

Next Stage: Exhilaration and Joy

Monday, February 10, 2020

The Next Stage

Exhilaration, Joy, Ecstasy

Last night's Bluegrass performance depressed me.

Why?

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

And yet my thrills and inspiration were low.

Why is that?

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

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

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

Can I re-ignite my old sparks?

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

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

Or maybe diminished spark is the new reality.

If yes, what are its positives?

Or must I move on to something new?

Hard on Myself

I need to be hard on myself.

I like to be hard on myself.

Why?

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

And when I follow my disciplines, I feel great!

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

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

Why?

I want to repeat yesterday's victories.

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

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

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

The only fix for this dilemma is self-awareness.

Miracle Schedule Life Style

Or, here is a completely opposite view:

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

In fact, just thinking, is itself very inspiring.

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

Is it a daring thing to say?

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

Why be afraid?

Perhaps at this age, I need not be.

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

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

The concert was a distraction rather than an inspiration.

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

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

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

Crumbling of a World View

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

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

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

In a sense, this is cause for a celebration.

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

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

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

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

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

No doubt, it is both since from the feeling of down-in-the-dumps disaster came the creation of this poetry.

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

Do I feel better after creating it?

Maybe a shade.

Tuesday, February 11, 2020

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

1. Perfecting Hebrew: Slow and easy, on its way.

2. Perfecting writing: Each sentence. Not yet there

3. Perfecting folk dancing: Started with looking an my videos. But also, giving classes my all, and teaching harder dances, which means pushing my students, challenging them to go higher. And in the process, challenging myself. I like it!

4. Guitar: the worship of speed his disintegrated. As of yesterday. A wonderful thing, and opening the gates to a new freedom. I wonder where this will lead, if anywhere.

Wednesday, February 12, 2020

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thursday, February 13, 2020

The Grand Purpose

Nothing has changed.

But everything has changed.

I am suddenly invested with a grand and great purpose.

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

Now there is no denying it. The time has come. The path has been cleared. All obstacles removed. Denial, delay, or putting off is no longer a choice. I am ready.

Strange and Wonderful

Strange and wonderful.

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

Same with Alhambra.

Others, too?

We'll see.

Strange and wonderful, indeed.

A relaxed and quiet right thumb. Wow.

Where will that lead?

Keep it airy, light, and out of frozen.

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

Friday, February 14, 2020

Three New Areas:

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

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

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

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

Embrace rgw relaxed hypothenar muscle/thumb in juiciness.

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

Sunday, February 16, 2020

A Finishing/Mop-Up Project

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

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

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

So how to I find, reclaim my freedom?

Do it. Finish them.

Thus start with Carlos:

Time line: 2 weeks. March 1st deadline.

Then New Leaf.

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

Healthy Focus – the Truth

What is the truth?

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

This rather than life’s end.

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

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

Guitar Discovery

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

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

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

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

Do I dare believe that I made such a discovery?

No one can confirm its truth or value but me.

Is the “do I dare?” question a form of doubt?

Probably.

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

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

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

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

Guitar Power

Adding the guitar hand right web to my power.

Could I be afraid of the power?

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

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

Let me now be afraid.

Go with it!

Total Fast and Clear

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

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

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

Mark this day.

Of discovery and acceptance.

Reaching Heaven(ly) Guitar Playing

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

On the other side of that hole is heaven.

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

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

Monday, February 17, 2020

Maybe my natural habitat is fast.

Now there's an interesting line.

Fast thinking, fast guitar playing, fast body movements.

Perhaps holding back is my nemesis and problem.

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

How crazy is that?

But of course it is perfectly reasonable since I am crazy, and my mind is divided. Afer all, what a twins for?

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

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

Hurting myself in order to prove myself is really a put down, a subtle, habitual

return to the old neighborhood.

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

Now I want to create pleasure.

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

And my right wrist. (Guitar)

Tuesday, February 18, 2020

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

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

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

Deeper

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

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

Am I?

Behind this doubt, I believe I am.

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

It's the wisdom part of the cycle.

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

Maintenance is word.

