

New Post Corona Virus Motivation Road

Saturday, August 29, 2020

Zooming to Make Other Happy

Zooming to make my beloved folk dance group members happy, make other happy. Maybe that's my next step.

And parenthetically, dance and do what I love.

The only reason to do Zoom would be to make them happy.

Is making them happy, thinking of making them happy enough of a motivation for me?

This kind of thinking about others, would putting myself out so much for them. make them happy, in one sense, would be a first for me.

Usually, I first think: Will such and such make me happy. If yes, I'll do it, and when I do, others will be happy along with me. But I come first.

Basically, I hate Zoom. No fun dancing, no people to dance with, no hand hold, no human vibrations and smiles, nothing. No reason to dance in terms of my own pleasure.

But, what about making other happy? And making "them" the source of my own motivation? In other words, reversing the equation.

I love to dance. I want and I need to dance. But I need a good reason to Zoom and dance. I can't find this reason inside myself. The lonely Zoom experience is too noxious. But maybe I

can find a new reason outside myself. Maybe making other happy, fulling their needs, is enough to push me over the artistic top, to "force" me to do create and bring my arts to the public, to coerce me into doing what I want and love.

What then would make my group happy? Seeing and socializing each other, dancing together, etc. And I can supply them with this need.

Maybe I should start by asking them for their Zoom dance requests. Send out at email, create a program of dances they ask for. That might be a start.

As I say, I need a reason to Zoom.

To make others happy is the only one I can find.

Maybe that is enough. Very different from the past.

Maybe this new motivational spark will light the fire for the new post-covid start that I need.

Is it enough? Maybe. I think so. Actually, I know so!

It's the grand finale of my post-covid attitude change.

Do it for others. A totally new source of motivation!

Fear, mostly financial, has drifted away as one of my prime motivational sources. Since I started succeeding financially, I have been looking for a new motivational source. I've been searching for years.

Maybe doing it for others, is what I have been looking for. Maybe I'm at the point of arrival.

How will I look at the world with such a motivational transformation?

1. Guitar concerts: Imagine playing not to impress others, or to escape from their imagined barbed criticism., but rather, to play because my playing will make other happy! Totally wonderful. I love it!

To sooth and make them happy. And myself, too, in the process. Can I do it? Of course. Do I even have a choice? No.

2. Running tours: Not ready to explore that yet.

3, Live folk dance classes (not Zoom): No problem here.

4. My writings: They make others happy. My writings raise their spirits. How wonderful. Rather than stroke my ego. The idea that reading my writings will make them happy is a total new and wonderful attitude.

Sunday, August 30, 2020

New "Make Them Happy" Motivation

"For them" motivation.

Service for and to others.

A new quality motivation source. Can't be quantified. Universal, too.

If I now ask my old question: "Why bother? What will motivate me?"

The answer will now be "Start with others. Do it to make

them happy." The "tikkun olam" solution.

To think this way takes great confidence both in my artistic and communicative ability. But I now, post-covid, have it.

Bring joy to a suffering world.

And since I am part of the world, I shall also bring joy to myself. The joy ingredients are the same. Only the order has changed, been reversed.

How so? I've moved from: Think of myself first, and how can I make myself happy, to first think of how can I make others, them happy.

The upbeat vibrations will be the same but their starting point is opposite. Day follows night. It's the same cycle, It only depends where you want to start.

Thus, nothing has changed just as everything has changed.

I can also add that confidence and knowledge: I know what makes me happy. I don't have to search for it anymore, or prove to myself that it works. I know it works. Thus I can easily give up my search and, with confidence, move on to my new goal of making others happy.

Beginning and end are one. Self and others are one. Truly, it is all one. All is One. Only the motivational starting point has changed.

What do I have that will make others happy?

Dancing, writing, guitar playing, singing. These are my

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gone-public happiness modes. For others and myself.

I need the audience to motivate myself.

I need other to motivate myself.

What is New Leaf?

New Leaf is the story, the history, of my roller coaster mind, the stormy movements of its emotions, the mental, physical, and spiritual twists and turns on the road to salvation.

Antidote to Cosmic Depression

Does the meaninglessness of cosmic depression hit when you lose, or forget, your source of motivation?

I think so.

This means I could re-inspire, re-motivate myself, lift myself out of cosmic depression by remembering and focusing on my source of motivation, which is, making others happy.

Plus, truth is, by making others happy I make myself happy.

By motivating others (to be happy), I motivate myself.

A win-win situation.

Happiness beats sadness, joy beats suffering.

I'd rather be happy than sad.

So would most other people.

Is my ultimate goal then to make others and myself happy?

I'd say yes.

Monday, August 31, 2020

Forward to the Past

Giving Birth to a New Folk Dance and Tour Life

I'm in a new rescue my folk-dance-and-tour life stage. This may also include rescuing my writing-and-exercise life stage.

In other words, rescue my old and former life stage and style.

Giving Birth to a New Folk Dance and Tour Life

Of course, you can't go home again. I can't go back to the past. But I can go forward to the past! In other words, I can begin again, adding the gains and changes I made during my fallow but fertile covid sabbatical period.

I'm not only ready to return, but starting today, I shall return: Forward to my renewed miracle-schedule life.

How shall this be done?

That is my next question and quest.

How Good to Practice!

Benefits of Long Term Practice

Fast, fiery, dynamic guitar playing.

