

## RE-INVENTION

# FUN AND JOY GUITAR ATTITUDE

Friday, May 29, 2020

Today is my birthday.

It's recharge day:

New path recharge begins today.

Fun, joy, and beauty.

Saturday, May 30, 2020

### Suppose Its Over Forever

#### A New Vacuum

Okay, NO question my folk dance and tour career is over for the next three to four months. That's annoying, but okay.

But suppose this lock down and virus fear psychology lasts longer, much longer, and kills many businesses including my own.. Suppose thus my folk dance and tour career is over period. Finished. Done, Over forever.

Career-wise, this is my worse case scenario.

Is it possible? Yes. Is it likely? Who knows?

In any case, I think I should prepare for such a scenario.

If this happens, and let's suppose it will and does, then what? What will I do for work? To make money?

It's time to consider a totally new career.

How can I make money? What job can I do in this new non-folk dancing, non-folk tour world?

First, how depressing. Okay, once I deal with and face that emotion, which I have already done, then what?

I've already gone through my "stock trading" phase. For the last two months, or six weeks, I've had enough time to test myself as a "professional" stock trader. I devoted the last six weeks or so to total stock trading immersion, gave it my best shot. Lots of "useless" tension there, with no real results. In fact, I had the usual results. I lost money. Not as much as usual, but I certainly didn't win. I know I'm not good at trading and my life history in the stock market proves it. Yet I went on for years with hopes of fortune.

Well, the CV period gave me the opportunity to really try, to give it my all. Result: As a full time profession it makes me stiff and constantly focused and worried about properly and profitably timing my momentary stock movements, selling at the right time, buying at the right time, day trading correctly. Well, not only am I not good at this, the process is simply bad for my health.

I read that the best way to make money in the stock market is to buy something good, then hold it long term. Witness my wife.

In any case, that is exactly what I do not do in my trading account. Well, that's why I

call it a trading account. Well, in any case, that trading phase is over. I've given it my best and many year shot.

Time to free myself and move on.

But the result is I now have no profession or no way of earning money in mind. I am profession-less.

Thus, the first thing I must deal with is this new (post CV, post eighty-three) vacuum.

### Art Is My Business, and Vice Versa

First of all, this new profession has to be something in the arts, something artistic.

After all, that's what I'm good at.

Well, I've at least made peace with my many year art/business conflict. Now I know that art is my business, and vice versa.

#### Possibilities:

1. Guitar lessons on Zoom. Folk singing through Zoom.
  - a. Guitar and folk song Youtube videos promote this.
3. Zoomatics: Combo folk dance/folk aerobics
  - a. Private folk dance lessons?
  - b. Future: Put my live fd classes on Zoom.
4. Designing fliers for for others.
  - a. Learn Canva,
5. Book sales (readings on Zoom)

Sunday, May 31, 2020

Visions of Re-Invention

(Am I Really Carlos the Cloud?)

Very down this morning.

“Safety, and take care of your mental health” re the first words I heard on the radio this morning,

Everything looks bleak up ahead.

I have to re-invent myself, totally. Is this possible at age eighty-three? Is it possible at any age? Is my destiny fixed? Are my talents and skills limited? At this age, or any age?

But beyond that unanswerable question, I see no hope for work up ahead. I see my careers basically over, kille by social distancing, masks, and the almost universal virus of fear that hs infected most of the planet. Certainly, the fear has infected most of my family, mot of my friends, and most (but not all) of the world. Truth is, it hasn't infected me, but I can't step out of the world of all my future potential customers. And these potential customers will no longer go on tours, hold hands and without masks folk dance. Most will just stay at home and tremble. And this is wild, half-hysterical fear, although almost totally exaggerated and unrealistic, nevertheless exists, and is the final earthquake that will topple mym businesses.

Very maddening, scary, and depressing. (I am probably partly wrong in the vision, as I am so often wrong in my stock market predictions. Nevertheless, that's the hopeless way I

see things this morning.)

The corona virus has chased all sense of out of the world. Instead of sensibly choosing both economy and health, in a rush of faulty, bumbling, hysterical vision, it has chosen health over economy with no regard or the future damage such a choice creates. And even worse, in the name of “health,” shut down the creator of health, namely, a good economy.

So much damage is and will be done. The catastrophe of this choice is mind-boggling, terrifying, enraging, and totally depressing.

But, that where we are. I’ll somehow have to learned to live within this cloud of black political choice, and somehow learn to survive with its airless mask-covered grasp.

With all my businesses destroyed, and hopes for their revival killed, how will I do that?

So, I repeat: I’ll have to re-invent myself totally.

Is this possible at age eighty-three? Is my destiny fixed? Are my talents and skills limited? Is such re-invention possible at my age, or any age?

Of course, I really have no choice. It’s re-invention or death. Do I prefer death? Well, not yet.

So I have to choose re-invention.

How do I go about this?

My first attempt was to try to become a better, even “professional” stock trader. That didn’t work. Trading well is simply not my skill. And never has been.

So trading is out.

What’s next?

Perhaps a start is to consider yesterday’s journal “Art is my Business” entry, and my list of possibilities.

Here they are again:

Possibilities:

1. Guitar lessons on Zoom. Folk singing through Zoom.
  - a. Guitar and folk song Youtube videos promote this.
3. Zoomatics: Combo folk dance/folk aerobics
  - a. Private folk dance lessons?
  - b. Future: Put my live fd classes on Zoom.
4. Designing fliers for others.
  - a. Learn Canva,
5. Book sales (readings on Zoom)

These are things I could do, can do, and I know I’m good at them.

But will I do them?

I know there is no choice.

On the other hand, I could choose not to do them.

Wouldn’t this be choosing death? Maybe.

Or maybe I'm missing something. Maybe my business world of folk dancing and tours will be reborn. Or maybe not. Truth is, I don't know. No one knows the future.

Nevertheless, this is my depressing vision for today.

Is there an up after a down? Usually.

Will there be one for me? Maybe.

After all, this depressing vision is totally my mental construct. It is as close to predicting the future as all my stock choices and predictions.

It is based on my interpretations of the present, and has, in truth, nothing to do with the future, which is always unknown.

Thus, this vision, like most, if not all visions of human beings, is based on clouds. And all clouds pass.

Will this vision pass?

If yes, and it probably will, then what does all the above writing mean?

Is it merely a way of clearing my mind, removing the blocks to make room for the next cloud?

Am I really Carlos the Cloud in disguise?

Maybe.

### Impossible Dream

Here's an earth-shaking vision that just came up:

Will I drop Hebrew as my early morning study, and go instead to writing as my true calling?

A major CV shift.

Hebrew as secondary, and even afternoon relaxation activity.

Start the day with writing, my true calling.

I've been denying this forever. Ugh and wow.

And, as for my new and future money-making job, it would be selling my books. Just like I once sold my guitar concert program, and even folk dance/weekend/tour programs.

I took so-called "impossible money-making fields," my own artistic endeavors, and figured out a way to make money, make a living out of them.

My next "impossible" task, my "impossible dream," is to figure out a way, an entrepreneurial route, to make a living out of my artistic creations, To make money selling my books.

Am I ready to deal with this? Not yet, But I may be getting close.

### Combining:

#### Chamber of Imagination with Market Place Playground

When I got married, I was forced to figure out how to make a living. I chose guitar playing, something I love.

Corona virus is now putting me in the same position. She is forcing me to change careers, to figure out how to make a living from writing, something I love.

Is corona virus my new wife?

I love/hate her for what she is forcing me to do.

She is forcing me to use, develop, and grow my (hidden love) sales talents, and to be  
and become me best!

As usual, I hate and love it.

### Sales as my Hidden Love

Note: I just said sales is my “hidden love.”

It that true? Probably.

Sales pull me out of my happy soaring room, which I hate. But it pushes me into the  
social director market place, where I play with people, which, once my mind and energy is in  
the game, I also love.

I'm a Gemini with (at least) a dual personality.

I need inside and outside. Both sides have to be satisfied.

Inside is the chamber of my imagination, outside is the market place playground.

I need both.

### Facing My Primal Fears

Truth is, I have not been able to make the terrifying leap off the cliff into writing.

