

TRADING FUN AND JOY

Thursday, May 14, 2020

Failure

Failure can be my greatest asset when I use it to motivate myself, to progress, move forward, and win.

Let me look at my failures:

1. Yesterday's market.

A. Basically, I was, and am, unprepared for volatility. I "assumed" my stocks were ready to go up. I even expected them to. So I "went for broke," invested all I had.

Bad, bad.

Lesson: Take smaller positions. Very rarely "go for broke."

Keep stops tight? Take smaller positions? Either one is good.

2. My book sales: I fail by never trying. Now I shall start to try.

Moving On Means Starting Over

Suppose my folk dance teaching career, and my tour career are over? Suppose, during this long break, I simply lose interest and energy in them? Lots of small businesses can't survive such a long break. Can mine?

Do I, or will I even want it too?

Suppose I don't?

Suppose I just said, I have not only been retired by this virus, but I accept the slow downward death, it is bringing me. it. I'm ready to give it up, give up the ghost, and move on.

Move on to what?

That, of course, is the question.

Friday, May 15, 2020

A Competent Trader

Wednesday market sudden slide:

Very important to differentiate between what I do and what I feel.

I felt was total panic, heart palpitations, dying.

What did I do? I prepared and foresaw a possible down. Thus I put stops in, then waited.

Result: I ended up losing ten percent. Unpleasant, but doable and reasonable.

My basic old-time terror feeling is: I'll lose all my money, end up on the Bowery, a Bowery bum. This (up-to-now) impending doom fantasy has followed me since I graduated from college. It translated into financial terms after I got married. But pre-marriage and post-marriage it has been my primary negative haunting, the permanent ghost cloud of black doom hanging over my head.

Why it has haunted me so long, I don't know.

It is a primary feeling.

But my actual experience is, it has never happened. I always do something to escape it.

My feeling is terror, but by my action. I save myself.

This has, evidently, happened all my life.

What does this say about me?

That I can handle most situations, and handle them well.

Okay, if that is true, or rather, since that is true, what about the stock market?

Why can't I handle the stock market well? Why can't I handle my trading well?

What does the evidence say? The evident truth is I can. The market swooshed down and I jumped in to save myself. Actually, I even prepared myself, foresaw trouble, and put in stops. Thus I "only" lost ten percent. That is painful, but "reasonable." I survived to live and trade another day. That is good.

This shows I am and can be a competent trader. Not yet good, but competent.

Can I accept today's new self-definition?

No question, it is true.

Learn to believe it, and have more trading confidence.

My next goal is to move from competent to good.

How?

What would prove that I'm good?

Trading stocks, as a trader, I'd have to start making money!

“Breaking” Out

My body feels broken this morning. Lower back and leg pains. Maybe accentuated by my long walk yesterday. Could also be usual morning stuff. In any case, how to look at it?

Differentiate between how I feel, and how I actually am.

I've felt this all before. Old stuff. I know it will all go away once I move around, and exercise.

So do it!

I will.

But I also want to believe that this morning's aches and pains symbolize a new beginning, a birth. I always want to start each day fresh, turn over a new leaf.

So what's new today?

Perhaps seeing myself as a competent trader.

Thus my morning pains have been created because my mind and body are “breaking” out of their panic and impending doom mode of existence).

Plus the new goal of pushing past competence and becoming a good trader.

I'll only know and believe that when I make money.

What a victory that would (will?) be.

Since I want to believe it, maybe I should choose to believe it. Choose to believe I'm a competent trader and on my way to becoming a good one!

Do I really have such control of my thoughts and wishes?

Are my wishes thoughts, and vice versa?

Yes.

My wishes represent the future.

Aren't they motivating thoughts in disguise?

By choosing my wishes, can I turn them into truth?

My wish now is to make money as a trader.

Can I start trying, aiming to fulfill my wish this morning?

Yes.

Start today, this morning, now.

Dare I measure myself? Is that the professional improvement way? But how else can I prove and measure myself?

Yes, I'm setting myself up for failure, and to have the failure stare me in the measured face every day. This along with some successes.

But how else can it be done?

Some days I'll fail, some I'll succeed. (That too is life.) Only now, with measuring, I'll know for sure.

Saturday, May 16, 2020

Cycles and Turning Points

It sees, feel like a miracle. But the places and times I truly give up (give in, let go) are a turning point (where the opposite takes place. Witness the stock market and trading: when I'm about to give up, and sell my stock in a down swing, moments or a day even later, the stock turns around and goes up. Witness tours: I gave up on them yesterday and today I get a registration for next year!

Truth is, nothing ever ends. I only imagine it does. My fears and limitations cause me to "feel" that things end. But truth is, they never do. They run their course. They slide in the negative until they reach bottom, then they turn around and head upward, in positive direction. Round and round the cycle goes. Only my fears and limitations prevent me from seeing and believing it.