Guitar: I'm afraid of back-sliding.

But as I practice this new fiery and dynamic way, the fear

of back sliding, and back sliding itself, fade away into the distance. Soon such ancient playing will be a memory, and then finally, even the memory will disappear. All a very good thing.

As Alhambra, Leyenda, and even Alard change, my self concept changes.

If I can do it with guitar, why not with the rest of my body, in dance, yoga, running, and even with the rest of my life.

I know, or at least I've heard all my life, that as you get older, your body stiffens and gets worse. But suppose they, these "experts" are wrong. Suppose instead of getting worse with age, your body gets better! It seems to be happening with my guitar playing hands. Why not the rest of my body?

Maybe the "experts" are wrong, and maybe I am right!

Okay, let's suppose I am. Truth is, only I can decide whether I am or not.

What then should I decide?

Obviously, scary as it is, better to decide I am right. And I see the flash of this truth in my guitar playing hands.

Fear of this truth, fear that I'm right, fear of my confidence, fear of the unknown, fear of a new path, fear of my potential power. And fear of the truth!

Isn't my life about conquering fears?

Yes.

Well, go for it.

Later:

In My Own Way

Three Grand Accomplishments

The Big Three and CV (Corona Virus

1. Guitar. I know how to play my way: my style and tone.

Symbolized by and through Pavane in C.

2. Writing: Going public my way. The real me. Symbolized by uploading New Leaf to my website (blog menu.)

A. This along with blgging.

3. Stock trading: Learning to trade my way.

It's been a fulfilling, fruitful, fruit-bearing covid sabbatical.

Now to start something new built on this new base.

What will it be? How will it roll?

Tuesday, September 1, 2020

Folk Dancing

The Next Step

What's next?

Time to return.

I can't move ahead until I check my behind.

First step: Put my folk dance class, teaching, and dancing back together. That's what this week is about.

Wednesday, September 2, 2020

Turn My Life Over To Love

What do I love? Then do it.

Turn my life over to love.

Start with guitar.

Focus on the fundamentals.

First the tone, then the base.

In the case, (Alhambra, Leyenda) the base.

I've been using my success to stymy myself.

Now try using it to do more.

I can never repeat a success.

I can glow in its embers, hallelujah in its memory. But I can never repeat it. The best I can do—and it is really good!—is to use its glorious memory to do more.

For Fun

Playing classical guitar for the fun of it. Bach: Gavotte in D, Gavotte en Rondeau, Bourree, Prelude in Dm. I don't think I've ever done that before. I believe it's a first.

Indeed, fun and love go together.

To dance and sing and not give a fuck.

What a glory that would be, and is!

Could I extend the above to finance and exercise?

Get away from the tyranny of improvement.

Could I get away from it?

Do I even want to?

Is self-improvement part of the fun?

In some case, I think so.

Good questions.

Friday, September 4, 2020

Do Alhambra and stock market go together.

I've been wrong on both. For years.

Alhambra is so easy with the focus on the bass!

With the market and base fundamentals. Is there a connection?

Wouldn't I be happier if I gave up trading? But I don't know if I can. Also, today is a down market.

In any case, one thing I definitely know: Alhambra bass fundamentals work!

Saturday, September 5, 2020

Spirit is Beauty

Meditative Guitar: All-Is-One Guitar

A Revolutionary New Guitar (Meditative) Practice

Microscopic Guitar Practice Method

TFPL (TuF PepL: Tough People)

How to play guitar as a meditative tool:

Want to discover your true self? Here's one way: Use the microscopic guitar playing practice method.

Here's how it works:

Slowly, slowly play each note.

First touch the string, then feel the string, then pluck the string, then listen to the sound. TFPL (Tough People) Guitar Method.

1. Touch string (T)
2. Feel string (F)
3. Pluck string (P)
4. Listen to the sound (L)

Do this for each note you play.

Very slow, very meditative, very good playing.

Beautiful sounds makes a beautiful body

Beautiful body makes a beautiful mind

Beautiful mind creates a beautiful spirit.

Since Spirit is Beauty, it all works out.

Spirit is Beauty, Beauty is Spirit.

That's all you need to know.

Using this method, I discovered my true self.

You can do it, too.

Microscopic folk dancing.

What about using this method for folk dancing:

Microscopic folk dancing.

The Microscopic Method "All-Is-One" practice is very difficult.

But it works!

Sunday, September 6, 2020

Re-designing Website Home Page

What am I selling, promoting, advertising?

Travel in all its aspects.

1. Tours: Physical travel (of body and mind) to foreign lands. Ethnic and cultural travel. Travel through music, dance, and cultures.

2. Folk dance: Travel in circles, through music dance, and cultures. ethnic and cultural circles, in camaraderie, your village, among friends. (Same in tours)

3. Books: Travel through the (mind) imagination.

(A. Blog site and Ne Leaf?)

(4. Music? Guitar, gaida, travel through notes and sound, etc??)

Am I also subtly selling and promoting aspects my miracle schedule and social director life? In other words, me.

Maybe.

What about guitar, gaida, languages, stock market, running, yoga, meditation, gym, my miracle schedule events, social director self, camaraderie, sociality, meeting friends, socialism, etc.

Social travel, folk dance, reading, and exercise group. Sociality and (Democratic) Socialism at its best.

The All of Me site, the All of Me program, the All of me website, the All of Me promotion. Does this work? Maybe.