I've been stalling, blocking, preventing myself from taking this scary leap for years.

My tools of avoidance have been mainly stock market trading, and secondarily, Hebrew (and

other) language study.

Perhaps I need the stimulus of terror, panic, and rage created by the total corona virus political shut down and the loss of all my businesses, my sources of income, pride, confidence, and fun. Perhaps these total losses were “needed” to “stimulate” me, give me no other choice but jump off the cliff into the writing chasm that I both fear and love.

Only with these powerful jump off” stimuli could I break the chains of my most primal fear, namely, seeing myself as a writer.

Wow, is this really my most basic, primal fear, the one I have been avoiding all my life? Fear of accepting my running wild on the lawn nature? And going public with it?

(Perhaps part of the shut-down panic was forcing me to face my inner demons of the claustrophobic panic and rage, my inner shut-down, facing my going-public fear of running wild on the writing lawn.)

Is this my true talent and love?

Maybe.

### CV and Shut-Down Closed the Avenues of Escape

The corona virus and subsequent lock-down has closed off all avenues of escape. It is forcing me to look deep into myself and to change. Rising to the sensible, after my emotional dip, it is forcing me to re-balance my miracle schedule.

In doing so, it is forcing me to reorganize and re-prioritize my Running Wild Life.

Physical dangers of writing: It is a sit-down job. Yes, mentally, I run wild on the

lawn. But I need to physically run wild as well.

Thus, folk dancing is needed, along with running, weights, and yoga.

Monday, June 1, 2020

Folk Dancing

Why Folk Dance?

What did I learn yesterday?

We folk danced with some friends yesterday in their back yard.

I cried with joy.

(We danced with Bob and Ruth Baclawski yesterday in their back yard.)

I was reminded that folk dancing is not just my business. It is part of my freedom and salvation.

I need joy to lighten, enlighten, and light up my being.

I need folk dancing for the joy it brings.

Whether I teach it or not, lead folk dance tours or not, when I dance, the juices of joy start to flow. My soul is elevated, and I am free again.

Tuesday, June 2, 2020

Am I giving up again?

Yes.

Why? Anger. I'm so fucking mad at this unnecessary shut-down. Such colossal

stupidity. A historic blunder, a total disaster.

And I am enraged. I lost my tour and folk dance business. I'm pushed into a corner, claustrophobic with panic and enragement vying in my psyche.

I really haven't faced how angry I am.

Maybe that's why I keep feeling like giving up. I'm turning my rage on myself, and driving myself downward, into the basement, into the corner. . .almost into the grave. But I always stop just before I get there. Well, I'm there now, standing before my rage options:

Giving up route: It means first depression, then ultimately the downward. This is the worst path.

Fighting route: Fight, and perhaps go down in glory fighting. This is the best path, the path of resurrection.

But before can take it, the best path, I must face, deal with, encounter, my anger and rage at the stupidity of this shut-down with all its accouterments of masks and social distancing.

I absolutely hate masks and social distancing! Yes, these are the surface things, the "expressions" of corona shut-down economic stupidity.

What can I do about them? Maybe not much.

1. Except stay home waiting for the storm to pass. This storm may take months, even years. But it is my legitimate form of rebellion. And it is something within my power to do. Hmm, so maybe I should do it.

2. Refuse to teach folk dancing, except on my own terms. Which means to a live

audience of students and follows.

3. What about Zoom? Should I look for a way of using it? That would be the “wise, smart thing to do.” But I’m too mad to do it, too mad to give in, too mad to “compromise.”

Again, I hate zoom because it, like masks and social distancing is an expression of the enraging stupidity that killed my business. And I am in rebellion.

Yes, although I am quiet, in my heart I am enraged and in rebellion. I’m not the type that goes out to protest. Rather, I retreat, and become rock-solid in my refusal to give up, to be silenced, and basically, to do things my way.

But, I just gave up. . .again. This is a terrible way to go.

So evidently I must do something. But what?

First, I must do things my way.

But before I can even do that, I must dive into and deal with my rage.

### Tours and Folk Dancing In Depth

How can I resurrect folk dancing and tours my way?

That is the basic question.

Perhaps it’s a matter of time and timing. It’s the kind of thing that cannot be done. . . yet. And, as I figured out before, I have to use this hiatus to do and develop other things. Yes, I can still folk dancing alone and in my living room. For myself, and for the future teaching to real humans that I shall eventually do. Maybe deepen my knowledge of old dances.

Hmm, I like that. Not trying to remember and review them, which means simply do them the way I used to. But perhaps I can deepen my knowledge and skill of them, dance them “in depth.”

This means go over all my old dances, but dance them in depth. I like this (although I don’t quite know what it means.) Again, this is a form of preparation for the future, dance preparation for future teaching and classes.

Okay, not bad.

What about tours?

I’d say do my tours in depth. too. This means preparing them for the future. How is this done? What does it mean?

I can start studying my countries again, preparing them and myself for 2021 season.

### Start Training For It

Back to tours and dancing. (Forget about Zoom. It is not my way and is a total distraction.)

Aim for 2021 season. Start training for it!

### Dance, Tour, Book (and Booking) Business

Dance of the Week, with added stories (promoting my books) and songs (promoting my bookings?) is my New Business Folk Dance and Tour Advertising and Promotion Development.

Purpose of my books, and even songs, is to sell my tours and folk dancing.

Stock Market and Trading

Where does the stock market and trading fit into this?

It doesn't.

(Only as a fun form of distraction and relaxation.)

Who Am I?

This is my beloved and necessary work for the rest of my life. There is no retirement.

There is only death.

This is what I was put on the earth to do.

This is my true purpose.

Thursday, June 4, 2020

Flirting with Fascism

I've never experienced fascism before.

But I did during the lock down. And that's why, for several weeks, I seesawed between rage and panic.

The lock down is flirting with fascism.

Can I do anything "creative" with this rage and panic? Can I "use" and express it to improve my life and the life of others?

Some ideas:

Get into politics, read American history, studying the Constitution, Bill of Rights, lawyer, etc.

Fight harder for the things I love, my “freedom” causes, Like folk dancing, business, self-improvement. At least I have control over these. Plus I already do and believe in them.

“Positive (individualized/Inner) Fascism”

Another idea:

Benefits of “positive individualized/inner fascism:

The lock down forced me back into my own creative chamber, locked me inside and in my claustrophobic seesaw between panic and rage, “forced” me to look deep within and improve myself.

In the following manner.

Fears are down, joy is up.

1. Finances: No longer afraid of money.
2. Playing classical guitar with abandon. Run wild on the classical guitar lawn.

Play the guitar with joy, abandon, freedom, and fun.

Enjoy the Day!

The tours, folk dancing, the business, all were a “sideline” until I could play the guitar well.

And now that I can, do I still need or even want them? Or they now a mere annoyance?

And only playing the guitar and watching/playing the stock market are fun, and what I want to do.

In other words, post CV, have I finally arrived? Am I now “there?” At the perfect life.

It feels perfect. With inner peace and nothing I am “forced” to do. A perfect moment. A perfect day.

But will this feeling last? Is it only for a day, for today?

Or is something to aspire to?

Maybe. But if it is, enjoy the day!

Is this the teenage violin and basketball life moment that I imagine as perfection.

I'd say it is.

Note: It is a moment of perfection.

Can such a moment be expanded? That is the question.

Friday, June 5, 2020

### Positive Aspects of Renunciation

If I gave up listening to the (terrible) news on radio and TV, what would happen to my mind? (I know it would be good for me.

Can I do it?

Should I? Yes. If I can.

See the news as the foolish, illusionary drama of the world.

Also, hearing most of the news, only helps me hate other people more, see them as fools, idiots, opposition the enemy, etc. All (or mostly) untrue things.

The news, with its “opposition research and views: is not my way. I am more of a united, a lover of people, all people. Hating others is simply not my way.

#### Return to my Pleasure Centers

During the CV period I lost, or gave up, all (most of) my pleasure centers. They got lost, or rather displaced by, (I think) in rage, anger, and panic.

And yet parts of this forced retirement and vacation have been very revealing and good for me.