Could I ever learn to read these cycles?

Believe in them?

Act, or do nothing, as I ride them to their conclusion?

What a great and wise skill that would be!

Play It My Way or Not At All

Maybe my guitar frailties are forcing me to interpret the music and ex-press it my way, give it my interpretation, ex-press myself through it.

Maybe that's the reason I haven't been able to play classical guitar up til now.

Evidently, I must give it my own interpretation, play it my own way, or my deepest

inner self, and God Himself will not allow me to play it at all. I can no longer play “correctly,” meaning like my old guitar heroes, Segovia, etc.

Evidently, at this point in my life, I can only play it my way, only allowed to play it my way, or not at all.

Witness Bach’s Gavotte in D, and even Gavotte en Rondeau, as starters.

Post-CV: Guitar interpretation only.

Trading, too.

Two things I haven’t succeeded on: Playing classical guitar and trading.

Could interpreting the art, doing it my way, be the answer?

I’ve been avoiding doing it my way forever. Instead, I still try playing classical guitar like Segovia, in his shadow.

I may also trade in the shadow of others, the professionals who “know how to trade and make money.”

Well, they may be able to make money. But that doesn’t help me. I’ve got to discover, find and develop my own way of trading.

And truth is, I’m working hard at it, studying and practicing, and I’m on my way. My only sign of progress is that I’m losing less.

I just haven’t make money yet. Well, some days I have. But I’m not consistent, and still overall I’m only losing less.

Perhaps staying even is the first step, first goal. Then comes actual making money,

earning a living.

I'm certainly not there yet. But my CV commitment has put me on my way.

No Time for Death

This means I only have a (sabbatical) year to put this all together. The time pressure is on. I'm in a rush to finish.

What about death?

I don't have time for it.

Thanking the Virus

First comes destruction, then transition, then creation.

Certainly the first two months destroyed my entire folk dance and tour business.

Anger, rage, panic, crying, loss, all the emotions of destruction.

Transition: A few moments. Maybe I'm still in it.

Creation: My own way:

Trading, Classical Guitar.

The foundation for other changes.

Selling writing, Running, Yoga, Dancing, Languages, Other.

My first hint of thanking the virus. Giving me a year off to think, and change, and develop.

Everything different. Maybe it's a good thing.

Why the Shut Down?

Why the shut down?

The politicians chose safety over freedom,
stagnation over dynamism,
depression of expansion and even elation.

A society gone soft. So much ease, money, easy access to all through iphones and computers, little to no hardships, except those invented by us.

The denizens now expect ease and safety. At school no losers, only winners, and a prize for all. Grades inflated. Safe spaces in colleges. Etc.

Sunday, May 17, 2020

Benefits of Corona Virus

The benefits of corona virus are starting to stream in.

Coronavirus (CV) a plague sent down from the heavens to teach me something, to self-develop new forms and learn to survive, live, and even thrive with them.

What has this plague taught me?

1. What retirement feels like. Also that I can afford it., I still have to be careful, but I don't have to worry about money "in the old way." I can survive, and even flourish in this new retirement and "post-retirement" (I'm returning to "work" mode.)
- 2, I'm developing my stock trading skill.
3. Trading in folk dancing for folk aerobics. At least temporarily. How so?

Folk dancing without holding hands in a circle and thus creating a sense of community is not folk dancing. I don't know what it is, but it is something else. (Also, at the moment, such non-hand hold dance is fear based.)

On the other hand, the corona virus lock-down is “forcing” me to develop a new, joy-based Folk Aerobics art form. Although obviously no folk dancing, it is nevertheless a folk art form, a new free, solo art form, representing rugged American individualism, and the inventive spirit of the entrepreneur.

Folk aerobics, by its very nature, uses “social distancing.” But I'll need a new positive name for it. (Shall I add optional masks, masking?)

Miracle Guitar Playing I

Milan Pavane in C. Opener mode and mood. The feeling: Up beat. Majestic. Proud. Stately. Royalty and the king, a kindly, worldly, giving, and welcoming king. The All-Is-One King. King of the Universe. Welcoming and embracing everyone, welcoming them into His loving arms.

Welcome them with a C chord—master chord of the universe.

I can't be God.

But I can be His representative.

I can bring His C chord to others. And with it, all His other notes. Notes on how to live, how to treat others, and how to treat oneself. As His representative, I can bring others, His audience, the celestial notes for living

All notes centered around the C chord, the C-elestial chord.

Do I dare? Am I worthy of such lofty thoughts? Or will they just vanish into the morning mist?

Yet, there is no doubt they are true.