But I need specific products, too. Things folks can actually purchase.

Well, I have them.

All of Me products. Bsitchko-e-Edno (All-Is-One) products.

Next Step

Expressing Something on the Guitar

Next Step.

I'm ready.

Ready to express something on the guitar. And this, even in Alhambra, Leyenda, Alard, Flamenco, Bach Prelude in Dm, and all.

Monday, September 7, 2020

Linguistically, seems I'm not conquering anything anymore, but rather leveling off. . . to love.

And exploring the bible as I add the New Testament to the Old Testament, and add Greek to Hebrew.

I've also arrived at "expression" on the guitar.

I wonder if the two are connected. And if yes, where will the stock market, investments versus speculations, and money fit in, if anywhere?

Love and Obligation

All Is One

Truth is, up to now, part of my writing purpose is (was) for fame and fortune.

But that seems to be running its course, slowing to an end.

If so, why write?

Only for the love of it.

Then, if not for fame and fortune, why bother publishing?

Seems like publishing is a duty. Feels like an obligation I have to humanity to put my creations out there, to sail my works upon the sea, and let the ocean waves take it or them wherever this vast expanse of eternity decides.

It is within my power, desire, obligation and duty to others to set the fruits of my talents out upon the cosmic sea. It feels my work is not finished until I set it on sail across the

cosmos. In other words, publish it. Maybe this sense of obligation it connects with my love and connection (beyond the self and self-pleasure principle) to humanity. But whatever it is, I feel a sense of duty, an obligation beyond my smaller ego to "share" my stuff with others. Thus publishing in book and/or blog form represent the finishing touch of my writing process.

But as for why bother writing in the first place, only love of the process can push, nay inspire me to do it.

Thus do the twins, love and obligation hold hands and move together through the world.

Of course, love is Love.

Thus love of the writing process connects to love of humanity. And on a higher level, they are the same. All is One.

Love of writing, love of folk dancing, love of people, love of working with others, love the infinite constant, great unifier, and eternal connector.

What is Guitar Expression?

What is guitar expression?

When I say I want to express something when I play guitar pieces, what do I mean?

Is it telling a story?

Or projecting an emotion?

Or a misty idea, a vague mysterious philosophy?

Other? Both? Something else?

I'm not sure.

Tuesday, September 8, 2020

Back to work.

But what does that mean now?

The Plan

1. Folk dance Parking Lot leading and teaching: For social and physical reasons. Experiment is fd for free. A public, happiness creating" service. My form of contribution to fight the pandemic. Etc. Also, a personal experiment in finding new income sources.

2. If no charge, and no donations in folk dancing, this will push me to find/create another source of income.

What alternative sources can I promote?

A. Guitar lessons, teaching, etc. (Resurrect part of my old profession.

1. Push me: Make guitar videos as sales promotion, etc

B. Concerts?

C. Sell me books

2. Sell them primarily on my web site, copies autographed, the "personal touch," sales. By pass Amazon, where I have no control. But keep it on Amazon as well.

C. New: Income through my blog? How?

3. Trading: A distant hope. But although I have great interest, I also may have no talent in this area. Will I ever be able to accept and act on this so-called truth? (Well, I can accept it, but I may still act on it. I may simply have to allow myself one vice in life.)

Will this always remain a loose-money hobby? (I hate to give up hope but also hate wasting time in an ever-losing venture.)

Or can I ever actually improve my "skills?"

Stock Market Trading and Wasting Time

Also, re wasting time: If I closed off the trading route, closed down this hope and hobby venture, I'd focus more on how to sell my creative wares.

Wasting time may be the only reason I can find to soften my trading.

On the other hand, I may like wasting time. I'd call it "recreation." But recreation, by the very nature of its etymology, means a secondary form of creation. Thus, on a personal and moral scale, it is less valuable, less worthy of real creation.

My art forms, writing, guitar, dancing, choreography, teaching, and tours (although dead for now) are real creations. Not re-creations.

Why do I even want or need re-creations when I have an ample supply of real creations, the real thing?

So, to re-iterate:

1. Guitar: lessons/teaching. Old stuff. Not that interesting but possible.
2. Concerts? Resurrect performing. Wow. Possible!
 - A. Live or video promotions (Promotes lessons, too.)
2. Books
 - A. Sell primarily on web site. (Amazon, too.)
3. Blog?
4. Trading: A re-creation. ("Waste of time." See above.)

The Jim Gold Show

The All-Is-One (Fsitchko e Edno) Show

This is something I've been working at and aiming for all my life. Plus its something I can actually do!

Especially if I now add my other interests, aspects of my miracle schedule, stories, gaida, singing, classical, ad libs, group singing/leading, even dancing, and more.

All. And improvising, too.

The Elevation of Hodge-Podge: An All-in-One/All-is-One Show.

The Cosmic Plan

In a psychological and cosmic sense, could my forty and more years of stock trading and folk tour development have been my treading water time. This while, "on the side," I developed mind and brain, soul and spirit for the grand finale Show.

I needed more than forty years in the desert to create this all-is-one aspect of myself, and have the confidence to present it to the public.

Forty (and more) years in the desert, touring and trading, cleansing and preparing mind and soul to finally enter the Jim Gold "Promised Land of Self" Show.

Dangling Over the Edge Is Part Of My Journey.

Stock market trading and hell go together.

