

Levels Never End

The Next Level

Monastic Life and Coronavirus

Saturday, April 11, 2020

Coronavirus time has really upended and changed my life, or at least my rhythm and timing.

The next level. Is there a next level?

Is there an even deeper level of relaxation, and of tone, and of connection to the deepest parts of my body and soul?

There must be a deeper level. (Because if there is not, that means I have arrived, I am there, and there is no place else to go, which means I am dead. And I'm not dead yet, so logically, if nothing else, there must be another a next place to go, a next level. Okay, so yes. There is a next level.

The next level is now what I'm aiming for.

So what is it?

I don't know yet. I suppose that is part of the next adventure, the next path, what I'm meant to find out.

Externally, this path begins with coronavirus and lock down.

Internally, it begins with a view of the monastic life.

Attitude and Accomplishment

Guitar: Start with “the usual” Alhambra.

But is really “the usual?”

No. Saying “the usual” is a put down.

It is not the usual. Why?

I am now aiming at the next level!

Does my aim and intention refresh it, make it new, different? Yes.

Intention is different from success.

Intention is an attitude; success is an accomplishment.

You need both. You start with intention. The means to the end. Then, with lots of work, plus, if you are lucky, you reach the success of accomplishment.

Next Level, New Adventure, Next Tour

Is there a next dance level?

Yes.

In fact, I’m ready to move to the next levels in everything that I do.

Maybe cosmically, that’s what this coronavirus “break” is all about: To give me time and space to think, pivot, change directions, and move to the next level.

What will the levels be?

Where will they lead?

That’s what the next level adventure chapter is all about.

What Then?Searching for a Fresh Start

Suppose the coronavirus break signals the end of my folk dance and folk tour career, an end to my life in folk dancing. Just as post-forty signaled the end of my career as a performer.

Suppose, after this long break, no one returns to my Monday night class. (Or Darien, etc.) And suppose, folks no longer travel, are afraid to travel, give up tours, etc?

Suppose all this happens. What then?

Well, isn't this a fruitful thing to contemplate, an interesting possibility and way to think?

Yes.

If this is so, then what?

Strange, in fact, very strange and different indeed, this time I'm not thinking much about money or how I will earn a living. And, at least for today, I'm not even panicked about losing my tour business, and folk dance following. (Although I can see that sadness, even some panic might come later.)

My subtle question is: Would part of me welcome it? Push me into the opportunity of a completely fresh start!

Wow, how can I even think this? But I just did.

Let me pursue this thought and direction. Certainly now, during the CV period, it's

the right time to contemplate it.

A chance to start totally fresh.

Or end up with an appreciation for what I do. How it is so good for me, as it is also good for others. That would be a totally fresh start as well.

So whether my career ends, or I end up with a greater appreciation for it, either way, it would be a fresh start.

Sunday, April 12, 2020

Easter Message

Ultimately, slow and fast unite in the One.

But here's what happens on the way.

Slow brings focus.

Fast brings exhilaration.

I need both.

You need courage to let exhilaration flow.

How long can I stand being in the land of exhilaration?

Practice joy tolerance.

Increase dwelling in its elusive form.

Monday, April 13, 2020

Importance of Others

Isolation shows the importance of others. The coronavirus melt-down shut-down show-down of my business demonstrated all this. My business is my connection to others in the outside world. Without it, without them, my “work” is pretty meaningless.

Is that really true? Am I so dependent on others? What would happen then if I were thrust into solitary confinement? Would I die within? Maybe. What a terrible punishment. Can I only live within the room of my imagination? Well, yes, but again, ultimately my hope is that some day I’ve be released and and can reenter the world and influence it, maybe even with many of the thoughts and creations I invented in solitary confinement.

That’s what “some day,” and “hope for the future” means.

Although I need short monkish stints, basically all my thinking, and future thoughts are directed toward others, to be performed for others.

Service to and for others: That’s what gives my thoughts, creations, and actions meaning. Period.

Although I love living in the room of my imagination, spinning out fanciful, wild, and beautiful tales, ultimately, the purpose of these tales is to affect and please others. Period.

Although “secretly, I’ve always known it, this is nevertheless quite a revelation. (It’s why I keep practicing guitar. I’m hoping “some day” I’ll be good enough to perform for others, to please them and receive kavod, honor, praise, love, completion, and fulfillment from and through them. Period.

Indeed, part of me wants to be a monk, want to dwell in the room of my imagination.

But the other part vitally needs the outside world and the others who live in it.

Okay, that has been settled.

Now what?

Perspective

Isn't death a form of social isolation?

Yes.

It's always on the horizon, and something to consider.

So maybe this shut down is also a good mental way of preparing for the future.

Certainly, in terms of a long-distance perspective, it helps.

Maybe Different Is The Way To Go

Maybe different is the way to go.

What have I learned today?

1. That people are important.
2. But they are not everything.

For a really long term perspective, consider death. Or more positively: consider eternity, heaven, the infinite Love of God, and the infinity of the future.

This is not necessarily a happy thought. But it is certainly different.