Maybe it is my post-CV job to remember and practice them. It's a totally new way of looking at myself—as a representative.

I'm ready. There really is nothing else.

Monday, May 18, 2020

Miracle Guitar Playing II

A miracle a day.

Add a miracle a day to starting every day fresh, turn a new leaf every morning.

But although you can mentally add a discipline, a schedule, a conscious attempt, you cannot mentally will a miracle.

A miracle is a gift from God and is bestowed on you almost by accident. At least, it feels that way.

I can hope for a miracle, ask for one. But I cannot will it.

Or can I?

Maybe miracles are not as rare as I think. Maybe they are every-present and around me all the time. I just don't see them.

Maybe seeing, feeling, experiencing miracles every day is not about creating them, but rather seeing their existence right in front of me. Thus it would be more a question of releasing myself, opening my mind to miraculous events, accepting the daily miracle of living, the daily miracle of life.

Although miracles are a gift which I can't create, it is within my power to see them.

If this is so, and deep in my heart, I believe it is, then I can add a miracle a day to my life.

Miracle guitar playing. Wow and yes.

I'd find it in the majestic, glorious, King-of-the-Universe playing of the Milan Pavane in C. Proud, triumphant, shining, and welcoming.

Chose Miracles

Miracle Mind

Can one choose a miracle?

Can one choose to drop, eliminate depression, and replace it with a miracle?

Rather than wake up depressed, can one choose to open morning eyes to a miracle?

Can I choose a miracle over depression?

Both energize in their own way. But miracles are much more pleasant.

Miracles are also closer to the truth!

Yes, they are closer to reality than depressions.

Why?

Because depressions veil the Glory, hide the Splendor, while miracles expose it.

Thus I can choose miracle guitar playing.

I just have to remember it.

Then practice with miracle mind to instill this new habit.

How does this relate to trading?

I'm trading depression for miracle mind, trading old fearful guitar playing for miracle majestic guitar playing.

Trading trembling for Glory.

Trading trembling guitar for Glory guitar.

Actually, I believe in miracles. I'm just so used to the old depressed life style, that I keep repeating it over and over again.

Turning "A New Leaf" every morning, every day is actually a secular way of saying I believe in the freshness and glory of miracles. I'm just not used to expressing it that way.

Time for a change.

The post-CV life style calls for a change, the welcome entry into a new miracle life.

Although it's a downer and dampens the glory, death does not negate miracles. It just postpones them.

Miracles, glory, shining, regeneration, cycles, reincarnation, heaven, and more, this is all very Jewish kabbala stuff returning.

Maybe that's why I've been studying Hebrew all these years. To return to my roots. My violin-playing, teenage, apocalyptic vision roots.

Now that I'm older and wiser, maybe I'm ready for another revisit home, a longer and deeper return.

Maybe "A New Leaf" is very Jewish and should be spread around Jewish, and even orthodox circles.

Is this a new sale idea being born? Ask Susa,

Is New Leaf my personal form of Talmud?

Could be. Probably. I think so. Yes.

Importance of my Work: It May Help Others

(A New Leaf Personal Talmud)

New Sales Motivation

By comparing my New Leaf to the Talmud, I am giving much more importance to my work. This could only happen after a lifetime of experience. I am the authority on myself and my work, and on my decision that it is my personal Talmud.

This is one of the gifts of getting older: confidence. It could only happen now.

Will it give me a good reason, a prime motivation, to sell and/or promote my work?

Not necessarily to make money, or even receive glory, but because it is, in itself important?

And it might help others?

It might help others. Certainly, a good new reason to promote it. Making money is not enough of a reason or good motivation for me to try selling it, to put in the sales effort.

But seeing it as important, and that I might help others, might be enough of a motivation. Wow, would it?

Motivation

Stock Market for Money, Art for Helping Others

The market is for making money. That's what makes it interesting.

But book sales (and maybe everything else I do, the art life, even tours?) is not, or no longer about making money. Thus the possibility of making money in these areas is no longer a good motivation. Maybe it never was.

But the importance of the work, and how it might help others may now, well be, and become a new source of sales and promotion motivation. This necessitates a confidence in my work, that it is strong and powerful enough to help others.

No question all my art forms help others.

Do I want to put in (my limited time and effort) to help others by promoting them?

Of course, the decision to actually put in time and effort would be a decision to help others.

A New Leaf Glory—my personal Talmud, and miracle guitar playing, go together.

Both help others.

And they are scented with confidence.

Miracle Guitar

Mistakes and imperfections are part of the Glory.

They humanize the guitar playing.

Focus on the Glory. Let the imperfections ride.

On Imperfections

Or fix the imperfections later.

However, even fixing them later is not that important.

Why?

