

Next Stage: Exhilaration and Joy

Sunday, February 9, 2020

I need to be hard on myself.

I like to be hard on myself.

Why?

Hard on myself means pushing myself, forcing myself to follow my disciplines.

And when I follow my disciplines, I feel great!

Conversely, when I don't follow them, I feel pointless and empty, that I wasted my day, my evening, my time, sick, a bit nauseous, disgusted, unfulfilled, and awful.

This morning I'm happy and satisfied. But I also feel pressured.

Why?

I want to repeat yesterday's victories.

Although yesterday, with all its wonders, is dead, I am tied to attached, attached to its splendor and glory.

Rather than being here this morning, I am dwelling on the wonders of yesterday, clinging to the past. Thus I'm not free to dive into the only reality that

exists, the stream of today's present.

I like the process of learning. And memories of yesterday's learning are nice. But clinging to them is unpleasant.

The only fix for this dilemma is self-awareness.

Monday, February 10, 2020

The Next Stage

Exhilaration, Joy, Ecstasy

Last night's Bluegrass performance depressed me.

Why?

Something musically in me feels dead. No thrills from the show. This, even though Andy Statman is a virtuoso on the mandolin. Fantastic playing, best ever.

And yet my thrills and inspiration were low.

Why is that?

Is it age? Is it "I've done it all," a "been there, done that?" I didn't feel competitive, a desire to improve my playing, a desire to perform again. Nothing. Dead.

Where does "old," "done it all," "been there, done that" go to find a new spark?

Is that what "old age" means? No spark?

Can I re-ignite my old sparks?

Or do I need a fresh, new challenge/goal?

Is there a next stage in my old fields, a next step in music, writing, folk dance, exercise, yoga, learning, or any of the old stuff?

Or maybe diminished spark is the new reality.

If yes, what are its positives?

Or must I move on to something new?

Miracle Schedule Life Style

Or, here is a completely opposite view:

Or could it be that my life, my daily miracle schedule activities are so interesting that even performances by virtuoso cannot surpass it. So-called “outside stimulation, although possibly pleasant, is no longer necessary. In fact, even its so-called “pleasantness” feels a bit like a waste of time. Why waste my time with mere pleasant, when I can do things that are inspiring and great. . .such as those I do in my daily life?

In fact, just thinking, is itself very inspiring.

Could the above be my reason for last night’s disappointment? Is it total hubris to say my life is so good, fascinating, even fun?

Is it a daring thing to say?

Is it true? I'm "afraid" it is.

Why be afraid?

Perhaps at this age, I need not be.

I need no longer be afraid. To love and admired my life style. And do nothing else. To admit that living in the light and following my miracle schedule is my way of creating miracles daily, even hourly. And what could be better than a miracle?

Although virtuosos like Andy Statman are their own miracle, my miracles, although different, are just as good. And perhaps, since they are my own, even better.

The concert was a distraction rather than an inspiration.

I don't need "outside" inspiration. I have my own Miracle Schedule lifestyle.

Is this the confidence and knowledge old age has given me? Yes. And this, despite the aches, pains, and diminished powers.

Confidence and knowledge, along with diminished powers: What a contraction.

Crumbling of a World View

And maybe virtuosity itself (Andy's incredible mandolin playing), although glorious, is no longer enough. It's like a grand tickle, but I no longer need it to touch

heaven. Mym MS does that already.

This is the crumbling of a world view. No wonder it is, the concert was, so depressing and upsetting. Virtuosity is no longer needed. It means the virtuosity I need to play Alhambra fast is no longer needed. I'm wasting my time practicing to become a virtuoso.

It means I no longer need to worship speed. I've outgrown it. An earthquake. I'm changing religions.

In a sense, this is cause for a celebration.

Freed of the speed and virtuoso chain, I could relish in my victory of new-found, guitar-playing and more freedom.

Virtuosity used to touch and affect my ego. And some of it leaked into my soul.

Today, virtuosity still affects my ego (maybe a bit less). But there is also a space beyond for the blue sky of miracle schedule to peek in and enter my soul.

Evidently (hopefully), I don't have to worship virtuosity anymore.

Should I dwell on this down feeling, this down time, down moment? Is it a moment of poetry creation, disaster, or both?

No doubt, it is both since from the feeling of down-in-the-dumps disaster

came the creation of this poetry.

Well, maybe it's not poetry. But it is a creation of sorts, a paragraph or two in the form of exploration and explanation.

Do I feel better after creating it?

Maybe a shade.

Tuesday, February 11, 2020

Amazing how "just do it" and then actually doing it changes my mood.

One new goal that I just rediscovered I have is to: Rediscover my love.

The love is located within myself. Somehow I lose it, or rather bypass it, when I focus on pleasing others. My philosophy and attitude and approach, perhaps conditioned by the fact I am inwardly an artist, is that I must please myself first. From that pleasure, a shine develops, which then shines out on others. That is the way I can and do help others: by "helping myself" first. By first finding my inner light, then shining in first on myself. and the, "by the way" (almost accidentally) on others.

It is the divine selfishness approach. And evidently, I can do things no other way.

So I am now in the process of trying to rediscovery this light.

This inward moving process, is bringing me to the point where I want to perfect Hebrew.

But this morning, this self-perfecting process also opening up the desire and possibility of perfecting writing (improving each written sentence). perfecting folk dancing, and perhaps other things as well.

These are lovely and wonderful goals. Let's look at them. These miracle events, more closely.

1. Perfecting Hebrew: Slow and easy, on its way.
2. Perfecting writing: Each sentence. Not yet there
3. Perfecting folk dancing: Started with looking an my videos. But also, giving classes my all, and teaching harder dances, which means pushing my students, challenging them to go higher. And in the process, challenging myself. I like it!
4. Guitar: the worship of speed his disintegrated. As of yesterday. A wonderful thing, and opening the gates to a new freedom. I wonder where this will lead, if anywhere.

Wednesday, February 12, 2020

Guitar: It has to be aimed at helping people ("obviously." by helping myself first. DS: divine selfishness.)

My mind “plays with failure” in order to prove to myself that I won’t fail, to prove that I can do it.

Why not by-pass this process. Go straight to I can do it. I can balance. I can play.

I can play guitar, and bring peace and happiness to others.

Surprise-astonishment-amazement is other forms of dodge, a reverse form of playing with failure.

What (It) will bring Alhambra happiness to April’s heart.

Thursday, February 13, 2020

The Grand Purpose

Nothing has changed.

But everything has changed.

I am suddenly invested with a grand and great purpose.

Of course, it is really not so sudden. I knew my purpose all along. But somehow I was not ready to face, deal, or plunge into it yet.

Now there is no denying it. The time has come. The path has been cleared.

All obstacles removed. Denial, delay, or putting off is no longer a choice. I am ready.

Strange and Wonderful

Strange and wonderful.

Somehow it feels easier playing Gavotte en Rondeau faster. Softer and lighter,
as a start.

Same with Alhambra.

Others, too?

We'll see.

Strange and wonderful, indeed.

A relaxed and quiet right thumb. Wow.

Where will that lead?

Keep it airy, light, and out of frozen.

Don't let over-excitement block the flow and hold me back.

Friday, February 14, 2020

Three New Areas:

1. Guitar: I can play. . .and fast. (Neuro-plasticity.)

2. Trading: I can trade. It's a good thing.
3. Writing: Sell my books on Amazon. Find my fan club.
 - a. Finish Carlos
 - b. Edit New Leaf. Put in categories, etc. One year.
4. Exercise

Tours and folk dancing now a “side” thing. Wow. My main thing for next year is writing, guitar, trading, and exercise.

Guitar: It's not going to get better by playing slower; it will get better by playing faster.

Practicing slowly is an old luxury I can no longer afford.

Embrace rgw relaxed hypothenar muscle/thumb in juiciness.

Over-excitement. I'm getting swept away by the awe. Hold on. Stop. Stay focused. Stand calmly in the fire.

Sunday, February 16, 2020

A Finishing/Mop-Up Project

Finishing Carlos the Cloud, and editing New Leaf Journal—putting it into categories, are both hanging over my mind.

How to free myself from this hanging, this could over my head?

Evidently, I won't be free or be free until I do it. Complete the project. Finish them.

So how to I find, reclaim my freedom?