Lost in the wilderness, I wondered and wandered through forty years of the financial worry desert.

And yet I survived.

Why?

No doubt the celestial forces had destined a higher purpose for my life.

What was the higher purpose?

Could it be leading folk dancing? Organizing tours? And now the All-Is-One Jim Gold Show?

Why do I spend so much time trading stocks?

Partly to distract from hell And my descent into it.

What is hell?

The terror of a free fall into the chaos of the abyss.

But an important note:

There dangling at the edge of the abyss is exciting!

Yes, and excitement breeds enthusiasm.

And enthusiasm counters fear.

The twins of excitement and fear work together.

Dangling over the edge (of the abyss) is part of my journey.

Lion's Den

Perhaps I always need some danger in my life.

The stock market, trading stocks, finances, money worries, have always supplied me with lots of fears and dangers.

But to me, few things are as frightening and dangerous as live performing!

Perhaps I'm ready to enter the lion's den again. The concert/performing lion's den. On another level, with confidence and daring.

Teaching and leading is upsetting, but performing is terrifying. I wonder why.

Wednesday, September 9, 2020

Sad will never go away.

Its one of the passing clouds of life.

Leading Group Singing

"Concert:" My Natural Easy Talent

In other words, leading a group sing is the easiest and most natural.

Something I never practice, probably because it is so easy and natural.

I would never greet, meet, or say hello to someone by turning away and playing classical guitar.

I practice and play classic guitar simply to relax (and hopefully, elevate) me. It is a private and inward thing. That's why, no matter how hard I try, I simply freeze up in public when I try to perform it. No question, it is not my natural way.

And it has taken a lifetime to realize this.

Leading group singing, like leading group dancing is my natural, easy to work with people, social director way.

Can I finally recognize this? And "work" with it?

Yes. There really is no choice.

So where does this realization lead?

1. No more attempts to concertize with classic guitar. Alhambra practice, and more are simply a personal. private meditations.

2. If I think about giving a "concert," it will simply be thinking about leading a group sing. A la Pete Seeger, my college and post-college hero. I easily and naturally can do what he did, and even imitate his style. Only I suffered from

having to prove myself through classical music first.

I no longer have to prove myself.

That's why leading folk dancing and leading tours is so "easy." Social director effortless and easy. It is my natural talent.

Do I still want to "give a concert?" Which now means, do I really want to lead a group singing? Like folk dance leading, and even tour leading, although not effortless, leading a group sing is easy and comes "naturally."

So do I want to "give a concert?"

I don't know.

Nevertheless, the above is quite a revelation.

Putting Together a Group Sing Program

As a start, it would mean reviewing my group songs. And putting together a group sing program. For the senior center. And/or other. Library group sing. Who knows where things could lead. A free and improvised public platform. What fun it would be!

Totally similar to leading a folk dance. But on the vocal and singing side.

So easy and effortless. Amazing. Like cumulus lazy clouds floating by.

Does this end the years of wandering in the Alhambra desert?

Seems it does. Wow!

Thank corona.

Paradoxically, with the pressure now off, I'll probably be able to play Alhambra and the other arpeggio pieces with ease!

Banned Is Beautiful

A sudden jump in my stock is about the surprise happiness of getting something for nothing.

The hope for this feeling is why I trade stocks.

But somehow trading stocks, so-called "gambling" in the stock market, feels unhealthy, dark, and evil.

That may well be why its attractive.

I'm attracted to light, but also to darkness. I like to sneak around behind people's backs and secretly try new things. It feels vaguely evil, wrong, banned, bordering on criminal, but also exciting.

Could banned and beautiful ever go together?

Could "Banned Is Beautiful" ever be a slogan?

Why not?

It speaks to dialectics of life, how opposites attract, how they fuse, synthesize, and move on to create something new.

After all, Bsitchko e Edno: All Is One.

Thursday, September 10, 2020

Zoom

Watched Lee's Zoom class. Excellent.

I tremble to say it, but (maybe) I'm ready. Ready for Zoom.
Ready to attach Zoom. Ready to enter the Zoom world.

Why?

First, I'm in a different place. While watching Lee's class, and his excellent presentation—he has even improved!—I realized Zoom is its own at form.

And I may be ready to learn and use it.

Why?

First I asked two questions:

1. Why have I avoided it up to now?

A. Too angry, furious, and panicked with the political lock-down, social distance, and masking reactions to the virus, and its shutting down of all my business. (I went into a two-month melt-down.) This, of course, included the beauty of folk dancing with others, seeing, holding hands, and touching live humans beings. All gone. I was, and still remain, furious.

However, my fury and panic have softened over months. I have also finished the hermit projects I gave myself to accomplish during these shut down-shut off months. Improving my stock trading, guitar playing, and starting a blog are now done, completed, finished. Or rather, they have gone as far as they

can go for now.

When September arrived, a fresh breeze blew my way. It said, "I'm ready to go back to work!"

But I have no work. No folk dancing, folk dance teaching, folk dance tours. No nothing. Therefore, I have to create work. And I'm ready to do it.

That was step one.

Step two was starting)Outdoor Parking Lot folk dancing. So I started it last Sunday in the Fairleigh Dickinson University (FDU) Parking Lot. I bought a strong speaker, checked everything out, ran the class. Biog success. Everyone loved it. I shall do more. Outdoor classes for Wednesday and alternate Sundays are now scheduled through November. After that, we'll see.

