

New Life: Learning to Enjoy the Process

Here's my new thinking for the new life:

I have to make calls to Zach, Zane, Jonny, Jim Griffin, Ginny, Janet.

New thinking:

1. It is not my duty. (If others need to call me, they will.)
2. Learn to enjoy these calls
3. Learn to enjoy what I do (FD class, yoga, all.)

If I follow my new life philosophy of learning to enjoy what I do, should I not learn to enjoy pain, frustration, and the dying process as well? What a strange.

intriguing question.

Is it even possible?

Well, why not?

Isn't this all part of (Anita Moorjani's) learning to love yourself?

The art of life is how to enjoy it. Even death, pain, frustration, and taxes.

Enjoying these things is the ultimate victory.

How can you "enjoy" pain killing, suffering, torture?

I don't think you can. . . or should.

So maybe "enjoy" and "enjoyment" is the wrong word.

"Detach" or "detachment" is better.

What I really mean by "enjoy" is a kind of (Buddhist) detachment from the drama. (Leading to serenity and peace.)

I'm looking for as new word to describe the state and attitude I want for this new life.

The Gift and Weapon of Humor

My sense of humor, with its sense of the absurd, releases my mind and emotions. This fortunate gift, and weapon, detaches me from pain and painful situations, and sends me floating over events and the world.

My first test is: Can I detach from my knees?

Apply my sense of humor to my knees?

(These will make great stories! And I may need them. It also gives me an organic reason to write!)

Monday, April 18, 2022

Meditative Guitar

Add deep right wrist relaxation to my touch-feel-pluck-play-listen (TFPPL). Then add this deep relaxation to my forearm, upper arm, and shoulder. Then add it to my entire body! My whole body! My holistic, holy, holthy (healthy) body!

A total guitar meditation from the first pluck.

Meditative guitar: A celebration from the first pluck.

One note is enough. You only (One-ly) need One.

More notes just add to the celebration.

And what better way to start the morning meditation guitar practice session than with the C chord, the king of chords. That's why the Milan Pavane in C is such a great "meditative warm-up" beginning.

Might I also experiment (test myself) by starting immediately with Alhambra? "Warming up" with a more challenging A minor stretch chore position? Indeed, a challenge. Give it a try, See what happens.

This "full body guitar meditation" might also be a good approach to stairs, and seeing my knees in the same way. Going up or down stairs as a full-body knee meditation. Interesting. One at a time. (All is One). Give it a try.

Always Together (It's Nice to Know)

We will always be together

Always and Forever

In whatever forms we take

It's nice to know

Exercises Meditation

Whole body approach from the start.

Every part relates to the Whole.

Avoid pain as the gateway to pleasure.

What a question: Can stock trading, exercise meditation, and dizzy (asa its entrance) be combined in a unique meditative combo? How would this be done?

In Love with Mr. Fear

Or The Birth of Channel WMMC

I have a deep attraction to Mr. Fear

He is my friend, even though I often deny, run away, or reject his offerings.

Why meet and greet him? What good does he do?

Once he supplied me with energy.

But what about now?

He hasn't left me. I know because he still growls in my stomach, and has a ferocious bite. He also claims to love me and vows he will never leave me.

I can tolerate him, but love?

That would be weird and frightening (He loves frightening.)

Nevertheless, I often wonder if (whether) secretly, I love him, too.

Now that I'm on new stomach medication (or did the label say "meditation?"), can I use his services in a different way?

Is there a difference between medication and mediation?

Perhaps I can medicate and meditate him into a new channel.

We'll see where all this leads.

But I do have a deep attraction to Mr. Fear.

Perhaps the new channel would be called the Medication and Meditation Channel (WMMC).

A New Name

Welcome Mr. Energy

Whole body fear is really whole body energy.

The body trembles as one (One).

Spread Mr. Fear everywhere and he becomes Mr. Energy.

Spread him through my whole body.

Mr. Fear's new name is Mr. Energy.

A wave of whole body dizzy energy sweeps through me bringing a new taste to my food.

I'm tired of Mr. Fear. But not his transformation into Mr. Energy. Truth is, he has always been Mr. Energy.

But I wasn't ready (and/or didn't want/need)

to see him that way.

But I am now!

Welcome Mr. Energy!

Tuesday, April 19, 2022

Maintaining and Growing

It's all about maintaining. For me, maintaining is growing!

How to maintain (grow) is still and always the question.

Memorizing

Is it good to memorize Hebrew words? Yes. But why? To maintain power and growth.

Is it good to think that neuroplasticity works and is helpful? Yes. And to memorize its concepts and focus on them?

But why? To maintain power and growth.

Video

I want to maintain the video skill.