Isn't it time to somehow return to my pleasure centers?

Yes.

Guitar: Right index finger (i finger) as a pleasure center.

Saturday, June 6, 2020

#### Save Myself First

If my purpose is to give (bring) joy and happiness to the world, then I have to give it

to myself first. If this happens, my sun will naturally, effortlessly shine on others.

Thus, save myself first.

Other will follow.

Thus the question: How to save myself?

First, dive further and alone into my miracle schedule.

Second, connect to others beneath the surface, under and beyond their masks, and a facial mouth and eye-contact “hello.”

### If Only One Person Loves Your Work. . . .

#### What Potential Benefits!

In business, and in life, and in the pursuit of self-confidence, why is it important that one person love your work?

Because if one person loves your work, that means it could be or become two. And if two people love your work, that means it could double to four. Four could become eight. On and on until you have a huge audience, your business begins to flourish, and you become rich and famous. Not a bad start or finish for a shy and retiring artist/entrepreneur.

### Jim Gold Nuggets

#### Dance of the Week, plus stories and songs

All my artistic creations in one package.

A result of age. . .and CV.

I'm shame-lessly displaying all my creations because I not going to be here that long.

### Psychological Revelation

#### Quelling the Fires: The Positive Benefits of Misery

I see time running out and death up ahead.

Of course, is this any different from yesterday or the day before? It also happened around age forty and I started reading about reincarnation as a hopeful antidote.

But, in truth, this time-laden view of life happens quite often.

So what's the big deal now?

True, I'm older. But I'm always older. And death can come on any day, at any age.

So why be more saddened and down today than other day?

No reason at all, and I'm probably not.

No doubt this is just today's version of emptiness, impending doom, down blues, and depression.

And, like Carlos the Cloud hovering over, wafting, gliding across the Spanish sky, it will pass.

Also, there is the jumping, glorious, wow factor that, with the expanding birth of me Dance of the Week "newsletter," I just started a new business!

Thus, I need to get away from the sparkle, and hot fire of creation, the glory and burning greatness in my heart. I can't stand it; I need an escape. What better way than to

pour of water of depression, impending doom, and death on my fire, to quell flames of glory with buckets of misery.

Who knows, but in my ecstasy, I might jump over a cliff in happiness, believing I can now fly! It almost happened in Oaxaca many years ago. The ecstasy of happiness removes my reason, and I imagine I can do crazy things. I might even do them! I run totally wild and crazy on my lawn with no mother to stop me. I could immolate myself in my fire of ecstasy, drown myself in sea of glory, kill my body and soul in passion. And I wouldn't even care!

Luckily, after an intense creation, I get depressed. It calms me down, lowers me to a more stable place.

This powerful wave and whack of sadness (often) saves me. So thank my depression!

Depression relaxes me. I puts out my passion fires. It protects me from their extremes which could burn me up and out completely. It is my built-in form of overdone passion protection.

Sunday, June 7, 2020

### Is The Fight Over?

Could it be that my fight is over. I'm pulling back, pulling out, distancing myself from the lovely chaos around me.

I see no folk dancing or touring up ahead. I see my business as either over, or coming to a quick end.

Am I accepting this ending?

Or am I missing something?

Is my fight over?

Is it a summary things, a summing up and age thing?

True, I have been retired from my career, my jobs, my business. It has not been my choice, but rather, it was imposed upon me. But my reactions to it are based on my own path.

And am I now looking at the next step, the next stage, the summary and gathering stage—Thus Dance of the Week, plus a story and a song—the post-84 “wander off into the woods” stage that Dane Rudyar spoke about in his *Astrology of Personality*, the book that explained and guided my life stages?

Sad that it’s ending.

But is it also freeing?

Maybe.

My resistance to post-Covid retirement is down. Even my hatred of mask wearing is diminishing. I may even “voluntarily” wear one.

Monday, June 8, 2020

[Creating a Personal Newsletter](#)

[Start my Next Book](#)

Woke up with no goals or purpose in mind.

With no job, no outside force pushing me, no reason to get up or put effort into anything, I ask why get up at all? Why bother? This vacant place has returned with a vengeance.

I've visiting "Why bother land?" often in the past. Usually, it means get back to writing. And maybe that is true now.

In fact, just saying "back to writing" makes me feel better.

So perhaps I'm on the right track.

Last night I wrote: "Making money is fun. It validates me.

One of my new CV goals is to earn money through stock market trading. That is still a goal, but somehow it's not the same as writing. Why this is, I don't care to know or explore at the moment.

In any case, I realize I'm on the cusp of writing fiction again.

I also like to make money. Selling my fiction would validate my (although strangely, it wouldn't necessarily motivate it. Only so-called depression or emptiness does that.)

In any case, in the future, the near future, I'd like to sell subscriptions to my Gold Nugget/Dance of the Week newsletter.

Why do I call it a newsletter? I don't know. It has no news, or rather, the only news it has is of my former creative activities.

Well, maybe that's why I call it a newsletter. It a personal newsletter, a personal expression of my creative activities. A collection of my creations past and present.

So it's a Personal Newsletter. The news is about me. The adventure is the adventure

of my creative self.

The New Leaf: Adventures in the Creative Life.

Would anyone be interested in following my personal adventures? Maybe.

Would anyone want to pay for it?

Maybe.

How to create a newsletter that folks would pay for, and thus validate me, is the question.

I could call it “Gold Nugget Express,” with subtitle: “Newsletter of Personal Adventures in the Creative Life.”

I like it.

Will others like it?

Proof would be if they pay for it.

Evidently, this newsletter is in the R and D stage. I am collecting, organizing, putting my works together in a new gold nugget constellation.

I’m also ready to add and create something new.

Ready to do both.

Yes. My stomach is starting to churn. Just a tiny bit nervous. The nervous stomach jump happens when I’m about to “jump off the cliff,” actually explore a new country, put together a new tour, or project. It is the ball of energy starting the catch fire, spreading, growing, expanding, the first sign of life.

1. Business/entrepreneurship newsletter R and D

2. Writing new fiction. Start my next book.

(Maybe even back to Barry.)

Money, like honey, dripping down from heaven,

1. Stock market trading.

2. Selling my Trilogy (Dance, Story, Song) Gold Nugget magazine/newsletter. Journal of personal growth.

“Gold Nugget Express:” subtitle: “Newsletter of Personal Adventures in the Creative Life.”

Tuesday, June 9, 2020

Market Fluctuations

Yesterday was my best day ever in the stock market. Shocked, amazed, happy.

This morning I ask: Have I lost interest in everything I used to do? I only want to ride the market. Of course, the last few days have been fantastic as I see my stocks rise fast and hard. They're way up there now, and poised for a fall. But I'm fascinated, involved, focused, and happy.

Am I also blinded? Blinded by the upside? I've forgotten all my past downside miseries and only see up. Just as during the down times, I only saw down.

If I stabilize, and get back to “reality,” will my “former” interest in miracle schedule return?

Only time will tell.

In any case, this morning's futures are down. And the whole market should be heading down, especially after this amazing rise.

What to do?

Use it as a buying opportunity?

Sell portions of my winners?

Both?

Do nothing. Watch. Wait for the opportunity to buy.

Sell portions of my winners. But which ones?

Maybe better to wait, watch the downs, then buy.

Wait, a day, or even a few days. Wait for the down storm to pass. Then buy when it stabilizes near the bottom.

Very hard for me to wait, and watch. Hard to wait and watch my stocks go down. But I have margin cash and the ability to buy, even if my holdings go down. Plus, since things are opening again, I feel the general direction of the market is up,

Watch my stocks tumble, then buy more.

So waiting and watching feels like the right thing to do.

### Giving Up on "Do Nothing Day"

Strange, but perhaps not so strange: It's a "Give Up" day.

This morning it feels like I'm giving up on everything. . . except perhaps stocks.

Giving up on my miracle schedule and its self-improvement credo.

Is this really possible? What does it mean?

Am I simply at the bottom, clearing out my basement, freeing myself totally from the past, and ready to move on to the next and another stage? That would be nice. (And perhaps it's true.)

I am faced with total emptiness of goals and desires.

Is this temporary?