Then because I wanted to learn Busuiocul I contacted Lee. I asked him if he knew it. He said the best way to learn the styling is to watch his Zoom class. Which I did.

Since I am in a new mental place, I saw his Zoom, and Zoom in general, with new eyes.

I also asked myself, "Why am I still avoiding Zoom? Is it cowardice, laziness, hatred, or other?"

Well, hatred, with its sister, panic, has softened to the point of disappearance. Hatred and panic are no longer issues.

That leaves laziness, which I don't believe in anyway.

Finally, I arrived at cowardice. And yes, I have to admit

it, but at this point, my avoidance of Zoom is due to cowardice.

I can't live with cowardice. Which means I must take Zoom by the horns, wrestling with it, dive into all the glory and headaches that come with learning to use it.

So be it.

Zoom is my next September re-entry project.

I'm trembling with hesitation, glory, disgust, excitement, annoyance, and all the stops and starts that come with a new project. But there is no longer a choice.

I'm probably aiming for a Monday night Zoom class.

We'll see.

Going Public

Living Room as Personal Studio

The ultimate in going public. Bringing them into my house. My private sanctuary invaded.

But the private sanctuary of my mind has been voluntarily invaded, or rather offered, by putting New Leaf Journal on my public website. So mentally, I have already gone public.

My living room (note: "living"). My physical presence, is next on the auction block.

But although I selling myself (auction block) I'm not selling myself out. Rather I'm offering, displaying, presenting, opening, and in the process, exploring and educating myself (and

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hopefully, others.)

Yes, I'm "sacrificing" my old self. Putting it on the
auction cutting block. But for a good freedom, opening, and
trusting cause.

My living room as my personal studio.

Zoom replace trading? (I secretly wish.)

Or an adjunct, an addition.

Friday, September 11, 2020

Purpose of Guitar Practice.

Maybe the cosmic purpose of my classic guitar practice, and
even all my practices, is not to perform for an outside source,
an external audience, but rather is an inward thing, to teach and
help me learn something about myself.

After all, it is a practice. (Like a meditation practice.)

Another Calling

Also, I need another calling.

Perhaps it now is speaking, voice, singing, Hebrew speaking.

Saturday, September 12, 2020

I'm losing my friend and protector. (Actually, I'm giving

them up.) I'm taking the plunge into (the abyss of) the non-trading world.

I've given it a good shot, actually my best shot. Five-six months of total focus. Result: Something I've known all along, but was not ready to accept: I'm just not good at it. I needed the covid experiment of giving it full time try. Which I did. A half-year total immersion.

What about replacement value. Well, nothing can replace the highs and lows of addiction. However, with this in mind, some "new" ideas came up during my long "Zoom finale" walk.

1. Make "teaching, new choreo, and other" Youtube videos of my new dances (Husidl in D Minor, etc), folk aerobics routine, etc.

Excitement as a Life Force

I'm not in it for the money.

I'm in it for the excitement and hope.

True, the hope was, or seemed to be, about the money. But truth is, I never needed the money. It was more the symbol of what wealth, and great wealth, would or might bring.

Well, what would it bring?

First thing I saw was protection, protection from the raw and material world. A fluid form of security.

But beyond that, didn't it also brought excitement, intense up and down, elation and depression. Intense feelings which I have to categorize as excitement sprinkled with hope, and vice versa.

Maybe along with stability and security, I also need excitement. Daring and danger to go along with and along side of protection and safety,

Okay, yes, that's true. In life I need both.

Can I get excitement, danger, and daring somewhere else? Can I do it, will or would I be satisfied using smaller amounts of money?

Or is there another way?

I definitely need both, excitement and security, danger and serenity, hope and hopelessness, the opposites, all to create a worthwhile and worthy life.

Okay, as a I reach into the old age of memories, what can give me the boost and energizing balm of excitement?

Excitement is, and reminds me of, my energy-giving life force.

Will fresh choreography and fresh writing give me excitement? Maybe.

So if I ever trade with stocks again, the reason would be

for excitement. That would be its only purpose.

Is it worth the bother?

Or better to put my energies into chore and writing, and more?

I don't need the money but I need the excitement, the stimulation, motivation, inspiration, all other words for excitement, which make me want to live. And in doing so, the money may or will come as a side outcome.

Does this mean that excitement is a primary need, a vital primary factor in life? Yes.

Without it there is no motivation. And when there is no motivation, sadness and death follow.

Not a route I want.

Thus I have to find new sources of motivation, new excitement. Perhaps new excitement are embedded in the old forms. Whatever, that is my next and vital quest.

Sunday, September 13, 2020

Sales and Promotion

I'm A Both Kind Of Guy

Where did the arrogance of my "not needing other" come from?

First thing that comes to mind is "being an artist." A true artist lives alone, stand alone, is impervious to the demands and desires of others, of the audience, (the political masses) to

please them. He is above them, a tower of strength in his isolation and independence of his artistic vision.

A true artist does not need to sell. He rises and lives above self-promotion. Let the manager do it. That's what "they" are for. The pure artist stays in his ivory tower, unsullied and un-dirtied by promotional and sales of self and his artistic vision.

Such disdain and contempt for the public, the audience, the others! (Softer for my "clients and customers." But that is since I got into business.)

How did I arrive a such nonsense?