There will always be imperfections. Once you fix the old ones, new ones will appear.

Or even the old ones will reappear.

Thus the rule is: Focus on the Glory. There will always be imperfections (to point our your humanity.)

To stand before others and proudly blunder is a miracle of confidence.

Vulnerable we are, but courageous and daring, too.

Tuesday, May 19, 2020

The Pressure to Excel

My job is to imagine my future business, and figure out what I can and will create for it.

Am I a people person?

I really don't see myself that way. I see myself as a loner, a soloist, a closet monk, an alone (but not lonely) musician playing violin alone in my teenage room, soaring as I play, ride high and melting into the Magnificence as I go.

I see myself as always alone, but, as I say, not lonely. I love my time alone, and to sit, stand, run, or play alone, enjoying my thoughts and contemplations.

In fact, I never see myself as with people. Oh yes, perhaps I need them, but its mostly for food and sustenance. I never see others, having people as a psychological need, or any need at all. In my mind and picture of myself, I'm always alone, and enjoying my alone time. Others are out there, perhaps parte of my distance world, just as my parents were always "out there," beyond my teenage violin room, perhaps protecting me from the outside world while I dreamed, enclosed and safe, in my violin creative and imagination chamber.

I don't remember ever "enjoying" people until I became a social director at Chait's. I enjoyed "playing" with them, standing before, around, or with them, laying back on my heels, and having a riotous inner laughter as I bantered and played with them. We all enjoy it, loved, it and had a great time. Or at least I did.

In fact, I see most of my inner life, as trying to escape from people, trying to escape from their influence and clutches, of trying to find and establish how to do things “my way.” beyond their powerful influence, and my need to please them.

Perhaps there is the key. My need, and even desire, to please them. How long have I had this hidden or evident need? Since I was born? Or did it start later in life, after my teenage years? Or after college?

Or was it always there, hidden in the darkness, submerged under my intense solo search for self?

In any case, since I got married, it has been totally manifest in my desire to earn a living, to move out of myself, do business, and make money.

Business and money have connected me to people. Or vice versa. My artistic side is the solo side, the part that wants to be alone, become a monk, slide into the corner and contemplate, create, imagine, and roll along.

So I have two sides. That makes sense. Of course, I’m also a twin and born a Gemini. Two sides, a schizophrenic life.

Well, this corona virus (CV) period has remove the business, social director, advertising, promoting, social side. up to now. and evidently, without the prospect of a future performance for and before others, for and before people, I am also losing my motivation.

Evidently, my R and D must lead to a product or service, which I must then bring to the public. It’s a two-punch affair. Create, then deliver. Or create and deliver. Evidently,

one is dead without the other. I need to create—the artistic side, and I need—the business side.

What happens when half this equation is dropped and lost? What happens when the business side is cut off through the solitary confinement of lock-down and social distancing?

Since I need both creativity and business, solitary and social, monkish contemplative life and the public, and have lost the latter, what do I do?

Since I am now “stuck” with creativity alone, perhaps my job is to use it to imagine working for my future public and my future business. I have to imagine my future and my performances before my public.

I have to imagine my future performances.

But I hate performances. I hate to perform.

But do I really? Perhaps I am wrong. Maybe CV is making me realize that I do not hate performances, that I am only afraid of them and of the pressure to excel that they put on me.

The pressure to excel as a guitarist, singer, folk dance leader, tour leader, writer, whatever.

I want to excel. And yet I hate the pressure.

Well maybe better is that I love/hate to excel and I love/hate the pressure.

Again a dualism, a both, a twin, a Gemini, an artist/business dichotomy.

I'm a dichotomy kind of guy. That's my conclusion.

In order to be whole, I have think of, consider, dream about, create, imagine, and do,

both.

Thus, my job during this CV period is imagine, create, plan for and prepare my services and products for their future business.

This CV period is a time of retreat and creativity.

My job is to imagine my future business, and figure out what I can and will create for it.

Can I and will I do my job?

We'll see.

So, nothing has changed.

This corona virus (CV) period is a hiatus.

Use it well.

1. Improve my stock trading
2. Prepare and promote my books.
3. Expand guitar magnificence, and singing, too.
4. Folk aerobics

Nervous is my Connecting Link

Do I want to make myself nervous and connected again?

Yes. Nervous is my connecting link.

Plan to perform. Performance on all levels.

Guitar, folk dance, tours, a reading, all

A post-CV victory extraordinaire.

Wednesday, May 20, 2020

The Advantages of Zoom. . . and Money

Hatred and Love are Twins in the Creation Fight

The advantages (and risks) of Zoom:

Making money from an activity or service I perform means I'm a professional.

Making money from something I create pushes, inspires, and forces me, through some kind of inner decision, to make it better, and thus to become better in the process.