Maybe I should simply wait out the day, or days, do nothing, and see where it leads.

Perhaps a distant wind will pick me up, and blow me in a new direction. Perhaps not.

I can't believe in "perhaps not." Vacuums never last that long. Something always rushes in to fill them.

I'm in a vacuum state now. \

Wind? So far the air is still.

Maybe it's simply a Do Nothing Day. Even a Do Nothing Week.

Transformations are born, gestate, and grow during the Do Nothing vacuum times.

### Dazzling Yesterday

### Dazzling Success and its Consequences

Maybe it's also a day of recovery from dazzling yesterday, and the incredible market

rise, and monetary fulfillment beyond my wildest dreams of all my wishes (at least for a day.)

Recovery from the most amazing market day ever!

Maybe I need to pull back because yesterday's miracle market day was simply too intense. It's kabbalah fire threatens to burn up my old concept of self, destroy my safe old ideas of limitation. Wow, scary, indeed. (But I'm making progress!)

Yes, this feels right. This is the "cause" of my giving up, my vacuum, and it's subsequent "Do Nothing" day of "rest."

I just had a tremendous success! It has been partially caused by me! Although obviously helped by an up market, it was I who chose the stocks. I made the born-during-corona-virus decision to try to earn a living by trading. And the last few days, culminating in amazing yesterday, was my first grand success.

Thus I am "suffering from success," from the miracle that I could go further, that my limitations are self-imposed and that I could go even further. Specifically, that I could make much money in the stock market! Me? Mucho money in the market? Me? The schleppey trading with no history of success? Me? Is it possible that (my wife's failure image of me as a trader is totally wrong?)

Frightening. To move beyond my self-concept limitations. Very scary, indeed. So I shut down by "giving up."

But suppose I don't give up? Suppose I experiment on a new level and try to dive straight into my new and limitless life?

Suppose I try, and change my limited vision to believing that I can and will get rich in

the stock market.

Dare I even think such a thing? My stomach is churning.

But indeed, this is the source of this morning's anxiety, shut down, give up, Do  
Nothing, and vacuum.

### Time to Return to the World

#### Return

Could it also mean I've accomplished my CV goals and it's time to return to the  
world.

Signs pointing in that direction:

1. "New business:" Born during CV. Become a "professional" trader. Make a living  
from it.

Signs: Gone as far as it can go. Successful day. Sending 2G/ a month to my  
account.

2. "New business:" Born during CVV. Dance of the Week. Together and on its way.

3. Acceptance of CV situation. Will wear mask teaching f.d.

Signs: Society is opening.

4. Tours: Greece tour Oct. possibility

Wednesday, June 10, 2020

Return to Miracle Schedule

My victories stunned and stopped me.

During the CV period, I developed new attitudes and approaches.

Now it is time to incorporate their new attitudes as I return to my miracle schedule, the source of happiness and self-fulfilment.

I've done it. I've cracked the code. I just played the Alhambra in the most beautiful way. And it was my way. Slow, easy, sensual, gorgeous, no pressure. It felt beautiful. No internal (or external) audience peering over me.

Now I know what happened, why I "gave up" my miracle schedule.

I didn't give it up. I put it aside in order to re-evaluate it, to return to it with a new attitude. The attitude I developed during the CV shout-down, break period.

And what is that attitude?

I am returning to Miracle Schedule with a vengeance. I am incorporating the Big Three discovered and developed during the CV period.

New business, new attitude, new approach.

In my new businesses: Trading (introduces "security" in finance), Dance of the Week (introduces writing sales), and finally, but most important: Fun and Joy Guitar!

I now want to spread this Fun and Joy Guitar attitude throughout my Miracle Schedule, and thus turn it truly into a Miracle!

Dissolving Internal Guitar Bullies

I have been pushed by these internal guitar bullies all my life.

Notice I say “internal,” because, truly, no one has pushed me to play guitar any other way but my own. The devils that have pursued and controlled me for years are all internal.

Somehow, in glorious victory and happiness, I have dissolved them.

These bullies had somehow settled in the Alhambra. That became their stronghold, their castle lodgings. I was and has been my job to somehow expel them.

Seems the corona virus got them, because they seem to have gotten sick, been weakened, and finally have dribbled away, dissolving themselves in a stream of dribble, and floated out of my castle, passing through the gate, past the moat, and disappeared across the fields beyond.

And my castle feels clean and free.

Where these devils have gone, I do not know.

Will these bullies ever return? Somehow, I doubt it. Their defeat has been total. Their rooms, chambers, have been cleaned, polished, and sanctified. There is no longer a place for them here.

How and why this has finally happened is a miracle I may never understand. Of course, miracles are not for understanding. Born among the disintegration of personal devils, they are a gift of grace and happiness.

They have been my long time bully infection.

I think the corona virus got them, and, acting as my personal vaccine, kicked them to the curb, then washed them down the sewer where they all drowned.

Thus, my transition has been complete.

I can welcome in the new day.

### My Own Uniqueness

And here's another idea: Perhaps others will love my slow, delicious guitar playing. It's its own style, and never been done before. A totally new microscopic way of sounding (plucking) each note, hearing each chord, and listening to the music.

Birth of new confidence.

Thursday, June 11, 2020

### Goal of Money

All my market gains of Monday were lost Wednesday. Result: Monday was the best market day of my life, and it was all taken away by Wednesday.

I'm in new place. I think (hope?) my two months of trader apprenticeship has run its course. During this CV period I hit both my lower and highest market points. Perhaps (hopefully) I've sated my urges, have reached (hopefully) a "been there, done that" stage, and am ready to move on.

To what?

To this attitude: That the goal of money is that I don't have to watch it, worry about it, and that enough of it will be there if I need it. And I can draw 2G a month from my account (and thus "earn a partial living" from it.

A New Chapter: The Resistance

Resistance from my center: I will not be rushed or panicked.

I will not be rushed—classic guitar playing/Alhambra, flamenco, etc—or panicked—financially, stock market drops, no work, etc.

Is this a new chapter?

I think and hope so.

Will this approach and attitude soften my anger? Help me focus? I think and hope so.

Thus, resist panic, and resist being pushed.

Stock market Trading

Got it out of my system.

I think and hope so.

Stabilize my finances, free my mind.

Wow, what an "accomplishment." I owe it to corona virus.

Financial goal: Stabilize my finances, free my mind.

What do I do with my mind and time, if I don't have the stock market? What will fill the vacuum?

### Competitive Games

It's not about the money; it's about the winning.

If I win too much, (after the spike of excitement), I get bored.

If I lose too much, (after the deflation and discouragement) I get scared.

Thus, it is really a game.

Is this simply the up and down, the win or lose, nature of playing competitive games?

Seems it is.

Is there another game I could play, a better game?

Saturday, June 13, 2020

### Corona Virus Turning Point

#### I Chose Life

The corona virus political situation with its masks, social distancing, and more is obviously personally affecting me. It is totally enraging me.

My constant rage is giving me panic and anger is raising my blood pressure, giving me heart palpitations, and making me dizzy. I know the psychological power of my rage, It could kill me. if I don't handle it, deal with it, and, in this case. let it out.

I need a rage release program.

I can save myself by speaking up and speaking out.

What can I lose, if I do?

Category I:

1. My folk dance following: But I've already lost my classes. For the next few months, and maybe forever.
2. My tours: But again, I've already lost them. For this year, and maybe forever.
3. My business: I've already lost it.

Category I, the above three, is about losing my business.

Category II:

1. My "friends." Could I lose them? Quite definitely
2. My family. Could I lose them? Doubtful, but possible
3. My wife. Could I lose her? Awful if I do, doubtful, but possible.
4. My house and assets. Doubtful.

So basically, in summary, as for category I, my total business, I've lost it anyway.

As for category II, not yet, but possible.

What do I gain by going public with my views?

Basically, by accepting my "solitary confinement," and my total loss of both my business, and even friends and family, I gain my health, freedom, and even my life.

Is it a good trade off?

The choice is ("almost") between life over death? Is it really "almost?" Or it is totally

true? I'm afraid it's the latter: Lose everything and gain my health, freedom, and life.

Is it really that extreme?