Find and hire a (home) video production manager and editor.

I've gone as far as I can go by myself.

Now I need to work with others in order to grow.

End of the "Guitar Self-Improvement" Road

Maybe that's just the way it is. That's the way I play guitar. So-called "improvement" beyond this point, is not only impossible, but not wanted or needed. Two years and many years before that, working on the Alhambra and its self-improvement syndrome has gone as far as it can go. Been there, done that.

At this point, it just the way I play. Period. No excuses, justifications or explanations.

Video or not, that's just the way I play.

I'm ready to move on.

End of the so-called "guitar self-improvement" road.

This is a big deal. What happens next?

Wednesday, April 20, 2022

Every morning the grand negatives invade, and the battle between good and evil, positive and negative, God and the Devil, continues. It is a never-ending eternal struggle.

My weapons in the fight are found in my miracle schedule, which now includes business!

Business in my Miracle Schedule

1. Selling tours
2. Selling my books
3. Videos. . .as sales tools
4. Constant stream of weekly emails (Dance, tours, books)

Yes, fill the vacuum. Where there is empty space or time, it not filled by positive activities, the devil; steps in to bring you down. Fight the Devil using the weapons in my miracle schedule. And add business.

Business is my connection to the public.

Sales, videos, emails, all belong to business and are tools of connection.

Guitar

There is no such thing as public (audience)

There is no such thing as private (me)

All business is connection to the One (AIO).

The deep relaxation I feel when I play guitar is the merging of public and private into the One.

Fear is a terrible feeling.

Fear is an energy. Turn fear into energy.

Sadness is also a terrible feeling.

Is sadness an energy? Or a blanket (cover, lid, suppression) of energy?

There is no escape from sadness. The only escape is to dive straight in.

Thursday, April 21, 2022

Motivation Force, the Akashic Record and Why I Love Music

Do I owe my dances (choreos) to the people living around me?

How about my guitar playing?

Do I have an obligation to bring, give, "share" these gifts with others? Do I have a duty to leave a trail, create a legacy, that might help others navigate through this strange and tawdry world?

Such obligation certainly puts pressure on me to publish books, promote folk

dance and even guitar Youtube videos, advertise, and more.

Do I want this pressure? Do I need it for motivation?

It's only good if it gives, brings me a sense of inner peace. Will it?

Maybe. After all, the legacy idea does connect me to many worlds, including the Now and Hereafter?

Every time I do, think or feel something, I am leaving a trail. Every moment my legacy is being written, carved in the akashic record for eternity. Part of me is always eternal.

Nothing is every "lost. Yes, you can forget your essence, who you are. But it is impossible to be "lost." The mark remains. Like music of the spheres, a record of the trail you make goes on forever.

Knowing I exist (permanently and forever) in the Akashic record relaxes me. My "obligation" to leave a legacy disappears. Why? Because, metaphysically and supernaturally, it will happen by itself.

That's why I love music. It reminds me of eternity and the akashic record.

Friday, April 22, 2022

Dizzy

What is the physical, spiritual, and symbolic meaning of (my) Dizzy?

Is the (my) Dizzy Door an Entrance to a New World (the Grand S World), a new relationship to fear, depression, the devil, inspiration, and joy?

How did this morning begin?

First came Hebrew study: I opened with this idea of memorizing a few words. This mean immediately using my memory muscle and thus waking up quickly. An intellectual coffee wake-up shot.

The came a goal: Finish editing my Dancing Through Covid book.

The came a repeat of yesterday's idea of fighting the devil of depression every day by using my miracle schedule weapons.

Then came the idea of turning this into fiction with such stories as: "Meeting with Tom," or "Tom Fights the Devil: Tales of Struggle Against Evil or Evel-In (El).

Finally came guitar:

Guitar:

I've mastered the Grand Relaxation.

I am the Grand Relaxation.

March to a new Pavane. A major jump.

A new relationship with my "a" finger. Soft, mellow, mellifluous, One. (I sure beat the Devil on this one!)

Romance D' Amor: A free "a." Does this also mean a new relationship with B? Yes. Spiritual and freer. Spirit is personal. So say the Shamans.

Note: Got dizzy saying this. Check out Dizzy Door above.

Meaning of Alhambra:

Slow or fast playing is the technique.

One is the spiritual result.

Whether slow or fast, all fingers are equal in the constellation of One.

Does "dizzy" (when I get dizzy) really mean entering the doorway to the spirit and spiritual world? I think so. I certainly hope so.

The doctors all checked out my dizziness and found nothing physically wrong with me. So if no physical causes, why the dizziness? It leaves only mental or spiritual reasons.

So maybe I'm right. Maybe it is a Doorway to Somewhere appearing in disguise.