It doesn't have to be much money (folk dance teaching), although more is better (tours), but it must be some money.

Money is my symbol of professionalism.

That's the role of money, why it is so important to earn it, in creating any service (folk dance teaching, tours), or product (my books, CDs, hopefully videos, etc).

Now what about Zoom?

In terms of learning,

Technologically: I'll have to learn the technology, create good sound, good videos, etc

Artistically: Learn to present myself in front of the cameras. In other words, how to

perform. Improve my performance.

Areas to work in:

1. Folk dance teaching/folk aerobics.

a. Dance and tour sales.

2. Classical guitar and singing

a. One man show sales.

b. Readings

3. Book sales.

4. Virtual Folk Dance Tour sales.

a. Put together folk tour videos, and sell them. A la Paula suggestion. A

whole new business!

The above is an entirely new business and artistic direction. Using zoom and video technology to improve my performing (artistic) and reach a new audience (business.)

The Contradiction and Paradox of Life

Do I want to “bother” doing this? Do I want to put in the time and effort?

I love/hate the effort.

Maybe I have to do what I hate in order to achieve what I love. Hate and love may go together. Resistance to effort and love of effort are twins: You can't have one without the others.

I have to learn and work with Zoom, even though I hate it. I must improve my

performing skills even though I hate the nervousness and pit-of-my-stomach “ugh” it entails.

Evidently, hatred helps creates the energy that eventually results in creating what I love.

What a contradiction and paradox is life.

Vacation is Over

My freedom is over. I'm not doing what I want anymore. My corona virus vacation is finished.

I'm “going back to work.” Ugh.

Yes, I'll continue trading. But nevertheless, my vacation is over.

Can I make trading part of my post-vacation life? Maybe from 9:30-10:30 a.m., scattered throughout the day—as “vacation breaks,” and also from 3:00 or 3:30-4:00 p.m.

Trading would be and become my reprieve, rest, retreat, relaxation, vacation break from my real work.

Trading as my break, my vacation. Hmm, what a way to look at it.

How sad. My vacation is over.

But eventually happy. But first, feel and dive into the sadness.

First results:

1. Guitar practice: Performing before zoom and video cameras in mind begins.

A life of performance before video/zoom camera begins.

Beginning of my going public life.

My new mind set: Everything in my artistic and business life as a gone-public performance.

Thinking, doing, dreaming, creating in public.

No more guitar practicing for the performance.

This is the performance.

Yes, this is the performance.

There is no other.

Yes, this is the performances.

All my frailness, weaknesses, and struggles made public. No more hiding, no more shame. It's all there, out there, gone public before the cameras for everyone to see.

There is no other, there is nothing else.

Friday, May 22, 2020

Playing for the Cameras

This is playing notes not for the physical audience, but rather for the cameras and for

posterity and eternity.

Creating, playing eternal guitar notes, slow, expressive, careful and daring.

Singing eternal song notes, slow, expressive, and daring.

Depression

Back to the choice of depression.

Is depression a choice?

It doesn't feel like one, but maybe it is.

If it is, why do I chose it?

Perhaps I "chose" it because it has some benefits.

What would they be?

First, it takes no effort. I don't have to actually put energy into anything. Like a pig in the mud, I can simply lie down and wallow in my oink-less, energy-less, depressive state.

Fighting off my depression takes effort, energy, focus and concentration. And that's exactly what I don't want to give. I could fight it off if I really had something important I really had to do. But I don't. So I'd rather not.

So my lazy self step in and says, "Don't bother. I'll take over."

I sigh and say, "Oh, okay. Go for it." And I give in to her. Or is it him?

So depression actually is a choice. I choose inertia over dynamism, rest over action, listlessness over excitement, laziness over strength.

I choose a resting place, enclosed and smelly, with an unpleasant odor of cesspool mist surrounded by heavy shadows, one that feels more like a coffin sliding on its way to Hades rather than the pleasant shade of a tree or warming sun on a Aegean beach.

But at least it is a rest.

Saturday, May 23, 2020

The Answer I

Abnormal means not normal. The corona virus situation is not normal.

Our society has to come back.

Yes, it has to come back. All of it, but a bit different.

The heros are the ones who realize this and act upon it.

Yes, the risk of getting CV has to be taken. Social distancing and masks have to eventually, go.

This unless slavery is freely chosen.

The struggle, the fight is, as always, between freedom and slavery, between freedom, which entails courage, inspiration, enthusiasm, and slavery, which entails fear, depression, and stunted growth.

It is an eternal fight both in society, and the human soul. Of course, society is a reflection of the human soul.

The questions is always: Who will win?