I hope it isn't but maybe it is. And, deep in my heart of hearts, I know it is. The choice is between freedom and death. Death through inner rage, heart attack by squashing and killing my soul.

Ugh, ugh, ugh. I hate this choice. But the corona virus political reaction, with its lock down, destruction of the economy, destruction of my business, throttling of joy, love, and social contacts, masks muzzling and shutting off my freedom, social distancing with its killing of folk dancing, holding hands, touching, hugging, shaking hands, and flesh contact with real people is forcing me to make a life and death choice.

And of course, although it is awfully tough, and death is always an option, I'll have to chose life.

What does talk about politics mean?

Simply talking about the issues. I wouldn't even need to or want to bring our president's name into this. His name is just too hot and would/will only close down conversation.

I don't want to close down conversation before it starts. Our president is not even the point here. The issues are.

Thus deal with the issues.

Dare I start talking about them?

Dare I chose life over death?

My caution, natural defensive self, and knowledge that I have to deal with reality in the moment is now stepping in. So I'll say, "We'll see."

#### Lack of Political Wisdom

Health and the economy go together, They are twins.

By choosing (to put) health over the economy, we have killed both.

#### King of Slow Wise Guitar Playing

I have a crippling fear of going slow, of playing classical guitar slowly.

It truly cripples my right hand. I feel the crippling collapse in my hypothenar muscles, my thumb, and my index finger.

When this totally humiliating fear of playing slow comes onb, I can feel mym muscles both tighten and collapse.

This fear can only be resolves if and when I allow myself to play guitar slowly, play it as slowly as I want.

It is all mostly found in the arpeggios, but probably other places

This is nothing I don't know but is something I have never rarely been able to solve. And this especially since I started to try improving after age forty. By "improving." I basically destroyed my playing.

Giving myself permission to play (Alhambra and others) as slowly as I like, is the

most major step I can take to “playing my way.”

Seems post-CV I have taken it.

Let’s see and hope that, long range, I am right.

My task and search is to play slowly, as slowly as possible, and find fun and joy in playing slowly, very slowly, even as slow as possible.

It feels like the opposite of running wild on the lawn. But is it? Maybe it is the real running wild on the lawn, because it is allowing me to play guitar my way! (Without my mother, or the forces of conformity, the Segovia shadows. watching, and ordering me to play fast, play their way, play so concert audiences will love and admire me, etc.)

This probably applies to dancing, fast dancing, as well. Fast playing, dancing, running, whatever, “proves,” in the old style, that I am manly, worthy, worthwhile, and able.

Now as a worthy and wise old man, my job is to become King of the Slow, meaning the king of slow wise thinking.

### Slow, Free-Fall of Freedom

I am completely out of the range of the concert audience range. Completely out of their range.

I have fallen, nay jumped off, the slow, free-fall cliff; I am flying through the air in a slow free-fall of freedom.

### My Guitar Way

Note: I've lost all my business, and lost my concert audience as well.

Perhaps this is a good place to be, a painful but welcome needed important place for my artistic and personal development. I need to be here, to claim, nay reclaim, my freedom, to discover and learn to play my way.

My Way: To find the fun, joy, and juice in each note.

Sunday, June 14, 2020

Go with the Flow

(Miserable as it may be)

Although panic has largely diminished, a trickle, shadow, and quiver here and there, I'm spending, nay wasting, a lot of time in anger. Anger over the social and political situations of masks, social distancing, riots, protests, and so forth.

And, truth is, is it what it is. I can't (or won't) do anything about them. All I do is fume, turn the poison gas on myself and panic, resist masks, scorn social distancing, etc. All this mental, and even physical activity, only reminds me how angry and frustrated I am but ultimately seems to change nothing.

This morning I feel like giving up on the entire panic and anger venture. Just accept it. It's simply easier. Go with the flow, miserable as it may be, and move on.

Okay, let's see if I can do this.

Monday, June 15, 2020

How to Replace Discouragement and Giving Up  
with Rebirth and Joy?

“Direction is the mother of divine discomfort.”

Love it. How does it apply to my life today?

My morning began with once more the again deep realization that discouragement and giving up have colored my post-CV days. And this morning is no exception.

Except that I somehow know it more deeply, and realized how it has affected me so negatively. Which means I’m on the cusp of facing it, challenging it, fighting it, and even defeating it,

Yes, discouragement and giving up. . .and ultimately rebirth.

Let’s start with trading. After the incredible up and success of last Monday, and the grand crash of Thursday, this great whipsaw left me in tatters and giving up trading and the stock market. I have done this so often in the past. I get inspired and enthusiastic when my stocks go up, and totally discouraged and ready to give up, when they go down. And the mental up-down movement is really strong! I am totally convinced of me “new direction” each time it happens. And then, through marked changes, my mood reverses. And in total oblivion and forgetfulness, I move happily or drearily into the next mood and mode.

Talk about lack of perspective. I’ve got it.

What to do? I’m not sure. Maybe awareness is the only tool I’ve got. It only comes by being knocked on the head, and I’m not even sure if that works.

Maybe accept that I'm simply a fool and leave it at that. And saying this is not a put down, but rather a humble acceptance of the human condition, a condition from which I, like so many of my fellow creatures suffer.

How can I replace discouragement and giving up with rebirth and joy? That is my daily quest and question.

A beginning is to realize this challenge is the question.

Guitar: "Happiness of Slow" Mode

I Can Play Everything

With the "Happiness of Slow: mode, and my entrance into oblivion, it means I can now play everything. With no problem.

Alhambra in no problem. Soleares is no problem. Bach's Gavotte's musette passage is no problem.

And it's fun. (Even joyful.)

Tuesday, June 16, 2020

Rebirth of Hope

What do I feel this morning?

The rebirth of hope.

How so?

First, after entering deeply and truly, and accepting and loving my slow guitar, and

playing it my way, and learning that by playing it “my way,” I can play anything, meaning that if I play slow enough, I can play anything, and going through this process, this morning I arrived at new point, which is, that I can return to “fast” again. But this time it will somehow be “fast,” but without the old time impediments. In other words, “fast” my way.

What does that mean?

I’m not sure. But it is a return to the past, but this time in renaissance mode, birthing a new approach, solidifying “m way” and no applying it to fast.

And somehow, I feel I can do it now. Thus rebirth of hope.

### Stock Trading

“

#### Living and Trading Below the Fear and Greed Line

##### Birth of “Boredom Trading”

This came on the heels of yesterdays stock trading realization that I must trade smaller amounts.

I must go beyond the Fear and Greed Line.

Yes, it’s not as “exciting and frightening” as trading with piles of my margin money. It is actually quite “boring.” That because I would living and trading below the fear and greed line.

Do I want to be “bored” in this manner.

Will I be able to hold on. stick with this “boredom?”

I know this “boredom” approach is a good idea. But just because it is a good idea doesn’t mean I’ll do it.

Trading with smaller amounts, with control and reason, and well within my means. So-called “doing less.”

Am I ready to live with and even dive into such a calm, peaceful, good trading idea?

This approach will definitely eliminate fear, and greed as well.

Without or even with less of the stimulants, without the stimulation of fear and greed, will I even want to bother trading at all? After all, aren’t fear and greed the prime motivating factors in trading?

Will I want to trade in a “boring” manner?

On the other hand, I gone the terror and excitement, fear and greed route and lost mucho money in the process. Can I even say, “Been there, done that?”

Maybe.

We’ll have to see where all this leads.

I can start today.

But also another good question: Will this bring (more) fun and joy to my stock trading?

Maybe I can learn the practice of “boredom trading” and save my craziness for fiction writing.

Could the “fear and greed” stimulant motivate my writing? I somehow wish it could.  
After all, they offer their own highs.

Can I write in fear and greed mode? Should I?

Hmm, Something to think about.

Fear and greed is definitely not a good way to trade stocks. Its caused me to lose so much money and make so many mistakes.

But the fear and greed energy would be harmless in writing.

Could I harness its motivational power by transferring it to writing?

Wednesday, June 17, 2020

### The Blessings of Losing All My Business

#### A New Audience

The blessings of losing all my business, the belated blessings of the corona virus shutdown is, among other things, a New Audience.