It's such an honor to receive such dizziness. (A wave of dizziness just passed through me again as I wrote this line.) It's somehow a "too good to be true" phenomenon. Am I really that deserving?

Saturday, April 23, 2022

Is the Big Dizzy the fear of Death? Maybe.

Is the Cloud of Dread? Probably. The Wave of Chill, too.

Can I accept the Inevitable? Not really.

I'm still clinging, grasping, holding on and well-attached to Life. Yes, Yes, fear of Death is big one. It's hard to handle the Great Dread.

But there is one positive: If I can deal with and even accept the Fear of Death, it will remove all fears. Dread disappears! Giving concerts, performing, acting in the world will be easy and fearless.

Yes. If I can handle the Great Dread, the fear of death, I would be fearless in Life.

I have already turned Fear into Energy. Wouldn't Dread be the same thing? After all, I want to return to life with a new attitude. Certainly, fearless is a good one.

While I'm here, keeping the gas in my traveling vehicle, I need courage to visit and enter the Upper World.

The purpose of Exercise is to suffuse the (my_ body with flowing Energy).

Guitar

Play with compassion and power.

Compassion is Power. Power is Love.

They are the answer to concert death.

Energy is universal and eternal.

Compassion and power are Energy for use in this Lower World.

One hand in compassion, the other in power. That's what guitar playing is all about.

One foot in compassion, the other foot in power: That's what folk dancing is all about. (Running, too.)

Dizzy is the Connection.

Sunday, April 24, 2022

Ah, happy self-disgust.

The gift of self-disgust is energy rising. I love it.

Monday, April 25, 2022

Triumphant Return

To fear almost nothing

And have fun

Is a true re-entry

A triumphant return!

Finance

Can one lose all their money and still have fun?

Some have done it.

How to practice?

Imagine losing all your money.

Imagine life with no money, starting all over, from scratch.

Go from there.

Note: I've been all these places, survived and even thrived.

So really, what's the big deal?

(If this is the case, why even bother looking at the market? What difference will it make? Unless, of course, it's fun.)

Guitar

Gavotte in D: metallic.

The "a" finger is the fun, funny, tickle finger.

Alhambra: It's all about making a happy thumb for Al. A fun funny tickle thumb.

The Happy Barber's Camp

New Pieces from a Resurrected World

True Return to the Land of Fun

New titles:

The Finger Series

1. The Dizzy Life of Happy Thumb

Subtitle: a. A Stroll through the Alhambra Garden

b. A Happy Thumb for Al

2. The Fun Life of First Finger

Subtitle: A Leader Among Fingers: Index on the March

3. True Return to the Land of Fun

Subtitle: The Childlike Wisdom of an Elder

Tom went to visit Mr. Elderwise.

The Romanian elder, aka Mr. Barbu, lived on top of the Transylvanian mountain (name?) in a playpen.

"What do you do all day with your time here," he asked (the wise ((former professional)) guitarist.)

"Mostly play with my thumb," he answered. "Or when not involved with the hypothenar meditations, I speculate by moving my index finger through happy space."

"That is a strange life style"

"Not for (life in) a playpen."

Tom checked out the high walls and surrounding moat of the Elderwise structure. "This looks more like a castle to me."

"Some might call it that. But not me. To me, for me, an by me, it is a playpen. My personal playpen. But of course, every playpen needs lots of protection. A high wall and a moat of often necessary, at least in the beginning. Until you get used to the

playpen life style. Live in it for a while, and you develop callouses, fun callouses which can protect your sensitive skin from the arrows of outside interference."

"Interference>"

Mr, Elderwise pointed past the trees to the valley below, There sat the town (city) of Brasov and many others. "Many down there want to attack us mountain folk. They're jealous of our fun life style and want to destroy it. In their hearts, it makes them sad because deep down, they realize what they're missing."

"I that why they live deep down in the valley?"

Elderwise smiled. "You're a smart lad. Very good. Down is down, up is up. Sadness and depression are down, fun and joy are up. There's no comparison between city life and mountain top existence. Just look at yourself. You live 'down there.' (In Brasov, I believe.) Why (after all) did you climb up here to visit me?"

"To get away from my parents."

"You mean Mirela and Cristian Bobanescu?"

"Yes."

"They passed twenty year ago."

"Yes."

"Sorry to hear that. I remember seeing them (from my playpen) passing by in a cloud on their way up."

"Up is good."

"They were good people."

"Yes. But nevertheless, their negative earthly words still haunt my brain."

"Changing forms are hard to deal with." Elderwise answered sympathetically. "Do you feel lonely?"

"A bit. I do still miss them. And I must say, even remembering their negative words gives me a sense of peace. I guess, on one level, they never left me."