Do it. Finish them.

Thus start with Carlos:

Time line: 2 weeks. March 1st deadline.

Then New Leaf.

Note: Guitar is "done." Speed and loose have been established.

Healthy Focus—the Truth

What is the truth?

Focus on one day at a time. Live in the moment.

This rather than life's end.

Plan the future, yes. But one day at a time.

Decouple my mind from the life's end philosophy, which can happen on any day, at any moment.

Guitar Discovery

Guitar: Planting the hypothenar relaxation flag more deeply in my bass thumb.

Slower focus. Do I dare to go slow again? Yes. But not on a deeper relaxation level. In today's process, I am moving, have moved, from tough-structure hypothenar muscle to the more fluid V-shaped, web-shaped connector area between hypothenar and thumb, the fluid middle ground.

The index finger is related to that web-shaped connector.

Actually, I am feeling, discovering, a new sector of my right hand.

Do I dare believe that I made such a discovery?

No one can confirm its truth or value but me.

Is the "do I dare?" question a form of doubt?

Probably.

Is such self-doubting a natural part of any discovery?

Maybe. Doubt and self-doubt even seem reasonable. After all, new paths take time to believe and confirm. They could, after all, be illusions, mistakes, false paths, wrong directions in disguise. Only time, along with daily experiments, working with these new discoveries, will "prove" their truth and worth.

However, an hour later I realize that with this discovery comes a beautiful relaxed tone on the guitar, and a deep feeling of peace and security.

Is this the new, post-eighty feeling, one that comes from years of practice and living? Maybe.

Guitar Power

Adding the guitar hand right web to my power.

Could I be afraid of the power?

I wonder if what is “crippling” my legs, my lower body, is that the power is now flowing into my guitar hands, into my upper body.

But the power is not disappearing. It is merely being transferred, and transformed, into armed (or rather hand) guitar power.

Let me now be afraid.

Go with it!

Total Fast and Clear

Moving on to the dropping and total relaxation of the inner right wrist. There lies true power!

In total relaxation of the right wrist, in total droop dropping (of the right wrist), that’s where total fast and clear lie.

It starts with sloppy, but ends with power, fast, and clear.

Mark this day.

Of discovery and acceptance.

Reaching Heaven(ly) Guitar Playing

It takes so much energy and years of time, and I am so tired. and my legs ache, my limbs fatigued because I'm pushing a gigantic flow of large energy through a tiny right wrist hole.

On the other side of that hole is heaven.

Once I get through it, the clouds will pass, blue sky will open, I'll be in blue heaven, and my guitar playing will be heavenly!

Diving into toil, trouble, danger, and struggle, through the Alice in Wonderland right wrist well I'll fall, and into guitar- playing heaven I shall go.

Monday, February 17, 2020

Maybe my natural habitat is fast.

Now there's an interesting line.

Fast thinking, fast guitar playing, fast body movements.

Perhaps holding back is my nemesis and problem.

I've been "creating" pain, searching and looking for it, so I can feel it and thus prove to myself that I can both handle it, and also that I don't have it.

How crazy is that?

But of course it is perfectly reasonable since I am crazy, and my mind is

divided. After all, what a twins for?

In any case, it may well be change for a change of attitude, approach, and philosophy.

Instead of creating pain, trying to find it searching for it so I can hurt myself (and thus prove that I won't hurt myself), move now to not hurting myself.

Hurting myself in order to prove myself is really a put down, a subtle, habitual return to the old neighborhood.

Now I am ready and want to move to the new neighborhood where I do not hurt myself, do not create pain in order to prove myself that I am strong and thus pain-free.

Now I want to create pleasure.

I'll start with my knees. (Dance and exercise)

And my right wrist. (Guitar)

Tuesday, February 18, 2020

This morning I feel like I may never, or rarely leave the house again. And I don't mind!

I've traveled enough. Plus I've got two big trips coming up to Bulgaria and Greece.

Maybe it's temporary, but I like staying home.

Deeper

My world is getting smaller and smaller, narrower and narrower; I'm concentrating on fewer and fewer areas, focusing on less and less.

I like to think it's because of my age and experience I'm heading deeper.

Am I?

Behind this doubt, I believe I am.

My direction is down rather than sideways, vertical rather than horizontal.

It's the wisdom part of the cycle.

Seems my biggest challenge now is old age, disability (knees and body parts), and death. Not a happy challenge, but one nevertheless.

Maintenance is word.

If I can do, consciously and with difficulty, what I used to do easily and without thinking, that's progress.

My physical progress is defined by going backwards.

Okay, that's settled. Now its time to dive back into the daily distractions of this world.

Practicing and Improving as a Good-In-Itself

Truth is with guitar, I may never play in public again.

I'm practicing because I want to get better, and I like the practice process.

Evidently, I have no other goal in mind.

Practicing and trying to improve is a good-in-itself. And that may be all I need now. It may be enough.

The “desire” to perform, to show others my accomplishments, is evidently longer a desire. Performing itself now seems besides the point.

Evidently, I don’t have enough desire, energy, or interest to set up a show outside my living room practice.

If I ever perform again, anywhere or on any instrument or in any style, it would have to be for an entirely different purpose. I’d have to find a new reason to perform. Otherwise, I just won’t bother.

Is doing a reading enough of a new reason?

I doubt it, but I really don’t know yet.

We’ll have to see.

Exhilaration

(A Mixed Show)

Exhilaration is the only reason to ever perform again.

Would a performance of anything exhilarate me?

I can’t think of anything at the moment.

But its something to consider.

Would a performance on (classical) guitar ever exhilarate me?

Would a performance singing folk songs and my songs ever exhilarate me?

Would the combination performance of guitar, folk songs, gaida (for humor) ever exhilarate me?

Would becoming a comedian, seeing my show as a stand-up comic routine ever exhilarate me?

Would the combination performance of guitar, folk songs, gaida (for humor), ad libs, bits, and comedy routines ever exhilarate me? Somehow the word “comedy” does not fit for my show. I like “off the wall,” crazy, wild, nutty, fantasy, etc. But not the word “comedy.”

Anyway, would offering a mixed show, a smorgasbord show like this ever exhilarate me?

Maybe.

Maybe? Hmmmm. What a conclusion!

Am I on to something?

Exhilaration Maintenance

“Fun” is not a strong enough word for what I want out of life. It is too childish, weak, and superficial.

Better are exhilaration and joy, then add ecstasy, transformation, majesty,

humor, and Magnificence.

That's my aim in life.

These glorious states of mind are the best antidotes to death, disability, transience, and depression.

How to achieve and maintain them is the question.

Truth is my art forms, and miracle schedule achieve and maintain them.

Guitar Playing Exhilaration/Joy Point

Truth is, that relaxation point in my right wrist, is the exhilaration/joy point for my guitar playing!

I have secretly discovery the exhilaration point. When focusing on it, which thus relaxes my right, and total playing with it. I can reach the guitar Alhambra ecstasy that I need.

Searching for that guitar ecstasy spot has been my guitar-playing lifetime search.

Now I have found it.

Focusing on it as I play can bring me guitar joy.

Folk Dancing and the Exhilaration/Joy Spot

I definitely hit the exhilaration/joy spot, and often, while I am dancing, and teaching my folk dance classes! It is easy and natural for me. (Maybe that is why teaching folk dancing has become my profession, even if it doesn't pay!)

The Next Stage

Exhilaration, Joy, Ecstasy

Resistance

Note how I resist entering this realm.

Perhaps it's natural to resist it.

But also natural to fight, struggle, and try to achieve and reach it.

Seems the next big event is death, and how to handle the decay and dismemberment of the empire.

Wednesday, February 19, 2020

I have it. I've always had it. It has always been there.

But I must re-find and reclaim it every day. This because every day is different, and every morning you have to steer the ship anew.

Play guitar and exercise: Isn't that my ideal life? Just like my teenage years when I discovered the source of happiness: violin and basketball, music and exercise,

the source of happiness.

That life style unites body, mind, and spirit. Music focuses my mind and spirit, exercise tunes my body. And when they are all together, it's a perfect combination which equals happiness. And with happiness intact, not far behind, catching up at the heels are exhilaration, joy, and ecstasy.

Music and exercise, with everything else “on the side.”