A New Audience of Friends.

My old inner audience was a critical one, always ready to pounce on every error I might make, or even non-error, just waiting out there, like hungry wolves, ready at an y moment, to jump on stage and tear me apart. And, because of them, my right hand froze in fear during every tremolo.

But now, thanks to the corona virus shut down and the destruction of all my businesses, I have a new mental concert model, a new inner audience.

My New Audience is a small group of 5-10 backyard friends. They all sit in a semicircle in our backyard. They are my (internal and external) New Audience of Friends.

My New Concert program both includes and is aimed at them: A a concert of (yogic) meditation. My classical pieces and songs are now forms of (gone public) yogic meditation. My con-cert is now a time for folks to sit in peace, using the sounds I create to help them meditate, free themselves, let their mind and soul wander through the universe, visiting various levels of the universe, and, among other things, feel inner peace.

#### Handing Them Beautiful Notes

Yes, the vision is that when I am playing guitar in my new conc-cert, I am handing them every note. Each note to hold and cherish. And the note I want to hand them is beautiful, round, and perfect. (Perfect in the sense of perfected and crafted in love.)

#### New (Renewed) Sense of Purpose

Now I cannot help but aim my future endeavors, connect my purposes to my new audience of friends. Always having them in mind in mind, aiming what I do, what I create, where I am going, and more, whatever I do and am is all for them. (Because of course, them is me, and vice versa.)

My purpose is tied and connected to them. They are no longer critics, but friends.

Thursday, June 18, 2020

Miracle Schedule is my Practice

I need a practice to hold my mind and soul together.

Miracle schedule is my practice.

A. Hebrew- one hour

b. Guitar, and singing (Malaguena Salerosa, etc): practice playing and singing before my new audience.

My new audience: I exposed my weakest points to you, and you accepted them, even loved them!

Right index: The (formerly hidden) fun and joy finger.

Right index: The sensual fun and joy finger.

Right index: The fun and joy finger.

The tension (caused by the old audience attack dogs), like a wall, blocked off the fun and joy.

The tension, like a wall, blocked off the fun and joy.

Like a wall, the tension blocked off the fun and joy.

The CV reaction: An exercise in mass hysteria.

Friday, June 19, 2020

Slow and Focused Enough

Slow (even fast) and focused enough, I can play just about anything on the guitar.

Obstacles: CV, masks, social distance, etc.

Is miracle schedule worth fighting for?

Yes!

Thus no excuses or alibis.

Onward!

Amazing. Today for the first time since CV started, I turned off my stock pages.

What does this mean?

I'm hoping I'm getting "bored" with my stocks and trading. (We all know I spend too much time with them and, in the long run, never win. I also know, deep in my heart, that they are waste of my time, Yet I have played them anyway over the years with the hope of great monetary rewards that come from someday winning.

Of course, none of this has happened. And during the past 3-4 CV months I've giving trading the market the best fulltime try I've ver giving it. Total focus with no distractions from other activities or business.

In doing so, and having the same rate of failure as during normal times, have I finally I "gotten it out of my system?"

I hope so.

But I don't know so.

Boredom, based on no success coupled now with “Been there, done that,” would, in my heart, be a grand leap and cure. Probably the only one. Can’t beat boredom as a killer.

Has stock trading run its course. I hope so. (But don’t yet know so. Will things change again if I have a successful day? Maybe. Do, although IO am “hopeful,” I am not certain.

Also another question: Could I also be on my way to finding something less boring?

Can I find it somewhere, perhaps through intensity and deepening, in my miracle schedule?

Again, we’ll see.

But I have turned off the market, at least for today, or the next few hours. It “might be” a new beginning, a new start on the way to something new.

Saturday, June 20, 2020

### Folk Dancing

Here’s how it works:

Depression equals, is caused by renouncing, renunciation, shutting down, self lock-in, holding back.

Holding back? Holding back what?

The flow of joy.

Why depression? What causes holding back?

Fear.

Fear and joy (elation) (are justified and) work together to protect and enhance the mind and body.

The mind and body may suffer but the soul however, is free to fly (in the realm of joy.)

Fly where? In the Realm of Joy.

Soul lives in the Realm of Joy where it flies in freedom and ecstasy.

True folk dancing lives in the Realm of Joy.

That's why we love it.

But although depression, like cement, is hard, heavy, concrete, and easy to walk on, joy, because it flies, is elusive, easily lost, invisible, hard to catch.

Thus it is a daily challenge is to not only find it, but catch it, and hold it for a few moments. But those few moments (of joy) are so powerfully stamped in memory that they can color your day in love and loveliness.

### Finding Joy Going Public with my Writing

I hire others to edit my work because I can't or won't edit it myself. I can't stand looking at it! Too hot! Too close!

So I've been avoiding it for years (maybe all my life?)

Stock market trading is a great avoidance mechanism. I'd rather lose money than face my editing. I'll do almost anything to avoid looking at, editing my work. Why? Probably

because it is good and I agree with it.

But are times different?

I want to give my work significance.

Am I now, with the help of CV, at a juncture point? Can I edit my work, and send it out! To my email list. As part of Dance of the Week, Gold Nuggets. Especially parts of my New Leaf journal. And free, of course. (Like free folk dancing in my driveway.)

Without the daring idea of sending it out, why bother editing it? Going public with my writing, sending (parts or even all of it to my email list) is the force that will and would push me to edit it. I can even chose Barb and Elena, Jo Ann? A few others, Tina, as “representatives.”

To replace the ancient thrill of stock trading with the present annoyance, bother, terror, hating, resistance and more of editing my writing and preparing it for public presentation.

Ugh, ugh, ugh, but maybe resistance has become futile and the time is now right.

One of the old reasons I hesitated to send my journal writings to my email list is that they would read about how I “really” think, and then decided against going on tours with me.

But my tour business is non-existent, over for at least a year, maybe even over for good. So if I sent them my journal what could or would I lose? With the (temporary?) ending of my tours, I’ve already lost my tour customers.

Thus by experimenting, by sending them (parts of) my journal, what do I have to lose?

And on the plus side, sending it to them would motivate me to look at them again, edit them, just as carefully as I look at and edit my Dance of the Week.

I definitely need a motivation to go public with my writing, to push me past the fear and dread. Perhaps I could even find joy (find a joy) in doing it!

Wow! Now that's an amazing direction.

To find joy in going public with my writing!

What a challenge and quest. Ugh and Wow!

I have a year to put this together, certainly six months.

This is a whole new career, a new business based on the "impossible dream" of selling my books, selling my writing to a new audience,

Beginning all over. Sales. A skilled and willing salesman.

I've been tottering at the edge of this cliff for years. Everything points to the fact than now is the right time to jump off, take the chance, make the effort, do it, there is no choice.

But of course, there is a choice.

Although all factors point in the right direction, that doesn't mean I will jump in, make the change, take the turn, make the commitment, and go in that right and proper direction.

What will push me across the finish line?

Desperation, depression, hope, where are you now that I need you?

(Possible( Reason for Morning Depression

In fact, I wonder if this is the reason for my daily morning depression. If I accept the challenge of taking this new “professional writing” path, my daily morning depression may well lift and be replaced by daily morning annoyance.

Which is better? Or worse? Depression or annoyance?

Well, I know that my depressions serve as a motivator. depression precedes creation. (And of course, I have been avoiding it for years, replacing and filling my depression vacuum with meaningless and money losing stock market trading. Deep in my heart, I know this, but nevertheless, I keep doing it. As I say, maybe I’ve come to a juncture. God gave us and me corona virus lock down and my total loss of business for a reason. Maybe this is it.

Is this the possible reason for my morning depression?

I hate to admit or even think about it, but I know it is.

So the deal is: My depression will lift if I accept the challenge. Period.

Sunday, June 21, 2020

Depression or NervousnessFlight or Fight

Is this be a major psychological discovery about my personal depression?

Are sales and depression connected? In other words, does my avoidance, or even negative attitude toward sales, cause my depression?

Seems I have a choice: Fear or fight, retreat into my room or dive in. (Dive in eventually creates or rather reveals and brings out love.)