I'm not sure.

But, in any case, this corona isolation has totally cleansed my mind of such poisonous, disastrous, destructive, and untrue notions. The river of nonsense has run its course.

I'm ready, willing, and able to see something new. Namely, I need and love my audience. I am totally bound to others. Selling and promoting to them invigorates and energizes me. Making money from them and through them is the grand symbol of connection. Without them I am an isolated turd. With them, I am a shining symbol of strength, defiance, and hope.

Yes, after six months of isolation, I suddenly found two tour registrations in my emails. A miracle! Suddenly, I feel alive and hopeful. My tours and my future are alive again. (I felt the same thing after I led our Parking Lot folk dancing last Sunday.) I have something to sell and promote again.

Result: I need and love to sell and promote things.

Evidently, it is a visceral need. It invigorates, energizes, and inspires me; it gives me a future and pushes me toward the light.

And obviously, sales require others to sell to.

Yes, I need to sell something to others. "They," and the sunny process, are my energy source. Thus, a a start (and perhaps a finish), I need to teach folk dancing, organize and lead my tours, and promote my books, and give concerts.

Isolation, aloneness is the inner engine.

But the outward direction of sales makes the care roll (go).

I need both.

I'm a both kind of guy.

Although all things change, the "other are important," and "I need and love to sell and promote," feel like the final vital learning from the virus.

What's The Best Way

To Spend My Remaining Time On Earth

Terribly sad, frightening, but important questions:

How to spend my limited time on earth?

What is the best way to spend my limited time on earth?

Give up Amazon as a cheap way to sell and promote my books.

Truth is, it (Amazon) will do nothing. Only I will.

Better to give myself control and sell it myself through my website. Do I want to expend the time and effort?

But remember, I like to promote and sell! Plus, it is good for the world, the outside world, that is.

Is selling the best way to spend my limited time on earth? Maybe.

What about zoom? On the reasonable side, my rational mind tells me it is a good thing to add to my repertoire. I can expand my audience, and (cheaply) reach the world. My emotional side says, as usual, why bother making the effort?

It's better to follow my rational side, if I can. Emotions will come and go, even vary from day to day, moment to moment. Of course, you have to pay attention. Be aware of them. But they are not something to follow.

Results:

1. Good to add zoom to my repertoire.
2. Good to sell my book(s) through my own efforts through my website.
 - A. Send out reviews to my email list.
 - B. Promote through Facebook? Learn it?

Monday, September 14, 2020

Ready To Roll, but Standing at the Edge

The Blank Before the Rolling Storm

Total blank this morning. No desire or reason to study and learn.

What are my choices?

1. Go back to miracle schedule. Language, history, music, exercise, other. Revive all old goals. All were good. And I was happy within the MS net.

2. Do nothing.

3. Other

If I look at reason versus feelings, my reason says go back to MS. All is and was good.

Feelings however, say nothing. Blank. Empty. Old reasons for MS have died. I can't find new reasons. Motivation is gone.

Is this a temporary or permanent state?

It can't be permanent? Why? I can't live this way. I can't live without purpose. Therefore, it must be temporary. So let's look at my situation again.

Why am I blank? What have I lost?

1. My stock trading dynamic

2. My tour and folk dance business (But that is back!)

3. My desire to read the bible in the original. Thus my language study of Hebrew and Greek, (But that too is slightly back. Slight, I say, because tours are back, which means contemporary language study of those countries is back, which means maybe the "overwhelmed with too many languages" is back.

Still, I am on the cusp of rolling, at a new door of "Let's roll!"

4. Exercise: That too is at the cusp of resuming.

5. Music, guitar. My original desire to first play Alhambra, conquer classical guitar and thus be able to perform again is over. Actually, it has been accomplished with the decision of never opening with classical guitar, but only with a hello song. Thus, in a sense, I am ready to perform. All my reason to fear it are gone. I'm really ready to roll. . .if I want to.

5. Writing fiction, my former grad release, has totally stopped

So, result of covid-19 lay off is that my old fears, except of old age, disability, and death, have gone. I am truly ready to roll.

And note, with this readiness, all my desires to move ahead or move anywhere, have disappeared.

I'm ready to jump into the abyss, and fly. Old blocks have been removed, and I stand blank and empty.

How strange. But that's where I am.

I'm totally ready for a new beginning. But going nowhere, at least for today.

"Ready to roll" and "end of trading" just popped up

together in my mind. Does one replace another? Does a new excitement enter each one? Is something totally new happening? I'm hoping there's a meaning to this.

Five minutes later, I wrote:

Thus basically, I'm ready to roll on everything.

What does this mean?

Is it the blank before the storm?

What else could it mean?

Thus, it is the blank before the rolling storm.

The total re-entry rolling storm.

How to Perform Using (Mental) Telepathy

Mentally, place my guitar notes into the hearts, minds, and souls of my audience.

Note: I do this when I folk dance teach or lead: I mentally put the steps into every dancers legs through telepathy. I constantly think of them, even with my back to them, when my back is turned, I am constantly and always throwing the steps into their legs.

Do the same with a guitar performance. Mentally, throw the notes into their hearts. Focus on the audience always, as I telepathize the sounds and notes into their hearts.

Thus the now difference when I perform: Focus totally on the audience. Toss, throw, project, give them the notes.

That's what I do when I teach and lead folk dancing.

Now do it with guitar performing.