Right now, presently, slavery and fear are winning. Their expression is the lock-

down, social distancing, and of course, masks, which are really muzzles in disguise. They “express” the muzzling of freedom, just as social distancing represents the destruction of social norms and society.

Humans cannot exist long with social distancing, or masks and the muzzling of their social and reproductive instincts. Nor can they exist (for long) under lock-downs. Food production, and all production will stop and people will die. People will thus have to choose between life and death. And all, or most, will choose life. Or at least the attempt to live.

Can you live long under slavery and fear? Maybe.

But you can't live under lock-down. So first the lock-down will stop. Then, as people wander freely through their streets and fields, they'll have to decide whether, in their new-found freedom, they will choose to remain free, giving up social distancing and masks, accepting the risk of getting sick from the virus or any other disease, and thus living in freedom, with courage, inspiration, enthusiasm, fun, and joy, or go back to slavery an a life of fear, depression, sadness, misery, and zero growth and expansion.

But now matter where they chose to live, whether freedom land or slavery exile, the competition between the two countries will go on forever.

It's called life.

Today slavery is winning. Lock-downs, social distancing, masks are covering our freedom. But heros are already rising, fighting to lift themselves above the heavy, push-down muck.

Like a chamaeleon, always changing it form, the struggle goes on.

Some days freedom wins, other days slavery wins, is victorious. Back and forth, over days and centuries, the eternal struggle goes on.

That's life, too.

The Answer II

If the above is true, and it is, how shall I look at this corona virus time period?

As an extended sabbatical, an R and D break, a welcome hiatus and vacation.

My personal vaccine is hard R and D work!

Yes, hard research and development work to give myself a new notion of what is possible!

New R and D directions:

Immediately comes to mind is: Hebrew, Guitar, Running, Weights, and Yoga. In other words, all my miracle schedule activities in depth!

In depth is the phrase,

Thus, in the present corona virus situation: Nothing new, but everything new.

And as I do my miracle schedule R and D for the next year, trading is my money-activity new job.

Good morning (folk dancers and) fellow humans,

(Why do I start this epistle with "Good Morning?")

Read on to find out.)

What is folk dancing but joy in action, a community of folks holding hands, (no social distancing here!), souls and bodies moving together, joined and transformed into a hora of happiness.

Delight and exultation reign. Excitement is the meal of the day. Masks are off! Social distance ground into dust with each stamp of pravo exultation and kolo-confirmed social jubilation.

Yes, folk dancing is freedom in action. Quarantines are broken, muzzles disappear, and distances shorten when the joyful screams of folk dance delight fill the room.

(We all hate bullies.) Most folks hate bullies. Why be pushed around? (Rather free yourself from fear and bondage.) Instead free yourself by creating our own corona. Put on your head like the king of queen you are, and dance in your royal Put on your morning crown of shining and wear your folk dance glory cap. Start your own revolution. Begin each day with a kolo yelp of glory.

How to lighten and enlighten your day?

Easy: Release your inner “Wahoo!”

Let the sun shine!

And thus: “Good morning!”

Sunday, May 24, 2020

My mind moves so fast from one mood to another.

What is real?

Does mood make reality?

On a personal level, I'd say yes.

But personal is only a small part of the picture.

And if my moods are so changing, and my decisions so temporal, how can I trust or believe in my decisions?

Maybe my decisions are real and true but only for the moment. They could change the next moment as both reality and my mood change, or rather, my mood and reality change.

They say life and reality are in the moment, and that all material reality is flowing, moving, and only temporary.

Maybe these sudden mood changes are simply reflections of that reality.

That being said, should I bother creating and offering private folk dance lessons on zoom? After all, this crisis may pass by the time I've put these new and somewhat distasteful offerings together. And since they are somewhat distasteful, why should I even bother doing something, putting any effort into something distasteful? After all, life is short, time is precious, and wasting it is basically stupid.

Yes, the somewhat distasteful private folk dance lessons on zoom is better than the totally distasteful and hated, energy-less and joyless group folk dance lessons on zoom.

But distasteful is distasteful and why should I bother doing it if I don't have to.

Do I have to? Why?

Do I need the money? It would be nice, but it won't be that much, and I can live without it.

So why do I want to do it? Because I miss teaching folk dancing, earning money, and being out of the human contact loop.

Are these valid reasons for offering private folk dance lessons? Maybe.

Do What I Love

Another thing: the months are passing quickly and I could be back to normal folk dancing, and even touring, "before I know it."

If time is so sandwiched, short, and moving so fast, why bother with all these sideline distractions. Why not go with what I love.

Well, what do I love? Do I even remember it?

Lost, forgotten, and scary. I've lost my vision and my way!