Note: I've been depressed since I lost my folk dance and tour business. It's partly a financial thing, but not completely. Rather more, business is my strongest connection to the outside world. By losing my business, I've lost my connection.

And how did I build up my business? How did I fight for survival? Through sales. Only through sales. Sales are my fighting force. With nothing to sell, I lose not only my main connection, but my fighting force. This force does not then simply disappear. Where then, does this fighting force go? It stays within me, and turns its power on me, by pushing me down, down, down into depression.

When I feel my fighting force rising, in its form of sales, I get a pang in my stomach. (Like when I decide to run a tour to a new country, etc.) I call it a pang of fear, fear of all the work this new project will entail, fear of the unknown, etc.) But it is really a shot of energy. (Which I interpret or feel as a form of fear.)

Note: This morning decided to start a new business. A book sale business. Selling of my books. (I'd do it one person at a time, etc.) But mainly, for the first time, when I thought about this, I got a sudden pang in my stomach. First time. This is the reality strike. It means I will do this. And the fear/energy gong went off in my gut.

But with this gong, my depression disappeared! Immediately.

Seem my choice is either depression or nervousness, which I interpret as fear, but it really means fight. (Could I say the fear of fighting? Not exactly.)

This psychological break thought feels like a major jump, a giant leap into self-understanding.

Yes. it feels right! A wow.

Fight and Flight

Business and Miracle Schedule

There are appropriate, wise choices for fight and flight.

To survive one needs both: Flight and fight.

When I choose flight incorrectly, I get depressed.

When I chose fight incorrectly, I get scared, terrified.

Imaging and creating goals is my retreat or flight form.

Working toward fulfilling them is my fighting form.

Miracle schedule creations are my flight forms.

Putting miracle schedule creations into action is my business.

Business is my fighting form.

Causes

Bringing My Miracle Schedule Public

Making it Part (of All) of my Business

Everyone needs a cause to fight for.

Fulfilling miracle schedule, bringing it to fruition—which means bringing it public, which means making it part (or all) of my business, is my cause.

This feels right and true.

If this is so, how to bring it public? How to make it part of even all of my business?

What a great question!

My miracle schedule consists of four parts:

1. Study

Hebrew, Adventure

2. Music

Guitar and song

3. Writing

My books

4. Exercise

Running, yoga, gym, folk dancing.

I wonder if I could bring the aggression of my business fighting spirit (no more violin in chamber of imagination, flight, retreat mode) to my classic guitar playing.

What would and will happen?

The classical guitar business playing mode.

Running Wild as a Business Vision

Classical Guitar, Too

Notice my running wild on the lawn is outside my house, outside my room, outside my Riverdale violin retreat chamber of imagination. It is on the farm lawn, outside under the bright blue sky, with sun and storm clouds rolling. It is free and wild with only mother looking on.

Could this really be the business vision. Could this be the outer world, going public, running wild on the business lawn?

Why not?

I have been striving for years to both understand and fulfil this running wild vision. Am I getting ready to reinterpret it in this manner? Or has this been the true interpretation of fulfillment all along?

Or is it a combination, the ultimate combo of flight and flight, world/gone public

involvement and creation, business and art?

Great questions with “obvious” yes answers.

Dos this vision now drift into classical guitar playing?

I can't believe it, but an obvious yes.

My depression is (was) a form of giving up.

No more!

Note: Panic does not depress me.

Is that because panic is a “reasonable” form of fear? And it is so strong there is no time or space in my mind for the “luxury” of depression?

Is depression a luxury?

Maybe. Because I have the time, the leisure to retreat.

### Role of Indecision in (Muscle) Weakness

The role of indecision in (muscle) weakness.

For years I couldn't decide in my arpeggio, fight or flight, business or art, retreat or dive in, the quiet of my chamber of imagination or the dynamics of running wild on the lawn.

And the indecision manifested itself in my the collapse or stiffness or whatever in my hypothenar muscles.

But no more.

The decision has been made.

Classical guitar business mode.

Monday, June 22, 2020

Finally, I'm in a position where I have no choice. (Of course. I always have a choice.

But I'm choosing "no choice" so I can move on, move ahead.)

It's over.

My folk dance business: Gone.

My tour business: Gone.

The doors have closed.

When the door closes a new door opens.

Okay, those were my first thoughts this morning. Then came the question: How do I make a living, if at all?

Private lessons (Zoom?)

1. Guitar lessons
2. Private folk dance lessons
3. Coaching>
4. Other

Teaching is my only "skill."

Keep books and writing on the side, maybe a very small income from this side business.

After writing the last line, suddenly this new shot of deep liquor jumped into my head.

### New Business Plan

### How to Develop A Book Selling Business

### Reinventing Myself

Keep books on Amazon, plus sell them personally..

### Amazon Advantages:

- a. Potential wider sales audience

Amazon Disadvantages:

- a. Less money earned per book
- b. No control of customer base. I do not know my customers. Meaning I

cannot make a separate email list and promote my books directly to my base.

Personal Advantages:

1. Sell signed copies.
- 2, Control of customer base. I know my customers. And can thus create a separate email list and promote my books directly to them.
3. Built my own customer bass.

Personal Disadvantages:

1. Actually, none. Only “more work” which means spending time and effort signing and packages my books, bringing them to the post office, mailing them, etc.

But since I have no customers, no business, plenty of time and energy, I can easily make the effort. Plus I want to!

All of the above means reinventing myself and my business by building a Jim Gold Books marketing campaign.

Building a Jim Gold Books Marketing Campaign

Fun Businesses!

Start with Gold Nuggets Enterprises.

My idea of business has always been heavy, plodding, ponderous, weighted down with the seriousness of money making and survival.

But I just wrote: Writing. Gold Nugget Publications. A side business, a hobby

business, a low/no pressure business, a fun business!

A fun business! This is almost inconceivable. Imagine writing as a fun business. Or even adding classical guitar playing as another fun business.

Fun businesses! What a marvelous new attitude and direction that would be, will be, is.

But what other way is there? Truly, there is no choice.

Yes! That's the direction I want to go!

I just have to imagine and create the new fun business attitude. Then follow the directions of how to do it.

Tuesday, June 23, 2020

### Going Public in Two Areas

#### Getting Ready to Jump

Such a delicious morning sadness. A combination of beauty and loss. Does it signify a new beginning? The beauty of an ending? Or both?

But whatever. Does it even matter?

It feels like the energy of a new beginning.

Yes, it feels like a new beginning "sadness."

1. Editing my New Leaf. . . Back to writing
2. Concerts, too.

A. Diminished stock market hopes. A plus  
Going public in two areas.

Getting ready to jump.

What does (will) giving a concert mean to me?

A type of meditation.

Start with Milan Pavane in C. A total meditation.

Start over the sound hole. Soft, focused.

(Not the old killer, show off approach of fast, and false tense dynamic.)

Totally different.

(Do I dare? There is no choice.)

The old man's, post-eighty: Very positive, soft and focused approach to classical and folk guitar playing. Singing, too.

Or is all of the above just stage one, the warm-up meditation stage, before the second stage post-warm-up, naturally fast and dynamic?

Does this happen naturally and organically, the slow focused movements of warm-up to the lose focused and fast movements of post-warm up?

Maybe. But it has to be a seamless evolution.

I want "concerts" to mirror my (inner/outer) real life.

### Editing

I took the first step and am starting the edit New Leaf Journal. I'm now aiming to have an audience, I'm aiming to ultimately sell this book.

What's new?

As I edit, see my journal from the audience's point of view.

1. Imagine an audience listening or reading.
2. Would they be interested, want, like to hear/read this?

Wednesday, June 24, 2020

Searching for the True Source of Motivation

No matter how much I practice classical guitar, it never gets any better.

It may get a little different, but never better. Note the word “may.” Truth is, it may not get that different either.

I wonder if this is true in other areas as well.

In any case, this is a most important truth. The real reason I keep practicing to get better is that I like to play guitar. And so-called “practicing,” trying to get better, gives me a purpose, reason to play every day.

And truth is, I like to delve into the other parts and activities of my miracle schedule. And these to, often under the guise of improvement or self-improvement. Again, this so-called quest for self-improvement gives me a motivation, a purpose and reason to do them.