Maybe different is the way to go.

It's not pleasant thinking this long-term perspective way.

But it is freeing.

And isn't freedom what I want? One of my highest values?

I'd say it is.

Helpful Thoughts for the CV Shutdown

Fascinating: Scary and sad, but also liberating.

Consider death, detachment, the ultimate release, and the freedom that facing and accepting it gives.

This is certainly the way to think about handling the coronavirus shut-down, and loss of half (so far) my money and all of my business.

Posthumous Reality Thinking

A flying, flowing, relaxed Alhambra.

I just did it. Yes!

Is it part of the posthumous reality thinking?

Tuesday, April 14, 2020

Rolling with the Trades

Play the market like a musical instrument. Intuition, getting the "feel" of its rhythms, rolling with the trades.

Could I ever succeed in this? What a wish, challenge, and accomplishment!

But this morning (for the first time?), I have a feeling of satisfaction, happiness, even excitement because I guessed right. I “felt” the market would go up today, and this morning the futures are up. So I guessed right.

Does this feeling of satisfaction mean anything?

True, I have four projects to focus on during this coronavirus (CV) quarantine shutdown:

1. Trade stocks in the market

a. This morning I achieved momentary satisfaction. First time I’ve felt good since the shutdown.

2. Guitar

3. Hebrew

a. Feels strangely easy this morning.

4. Exercise

a. I ran “fast” last night, and felt good afterward. First time I’ve felt good since the shutdown.

(Sides are writing, and Dance of the Week)

Trading

Back to feeling bad. Why? I sold out too early. I sold RSP, XOM, WCP, and even AA.

Why did I sell? Lack of confidence? (I’m in a new trading place now, playing with

good-and-solid companies. Unlike the penny stock I used to only trade in my Model account, since I added these substantial aristocratic stocks, I no longer have to worry they will suddenly go bankrupt overnight. Thus I can hold them overnight (with stops 10% beneath them.)

That's what's different now.

Advantages of feeling bad? I learn something.

Purpose of the Alhambra

Maybe the purpose of the Alhambra is to keep me dreaming. To keep the dream alive, and thus keep me humble, ever searching, and ever trying to expand and grow. Specifically, in the Alhambra, but generally, in everything I do.

Dreaming that some day I will get it.

Life is a dream.

And my perpetual struggles with the Alhambra helps me remember this truth.

How unhappy knowing this truth makes me.

But maybe that is its purpose.

It keeps me forever on the path of struggle.

On the negative side, it's annoying to ever struggle.

On the positive side, it does make things never boring, ever interesting.

The fact that I can never get the Alhambra keeps me practicing! It actually gives me a daily purpose. And I like to have a purpose.

So maybe, in a twisted and confusing way, it all works out okay.

Wednesday, April 15, 2020

Hebrew very smooth this morning.

Eating

What is my problem? Why was I, and am I, so down and discombobulated after breakfast/lunch, after I eat?

My mornings are great—until I eat (breakfast/lunch).

Then it's downhill after that.

Does it have something to do with eating itself? Is it my diet, or the fact that I eat too much? Possibly.

What to do?

Stepping into the Next World

Is this the new way to practice the guitar? The deepest of relaxation. Starting with Alhambra. And that's it!

Same for yoga exercises, running, too.

It doesn't take long to touch the spot. But the focus is on touching it and remembering it. Or vice versa.

Thursday, April 16, 2020

Deep Deep Relaxation Thinking

The Place Beyond Improvement

This is a radical revolution, if I can hold on to it. AT least, that's what I want to think; or that's what I need to think.

I like, and (;perhaps)need a revolution. Something to upset and overturn my old way of thinking. Which is totally or so much embedded in there from years of playing.

Even thinking in Hebrew, as a new way of guitar thinking, might be a new approach. Somehow to implant new Deed Deep Relaxation Thinking by bypassing my old brain and creating a new one.

This is not about improvement.

It is the place "beyond improvement."

It is focusing on one thing, and one thing only: Deep Deep Relaxation. On every important particular fiber that is used during each old/new routine.

I Must (Need to) Believe in Miracles

Doubt strikes: Am I fooling myself? Is this really a new place? Is it really a revolution. A place beyond improvement?

No question, I need the miracle of newness, a new leaf turned every day. And isn't my life based on such an idea, such a fresh, clear, vibrant, lively new concept of starting every

day a fresh?

Yes.

So, if that is the case, and it is, this temporary doubt is “merely” a fancy way of returning to the old neighborhood, and my own home-made, subtle, destructive, mental technique of denying today’s new vision.

Can’t deny that my mind employs this denial technique with every forward step I take. But again, negative twist of my mind is something that must be constantly confronted, struggled with, fought against, bypassed, and crumbled under my forward advancing footsteps.

Like the darkness that arrives every night, Mr. Negative, living in his own personal closet, will never go away, never leave me. But whenever he arrives, which is almost daily, he must be met and confronted by my inner dawn, Mr. Morning, the positive back slapper living in the adjacent closet of my brain.