Is teaching folk dancing similar to exercise? It can be.

Responsibility (to others) can distract me, push me off my center, which is love, of music and exercise (with “others on the side.”)

I learned about this happiness as a teenager (violin and basketball.) Later writing came along to express it. Period.

Thursday, February 20, 2020

Suppose my new “business” is learning how to (day) trade—and this for a living,

1. Do I dare. Yes.

2. Mym other stuff, including MS, will be “on the side.”

(Except for exercise.)

The new miracle schedule study and skill would be math. Right? The beauty o

mathematics, and through this. Science.

Guitar—Solved

My guitar practice has been reduced (humor), but really elevated, to focusing on relaxing my right wrist.

I must admit, that I have thus solved my guitar problem.

I can't go any further than "loose wrist." Loose, relaxed right wrist is the heart and center and answer top speed, tremolo, Alhambra etc.

I've done it. Over. Finished.

(Yes, it took 40-50 years. But who cares?)

On to the next.

Other Completions

("Completions with the understanding that nothing is really ever over. It only evolves into something else.)

Publication of my Folk Dance book. A completion.

Bulgaria full and tours. Completion.

Tours are lots of detail work—but easy. Challenge has diminished.

Language: Still a challenge

Trading

Free association: The precipice revisited. Evil, danger, adventure, good, disrespect, crime, bad, etc.

Any heros? None. No heros are needed.

Who is going to support this shift?

No one but me,

All alone here—but that’s not bad.

Dropping all the old identities.

Friday, February 21, 2020

Sales

Putting myself out there for sales. (Grand past ough)

Could that be my next, and final, direction?

I’ve done and “completed” everything else. I’ve cleared the path, removed the blocks (Alhambra, money, financial security, etc.)

There is nothing else left to do.

(I’m so bored and unchallenged that I’m slipping into socially useless stock market trading as a “profession.”)

This time I wouldn’t even be going into sales to make money. Although I want money, love money, love winning and success, and of course money making would be the measurement of success. But by “not wanting money” I really mean I’m not panicked about poverty anymore (o at least for now). I’m not living at the edge of financial ruin as I did for the past many years. I’m financially stable, secure (as much as you can be financially), and thus free (or freer, no need to be arrogant).

In any case, I am, definitely ready and in need of something new. And even sales itself is an old road. The only different this time is that I am coming at it without panic. Or even the fear of rejection. I’m coming at it mainly because, in the creative realm, I’ve done most of what I need to do. I have lots of finished products

and services to offer. But, of course, few to no one is taking them. Why? Because, among other things, they don't know about them.

Why don't they know about them? Because I have made almost no effort to promote, advertise, push, or sell them.

In the past, I resented this. After all, I created it. Isn't that enough? People should now come to my door, asking for, nay demanding my brilliant products or services.

Well, of course that doesn't happen. How can they come if they don't even know about it? But that is a "reasonable" question, one, in the past, I refused to deal with or answer.

But now, today, things may be different. I need a challenge; I'm looking for a challenge. And I'm "stuffed, overloaded" with accomplishments. They are coming out of my ears. What to do with them?

The gospel, sales, bring them to the public is the "only" answer. The only thing stopping me is my old attitude of hatred and resistance to sales.

Can I ever change this attitude? Deep down, in my unconscious mind, do I even want to give up its protections?

Ah, what an interesting word: protections.

Is my hatred and resistance to sales based on fear? Do my old attitude "protect" me?

From what? Diving straight into the melee?

In a case, I've been through these questions before. Nothing new here, or under the sun.

The only question is: Am I at the next stage, ready to move on to the next

step?

And truth is, I am.

Will I make the move? Let's see what happens.

The Only Thing Left is Sales

Truth is, the only thing left is sales. There is no other choice.

Nevertheless, will I take the plunge?

Will I do it?

Performing Belongs to Sales, and Vice Versa

Ugh, ugh, ugh, I hate t think about it, admit it, face it, realize it, but
performance and performing are part of sales!

Ugh, ugh, ugh, that means that if I return, enter, go back (or forward) to sales,
that means I have to return (go forward) to (some kind of) performing.

Ugh, ugh, ugh. That means my life resistance to people (fear of people) is
“over.” I can't escape anymore. I can't hide behind finance (or lack of finance), or
behind the Alhambra (or lack of Alhambra.

Why? Because those “lacks” are over. Solved, resolved, done.

Ugh, ugh, ugh. Worry, worry, worry. Tremble, tremble, tremble. A trauma and
crisis resolved in boiling oil and earthquake lava pouring plasma.

Artist/Performer/Salesman

It does not matter whether I can play Alhambra or not. I am still a performer/salesman, still a salesman/performer.

Which comes first?

I think performer.

Does it matter?

Well, I asked the question, so it must matter. Performer comes first because it is more artistic. Or at least it has the smell/fragrance of artistry. And at heart, and in my soul, I am an artist first.

Can I accept, admit that in my soul, and publically as well, I am an artist first? So much childhood resistance from this positive self-view. (I keep seeing my uncle Jim instead of myself.)

Nevertheless, it is part of my transformation to accept that first I am an artist, second, a salesman, third, a performer. A performer/salesman/artist, or artist/performer/salesman. All three go together, like the Trinity.

Market and Trading: Stops Don't Protect Me

If stops don't protect me, and evidently they don't, then my whole stock trading plan is no good and I have to re-examine everything. My total approach. And even if there will be an approach.

Does this mean my day trading, and even my trading days are done? Maybe.

If this is possible, and even true, then what will I do with my money? If I have enough money to live, and I don't use the surplus to trade and play with stocks, and if I just leave new monies in high dividend stocks, and pay little attention to them, how will I enjoy my money? What will I do with it?

It's amazing that I even have such a "problem," but I do.

Why should I bother earning money, or even thinking much about it, if I can't enjoy it?

I should be grateful (and maybe I am), but I am really more amazed at my thinking.

Saturday, February 22, 2020

Next day: Trading stocks dropped.

I'm stunned, and in shock. A great vacuum has been created.

Paradox:

1. I'll make more money with less to no effort.
2. My mind is free (to focus on MS. etc)
3. The vacuum may create new inspirations.

Language study replaces trading.

A. Hebrew (replace trading).

1. Add Greek, and Bulgarian.

A. Until July, 4-5 month project.

Dance and Exercise Go Together

Dance and exercise go together.

A grand artistic workout,

They have never gone together before. Is this new?

Relaxed Right Wrist, and Fingers

The wrist exists with or without the fingers.

But the fingers cannot exist without the wrist.

Therefore, the wrist is fundamental, the finer(s) are secondary.

Focus on the wrist, and the fingers will follow.

The focus on the wrist is new.

Focus on the wrist is the key to fast, slow, whatever.

Make the jump and seal the bargain.

How does the voice work? Study voice (again?) (Opera.)

I don't have to do business in the morning.

(Wow, where did this line come from?) Most important line, directional line,
of the day.

Sunday, February 23, 2020

With my new mind freedom, will I now remember Hebrew words better?

We'll see.

My Bulgarian language is intimately connected to gaida playing.

I have to no find time, budget my time, so I can practice both gaida and singing. (Wind, blowing, etc. 15-1 hour sessions.)

Worry and Dealing

If I don't have to worry about money anymore, maybe I don't have to worry about my right wrist anymore. Maybe it will simply take care of itself, take care of me. Just like someone or something will now "take care of me. So I don't have to worry about money anymore.

Yes, I don't have to worry about money anymore. I have to deal with it, deal with money, but I don't have to worry about it anymore.

Yes, my (life-time, or since I got married) worries about money are over. I'm dropping them, giving them up

But my dealings with money, and everything else, are not over.

If my worries about money, and even guitar right wrist, are over, what will I worry about? (Note again, my dealings with money, guitar, and whatever are not over, only my worries are over.)

If I don't worry about money or guitar, what will I worry about? Are there other things to worry about? Or are all my worries over? In other words, will I be giving up my life-style of worrying, my worrying life style?

Will I be exchanging "dealing with" for worries?

Sounds good to me.

Definitely an attitude change: Moving from the worry life style to the dealing with life style.

Sounds very good to me.

As a start, will I now be "worrying" about how to fit all my miracle schedule events into my day? Or will I simply be "dealing with" these time-budgeting

problems?