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

My physical progress is defined by going backwards.

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

Practicing and Improving as a Good-In-Itself

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

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

Evidently, I have no other goal in mind.

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

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

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

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

Is doing a reading enough of a new reason?

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

We'll have to see.

Exhilaration

(A Mixed Show)

Exhilaration is the only reason to ever perform again.

Would a performance of anything exhilarate me?

I can't think of anything at the moment.

But its something to consider.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Maybe.

Maybe? Hmmmm. What a conclusion!

Am I on to something?

Exhilaration Maintenance

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

Better are exhilaration and joy, then add ecstasy, transformation, majesty, humor, and Magnificence.

That's my aim in life.

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

How to achieve and maintain them is the question.

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

Guitar Playing Exhilaration/Joy Point

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

my guitar playing!

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

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

Now I have found it.

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

Folk Dancing and the Exhilaration/Joy Spot

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

The Next Stage

Exhilaration, Joy, Ecstasy

Resistance

Note how I resist entering this realm.

Perhaps it's natural to resist it.

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

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

Wednesday, February 19, 2020

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

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

Play guitar and exercise: Isn't that my ideal life? Just like my teenage years when

I discovered the source of happiness: violin and basketball, music and exercise, the source of happiness.

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

Music and exercise, with everything else "on the side."

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

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

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

Thursday, February 20, 2020

Suppose my new "business" is learning how to (day) trade – and this for a living,

1. Do I dare. Yes.

2. My other stuff, including MS, will be "on the side."

(Except for exercise.)

The new miracle schedule study and skill would be math. Right? The beauty of mathematics, and through this. Science.

Guitar – Solved

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

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

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

I've done it. Over. Finished.

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

On to the next.

Other Completions

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

Publication of my Folk Dance book. A completion.

Bulgaria full and tours. Completion.

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

Language: Still a challenge

Trading

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

Any heros? None. No heros are needed.

Who is going to support this shift?

No one but me,

All alone here—but that's not bad.

Dropping all the old identities.

Friday, February 21, 2020

Sales

I am definitely ready and in need of something new. And even sales itself is an old road. The only this time is that I am coming at it without panic. Or even the fear of rejection. I'm coming at it mainly because, in the creative realm, I've done most of what

I need to do. I have lots of finished products and services to offer. But few takers.

Why? Because, among other things, they don't know about them.

Why don't they? Because I have made almost no effort to promote them.

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

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

Today, things may be different. I need a challenge. And I'm stuffed, overloaded with accomplishments. They are coming out of my ears. What to do with them?

The gospel—sales! Bring them to the public is the only answer. The only things stopping are my hatred and resistance.

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

Ah, what an interesting word: protections.

Are my hatred and resistance based on fear? Does my old attitude protect me?

From what? Diving straight into the melee?

I hate to admit it, performing are part of sales!

That means that, if I return to sales, I have to return to some kind of performing.

And the life long resistance to people is over. I can't escape anymore. I can't hide behind money or the Alhambra.

Artist/Performer/Salesman

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

Which comes first?

I think performer.

Does it matter?

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

Can I accept that? So much childhood resistance from this positive self-view. (I keep seeing my uncle Jim instead of myself.)

Nevertheless, it is part of my transformation to accept that, first. I am an artist; second, a salesman; and third, a performer.

Market and Trading: Stops Don't Protect Me

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

Does this mean my trading days are done? Maybe.

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

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

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

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

Monday, February 24, 2020

Feelings

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

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

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

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

Wednesday, February 26, 2020

Patience, Relaxation, Eternity, and Eternal Life

I am fighting impatience.

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

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

Impatience is the fight against death.

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

Focusing on patience, dwelling in the relaxation spot, stops time. Its positive benefit is the prize of peace.

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

Thursday, February 27, 2020

Transitioning

What does it mean to become a writer?

The serious, slow, daily editing work.

Plus sales.

Guitar: I have to play guitar for God.

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

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

annoying.