Who Am I?

I wanted to be a classical guitarist, who happened to folk sing, folk dance, and run tours. I did the latter mostly to make a living.

But suppose its really just the opposite: I'm a folk singer, folk dancer, and tour leader who happens to play classical guitar (which, like writing, is relaxing, elevating, and I like very much.)

In other words, folk singing, folk dance teaching, and leading tours (and formerly weekends) is my really calling. It is fed, nurtured, and inspired by music and the music sensibility through guitar and writing.

Most comfortable and natural. Thus, easy and true.

Tuesday, September 15, 2020

Where Am I?

Where am I?

Basically, I'm ready, with a new attitude, to re-enter everything on a new level. Ready to roll. Starting over. At the beginning, with a new attitude. I'm in the renaissance stage.

Ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny.

Basically, I'm at renaissance.

I've gone from the ancient world stage, the Greek and Roman ancient world inner period of the old life, to the death of culture, Middle Age cleansing corona virus period, to the Renaissance or rebirth period of rolling into the present with a new attitude.

Ready to begin again with everything different.

1. Hebrew: One hour. Fresh

2. Guitar. One hour. Telepathy focus on the audience. My notes are for them. Facing the audience. Putting my notes in their hearts. It's not about good or gab, but about giving. And I am energized by my giving.

Getting by giving. Giving begets getting.

By giving, I'm getting back, receiving energy, motivation, and inspiration. A two-way, win-win street.

Fear of the audience criticism has been replaced by a shared energy.

Every Alhambra note has to be re-oriented toward the outside.

Wednesday, September 16, 2020

Yesterday, as I entered the world of living room folk dance,

and other, videos, my legs hurt so much. Something to do with the old tensions of "returning back to work.

But I wonder, will the deep concern, fear, about disability replace my old life-long fear of finance? I'm certainly aware of it. But knowing myself, fatigue and pain often precede my events. Witness pre-weekend, "I can hardly walk" feelings, etc. The,, once the weekend starts, I jump in, jump ahead, even fly, and without any problem.

Old tensions of a new (folk dance) entry camouflaged as fear of disability, and by pain in my legs.

An old truth revisited.

On Making Videos in the Living Room

Our living room, and thus my life, is becoming part of the outside world. An extension and expansion of my inner mind going public.

(The process of making) this mental leap is/was the cause of my leg pains.

Guitar morning practice: I wonder if I get sleepy because of lack of oxygen. I focus, concentrate so hard, I stop breathing.

Put it all on video.

Life on video. A reality show.

Thursday, September 17, 2020

No guitar or other warm-up.

Just jump right in with Milan's Pavane in C.

On a broader basis, it means no warm-up, but dive right in to the public.

Start going public right away, with all the pre-warm up weakness fully, even proudly displayed. A reality show.

Is It "Writing?"

I've dropped fiction, at least for awhile. This until I put my post-corona life together, with its new parking lot folk dancing, living room videos, etc.

So on one level I've "stopped writing."

But I am always making entries in my New Leaf journal. This is a necessity in my life.

Thus, in a sense, I am still "writing?"

But can "mere and necessary" journal writing be considered "writing?" Is it enough reason to return to Barry?

Good question.

I'll ask Barry by emailing this question to him.

Resurrection of my Dreams

Old age, fear of old age, death, my demise coming up soon, and, of course, added to that, losing all my business through the

idiotic decisions of our political leaders, has caused me, not only to give up hope, but also to give up my dreams, and with that, give up dreaming itself. MY former dreaming, dynamic state has been replaced by the grand empty and depressing, "Why bother? I'll be dead soon anyway."

Is this a positive attitude?

I doubt it.

Can I realistically replace it?

And with what?

Realistically, isn't it all true? Yes.

But maybe such so-called realism is short-sighted, and thus even un-realistic.

If, as a mental construct, optimism beats pessimism. and is better for your mental, physical, and spiritual health, then maybe this so-called realistic attitude is a poison pill in disguise. And, on a grander, broader scale, maybe it is even an unrealistic illusion.

Maybe it is simply a disguise for depression, and, since this kind of depression is really anger turned inward, maybe I am simply and basically angry. In fact, deep in my heart, I am mad as hell!

First, at the politicians for closing down the economy, and thus destroying my business. And second, the same thing as the first. Getting older, and dying in the future, is also

depressing and annoying, but the immediate rage (and turning it against myself) is at the politicians for destroying the economy in general, and mine in particular.

What can I do about this? Well, basically, I've done what I can, focusing on trading, guitar, blog, exercise, etc. But it hasn't affected my inner rage over these idiots and the control they have over my life with their negative creations of masks, social distancing, abolition of basic constitutional freedoms, etc. So I'm still mad as hell.

What can I do?

1. Recognize that I'm still mad as hell.
2. Not take in out on myself, by turning my rage inward, and destroying my own dreams.

Dare to start dreaming again. In fact, it is a personal necessity.

As for the old age stuff, every age has problems. So deal with them and move on. Besides, in reality, old age is my secondary problem. My first is rage at the corona lock-down presence. Frustration, too.

What to do? What is the best medicine, the best way to kill my enemies? Fight to resurrect my dreams and hopes with new shining goals. That'll show 'em! And me, too.

As for old age and death, we'll deal with that later.