I aim for dealing with.

Monday, February 24, 2020

Feelings

I usually feel defeat when I have feelings of sadness, down, depression, feeling bad, whatever, these so-called negative feelings.

But rather than defeated, better to see them as clouds passing in the night.

True, they can be storm clouds raining down destruction and pain, or clear sky and sunlight feelings bringing uplift and joy.

But clouds or sun, rain or shine, feelings float by, fluttering up and down as they pass through their cycles of eternity.

The “Age” Excuse

Guitar: Dare I be that good, at this (advanced) age?

Note how I block myself, this time with the age factor.

The common past denominator is: once again I’m blocking myself, but now, using a new excuse, namely age.

Fast, Light, and Easy: New Guitar Personality

Fast, light, and easy, A Flying Bach Gavotte en Rondeau.

That’s the best!

Fast, light, and easy. That’s my new guitar personality.

For awhile. Get used to it.

Tuesday, February 25, 2020

I just wonder if fast, light and easy is my natural pace, in guitar, folk dancing, and perhaps more.

And I have been just holding back, for years, and maybe even my whole life. That is post-running wild on the lawn.

In fact, maybe fast, light, and easy is the adult (post-eighty) form of running wild on the lawn.

And the money-fear wall blocked its entrance into adulthood.

Part of it was that I couldn't stand the excitement so I blocked it off by creating walls of containment.

But no longer. Fast, light, and easy has broken the dam.

Now I wonder if my knees will get better as a by-product.

Wednesday, February 26, 2020

Patience, Relaxation, Eternity, and Eternal Life

I am fighting impatience.

How to wait, dwell, in the relaxation spot (right wrist.)

Guitar, yoga, folk dancing, writing, all of them.

Impatience is the fight against death.

When you focus on patience, on the relaxation spot, you feel eternity, and touch eternal life.

Focusing on patience, dwelling in the relaxation spot, stops time. Its positive

benefit is the prize of peace.

Patience and relaxation are twins guides on the path to eternity and eternal life.

Eternity and eternal life: A top prize and reward for relaxation and patience.

Thursday, February 27, 2020

Transitioning

What does it mean to become a writer?

The serious, slow, daily editing work.

Plus sales.

Grammar, commas, and sentence structure.

Guitar: I have to play guitar for God. He is my Real audience. He is my only audience.

That means I actually believe in God. As a “concrete” presence.

Yes, He is my Real audience. And, although He is larger and infinite, we are still together on this. That’s because a piece of me is Him and vice versa. That piece, the true I, the Real eye is my infinite and eternal connection.

We like each other.

As for guitar playing, or anything else, if it is for God, there is absolutely no rush.

Note: If I say, concretely, out loud, written, and serious, that I really believe in God I feel somewhat ashamed and embarrassed. Others will laugh at me.

Again the fear of others and their criticism raises its ugly head. Of course, I will pay no attention to it, and go along my chosen path, no matter what. Still, it is annoying.

But I am aware of this critical demon, the devil of criticism, following my hollow and earthly body, the corpse of my soul.

But at least the devil is behind and not ahead of me.

Friday, February 28, 2020

Greed, Fear, and Freedom

Sell all my stocks.

Positives: A fresh start, clears my mind, saves my capital, I'll be alive to fight again (If I ever want to fight again.)

Plus I can buy back the stocks in nibbles, if I want to.

Negatives: None, really.

If the market turns around I'll feel bad, stupid, greedy, missed an opportunity, sold at bottom, etc.

Over all, selling all my stocks may finally “free” me from the market, from my worry/elation mind set, from its greed-and-fear quest.

Maybe I need this panic explosion to break my chains. And put all my money in a stable bank. This way, I am basally taking control of my finances, not leaving them up to the whims of the market. Plus my money will grow—from my business. Period. This explosive panic will set my values straight and put me back on the artistic path I always loved, respected, and wanted to walk.

Thus, and I have to say it, but for me, the panic/freedom release of and from the stock market may turn out to be a good thing. (Am I rationalizing? Yes. But it could be true, anyway.)

Back to the peace of Greenwich Village days, when I put my money in the bank and could see my ordered, stable assets right in front of me. One's I had earned through my sweat. And the good feeling of safety, security, and satisfaction (this is money i actually earned through my own work!) that this visit to the bank engendered.

Thus, I am taking a step up, freeing myself from greed and fear, which is the main feeling of the stock market.

Plus, if I'm lucky, I could still make all this back with successful tours in August and October—and keep it.

What a tumultuous year! A rocky road full of explosions to put me back on the path. Back to my original values. Good rising from chaos, with some panic and greed thrown in. A very healthy way of looking at things.

If I organize myself financially, on a simple survival level, a la Greenwich Village days, I'll be organized, safe, stable, successful, and happy.

Thus, I don't need the stock market anymore. Is is and was a fifty-year phase. Like the Alhambra. But now it's over.

This is a gigantic turning point, a grande finale of the year's growth.

The final nail in the coffin.

Stability, change, and growth up ahead.

Steps down the ladder to stability

1. LK loss
2. Stop losses on small stocks didn't work.
3. Coronavirus one-week downturn and loss/panic.
4. Dropping the whole thing.

A. Moving on to my new “old” self,

Saturday, February 29, 2020

Solidify my Gains

1. Guitar
2. Writing
3. Exercises—knees
4. Hebrew

On the other hands, maybe so-called gains cannot be solidified. Maybe they are not meant to be solidified. Maybe solidified is false, not part of reality.

Why so?

Because reality is fluid, changing every day, in transition.

The Tremolo Lesson—and Teaching

Maybe I will never grab it, get it, hold, keep, and master it.

Maybe I will never get it because I'm not supposed to get it.

I'm not supposed to diminish the sparkle and shine of fluid essence into a mere solid visible form.

Maybe the tremolo symbolizes, even is this fluid essence of life. Herodotus said, “I cannot put my foot in the same stream twice.” Reality is transition And

change. I will never grasp the will of the wisp.

It is not meant to be grasped, held in place, solidified. Rather, it is to be touched briefly, as a reminder that such an essence, a running river, a sparkling reality, a shining light, exists.

Fancy New “Giving Up” Forms

I don't like what I wrote about reality above. It seems I've rationalized and invented a fancy new, sophisticated and philosophical way of giving up.

Same thing with the stock market whip sawed “giving up” of yesterday.

This makes two days in a row where I've invented new rationalizations for giving up.

Especially after all my recent successes, what are these new “giving ups” all about? A brief visit for sabbatical rest and refreshments to the old neighborhood? Perhaps.

But by working on my four art forms above I have made gains. Maybe I do need some time off. for rest and refreshments. But rather than a return to the old neighborhood, it is to solidify my gains!

Raising Exercise and Hebrew to Art Forms

Notice, I am calling guitar, writing, exercise, and Hebrew my “four art forms.”
Hmmm.

True, guitar and writing are art forms. But exercise and Hebrew? In my mind, my imagination, I just raised exercise and Hebrew to a higher level!

Monday, March 2, 2020

I Need a Passionate Direction Full of Love

Crafting the Perfect Life

I need a passionate goal.

1. Become a great guitarist.
2. Become a Hebrew scholar/lover.

Becoming a great guitarist has nothing to do with performing. In fact, I'm beginning to resent performing, all performing. "Leave me alone to do my thing in peace" seems to be my next "direction."

No, I want/need a direction/goal, really a process filled with passion to seize, occupy, and propel my mind.

Somehow "great guitarist" sounds right. And I can do it in the privacy of my living room.

I'd add to this perfecting my writing and writings.

Again this has nothing to do with performing, or even publishing (although I may well publish the stuff.)

It's more about having a passionate direction full of love.

I can start with guitar and writing.

With these tools, I shall craft the perfect life.

(This life has to have the words "great" and "perfect" shining ahead of me.)

My Decision

Seems like great guitarist and even great writer as definitions I have to decide

on myself. Alone in my room, or never-minding the audience, it is all up to me. I have to decide.

It is even in my power to decide.

I could decide that I am a great guitarist. And even a great writer.

And enjoy my playing and writing on that level.

Can I handle it?

I think so.

It goes with the exhilaration, joy, and ecstasy theme of this leaf.

Accept the great guitar player award.