Next question: Do I really need a reason? Does one need a purpose to perform the activities the enjoy and love doing? Do children need a reason to play? Or do they just do it “naturally?”

Truth is, I don't know.

But what an interesting question.

Perhaps the way to pursue this is to simply do nothing and see what happens.

I imagine it will lead to what I truly love doing. But let's see if I can or even dare to experiment.

Try doing nothing: See where it leads.

Trading

I am rethinking stock trading.

Here's what I came up with.

A “New Leaf, start every day fresh” approach.

Start every trading day with a blank slate. No stocks. Only cash in the account. (This is “true day trading.”)

This means I’d start off the day with no fear or greed.

Can I live without these motivators? Is it worth the effort? Will I even want to bother? Is this simply another false start?

Positives:

1. It is a psychological experiment. Can I live (and trade) without greed and fear?
2. I start off the day with mucho free cash.

Negatives:

1. Pain when the market shoots up and I nothing invested. (Of course, I still have my individual account so that somewhat vitiates this argument.

There is also the pleasure and relief when the market goes down. However, I actually may feel neither fear or greed, since I’d have nothing invested.

What will I feel in this experiment of trading beyond fear and greed? I imagine it will be emptiness or glory. But of course, I really don’t know. I’ll have to do it to find out.

2. I give up, lose, my fear and greed motivation.

Can I function without it? Will I even want to bother?

I’ll have to try it to find out.

Thursday, June 25, 2020

Running, yoga, exercise: The pain is part of the pleasure.

Dive In Speed

See Where It Leads

The relationship between speed and fear. Running, Alhambra, other.

Re Alhambra: Bellow always said when you play fast you eventually tighten and thus play worse. Thus you have to play slow again to get back to “normal,”

But suppose by playing fast, very fast, intensity training, you open up new pockets of energy by opening up new muscles, or new levels of muscle relaxation.

Suppose, in other words, Bellows was wrong. Or didn't see far enough. And thus suppose, I've been wrong, haven't seen far enough, and have thus been avoiding speed (through fear of it), and thus my fear is causing its own tightening, etc.

In other words, dive into speed and see where it leads.

Speed Alhambra and guitar playing,

Speed running.

Is the fear of intensity training related to the fear of speed? I sense it is.

Friday, June 26, 2020

### Monumental Decisions

Another monumental, post-CV decision may be in the process of being made. This one is about the of my New Leaf journal.

First decision was: It shall not be in categories, but rather in chronological order. (This finally, thanks to Dan.)

Second decision (not yet, but I'm in the process of making it), Put my New Leaf Journal on my website! This comes, and is another result of the CV “break,” which has broken my life by destroying my business and giving me lots of free time to think about and discover (rediscover) my true self, desires, and my purpose. By putting it on my website, I'm also letting them know who I am. And note: I don't care, no longer care if they hate or

disrespect me. After all, I no longer have business to lose. I've lost it already. Thus, I have nothing to lose if they really do end up hating or disrespecting me, and thus leaving my business.

Having no business to lose, means the threat of losing my business is gone. Thus, in a new sense, I am free. Free to be my true self, and even display it in public! Although it took a lot of misery to arrive at this place, now that I have arrived, what a wonderful place to be.

Wonder and sadness split my being as I stand mid-stream in the process of making my next decision.

Yes, I couldn't be here without losing my business. But I am here now. It is indeed painful breaking the chains, losing everything I worked so hard for.

But the paradox is, the loss of my business has, in a sense, released me, and given me a new freedom.

Freedom to publish my "real self" New Leaf Journal on my public website. Freedom to offer, display, show, my real, and often frightened, aching, pain-filled, awesome, wonder-filled and pain-filled, doubting, strong and weak, confident, and lacking confidence, real self in public.

Shall I now "consult" with Barry, Dan, and even Dee?

### Nothing to Lose

#### A Place for my New Leaf Journals

This is quite an amazing revelation:

Since I have lost my business, I now have nothing to lose. On a grander scale, since I

have “lost everything,” I now have nothing to lose.

On another level, since I have lost everything, I am now free! No one can threaten me, at least business-wise, business-security wise, and take things away, since I have already lost these things.

Thus, I am free. Free to discover my true self, and accept my true desires. One of them is to “publish” my New Leaf Journals so that everyone will know, or has the possibility of knowing, my true self, who I really am. Of knowing my personal journey. And the importance of the process of daily journal writing for self discovery and knowledge.

The cheapest, easiest, and simplest way to do this is to put my New Leaf Journal on my website. (This after they have been edited by Barry.) Period.

Thus there is no a place for my journals: On my website.

If I really don't care what “they” think, what strength and power that would give me. And what about on the guitar?

### Arriival

Trading stocks is my crack.

What is the pain I am avoiding?

The emptiness, doom, lack of purpose.

Writing is my purpose. (But I can't stand facing it. Why?)

But that is now over.

Note: this morning I chose to take the leap into the abyss. And make my journal public by putting it on my website. Along with chronology, a giant leap.

Is that why I'm ready to jump of the cliff and into the writing abyss? Ready to go public with my entire self.

The emptiness and doom (fear) is over.

The new/old purpose (the dream started after college) is finally arrived and (I am)  
“accepted.”

Saturday, June 27, 2020

### Looking for Inspiration and Direction

The similarities between trading stocks and Alhambra are that I’ve had no success on either. No success for years.

Really, no success ever.!

Trading and Alhambra: No success ever!

And this, no matter how much I practice, study, work on it.

Always the same: No success.

Maybe the Lord is hitting me over the head, again and again, in order to get my attention, to teach me something. And that something is: trading stocks and playing Alhambra (arpeggios, fast so I can please others) are the wrong direction.

I’ve been doing it for years, and it’s the wrong direction.

Today, hopefully, I both understand this, and, more important, I am acting on it.

Stocks: Dividend direction.

(And what will fill the emptiness? What about excitement? Writing. My long time dream. Ready to jump off the cliff, dive into the abyss/a-bliss.

Alhambra: Escape from emptiness. Similar to trading.

Cure: Writing.

### I Can Play Classical Guitar and Alhambra

I put the “I can’t play classical guitar or Alhambra” albatross around my neck in order

to avoid the emptiness.

But the emptiness (can't go public with my true self) has been filled with writing.

Nothing to avoid anymore.

So now I can play classical guitar, Alhambra, and the other pieces.

Sunday, June 28, 2020

It Feels Like a Miracle

Perhaps It Is

Suddenly, in one day I gave up trading.

And suddenly, in one day, I can play Alhambra and the classical guitar.

The veil has lifted. Over forty years in the desert.

Why I had to spend so many years in the desert, I don't really know. Of course,  
neither did the Hebrews.

Or did they?

God told them they needed the lock down time to reinvent themselves, shed their old  
slave image and come back, enter a new land, as free folks.

Maybe I'm doing the same. Maybe it takes forty years, even more, to shed the old  
image, drop the old skin, loose the old body. and with it the old mind set.

In any case, that is what has happened.

I still have more time in the lock down desert. But I've crossed the first river, on my  
way to Re-invention Land.

I thought I'm filling the old emptiness with writing. That may be true, but the larger  
version of "writing," what writing to me is dropping the camouflage albatross that shaded  
and protected me from the Emptiness, and now looking deep into it and seeing my true self,  
revealed and ready for self-acceptance and even, with ease and non-necessity, to go public.

It all feels like a miracle.

Perhaps it is.

### The Equation

The equation is:

Stock trading done to avoid the emptiness.

Classic guitar Alhambra albatross donned to avoid the emptiness.

Writing (my true self) accepted as filling the emptiness.

And to re-invent myself only took over forty years.

### Entering the New Land

Maybe as I enter this New Land, I'll be taking dual steps:

1. Playing over all my old classical guitar pieces, but this time as an “I can play everything!” player.
2. Organizing all my New Leaf
3. Sub-ideas and directions:
  - a. Dan putting Leaves into separate “Walden-type book categories.
  - b. Putting all my Leaves on the website
  - c. Starting a new mybooks sale business: MyBooks.

So ends a New Leaf.