I have been totally pushed around, bulldozed, turned upside down and right side up, depressed and fucked by this fucking virus with its ensuing lock-downs, business loss ("hiatus"), masks, social distancing, and more. After two months of mental whip-sawing, isn't it time and am I not ready to remember, reassert, and stand up form my pristine and beautiful original vision!

And what is my vision?

The earthly realm of fear and worry tells me that time is short. The heavenly realm of All-Is-One, eternity, and love tells me to do what I love.

Do what I love.

Depression is another grand distraction.

How to know, remember, and fight this is a wise question.

And speaking of love, my job is to:

1. Write my books
2. Publish my books
3. Hire someone, a social media personal, to promote and sell my books (on social media, etc.)

Offering “somewhat distasteful”) private folk dance lessons on zoom is a distraction.

Monday, May 25, 2020

Give folks some fun and joy while they're stranded in place, locked down in their houses and minds.

Through my videos and books.

Tough and focused, on miracle schedule, business, and the doctrine of improvement, and self-improvement.

On making Youtube videos for my audience:

If I can't bring them fun, joy, and beauty, why bother?

(This may knock out classical guitar, and resurrect songs, dances, and even bits.)

How depressing. Although classical guitar playing is relaxing, playing it in public is just no fun. It's a chore and a torture, and just no fun. No joy or zip in it.

And this after so many hours and years of practice! What a waste! Of time, effort, and money (even though no money was spent.)

My songs, madcap, group, and otherwise, are fun for others, and publically performed, even for myself.

And I absolutely never practice or even play them.

How sad that I have wasted so much time and so many years practicing classical guitar, basically, for nothing. Mostly again to prove that I am worthy. And even though, after many years of suffering and self-torture, I now believe I am, I still keep practicing classic guitar in the hope, that since now know I'm worthy, I'll be able to play it in public. But I still can't.

Just like I still can't making money trading (but I'm still hoping and working on changing this), I still can't play classical guitar in public.

And perhaps I will never be able to play it in public.

Never? Can I accept such an answer?

Somehow playing classical guitar in public is simply not my calling. Why did God give me the talent and urge to play, if I can never "share" it with others? Sisyphus, indeed.

Why does He put this Sisyphean block in my mouth?

I don't know. And perhaps I will never know.

Maybe it is and was always meant to be private. My underground, hidden, classical music love and inspiration, never to be publically revealed. The enigmatic hidden source of the sparkle in my eyes and smile.

That sounds about right.

What does it mean?

Never to play, never to try playing, classical guitar in public again?

How depressing and sad.

But also, perhaps and hopefully, how freeing.

Could it be a positive?

A law, a never, a no.

Does the acceptance of my limitation free me from slavery?

Truth is, I'll never speak Hebrew in public, or exercise or for the public. These are all private ventures, which I never think about "sharing" with others.

Will classical guitar become part of the "never public" or "not for the public" miracle schedule road?

Hmmm.

Also, classical guitar is a symbol of my teenage classical violin which was done hidden in my room, soaring along among the Beethoven Magnificence. Marvelous and great, but all an

alone experience. Not for sharing and others.

Those activities, organization and leadership, showing my organizational and leadership qualities, the sharing with the public jobs, were made manifest in leading the boys against the girls (2nd grade), conducting the orchestra (high school), maybe going to France (college), and social directing (Chaits, post-college, first job, etc).

So I have a clear public self and a private self. Today the private self is the artist/creator self, and the public self is the business self, which, among other things, helps bring my creations public.

But my classical, in-room, chamber of imagination self, was never meant for the public or to go public. I “selfishly always wanted to keep it separate and alone and only for myself. Opening it to others, throwing light on its glorious darkness, would crush and destroy it. Never reveal your secrets, the hidden luxury of your smile, and source of amusement and laughter in your eyes. Keep it hidden. Do not share. Kabbalah and mysticism in action.

Maybe that’s why I cannot and will never be able to play classical guitar comfortably in public. It will always be self-conscious and stiff.

But I can do it, and will do it, alone in my room to sustain, sooth, and even inspire myself with its caressing beauty.

Fight On. . .It’s the Only Answer!

I dipped into the deepest depression. Inside me, everything collapsed, energy drained

out, and I just gave up.

After three hours of the deepest downs, an burying my crying soul in television, I now realize why,

I gave up.

First, I gave up on one of my great loves: classical guitar. After that, everything else collapsed with it.

What is the moral of this story?

Better to fight, even to the death, than give up.

And this deathly down came the day after I found a new video purpose! I was so enthused about it yesterday!

I wonder if its part of the whipsaw of decision making.

In any case, I'm back on track.

Make classical guitar videos. Bad, dull, uninspired, it doesn't matter. I can always work to improve them.

Yes, better to end up with a miserable product, and fight on, than give up and come out with nothing at all.