Resurrection of my dreams: That is my next, first, and

A Heavenly Start

I'll start by renaming my opening Milan Pavane in C the
"Resurrection of my Dreams" Pavane.

How optimistic and uplifting are the majestic first major
chords! I'll think them that way, and play them that way.

Thus I'll immediately, from the start, bring a great
uplifting message to my audience and to myself. The gospel of
good news and resurrection as the meaning of the very first
chord!

It's a C chord.

What celestial significance is the C chord?

It's the first letter of "celestial." Thus, a heavenly
start.

Maybe my journal is my only writing, at least for now.

Friday, September 18, 2020

Excellence

Folk Dancing

Excellence. I like it.

But what is the point of excellence? General goal is to
spread *simcha*, to impart joy.

Thus good questions arise:

Folk Dancing

Could I become a better, more excellent folk dance teacher?

What does that mean?

How would I do it? Improve my own dancing!

Writing:

Focus on New Leaf as a serious, important endeavor. What would that mean? As a start, focus on the audience.

Also best to edit that very day, while I'm hot and into it.

Exercise:

Back to specific goals. Also combine exercise and (folk) dance. A dual practice. How to do this?

1. Run like a dancer
2. Put calliyoga exercises to folk music. Develop folk aerobics, etc.

Guitar:

Focus on the audience. Continue on this new path.

Saturday, September 19, 2020

A new and different way of looking at fear:

Instead of facing my fears, shut them out. Of course, I's use judgement to decide whether the said "fearful" event is worth or judged fear-worthy. Thus events like actually jumping off a cliff or out of the top floor othe the Empire state building,

New Leaf Journal 1C. New Post-Corona Virus Motivation Road 46
would be avoided.

But playing guitar, or Alhambra in front of others, putting my New Leaf Journal into public prints, etc. events which create fear within me, but are, in themselves not fearful (they may have been threatening, but not fearful or dangerous) can not be, using this new method, instead of "understood" or "faced, : instead be shut out.

Thank Nik Walenda for this approach.

Small Audience Approach

Re audience. Mentally, try playing for a new very small, close audience of one or two, or a few, maybe to six people. I am imagining Bernice alone, or even Bernice and April, and beyond, maybe even six of our closest friends, or folk dancers.

Whatever, it is a small audience approach.

See what this does to my guitar tone.

I no longer need a big audience.

Why?

1. I don't need their money since I now, although it is always be nice to get money, I can get along without it.

2. I don't need fame and recognition. Again, it would be nice to have it, but I can get along without it.

If the above is true for my guitar, does it also hold for folk dancing, and tours? I'd say yes.

Can I get along with less folk dancers and tour registrants?

Yes.

What does it mean for me and my businesses?

1. Tour business: I no longer have to worry about low registration. I even don't have to worry about no registration! Thus, I don't have to worry period!

2. Folk dance business: I no longer have to worry about class attendance. I don't have to feel humiliated, embarrassed, if only a few people show up for my class. (Of course, if no one shows, up, I'll go home or dance alone. No problem either way.)

Of course, for my own satisfaction and happiness, I shall keep practicing, trying to improve, get better, aiming for excellence.

Thus, post-corona, I am free. Or at least more liberated.

I can start "practicing" this new attitude with next Wednesday's opening outdoor folk dance event at FDU Parking Lot.

We'll see where this leads.

A New Look At The Index Finger

Focus on my index finger puts me into myself, but not into the audience. It brings my focus into my feelings, the physic feeling of my index against the string, my wrist, hypothenar

muscles, etc. and then my personal mental situation: am I relaxed, are my fingers aligned correctly, which part of my body is relaxed, what new fears and concerns to I have, am I good enough to play correctly and ultimately impress my audience, on how potential criticism from the audience makes me more fearful, etc.

Thus focus on my index finger is totally inward.

What then, will help me forget the index finger and focus outward, on the audience?

Perhaps (even obviously) it has to start with taking my focus off my index finger.

Guitar And Folk Dance Warm Up

I wonder if my index finger is related to my hammer toe in that it is so tightly knotted up, and it yearns to be stretched.

I wonder if, guitaristically, I am so tightly knotted up that I too yearn to be stretched before I can relax and play Alhambra, or any arpeggio piece.

That's why I need to stretch out my index in the beginning of the Alhambra before it starts to roll.

Also why I need to warm up before folk dancing!

Practicing Shutting It Out

Can I soften my fear, even abolish it, shut it out so that I

can successfully swing trade?

Moving to swing trading.

Starting practicing with GOLD, RSP, and even KIRK, COTY.

Put in the protective stops. Then if necessary, hold them overnight, or even a few days. (Look at how much money I could have made with X if I had done that.)

Practice shutting out the fear (Of losing all my money. Which is totally unrealistic. After all, I've done everything I can to protect it. And even if the stops don't work, it is still not all of my money. Plus GOLD and RSP are strong companies. What about KIRK and COTY? Not as strong, but still okay.)

Yes, I could lose part of it. But not all. That is the fear I have to learn to shut out. (After all, I've taken all possible pre-cautions. But even after that, there is always the unknown to fear. And the unknown will always exist. Thus you can never erase all risks. But you don't have to become paralyzed by fears. You can eliminate most, so you can function.

Thinking Small Groups and Audiences

Move on: See how and what thinking in terms of small groups does. Start with small group tours, small folk dance classes, small guitar audiences. Maybe two to six people. For all three.

See where this leads.