The only way I'm going to become a great guitar player is by deciding I am one.

Tuesday, March 3, 2020

Down thoughts are not particularly good for me. Yet they come anyway.

They are basically useless thoughts, waste my valuable time, and only make me feel bad.

Yet they arise in my mind anyway.

What can protect me against down thoughts?

Here are some possibilities.

I am a great guitarist.

Yes, I want to be a great guitarist.

Why?

It will relax me and make me happy.

I've practiced and worked at guitar playing for many years.

How can I be or become a great guitarist? At this point, the only way I can be or become a great guitarist is to decide that I am one. Period.

Wednesday, March 4, 2020

Risks

Last night I realized I need the trading stimulus. It wakes me up, keeps me alert, energizes me. Thus, for me, trading is a good in itself. Period.

This morning, I also realized I need risk. I need to take risks.

I also realized that's why I've been so down all year. And thus so focused on age, mortality, going nowhere, etc. It's because I've got nothing lofty on or in my mind. I'm "merely" repeating myself, gathering old things together, organizing my past, This includes editing my old writing, and merely selling my old tours, with their old destinations. I'm really doing nothing new, or aiming to do anything new. I've basically been treading water, standing in place, and ultimately, stagnating.

No wonder I've been vaguely down, and not so vaguely depressed.

I good for me to have higher goals, and to take risks to achieve them!

Do I even need higher goals? Maybe, or maybe not. But I do need risks.

Perhaps the "higher goals" give me the excuse to try achieving them. In any case, all this is secondary.

Now that I know this, and am evidently ready to move on it, let's see what kind of risks I need and am willing to take.

As a start:

1. Back to stock trading.

a. Anything new? Yes, I'll use ETFs like FTEC and RSP.

2. Guitar: Risk is playing fast.

It Only Took Eighty-Two Years!

Note: The audience is gone. This risk is for me, and me alone. I walking along the risk cliff. Alone. I may fall off the cliff, but I'm falling off alone. The audience is both gone and besides the point.

I need the risk. I need the drama. Deep. In my soul. How did I ever get so distracted by the audience? I don't need the audience. They are secondary, observers, and besides the point. Basically, I personally and fro the depths of my soul need the drama, the excitement and fear of risk.

Maybe it's an age thing. It just took a lot of time to get rid of them. A lifetime, actually. But the gift of post-eighty is they are now besides the point, fallen away, not an issue. I am free of them. And it only took fifty years, nay, eighty years, nay eighty-two years!

3. Exercise, Fd. Running fast.

Friday, March 6, 2020

The End of a Dream

I have to admit that I have been strangely depressed for the past few days, even weeks. Why?

It's not about what you think. Yes, I've lost lots of money in the stock market over this corona virus thing. And that scares me, and questions my ability as a trader (which I know is very low anyway). But strangely, although losing mucho money, and the fear of total wipe out and poverty scars, nay terrifies me, that's not the cause of my depressing state.

Rather, it has to do with writing.

Since college I wanted to be a writer. When I got married, my goal was to make enough money so I wouldn't have to worry about finances, and then I'd be free to fulfill my dream and write. And also become a writer, and even define myself as writer.

During the intermittent fifty or so years I've still managed to write "on the side" while I simultaneously earned a living in other fields.

Now however, especially this year, I'm at the point where we have enough money to "retire," even though, since we like our work, we never will.

But this also means, at least mentally and attitudinally, that I am now finally free to write! I am at the magic point where so-called financial freedom is at hand. More important, I am finally at the magic liberation point where I can write. . .and write, and write, and write. All day long.

Yes, I can finally fulfill my dream and be the writer always wanted to be!

In service of this view, I finally started editing my works. And I see, that by careful editing, I could really be, become, and more important, call myself a professional writer.

The door has finally opened. Paradise is at hand.

Except, now that I have limitless possibilities as a writer, suddenly, my writing limitations have opened up.

I see that I can't write for more than an hour, maybe two at best, a day.

I simply can't sit still and concentrate longer than that.

My idea of being a professional writer was that I'd be free to sit at my desk all day and write. But I can't, physically and mentally.

Maybe I've been living within my limitation all these past years but didn't realize it. After all, I have managed to write, and publish many books. But, as I say, always as a sideline, and as an "amateur." I could never rise to the lofty heights of calling myself a writer.

Well, now I can. . . .But I can't.

And these limitations are what is depressing me.

Also, I realize once again, that maybe I do need my other activities, my social and out-there activities which connect me to others and the outside world, my business and miracle schedule activities.

Maybe, although my mind has been off balance, I have actually been living a balanced life all these years, but didn't know it.

But it is depressing to realize that living my dream is really a nightmare in disguise.

I have been fooled all these years. Unconsciously, subconsciously, unknowingly, all these years I have been fulfilling my dream as I live within my business restrictions and limitations.

Where do I go from here? If fulfilling this writing dream is really a nightmare, what will my next dream be?

Will I even have a dream?

And if not, can I live without one?

Don't I need a dream, to motivate myself? And this, even if it is an impossible one?

I think the answer must be no.

Since my lifetime dream has been reached and, in its strange way, "fulfilled,"

and in reaching this point, I realize it is a nightmare and doesn't work, then my next step would be, must be, to live without a dream. I don't want to be fooled again. And after all this experience, I don't think I can be, or will be.

Thus, the present and future is a dreamless life.

Is this a step upward, downward, or sideways?

Or maybe it is no step at all. Maybe it is a stopping point. There is no future at this point, only the present.

Life with plans, but life without dreams. I'd be totally living in the present.

Again, is that a good thing, bad thing, no thing?

I'm not sure.

Today it is upsetting, depressing, a downer. But it is where I am.

Yes, it's the end of a dream. And perhaps an entry into reality. Up to now, I've rebelled against, even hated so-called "reality" with its restrictions and limitations.

But, on an optimistic note, maybe it's "just" a question of getting used to it.

Is Motivation All?

(My Motivation Will Always Be There)

Strangely, with the discovery, creation, invention, and realization of my miracle schedule, I must admit I've put together a goodly balanced life.

Now how can I live with that?

I ask that question because, if a goodly balanced life means I will diminish or even eliminate my worries and fears, what will motivate me?

Is motivation all?

On the other hand, the possibility of eliminating worries and fears is highly unlikely. In fact, it's probably impossible.

Even if it were possible, is it good?

I doubt it.

The fact is my worries and fears will never go away!

Thus, why worry about losing them?

Since they will always be with me, I will always be motivated!

And that's a good thing.

I just solved my motivation problem.

Friday, March 13, 2020

Is this the month to become a guitarist in my own right?

I am ready.

And a Hebrew speaker?

This would be only for my own personal satisfaction since I don't want to perform, or pursue performance anywhere.

Or speak Hebrew anywhere.

Purpose of Guitar Playing

What is the purpose of my guitar playing?

To exhilarate myself!

Can I stand the fever of exhilaration?

Yes.

Crashing Market

Is there any positive in this crashing market?

It could destroy my dependence, and even my love of money.

My attachment and total focus on my money is unhealthy.

It could free me to focus on my art, which is what I believe in anyway.

To not look at my stock market account, not be obsessed by it: What freedom!

Saturday, March 14, 2020

I may never play guitar again before anybody. And this whether I want to or not. It may not even be my choice. Age, and the way it is, may simply detach me from any public performance.

On one level, this is fascinating.

Is this a bad or a good thing?

Isolation and fascination may be my new normal.

Speed, Exhilaration, Guitar Playing

It is scary to think that speed and exhilaration may be the answer to my guitar problem.

It is scary to realize that speed and exhilaration are the answer to my guitar problem.

Sunday, March 15, 2020

A new day begins. Teaneck is quarantined.

This is my chance, my opportunity, to practice monasticism.

New Guitar Warm-Up, Practice, and Playing Approach

Awakening the Joy Juices

This is a totally new way of approaching the guitar.

Instead of warming up slowly and carefully, jump right in to fast playing. But most important, with this approach, in order not to hurt myself, pull a tight cold muscle, start off fast and very light.

Light, even very light playing is the key to non-injury, and beginning “mentally” fast. In other words, the mind can begin, start off immediately in exhilaration mode. It takes a bit more time for the physical fingers and their muscles to catch up.