I wonder if I also gave up because the big project of making these videos is "serious."
(Note the first buzz of enthusiasm/fear in my stomach yesterday).

It will be a lot of effort and I don't want to face all the work that's involved. So I "departed," escaped through a give up depression.

But ultimately and long term, giving up and depression don't work. I'm tossed back into the ring to fight on again. And once I get into the fight, it's not so bad. It's even mucho satisfying and fun.

Fun Playing Classical Guitar

Damn the Notes

Make my new goal how to have fun playing classical guitar.

And damn the notes.

Fun and Joy

Trading fun and joy, classical guitar fun and joy, folk singing fun and joy, folk dancing fun and joy, writing, running, exercising fun and joy. That's the only way to go.

Tuesday, May 26, 2020

The Gospel According to Gold

By focusing on my service to others, I could forget about myself. That would be a good and wonderful thing. A thing full of wonders.

By focusing on others, I could remember my function, focus, and purpose: To bring fun, joy, and beauty to others.

Yes, to play my role as the divine fool. What a blessing to remember this purpose! "Fool" takes care of the fun and joy, beauty takes care of the divine. But are fun, joy, and

beauty separate realms? No. They are one.

Fun, joy, and beauty are the All-Is-one trinity.

And my purpose in this life, both for myself and others, is to spread fun, joy, and beauty through the world. There is no better gospel. And I have been give the social and artistic talents to do this. My job is “simply” to remember this.

But such a difficult job. Such a lofty and challenging task! But nothing could be wiser.

But every day the storms, pains, black clouds, sufferings, and foggy miseries in life push me into forgetful mode.

Nevertheless, service to others is the only way to go. Using my talents to bring fun, joy, and beauty to spread this gospel is my only way to salvation.

Thus the gospel according to Gold.

Remembering this gospel relaxes me, makes me forget myself, feel good, and play the guitar beautifully.

Practice the Gospel

There's not much to practice in guitar. I've practiced for years, I've practiced enough.

“Only” an attitude change is needed.

An attitude change is what has taken so long. Fifty years, perhaps more. Perhaps a lifetime.

In any case, I'm finally ready. I know the Gospel According to Gold. That's (is now) the only thing I need to remember, and practice.

Birthday Present Eighty-Three

The Gospel According to Gold

The difference between now—in four days I'll be 83—and before—the 83 previous years—is that now I have the confidence, experience, and power to do it.

So what is my birthday present?

I know my purpose: The Gospel According to Gold.

Wednesday, May 27, 2020

Running Wild on a New Lawn

Could it be true?

The faster, more fun, more joyful, and no doubt, more beautiful I go, the easier it gets.

I've crossed the wall and entered a new land. My fingers are easily flying in this new mode.

Could the years of hard practicing have been wrong. Tough, controlled, aiming at perfection tightened my muscles, and pushed me into the down and over-caring corner.

But the land of fun, joy, and beauty is totally free-fun form and different.

Maybe I had to hit my head with bricks for many years in order to get here. This to

open a new door in my brain.

In any case, I am now there. I have crossed the double fields, pastures both verdant with new shoots, and golden with harvest, and have arrived at the new child-like farmhouse.

At upcoming birthday of eighty-three, ready to start on a new infant path, running wild on a new lawn of fun, joy, and beauty.

It starts with classical guitar, and spreads into everything else.

Thursday, May 28, 2020

The Power of Fun and Joy

Fear is a power.

Rage is a power.

Inertia is in the middle.

Love cover all.

Some call fear terror. (Panic is its paralyzing form.)

Some call rage anger.

Some call inertia laziness.

Some call love passion.

Then there is the dissolving and surpassing power of fun and joy.

Fight (and dissolve them all) by focusing on the power of fun and joy.

Fun and joy surpass understanding, and profit, too.

Do I have the courage to change my lifestyle and attitude? That is the question.

On the other hand, do I even have a choice?

When you come to the bifurcation in the road, there is no choice but to choose.

And after to many years of classical guitar and other suffering, truly fun and joy are the only choice.

But it is still a choice.

Thus, choose fun and joy.

My Happy Voice

Is my deep, lower-your-larynx voice my happy voice?

My fun and joy voice? Maybe.

I think so. That means it is.

Tading Has Run It's Course

Corona virus is winding down.

Trading stocks has run its course. I ands it has accomplished what it needed, fulfilled whatever was that it needed to fulfill.

My big terror now is how to fill the emptiness that no trading leaves. How to fill my day? How to inspire myself without financial fears to “guide” me.

How to fill the emptiness?

Is fun and joy enough?

Can I really stand living without fear?

All good questions for the next phase of my adventure.

So ends a New Leaf.