Thus I must believe in today’s new miracle discovery: a new birth, an Easter resurrection, my newly discovered focused life of deep deep relaxation.

This could be the first hint, the door opening into a post-eighty-four miracle of living beyond improvement, of living totally in the present, deep within the present and presence of my own relaxation.

Would Mr. Negative let me accept such an entrance? No.

But I have Mr Positive to counter him.

Friday, April 17, 2020

Miracle Schedule and Service for Others

Woke up feeling discouraged.

How to stay encouraged?

Imagine myself standing straight before people to impress and influence them.

Thus they are a (the) source of my power. Working for, to, toward them, gives me strength.

Evidently, I need to perform, teach, write, lead, even exercise (to strengthen my body) for others, for them.

Connecting inward to others is my energy source. The coronavirus lock-down teaches me this.

This means, although developed alone, ultimately, my miracle schedule activities are aimed at others.

Focus on Others for Inner Strength and Power

Does this mean even languages—Hebrew— must ultimately be spoken with others? (Ugh, but yes).

Thinking this way, even money and stock market trading is for others, namely, my wife, to impress her and make her happy.

My “for others” realization is both frightening and energizing. Frightening because of all its potential criticism; energizing because when it works, I get lots of kudos.

In the past, the fear aspect has created a retreat into the chamber of my imagination. Today, I am still fearful, but somehow the inspirational, making an impression, and influencing aspects have risen. Today I can balance dependence on others with self-strengthening and energizing aspect.

So, in this post-coronavirus world, try focusing on others to find my energy, strength, power, and inspiration.

Freedom

What about freedom?

Evidently, I cannot be free alone.

There is no such thing as alone. Such a false notion can only achieved through the imagination.

Freedom is achieved with others.

I'm not quite sure what that means but I know its true.

Would a hint of it be the "freedom and ecstasy" I feel when I lead others dancing in a circle? I am united with my group. WE all melt into one. Into One.

Isn't it the same when I perform, give a concert?

Yes, but my fear when playing classical guitar prevents any melting. Although all fears disappear instantaneously when I lead group singing.

Will my attitude toward classical guitar ever change?

My hope, of course, is that it will. But although I am always working on this project, I

don't know that I'll ever be able to achieve it. Classic guitar performing may always remain a mysterious, unreachable goal.

So why do I keep practicing for years and years? I never achieve it. What then is its elusive purpose?

What a paradox.

One thing I can say is: I do like to practice. Perhaps its purpose is that, by never succeeding, it pushes me to keep practicing. And I do like to practice. I enjoy the idea that through practice I am improving. And this, even if I never reach my goal.

Could never reaching my goal be part of its purpose? What a paradox. Could that paradox be its sole purpose?

Protective Shield

On the other hand, maybe it's a smart protective shield I've put around my treasure. After all, let's not be naive. There are the critics who, like wolves, are surrounding me, ready to pounce, attack, and eat me up. They definitely exist. And I do need protection from them. Let's not be naive. I have a strong survival mechanism built into me. I know how to survive. Perhaps this "inability" to perform classical guitar in public is my protective mechanism, defending my deepest treasure, the teenage violin experience of the Magnificence, the meltdown within its Glory, was and is just too precious and personal to expose to others. It is, after all, the source and core of my strength, my ability to withstand defeat. By exposing it to others, I may end up completely defenseless, and they, in their viciousness, will destroy me.

Is this unkind? Naive? Am I paranoid? I doubt it. Note: by even asking this question, I am diminishing, putting down the creativity of my defenses. (It's a momentary retreat into the old neighborhood.)

There are evil, unkind people, critics who want to, and would enjoy destroying me. I can't think of anyone off hand, but I'm sure they exist and would emerge if

Do I still need these defenses?

Maybe.

Do I still want these defenses?

Maybe.

I have a secret power. I discovered it, or rather, it appeared, when as a teenager playing the violin, my body, brain and soul melted down in an experience of the Magnificence.

I never forgot it, not can I ever forget it. My first of many religious ecstasy meltdowns. They happen often, in music, sometimes on tours, serendepitites, and more.

Do I want to open these secret meltdowns to the ridicule, derision, meanness, lack of understanding, brutality, critical ignorance, and misunderstanding of others? Do I even want to bother trying to "explain" such an unexplainable experience to them? Do I need to even bother butting my head against their critical walls? Folks either know this mystical, meltdown experience of the divine, or they do not. They either say Yes, or no. If yes, they nod in agreement. If no, no use trying to explain it. Why bother? My answer evidently is

don't bother. So I retreat into the silence of protecting my treasure.

Saturday, April 18, 2020

Could It Be That I Refuse to Perform?

Could it be that I refuse (expressed as an inability) to play classical guitar before others, perform it (especially Alh) is a form of rebellion?

Do I need the illusion?

Suppose I simply accepted as reality that I'll never be able to play classical guitar in front of others.

Certainly, this seems to be the reality.

Nevertheless, could I, would I ever accept it?

I'm not sure.

Truth: I like to practice.