This is a totally opposite approach to the way I have warmed up, practiced, and playing guitar all my life.

However, the old approach has not, and has never worked. My excitement, enthusiasm, exhilaration have always been suppressed, nay drained out of my guitar playing through the fear of making mistakes, not playing perfectly, being compared to the “pros, and master guitarists of the past, etc. Indeed, a fear-based approach.

(This suppression has not been true for folk singing or folk dancing.)

Result: All my life, my self-image is: I can't play (classical) guitar.

So perhaps this new approach, based on awakening my exhilaration, excitement, enthusiasm, and joy, through the technique of speed, practicing and

playing fast, will change things—and work.

Monday, March 16, 2020

Manifesto for Tumbling Times

Worst Case Scenario

A Plan and Philosophy

Here is my Manifesto for Tumbling Times.

The Manifesto on the worst case scenario?

When all is lost, what choices are there?

First on is death. Answers all. A final solution. Is there anything beyond death? No. Starvation, and an end to civilization.

Second one is life: Life means the fight for survival.

Since I'm not choosing death, I'm left with life.

I choose the fight for survival.

Next question: How to survive? What plan, attitude, philosophy should I adopt?

Survival Methods

1. Finances: Accept loss of all money. Sell some stocks.

After that have faith in America, life, God, and future.

Faith is the only solution for living.

How to Live in Faith During Tumbling Times

1. Accept loss of all money.

(Footnote: Why accept loss of money? Banks and government could fail, savings falter, currency become worthless. Bartering. Back to basics: Food clothing,

shelter. Etc.)

2. Figure it out. Figure out changing situations day-by-day

Who Am I?

Strange, but when I panic and despair, I think. “This is not really me.” Yes, I experience the miserable, down feelings and more. But when they end, I bounce up from the ocean bottom, and return to “someone else.” Is that “someone else” the real me?

Joy, enthusiasm, art, and laughter seem like my real home?

Am I right?

Yes, I must deal with panic, despair, and depression, But they feel like detours.

Is my real home in Enthusiasm?

Am I right?

Guitar

Focus on speed gives me no time or place to think about tightening the concatenation of hypothenar, thumb index., and other muscles.

By focusing on speed, I race past the tightness, and thus avoid it.

This tightness spot is an evil, dull, dark dead place which is best to avoid.

Avoid it rather than focus on it. Give up the evidently useless techniques I used in the past like trying to relax, playing slowly, etc.

The old practice period, the Bellow days and early years of concert performances, have long since past. I’ve known my stuffs for years. Time to dive

into the wonderful post-concert world of fast.

Speed, playing guitar fast, is the technique I use to avoid and by-pass my tight spot.

The faster I go, the more I avoid it.

Does this technique reveal the personal truth of my guitar playing? Maybe.

In any case, that's why I never gave up my dream of playing fast! It is the gateway to so much more. Fast is macho, right,. Straight, and true.

Yes, I always wanted to play fast! I believe in its power.

Benefits of the Market Melt-Down

Perhaps this is the learning gift of this financial crisis, and its market melt-down. Markets and money are “teaching me” that focus on money is a distraction from my true calling.

What is my true calling?

Focus my time and talents on artistry, on my life-long dream of becoming an artist.

Paradoxically, this market melt-down is setting me straight.

Tuesday, March 17, 2020

Guitar: Amazing, but fast as hell cures it. Period.

For Leyenda, too.

Wednesday, March 18, 2020

I broke down and cried last night.

Sad, cry, crisis. Losing my business, my money, stock savings, future tours, and nothing I can do about it.

Mourn. . . and move on.

Well, I'm just about finished mourning.

Adjusting to the New Reality

Now, about moving on. How to think? What attitude to take?

1. All my tours may be cancelled. Wait and see. But truly, there is a very strong possibility.

In fact, expect it.

What to do then?

1. Aim for 2021. Push all tours ahead one year. Into 2021.

a. Try to hold onto deposits, but be ready to refund them, if necessary.

b. This year is "over." Money making is "over." Since also, no one will

have any money.

2. My Monastery Program still holds. Based on MS (miracle schedule)

Causes of (psychological) pain: Holding on to the past, my attachments: My 2020 tours, my stock market monies, my concept of a richer, safe person with safe savings, having money, etc.

Freedom and more inner peace: Dropping my attachments, releasing my hold of my past, my self-view, and situation. Creating a blank slate and thus: Adjusting to the new reality.

Folk Dance Resurrection Program

I, Jim Gold, am running for president on the Folk Dance Party ticket.

Here is our platform:

A folk dance program for you local (localism folk dance, village approach), the country (patriotic/nationalistic approach), and the world (globalist/international f. d approach.)

Something for everyone. Every political or philosophical opinion (FD party motto we go in all directions, etc.) bent.!

Although folk dances (and folk dancers) may die, they are always resurrected.

During this “Monastic” (coronavirus period, Criso-Virus ir Criso-Viral period), we don’t want you sitting around, not exercising, not folk dancing, watching TV, etc. Although we in the Folk Dance Party support vegetables (many are even vegetarians) we are against vegetating.

We want to use this historical crisis period to self-improve, and come out trimmer, more fit, even better!

Thus our pro-exercise/weight-loss/muscle build-up folk dance motto goes beyond the usual and popular; “Don’t let a crisis go to waste” to our more dynamic friendly-user motto: “Don’t let a crisis go to your waist.”

Cost of the Monastic Program is 15 bezants, payable in either Latin or Byzantine monastic currency of 15 bezants.

Two bezants will be donated to BDRRF (Bulgarian Dance Retirement Relief Fund).

Saturday, March 21, 2020

Love is the Only Solution

The antidote to fear is love.

How can I express love? (Move beyond the sin of division.)

1. Guitar

a. Former classical guitar playing: Based on ego and fear. Present playing: Aim for love of audience. (In love mode, slow or fast playing is totally besides the point.) The theme of the Alhambra in my life has been the struggle between fear and love. Up to now, fear has won. Let's change this pattern.

Actually, all this is a no-brainer. Although fear will never go away, there is no choice: Love is the only solution.

Post-Coronavirus Decisions and Commitments

(Love Over Fear)

1. Political divide is over. (Practice this thinking.)
2. Guitar: Alhambra and more. (Practice this thinking.)
3. Writing
4. Emails: Think love with each email. (Practice this.)
5. Exercise: Joy and love in each movement. (If I feel it, others will, too.)

Practice this thinking.

6. Money, stock market, security: Look elsewhere for security, Money and the stock market, although important short term fixes, won't cut it in the long run. Focus on love.

Sunday, March 22, 2020

Coronavirus Time/Era/Epoch

Importance of People

Three New On-Line Businesses

Many lessons from this period

Perhaps most important is the reminder of how important people are. Other people.

This obvious truth, which in normal time is often forgotten, is totally highlighted now in times of social isolation and especially social “distancing.”

Yes, people, other people are so important. Vital.

I miss them.

This social isolation and distancing period shows, reminds, teaches me that ultimately all my activities are ultimately aimed at and for other people. That eventually, I expect and want to bring and share them with others. Period.

This is the vital human condition.

What kind of life is there without people?

No life. Nothing. Death.

Yes, people, other people, connecting with other people, is vital. Without other people, without them, why bother living? (Of course, since I am part of this weird group, without them, I'd be gone too.)

Even monastic retreat, cenobitic or hermetic, group monastery or hermit retreat is done ultimately with the purpose of self-healing and then eventually returning to the world and of ultimately helping other people,

So ultimately, social distancing may work as a short-term measure, But

ultimately, it can only fail. Because without connection, everything will eventually die.

But of course, the rule of life is that there is no death without resurrection. So when the world is lifted, resurrected from this coronavirus quarantine state, what and where will it be? And back to the personal, where will I be?

This means, that through the act and power of my imagination, I must imagine a world beyond this present quaro-corona state. Thus, where will I be in say, two months? What will I presently aim and practice for?

Can anything new come out of this CV quarantine period?

My answer from yesterday's walk is: Yes.

Three new on-line businesses.

(Well, they're not businesses yet since they can make no money. Yet. How could I monetize them? Well, that comes later.)

1. Dance of the Day

a. Teaching folk dancing from my living room

b. Mail out name of dance, written dance instructions, and Youtube link,

Plus and learning questions, contact me. (Eventually, use Zoom or Facetime of other.