"Folks do leave temporarily. But no one ever leaves for good. They all come

back in one way or another.”

“Well, I’d love to ‘improve’ their visits. That’s why I;m here.”

“Aha, improvement is good.” Elderwise rubbed his hands with glee, creating a (magic) puddle of friction joy. Grabbing a tin cup from the air to his right, he scooped it up and handed it to Tom.

“Drink this,” he said. “It will help.”

Tom took a sip of the magic brew.

Tuesday, April 26, 2022

Return

Performance

Evidently, I am returning as a performer.

Here’s what I wrote last night before folk dance class:

Am I to perform publically (folk dance classes, concerts, reading, et,) until my dying breath?

Maybe performing is my calling, purpose, and service. And, like Moses, there is no escape from your calling.

Per-forming, for others, giving to others, in the service of others, is my Commandment and mitzvah. Aches, pains, bad knees, old fears, and more are no escape. Only a hindrance. I know this because, just before a performance (like last nights folk dance class) I get an infusion of energy from Above. I used to call it “fear,” or pre-performance anxiety, or something else, or whatever. And I spent years trying to avoid it, get away from it, not face it, deny it. But it never worked. Denial was impossible No successful escaping at all. And that’s no doubt because, like Moses, the Higher One has always had a purpose for me. And evidently, that purpose is to perform.

Performance with its celestial infusion of powerful healing energy, is my Connection, prayer form, Connection, form of worship.

That was written before folk dance class.

Here's this morning's entry:

Despite miserable knees, broken feelings and even broken mind, I have to perform. It is a "must" (from a root meaning: loosening, freeing.)

Also maybe it doesn't matter what I perform. (FD teaching, concerts, standing around talking to others, lunches with friends, ,etc). Performance is performance. Performing is my Connection.

Language and Sound

I need another reason to study languages.

I found one.

I need to relate language to love. I love music; I'm totally sensitive to sound.

The music (sound) of languages connects me to the Source, the Ecstasy.

I'm moving beyond the bible (and study of Hebrew for that [purpose] to Sound as my grand Connector.

That is why I must per-form.

Guitar

I'm no longer practicing to improve. (I've moved "beyond" improvement.)

Then why am I practicing?

Maybe I'm no longer practicing.

Maybe I'm playing—for my audience. I am per-forming, always and everywhere. The barriers are gone. Like it or not, bad or good, mistakes or no mistakes, my practicing and perfecting days are over.

I am now perfectly imperfect. And ready to be a full time per-former, with performances at all times on all levels.

Wednesday, April 27, 2022

The Positives

The positives are trickling in.

Free nostrils, free breathing. The long after-effects of my power-filled, dizzy cold are diminishing.

Love has entered.

Folk dance, guitar, singing, languages (sound), performing. The big five. And that's a lot!

But not yet exercise, editing, or fiction.

Performing love. Feet, dizzy, clear, free nostrils.

Guitar"Slow and clear" Open the Gate to Total Expression!

Love of opening C chord in Milan Pavane.

A-finger power: The dizzy, confusing, snot-free last step into the cauldron of a-finger power.

Love power connects to performing power. Love power is performing power. See the audience. Put the notes into their souls.

Alhambra: Crossing the line. I now have "permission" to play it as slow and clear as I like. And it's fine! Slow and clear are the words! (Note the addition of "clear.") Slow is clear. But so is fast. It's the pressure that makes them muddy.

"Slow and clear" open the gate to total expression!

My Next Accomplishment

Starting with Sor Study Number 12, then Alhambra

A different way of playing guitar

Fitting the tempo to me

Play guitar exactly the way I feel

That will be my next accomplishment

Thursday, April 28, 2022

Slow

Slow reaches writing.

Slow hits guitar.

Slow equals no pressure. Dare to dive into the no-pressure life. It equals total expressive freedom (TEF),

Slow, with its total expressive freedom, is the new foundation. It is the freedom to express Love.

Imagine expressing Love through the guitar. What a victory! That's what Alhambra is all about. I don't believe I am there – but I am. That's what death is all about. A long-term uniting with Love. But the transience of life is too sad, too hard hitting. So I soften it with humor.

Love is very important to me.

How to bring Love to writing: Slow.

Slow is the new mantra along with total expressive freedom that goes with it.

1. Edit every day, every NL entry, every fiction page.

2. Print and read

3. Slow down to a trickle. Hand in one sentence. ON page is a lot.

I'm coming to the end of this New Leaf. Lots of successes behind me. And at my side. And Slow, with its Love, and total expressive freedom is the present finale. Very good, indeed. But only good for today.

But what about the future?

What about the More?

So ends a New Leaf.