Truth: I wish to play in front of others "some day."

Truth: I can't (won't, refuse to?) play in front of others.

Now there is a wow thought. Suppose in my deepest heart and desire, I really don't want, never want to play in front of others. Suppose the conflict is that I've been fighting myself all these years. Suppose when I practice, I simply want to recreate the beauty of those teenage soaring years of playing violin along in my room, alone as I soared into the stratosphere and merged with the Magnificence.

Suppose playing classical guitar "only" reminds me of the Magnificence, and that is its

sole purpose. And I don't want to share or pollute this vision by "airing it" before others, by exposing the mystery of its beauty to someone else. And this because I'm afraid this Mystery will be diminished through exposure, through performance before others.

It could be, that deep within me, I refuse to perform! In my mind, performing it is diminishing it. And in doing so, I'm afraid I'll lose it.

My public personality is easy, funny, light hearted. This as expressed in my leadership of folk dancing, tours, story writing, even former concerts. In public, my social director self comes out. I'm often a comedian. And I like it. It's actually lots of fun! My life in public is actually a form of play. That's what I do. And I like it!

Note: Classical guitar has nothing to do with this form of play, kidding around, kibbutzing, standing on my heels, leaning back and making up a steady dialogue of verbal play in my imagination as I talk to others. That's my social director self, and I love it. Mucho fun!

But my inner personality is serious and worships the Glorious. It is expressed and revealed my journal writing. Writing it is my way of showing others I have a serious side.

This is the serious side that loves classical music, plays classical guitar, and is ever on the road to self-improvement.

I'm always (usually) always hesitant to express this aspect of myself in public. And this, whether reading my journal before others, or playing classical guitar.

Could playing classical guitar and writing my journal be equal? Parts of the same monastic inner me? Maybe.

Yes, schizophrenic me. Split in two. Comedy and the serious. One public, one private. One feeds the other. God gave me the public talent of being easy, light, humorous, fanciful in public, along with leadership and organizational abilities.

In the floating iceberg of my personality, the humorous, easy, light, social director, public leadership aspects are visible above the ocean, while the serious private (journal writing and classical guitar playing) aspects remain beneath.

But of course, the iceberg couldn't exist without both.

Two Personalities

It's true that when I get in front of people I'm a "totally different person." I hardly recognize myself. And yet, it is myself. I'd call it my social director self.

But it's also my high school of Music and Art conducting/conductor self. And possibly my second grade leadership self when I led the Boys Against the Girls in Barnard School for Girls.

It's also my folk dance teaching/leading self. But not necessarily my tour leading self. That self, seems to somehow combine the easy light leadership with the serious heavy even somber organization weight aspect. The responsibility and concentration is heavier when leading a tour, and somehow this tour-leading personality is a bit different.

How it is different, I'm not sure. But it is (feels) different.

Perhaps it is the matured consolidation of both light and serious personalities. I'm not sure.

Sunday, April 19, 2020

New Beginning, New Guitar

A Fresh Beginning:

Start with a Power Pavane: Power Pavane in C by Luis Milan

(First even in my life.) Fresh and proud of this one!

Only a few notes but wow: Qualitatively different!

I could proudly play this before others. (Amazing that I could even say such a thing.)

Improvising on Classical Guitar

Each note, each phrase, has to express something. And it will be different in each moment.

Thus there is no "planned" performance, special fixed way of playing (or dancing.)

There is only spontaneity in the moment.

It's the jazz, improvised approach to classical guitar playing. I play the same pieces, but they are always and ever different.

Focus only on expression.

Drop all (focus on) technique.

(Dare I say such a thing? Well, I'm certainly ready.)

The Joy Finger

What is the index finger expressing?

Or blocking?

Could it be joy?

The joy finger, hidden and lost all these years.

Wouldn't that be great.

Bring joy to the world.

Now that's something worthwhile!

That's a gift I'd definitely like to offer!

I have to start with myself.

Monday, April 20, 2020

Turning the Fury On Myself

Government Shut Down Creates Personal Shut Down

The Benefits (If Any) of Self-Destruction

This morning I am at the bottom.

I am totally knotted in rage. And in total frustration, I have turned the rage toward

my government on myself. The government has taken away all my business, half of my money, along with my ability to work and earn anything. I am totally furious, and have been so since this insane stupid shut down. Now finally. I've turned the fury of this energy on myself. I've twisted all my former purposes into a knot and shut myself down.

Yes, to repeat: All the energy and purpose has been sucked out of me because I have no work, or no possibility of working. The CV shutdown has finally shut me down.

The rage I feel toward society, toward my government and their utter stupidity and timidity at shutting down our entire society over a mere virus, this inner rage has finally, in total frustration, rather than direct it outward in helpless frustration at the government, has finally turned its poison forces inward on me, and shut me down.

The tentacles of my anger have, like a gigantic snake, wrapped themselves around my energy, and squeezed it out of me.

I even sneezed this morning, and have a slight cold, and this over nothing. My resistance is low, actually squashed, and this because I am squashed. Squeezed out in total frustration and rage.