2. On-line Stories

a. Email out my stories. Start with Carlos the Cloud, or even Crusader

Tours. Start an on-line "Fans of Jim Gold writings and musings A-Muse-Meant Club.

Etc

3. On-line Jim Gold One-Man Show ("concerts.") My songs, and even

classical guitar on line! Video myself playing guitar or singing in my living room. Put

it on Youtube, then email link to the new “Fans Email list

Stock Market

Hanging Over the Cliff of Indecision

Pain and Suffering in the Age of CV

Present stock market thought and approach in these terrible stock market loss time. (We’ve already lost 40% of our holdings.)

At this point, the stock market is a lose-lose situation.

If I sell, and the market goes up, I lose. (Greed)

If I don’t sell, and the market goes down, I lose. (Fear)

At this point, best is to do nothing and forget about it.

Move on to something else.

Can I do this? Do I really want to face the daily possibility of losing another 40%? Will there be a depression? (If the government keeps following the shut-down policy the answer is yes.) Is it better to sell out now before the depression? Or hope they will change direction? And hope the whole CV crisis will end in time?

I do believe the crisis will eventually end. That is true.

As to whether I can hold on and watch my money, savings, and all dwindle to almost zero? I don’t know.

Yes, I believe that if it dwindle to almost zero, it will eventually come back. But can I stand the month or two month of losses in the process? This is the terrible “I don’t know” question.

Hanging over the indecision cliff is an extremely difficult and painful place to hang out.

Is it better to take the losses?

But again, what will happen, if by some miracle, this CV situation suddenly ends, and the market quickly turns around?

Maybe indecision is the best place to be.

Yes, it's painful to hang over the cliff of indecision. On the other hand, they said this would be a painful period. I don't mind the temporary isolation but I do mind the pain of stock market losses.

Maybe this "hanging over the cliff of indecision" is and will be my form of pain. And my CV task is to learn to live in and with it.

Guitar:

1. Hanging wrist approach works. I unlocks the power.
2. Accept my index. That's just the way it is, and I am.

Monday, March 23, 2020

Transformation and Return

Self-improvement is really self-opening.

Singing, and loose-wrist guitar.

I'm coming back, totally different.

Snotless and wide open.

Tuesday, March 24, 2020

It's been a long descent, but there is no question we are at, or near, the bottom of this coronavirus situation. The CV boat will keep rocking now until we slowly return to normal.

Meanwhile, during this lock-down home period, its important, nay vital: to stick to a tight work schedule, It maintains your focus and sanity.

Thursday, March 26, 2020

I Hate Losses!

The stock market: It's not so much about the money, but about the skill. I've lost so much in the market, that I'm almost inured to losses.

Wow, what a lie! What a denial of my inner reality.

Truth is: I absolutely hate losses!

I hate losses!

I'm sick of losses.

I want to win! I love to win. Period.

Friday, March 27, 2020

Renewal

Maybe this coronavirus quarantine period is my chance to get away from folk dancing and folk tours as far as I can so I can later return to them with a totally fresh and new view.

Sheer Fun

Play a Gavotte for sheer fun. Wow! Just for the joy of laying into it!

Aiming for sheer fun! That would be myu gretest accomplishment, my greatest victory.

Sheer fun in research; sheer fun in Gavotte—and all.

The greatest act of rebellion is having sheer fun. It is the supreme victory.

Monday, March 30, 2020

Coronavirus Attitude

Rather than fight it (I can't fight it. Useless.), and be enraged (which I am, but again, I can't do anything about it and thus anger is a waster of energy), better to accept it (that's the way it is. It is what it is), and deal with it.

Dealing with it means: The only question is: How to take advantage of the situation.

Tuesday, March 31, 2020

Exhilaration and Market Trading

Yesterday I spent all day trading stocks.

My mind was totally free and focused to do it. It was the first day of mym new stock market trading life.

Yesterday turned out to be one of the best days trading I ever had. A great financial/market day! Much good and successful focus. Much money made.

Excellent.

Note: It was difficult to sit and focus on the screen all day. It exhausted and exhilarated me. Winning! I won so much and so well.

Note: I must add movement to my new, before the screen, stock market/trading focus sitting life. This is my new life and focus, at least during the coronavirus lock-down period which should be lasting at least another month, until end of April, and even into May.

Note: Today's focus should be on not losing money.

1. How to preserve my gains.
2. Maybe even move ahead a bit.

Now here come a great revelation: Yesterday, at the end of the day, did I ache all over because I was suppressing my excitement, pushing down my exhilaration because I had such a successful wahoo day. And this in the hated, fearful stock market where I have so often failed, and where I constantly hear my wife's internal voice of disapproval?

This analysis feel right!

It follows my ancient pattern. I can't stand success and when I have it, I retreat into my old put-down neighborhood, turning the positive energy of exhilaration on myself, and transforming it into aches and pains.

This "makes sense."

However, I want to change this old pattern. This leaf is about exhilaration and how to both experience and handle it.

It's about sales, exhilaration, joy, and ecstasy. Indeed, that is what I felt yesterday as I was completely focused on and successfully trading in the market.

I want more of that!

That's what this coronavirus lock down time and new life challenge is all about.

Yes, let's face it: I loved yesterday's victories! I loved yesterday's complete focus and concentration on trading in the market!

I want more of that!

Thursday, April 2, 2020

Writing fiction has to be part of my process. It isn't now. (Unfortunately, stocks are.)

I'm resisting writing fiction now. No, no!

I'm testing my boundaries. Do I really hav to write be a writer? And this from my innermost core?

Thinking of others, writing for others, writing with others in mind, with the idea of directing my creations toward them, the outer approach, turns my switches off, not on.

Should I hand write all this notes to and about myself on paper? Or type them directly into my new leaf journal?

Yes, I should write them directly into my journal. So there is a record of it. (And Barry can edit it out, if it sis soo much, etc.)

Guitar: How strange. It seems I have "forgotten" about the audience. The inner audience that has been watching, and criticized me for years. Has suddenly fallen away. And with it, my obsession with speed, with proving myself, has also fallen away, disappeared.

Suddenly, along with this sudden astonishing and wonderful memory loss, all

the negative thoughts and problems of my right hand, right index finger, thumb, hypthenar regions, have suddenly been forgotten. I can't even remember what they were!

This is totally weird, wonderful, and amazing.

I am playing strongly, thoughtfully, clearly, moderately, and without effort. It seems, feels like, the old neighborhood has been forgotten and I have stepping into the new neighborhood.

Can I thank the coronavirus quarantine?

Prtly and maybe.

This Teaneck town and country lock-down has enabled me to freely step into my long-desired monastic cell. In the process, I am fully and freely exploring the monastic depth-diving self-knowledge benefits of living in half-solitary confinement prison.

This could be another benefit of the lock down, along with my new stock trading career.

Anything else?

Or am I getting greedy?

Yes, I am. I like this.

What happens in my monastic cell? Why is it so wonderful? Why does part of me so yearn to live there?

In my monastic cell, I can soar! There my imagination is totally free. I can fly freely through the universe. Unimpeded by social or material constraints, I can jump

into any corner of the cosmos I like, and do it whenever I want. I can live with Beethoven's music and the stars, flow with the lofty ingredients of Spirit, dwell in the Magnificence that shines throughout the universe.

Quite a reward, eh!

Bringing these visions down to earth is the secondary part of my existence. It is the necessary and vital business and social part. There is no living without both.

But it is my job to know my priorities. First comes cosmic vision. The one I find and know from my dreams. This is what gives meaning and dignity to my life.

Transforming it into material existence, and thus sharing it, and influencing the world around me, is secondary, vital, and life-giving as well.

But one must remember the spring, the source, the well.

One cannot live without vital fluid waters of life.

No question I am a mystic. Material life is a reflection of spiritual life, which is a reflection of Spirit.

Friday, April 3, 2020

Up and Down in Coronavirus Land

1. Raise cash so I can relax—and lead my monastic life of study and learn.
2. Forget about the market—at least until July. Then I'll reassess.
3. Start study and learn plan.
 - A. Folk dancing was another life. Folk tours, too.
 - B. Write and sell books?
 - C. Purpose of Dance of the Week: to sell books.