Is there anything better I can do with my rage?

At the moment, I can't think of a thing. First the government tries to destroy me. I fight back. But now, my fury has worn me down, and I seem to be giving up. I'm totally helpless against the government. All I can do then is turn my helpless rage on myself and in total madness, destroy myself.

At least it's something.

I know it's not a "healthy procedure." But it seems self-destruction is the only route I want to take this morning. At least I have control over it, and that's something.

Since this is my present situation, maybe the best way to handle it is to follow my self destruction as far as it can go, and see where it leads me.

How can I turn these self-destructive forces on myself?

Starting with guitar: Fast as hell and destroy the entire perfection base!

Breaking Out of Classical Guitar Perfectionist Prison

Maybe part of this destruction is destroying the perfectionist prison I have built for myself, in which I have imprisoned myself.

(CV is an outward reflection of that inner prison.)

Breaking down the walls of perfectionist classical guitar prison. Now there's a destruction I would love.

The prison I create is the only one I can control.

Is this all about breaking out of classical guitar perfectionist prison?

I wonder if my true power is found in imperfection.

Or in the imperfect striving (toward perfection).

Tuesday, April 21, 2020

Retired

Okay, as of today, I am retired.

Obviously, on a physical level, I have been retired by the situation. No job, no folk dance teaching, no tours. Even the lock-down shows it. Everything has stopped. I have stopped by the fact that all my businesses have been stopped.

So basically, I have been retired. Only up to now, I have not accepted this state. I've been trying to "see beyond it," to the time when one day, I will be "allowed" to work again. But that time is getting further and further away.

So it occurred to me, why not think in a new way? Since I have been retired, isn't this a good time to "practice" retirement? Yes.

In fact, instead of simply practicing, why not take it an actual step further and believe it?

Okay, I will. Starting today, I am retired.

What does that mean?

First thing that comes to mind is that all the pressure (hopes and attempts) to earn a living is off.

(True, part of me used to love this stuff. I still do. Well, I can cry in remembrance, but it is nevertheless over. Time to move on to retired state.)

Truth is, nothing will change except my attitude.

Second thing that comes to mind is that my guitar playing no longer matters. I no

longer (need to) see myself playing before an audience. What does this do for my playing, if anything?

I'm hoping it frees me. Frees me to be imperfect, to step out of prison, and "play like the wind," as I did yesterday.

So, in other words, to me, this supposed new state of "retirement" really means extended and extending freedom!

Freedom from the chains of perfection, the suffocating push-down of my inner critic, the pressure from others to do things their way, etc.

In other words, retirement means freedom.

What about my miracle schedule? I'll still follow it.

What will I do differently? Probably nothing.

What will then change? Only a slight shift of attitude, a small step forward into the fresh air of freedom, a grand release within the suffocating restrictions of the coronavirus lock-down.

So I begin today.

I'll start with Hebrew study, then move again to guitar.

Little Goals, Big Goals, All Goals

Truth is, even in retirement I still have to occupy my mind. Thus I still need goals, but perhaps for another reason. Not necessarily to make a living, but to occupy my mind. (If my mind is not occupied, it will eat me up!)

Thus I still need little goals, big goals, all goals.

Thus, in a sense, even with retirement, nothing has changed except a slight freedom nuance.

Okay, so my next questions is: Now that I am “retired,” do I still have any goals?

Indeed, I need them.

I’ll have to invent them.

What will they be?

The market is crashing again today. I’ll lose more money.

How should I view this fact?

I could choose the pessimistic view and panic. I just did.

Or I could choose the optimistic view: It’s a buying opportunity.

I also realized I had the foresight to sell 300 shares of RST a few days ago when the market was up. So I raised some cash. Which means I could buy something today. Just nibbles, a small amount, maybe 50 shares of Rst, and 25 of XOM.

Thus, best to view a down market as a buying opportunity.

This is the optimistic view. Notice: See how the optimistic view lifts me up, inspires me to action, and is good for my heart and mind.

And, since we really never know where the future is going, the optimistic view is a choice.

Thus, choose it simply because it’s good for me. Period.

Thus I have to learn to see how losing money in the market is good for me. See the benefits.

And how this CV shut down is good for me. See the benefits.

And how losing my tour and folk dance business is good for me. See the benefits.

This will take a lot of work, a lot of creative thinking. But if I can find reasons to be hopeful and optimistic, an upbeat attitude in crisis, it is simply better for my health.

Find it, create it, invent it, and choose it because it is better for my health. (And frankly, the health of others as well). Period.

Start today, this morning.

Practice on the stock market. Then move to CV.

Wednesday, April 22, 2020

I've gone far from my base and dropped my routines.

Time to return, time for resurrection.

Zoom

Learn a new technology: Zoom.

Learn everything I can. A new way of operating.

Life Prison Sentence

Self-Imposed Discipline

As a start, develop a new Folk Aerobics half-hour routine.

Friday, April 24, 2020

Finance, Money, Stock Market, and More

Learn how margin works, and how it is measured. Part of my new job.

More exact numbers. Why? So I can eventually take money out of the market, and earn a living, through it. More serious.

Accounting course. Back to basics. Why?

I hate a mess.

But is it enough motivation? Is hating a mess enough to motivate me? Am I “serious” about my new “profession?” Is it a skill I really want? Or only a hobby, something to amuse myself and play around with, a plaything?

Do I have any real love or interest in finance, money, and the market? Of course, there is fear, and the need for some security. And yes, fear creates an “interest.” But it doesn’t necessarily create love. And ultimately, once fear is finished, satisfied, and I feel secure, love is what motivates me.

What about art? No question, I love art, I’m serious about it, and creating it motivates me.

But what about stock market, trading, and money? When I’m secure, it’s fun and a plaything to trade in. When I’m frightened, it’s a need. Something I have to, am forced to deal, with and pay attention to.

But love?

So again the question arises: Am I interested enough in trading to actually learn about margin and accounting and etc?

Suppose I'm not. Suppose it really is and always has been only a hobby? Which means I'll never study it and be serious about it.

Am I wasting my time with the market and trading?

Truth is, I could search for a secure financial foundation, watch my money carefully, really plan and know about what I have and can spend. And then, with such freedom on my hands, what would I do?

I'd try to make money the old way: By "working" in my "arts" profession. I'd devote (more) time to my miracle schedule. Period. And that would be my life.

Is it enough?

I don't know.

Yes, I'm jolted, frightened, and upset by the CV situation, and I've temporarily lost all my work and ability to earn a living, lost my folk dance classes, and especially my tours.

True, they may come back, in a year or so.

But meanwhile, what shall I do?

Is the market really a worthwhile pastime? Do I really want to make trading a "profession?" Could I, do I even have the ability, if I wanted to? I could probably figure it out, if I was really motivated by love and interest. But am I?

Maybe I'm not. I sense, even know deep in my soul, that is it a past time. I have never been good at it, and probably never will be. Yet I do it any way. Why? To amuse myself to pass the time, because I have "nothing better to do."

It's my form of amusement.

Is amusing myself in this financial manner sad. A waste of time? Or do I also need amusements?

Maybe I do. But if yes, I think its important to see where trading lies in my constellations of mental desires and needs.

Saturday, April 25, 2020

Turning Coronavirus (CV) into a Growth Revolution

I'm shifting into accepting the limited, imprisoned, solitary confinement, quarantined coronavirus world as it is.

Ugh—and Ah. Awful—and perhaps some marvels.

It means accepting the techno-zoom world of screens, little to no physical contact with humans, limited to no travel. Lots of negatives, lots of nos.

Any yeses? Any positives?

1. Through Zoom teaching, I can reach hundreds of dancers throughout the world! I can effect and infect them with my personality and the joy and fun of dancing. And lift their spirits (And mine) in the process.

2. I could even, through Zoom, and a weekly sing along, fiction reading, other. So

many possibilities of reaching the world!

3. Even present my one-man TV show, the Jim Gold Show with guitar, gaida, readings, stories, dancing, whatever.

4. Sell my books, tours, folk dance classes (if and when they every start again. Or optimistically, aim for 2021.)

Turning CV into a growth revolution!

And all from my living room!

Turn my living room into a TV/video/media/zoom studio through which I can reach the world!

Maybe a One Man Show is best. Let it include folk dancing.

Maybe that's too ambitious, at least for now.

Maybe start with a simple folk dance class. Then maybe develop it. Slowly start adding gaida, a group song, a reading, a story, and slowly develop it into a One Man Show.

Thinking differently. Hmmm.

“Everything” I do in my living room now becomes a public performance.

Sunday, April 26, 2020

My Fatal Mistake

Why am I puzzled?

I put too much faith in government and leaders, and not enough in myself.

Give up on them. Give up on government and leaders. Do that and I'll be happier!

Put the confidence, faith, and power in myself. Period.

I must get back to work.

How? By working past, around, above, and through these idiots, working past these moron decisions of leaders and government.

They won't be able to figure it out.

I, along with regular, everyday working Americans, will have to.

Trump, by listening to and then handing over his leadership to health professionals, has lost his way.

That's why small government is good.

The bigger the government, the bigger the mistakes.

Tuesday, April 28, 2020

A Wahoo Trading Day

I am blown away, thrown off kilter, by yesterday's successful day of stock market trading. Basically, winning in such a way made me feel gloriously happy!

Today, and immediately after my victory, I wanted to stay calm and collected. But I couldn't, and can't.

Can I accept such joy? Me, a mere, and formerly miserable trader. Can I now eliminate the word former? Can I even eliminate the word miserable?

Yes, I've made a commitment to trading, and yesterday it paid off. I succeeded. Can I proudly make this commitment part of my life? And the word "proud" is very important.

I want to be proud of myself, proud of the direction I've chosen, proud of my fighting and undefeated spirit, proud of my skill, and the fact that I lose some, win some and still move on. Basically, I want my wife to be proud of me, proud that I trade stocks, proud that I dare take chances, speculate, and even lose in the learning process.