1. My Treasure of IFD, and other books
2. Call Barry, ask about Amazon and money.
3. Transition into writing for income.

This last one is an impossible dream winner. Obviously, this is the right time to think about and try it. With stuck in quarantine prison, all sources of income destroyed (they say for now, but who knows?), a possible depression coming up (they say the economy will bounce back, but who knows?) really I can't do anything else. My stock market trading skills are non-existence and have always led to losing. Therefore, there is no option for me. Maybe that's what God wants from me, and has made my path quite clear by constantly destroying my stock market trading attempts, witnessed by every time I try, every time I get enthusiastic about the market and start trading stocks, my account gets lower.

So, how to sell my books? An impossible task and route. On the other hand, I want and need a challenge. Also, I am attracted to impossible dreams. So maybe there is no escape. The time has come.

Start with the Treasury. Use my email list to sell it.

Saturday, April 4, 2020

The Power and Daring of Slow

Guitar and Hebrew.

(Guitar: Milan Pavane, and more, Hebrew (Horef, and more)

Note the power and daring of slow.

This vision of rebellion and individuality is game changer and image changer.

Fast

Fast is jumping into the fire. It takes its own form of courage and daring, and (perhaps—that is for me to discover) ignites its own form of power.

Discovery power, courage, and daring in fast is a good research challenge.

This may be the time to shut off the media, shut out the world, and like Jesus and many prophets, go into the desert, and mediate for forty days.

Then return to the world renewed, and with a message of hope, renewal, resurrection, and personal salvation.

What will be in my desert? What will I do and accomplish in my monastic, desert cave existence?

My miracle schedule, teenage discovery events:

Guitar, running, yoga-gym, writing, study (Hebrew)

Nothing new here but the intensity hope/goal of moving to a new level, elevating my understanding and self-knowledge.

When I return, those around me will benefit.

Die, burial in my monastic cell, rebirth, and rising from the dead is my goal.

(Die, burial in my monastic cell, rebirth, and rising from the dead is my goal.)

Die, rebirth, regenerate, and rise from the dead is my goal.

Possible rules for monastic life.

1. Do things in the extreme.

A. Guitar and yoga ,even running practice. With adequate breaks, of course.)

I may do some emails and public stuff at the end of the day, but they are really monastic breaks, forms of relaxation, flits in the wind.

Monday, April 6, 2020

Interpretation

Playing in Public

Classical guitar: Interpretation is the road to creativity, and to playing the classical pieces “my way.”

This morning I have an interpretation of:

1. Milan Pavane in C
2. Bach’s Gavotte in D

Started interpretation of Bach’s Gavotte en Rondeau, and Alhambra. On the road to others.

Interpretation is my next direction, the only route to go.

The is the door and the key to my individuality on the classical guitar. And no doubt, my key to playing in public!

(Wow, did I just say that? Yes.)

And what is interpretation but expression, self-expression.

Tuesday, April 7, 2020

Work at the Positive

Fear is stronger than joy.

This means you have to work at the positive.

Practice it.

Positive is hard; negative is easy.

With every down thought, work at the positive.

Instinctual Survival

Panic as a Visceral Form of Smart

“Thank you, Panic for protected me.”

Does panic, and its hand-maiden terror, destroy confidence?

Or is panic a visceral form of smart? An instinctual animal survival skill, the “fight or flight” survival instinct.

Thus by keying into my panic, I was protecting myself, enabling myself to flee to safety, and thus survive to fight another day.

So instead of being ashamed of myself for selling down in a panic, fleeing, running away, I should be proud that I was smart enough, in touch with myself and my instincts enough to flee at the right time. And thus live another day to fight on.

In this sense, retreat is not defeat.

Of course, it was not a conscious, in control decision to retreat but rather a panicky one. Thus it was out of control, led by my emotions, and not my mind, the base and lower part of my brain, rather than my intellect.

But the result was the same. I saved myself. But instead of relying on my reason and intellect, my animal self took over and I fled in panic .

Thus I “gave in to my emotions.”

Is that bad? Or is it merely “human?”

It is definitely human. In this sense, is being human bad?

Maybe. Humans can be both bad and good.

No question, I cannot say fleeing in panic is my finest moment. It is nothing I can be proud of. On the other hand, why should I waste my brain being ashamed of it? Rather and better to think of it as a new learning experience, a revelation of a deeper animal self, the discovery of a new inner friend that protects me. Actually, an old inner friend because she/he/it has been with me all along, standing at my side, or within me, ever ready to protect me in times of danger.

So actually, I should thank my panic!

And I will. "Thank you, Panic for protected me."

The Benefits of Panic

Talk about a positive view of terror and panic!

My stock market panic caused by the sudden loss of forty per cent of my money keyed into my visceral, natural, animal survival instinct. I panicked and fled. And saved myself to fight another day.

Wednesday, April 8, 2020

A Very Challenging Practice!

Challenge: Work on being and seeing the positive.

1. Stock market (Money and security)
2. Business (social connections)
3. Performing (video, etc.)
 - a. Guitar, songs, readings

Market: They say the only way I can be positive about the market is to be able to wait a year or so until it recovers. And it will recover. . .or so they say.

Do I believe this? Maybe.

Will it help give me a positive view, an upbeat view of the market, and the ability to quietly, peacefully wait it out? I doubt it. But really, I don't know.

Nevertheless, my big challenge is to find something positive to focus on. Is there anything positive I can focus on, now, today?

This so-called "positive" has nothing to do with the market's daily fluctuations, volatility, ups and downs. It's more about the long-range view.

Do I have this? I doubt it.

Can I develop such a vision? I'm not sure.

Do I even want to? Good question.

Business and performing: Same as the market, only not as visceral or vital.

Why do I say that? Because that's the way I feel now. Certainly, performing is not as vital. It's now a side thing, and I earn no money from it. (But it is an ego and self thing.)

What about business? Same thing, at least for now. Truth is, until a month ago, we had enough money to survive just on savings alone. That is no longer true.

And that's why the market is so fundamental to my security, and even business comes second to the market. And obviously, performing is third, way down near the bottom.

So my order of worries are:

1. Market: main worry
2. Business: secondary concern
3. Performing: Hardly at all

What can I do or think about it?

How can I put in the daily hard mental work of finding and adding a “positive view, positive slant” to it?

I don't know. . . yet.

What a very challenging practice!

Working backward: from performing up

1. As of now, today, I am avoiding the performing fire. Avoiding making the “decisive” video of, say Bach Gavotte in D. Of course, there is no “decisive” video.

Drop decisive.

Just Start.

Just start by making an average, miserable, on-day one.

Thursday, April 9, 2020

Desired Accomplishments During CV Quarantine

1. Play guitar with expression.

a. Pavane in C, Bach Gavottes, Alh are on their way.

Express what?

Beauty, peace, gorgeous, relax,, loose, flow,

It must be a transformation of personality because technically it couldn't be and isn't that had.

Alhambra "only bass" (or at least 95%):

How could I have been so wrong for so many years? A bit over forty years in the desert. Moses began his post-eighty journey where I am ending.

I am entering my post-eighty-four period. Alhambra is so easy it's almost laughable.

I've crushed, broken the back of exile in the Land of Lost.

Friday, April 10, 2020

Benefits of Self-Disgust

I can't change a thing. . .except my attitude.

Self-disgust equals energy rising.

Much better to be disgusted with myself than with the world.

If I'm disgusted with myself, I can do something about it.

Disgust with the world around me, only leaves me frustrated, and helpless.

Witness this coronavirus shut-down situation. Totally stupid, heavy-handed, one-size-fits-all, destructive, short-sighted, fear-induced situation. This to me is obvious.

It totally frustrated, terrifies, and enraged me. I've lost mucho money, and my business. So have many others.

But what can I do about it?

As for the outward situation, basically, nothing. Except rage and tremble.

This only hurts me more.

However, I can turn the rage, frustration, terror, and sadness on myself, and the frothy mix will soon create needed and fruitful self-disgust!

And self-disgust, coupled with the rising energy it creates. Will propel me forward. And I'll end up doing something creative, constructive and useful. And I'll end up feeling victorious and even joyful!

Saturday, April 11, 2020

Seems I'm near an ending.

Time to turn over a new leaf.