Well, I doubt I can ever make her feel proud. Just like we disagree politically, I think we will always disagree on my daring desire to take the adventure of stock market trading. And despite these disagreements, we love each other. Such is life.

Again, I'll just have to accept this, and move on.

So, it's a "wahoo!" day.

So wahoo away!

Does this mean I could be successful at trading?

Maybe.

I've decided to use this CV (corona virus lock-down time) to learn how to trade. Full time. It is my two or more month dedication. My goal and hope is to end up with more money than I had before the CV fall. (Where we lost about 35% of our money.)

Yes, yesterday I succeeded. It was also an up day in the market. Do I need up days in the market to succeed? Probably. But timing is essential in the market. And knowing, or rather speculating, planning, envisioning, that this is the time to "invest" and trade, while the market is still low, and on its way up, and in recovery is most important.

And I “know” it, assume it, and am acting on it.

That is good. That is my plan. And yesterday I succeeded.

So I’m doing my wahoos. . . . And now I’m moving on.

We’ll never agree on politics and stock market trading. An annoyance, but not a tragedy. So be it.

Thursday, April 30, 2020

My new trading “profession” has somewhat stabilized.

What have I “lost” in the process?

Guitar, singing (voice), exercise, dance, writing.

Time to return. . .but for different reasons.

Which ones?

Guitar: Love it. Lots of fun.

I love the drama of the struggle to achieve mastery. I love the battle of opposite forces clashing. I’ll never get my playing right—except for a few glorious moments. It will always be a struggle. And I love the process.

Do I love the struggle and fight process? Or its reward of peace and beauty at the end? Maybe both.

Maybe that itself (both) is the process.

Struggle and win, struggle and lose, that is the process.

Is that the process I love?

Maybe. Or rather, why not?

Yes, why not love it since, with its joys and sorrows, that is all there is.

Learn to revel in the process. There is no final fruit.

Friday, May 1, 2020

Last night I couldn't sleep. I had a strange panic attack.

Why?

I'm going back to work.

Yes, I've crossed the line. The pre-CV life has just about ended. I "accomplished" what I needed to accomplish. (New "profession", trading, etc.)

I'm ready to return, or move forward, to the new and next life. I'm going into business again.

Why?

Business is necessary and fun. Benefits.

Plus, what am I learning?

1. Zoom:

- a. Learning a new technology.
- b. Perfecting performing. Dance, guitar, reading, other will now go on zoom video.
- c. Train my dancing legs all over again.

2. PayPal product on my website.

Saturday, May 2, 2020

The New Leaf Principle

A new physical life based on the art of dance.

A new guitar life based on relaxed and loose.

A new beginning based on the new day.

New is right. Since every day is, in reality, a new day, then there should be, and is, something new every day. Thus, every day you turn over a new leaf. This is, indeed, the New Leaf principle.

It is our job to see it, make the attitude change, and ride with it. new every day.

It's not about fast or slow.

It's about loose and relaxed.

Fast and slow are by products; they grow out of loose and relaxed.

Long Run Principle

Applied to Guitar, and More

One thing about the long two-hour run I took yesterday is that after awhile, usually past an hour, your brain, along with your pain, shuts down and you start moving “automatically” and somehow without pain. Why, I'm not quite sure. But it happens. The muscles somehow open up, relax and loosen as you move on automatic.

Maybe the same thing will work with my tremolo. Just to it as a long run. Which means over and over again. Alhambra four to ten times. Soon and eventually, the muscles just “relax by themselves and start moving automatically. And the tremolo improves “by itself.”

Sunday, May 3, 2020

Hebrew calligraphy?

Making progress on myself: Fine-tuning my desires.

Eliminating (Zoom dance teaching)

Deepening (guitar, Hebrew, running)

Relax/loosen/deepen: That’s what’s new. That’s it!

On all (old dances) levels. A new look and practice.

Every day a “That’s it!” moment.

Fighting my own ageism is a daily struggle. A fresh start vision dissolves it.

Wednesday, May 6, 2020

Less Greed Equals Less Fear

What have I learned today?

Trading/market: Take smaller “careful” steps.

Smaller, “careful” steps equals less greed.

Less greed equals less fear. And vice versa.

Do I want less fear and greed?

It means the size of my “thrills” go down.

Do I want less thrills?

Is it “better” for me?

Maybe.

Or maybe the balance will change from day to day.

No question less greed (and fear) will make me wiser, and even better as a trader and in the market.

Do I want to be wiser and better?

It means less “thrills,” less of an up and down ride.

Do want or need that?

Am I willing to give up the thrills of youth for the wisdom of old age?

Maybe.

Now that the choice has been revealed, do I even have a choice?

Thursday, May 7, 2020

Smooth Up Some Attitudes

I have been pushed into forced retirement.

Last night we went over our finances and discovered we can do this. We can and could retire.

So, I can retire, and presently I am retired, or rather, have been retired. Whatever I want to call it, the fact is, and will continue to be for a while. that all my work has stopped.

Do I like this retirement? Partly.

Do I have a choice? No.

Is this a hiatus, or permanent change?

Too early to tell. . .bu interesting.

Should I give up tours and folk dancing?

Or use this hiatus to prepare for the next stage? (I have about one year to prepare.)

But this time my purpose would be “beyond money.” Or would it be? Maybe money is an “interest-in-itself.” Is it a good-in-itself? For me, yes, since it motivates me.

Okay, so maybe this CV time break period is “merely” a long break, which give me some free time and space.

What will I do with it? How would I “prepare?”

Intense language study: Hebrew, Bulgarian, Greek.

Also, I ask: How can I benefit from the CV break? All I can get is a new attitude. Most of which I already have.

Also, knowing we can make it through financially means that this is “only a long break” which give me more free time, And that’s it.

Free time to deepen and smooth out some attitudes.

Friday, May 8, 2020

Trading as an Art Form

The artist creates harmony out of chaos.

Right now trading consumes me.

This might change as I get better, more confident and comfortable with trading.

Can I trade and follow my miracle schedule?

My goal is doing both of them.

Is trading merely a distraction, relaxation, and “vacation” from being an artist and leading others?

Or maybe I can do both: trade and create art, trade as an artist, trade artistically!

Perhaps my new job is to learn to trade artistically, and thus turn my trading into an art form.

Hmm, I like that.

It fits the All-is-One mode.

The Art of Trading Stocks

The artist creates harmony out of chaos.

Dance: The dance of trade movements,

Music: The roar and jingle of stocks,

Art: The painted line on charts and graphs.

Love and Trading

Start with love.

I love the trading. It's so much fun!

How to keep it that way?

Soften the fear and greed aspect.

Start with taking smaller positions.

This is hard to do. Why? It militates against the excitement of greed and the reverse excitement of fear.

The forces of greed and fear are the giant emotions of the stock market.

Could the clash of greed and fear and greed synthesize, and in the process, rise above themselves and create love?

I'd like that.

What is Love?

When greed and fear synthesize they create calm.

Calm creates perspective

Perspective can create love.

What is love?

Among other things, folk dancing, and lots of fun!

Sunday, May 10, 2020

Truth is, it's lots of fun making up these dances.

Choreography is making up dances as my body, mind, and spirit play with the music.

Could I make up things ("choreo) with guitar, song, writing? (Well, yes, I already do it with writing. But now, post CV, remember how much fun it is! (Just like choreo.)

Choreo and Guitar

Just played Allemande. Lots of rubato and expression. Played with the music, so it isn't "their" music anymore, it's mine. Nice. Perhaps that's how I will choreo guitar playing in the future.

PLAYING Guitar

Choreo is my form of play.

Play, the ability to play, and the joy it brings, is my contribution to the world.

Reminding myself to always play, and as I remind myself, I remind others, is my special gift.

Thus to really play it, is to make it up, choreo it as I go, changing the music and expression along the way, to make it mine (rather than a copy of "theirs," the composer. Yes, the composer composed it, choreographed it in his or her way. But I, and a per-form-er of his or her music, must re-choreograph it in my own way, and thus make it mine. And thus re-introduce the creative process both to myself and my audience.

Changing My Guitar Self

Creation, destruction, re-creation is the creative cycle.

Recreational dancing (re-creation-al) is exactly that.

You destroy yourself before you can re-invent your self.

I must destroy my old self before I can re-invent my new self.

I must destroy my old guitar self before I can create my new one.

Creating a New Guitar Self

I am still in Alhambra prison. And have been incarcerated there for years.

I'll have to break down the walls, destroy the old Alhambra self before I can escape and create the new, free. and post-Alhambra free guitar self.

Perhaps my path to freedom and a new guitar self is to give up playing the Alhambra for weeks, months, years, or even forever.

Note: The corona virus has made me give up folk dance teaching and tours for weeks and months, and maybe years, and even forever. In the process, it may, and most likely will, create a new post-folk dance and tour self.

Give up playing the Alhambra? Maybe. My unending desire to play it controls and blocks me, keeps me chained in prison. Give up the path to play it, conquer it.

These simple pieces: Pavane in C, Allemande in A minor, even Bach Gavotte in D, are my first steps on the path to self-expression and guitar freedom.

My first feeling/vision on the idea of giving up “playing” Alhambra—really practicing it forever—is it enables me to folk sing.

I'm free to do simple things, play simple things, like Pavane, Allemande, and even Bach Gavotte on the (classical) guitar, and sing “simple” (simple for me) folk songs.

LoveFun and Joy

Giving up Alhambra goes along with love of folk dance, and perhaps love of writing

will follow.

Perhaps it opens up love, which to me means fun and joy, in other MS activities (“choreos”) as well.

Love is fun and joy, and even ecstasy.

Yes!

Love Run

Do I love running?

Once I did.

Bring it back.

Wednesday, May 13, 2020

Guitar: Inward, soft.

So ends a New Leaf.