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

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

Friday, February 28, 2020

Steps down the ladder to stability

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

A. Moving on to my new "old" self,

Saturday, February 29, 2020

oclitus The Tremolo Lesson – and Teaching

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

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

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

Maybe the tremolo symbolizes, even is this fluid essence of life. Heraclitus said, "I cannot put my foot in the same stream twice." Reality is transition and change. I will never grasp the will o' the wisp.

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

Wednesday, March 4, 2020

Risks

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

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

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

No wonder I've been vaguely down.

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

Do I even need higher goals? Maybe, maybe not. But I do need risks. Perhaps the "higher goals" give me the excuse to try achieving them. In any case, all this is secondary.

Friday, March 6, 2020

The End of a Dream

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

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

That has to do with writing.

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

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

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

But this also means, at least mentally and attitudinally, that I am now finally free to write!

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

The door has finally opened. Paradise is at hand.

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

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

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

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

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

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

And these limitations are what is depressing me.

It is depressing to realize that the chance to live my dream is really a nightmare in disguise.

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

Where do I go from here?

Crashing Market

Is there anything positive in this crashing market?

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

My attachment and total focus on my money is unhealthy.

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

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

New Guitar Warm-Up, Practice, and Playing Approach

Awakening the Joy Juices

This is a totally new way of approaching the guitar.

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

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

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

However, the old approach has not ever worked. My excitement, enthusiasm, and exhilaration have always been suppressed, nay drained out of my guitar playing, through the fear of making mistakes, not playing perfectly, being compared to the “pros” and master guitarists of the past, etc. Indeed, a fear-based approach has not been true for folk singing or folk dancing.

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

So perhaps this new approach, based on awakening my exhilaration, excitement, enthusiasm, and joy, through the technique of speed, practicing and playing fast, will change things – and work.

Monday, March 16, 2020

Manifesto for Tumbling Times

Worst Case Scenario

A Plan and Philosophy

Here is my Manifesto for Tumbling Times.

The Manifesto on the worst case scenario?

When all is lost, what choices are there?

First on is death. Answers all. A final solution. Is there anything beyond death?

No. Starvation, and an end to civilization.

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

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

I choose the fight for survival.

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

Survival Methods

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

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

Faith is the only solution for living.

How to Live in Faith During Tumbling Times

1. Accept loss of all money.

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

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

Who Am I?

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

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

Am I right?

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

Is my real home in Enthusiasm?

Wednesday, March 18, 2020

Coronavirus Life

I broke down and cried last night.

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

Mourn. . . and move on.

Well, I'm just about finished mourning.

Adjusting to the New Reality

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

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

possibility.

In fact, expect it.

What to do then?

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

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

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

have any money.

2. My Monastery Program still holds.

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

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

Coronavirus Time

Importance of People

Three New On-Line Businesses

Many lessons from this period

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

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

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

I miss them.

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

This is the vital human condition.

What kind of life is there without people?

No life. Nothing. Death.

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

So ultimately, social distancing may work as a short-term measure, but ultimately, it can only fail. Because without connection, everything will eventually die.

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

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

Can anything new come out of this CV quarantine period?

My answer from yesterday's walk is: Yes.

Stock Market

Hanging Over the Cliff of Indecision

Pain and Suffering in the Age of CV

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

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

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

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

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

Move on to something else.

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

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

As to whether I can hold on and watch my money dwindle to almost zero, I don't know.

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

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

Is it better to take the losses?

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

Maybe indecision is the best place to be.

Coronavirus Attitude

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

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

Exhilaration and Market Trading

Yesterday I spent all day trading stocks.

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

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

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

I must add movement to my new, before-the-screen stock market/trading-focused sitting life. This is my new life and focus, at least during the coronavirus lock-down period.

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

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

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

This analysis feels right!

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

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

I want more of that!

Thursday, April 2, 2020

Writing fiction has to be part of my process. It isn't now. I'm resisting it. No, no!

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

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

Should I hand write all these notes to and about myself on paper? Or type them directly into my New Leaf journal?

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

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

Suddenly, along with this sudden astonishing and wonderful memory loss, all the negative thoughts and problems of my right hand, right index finger, thumb, hypthenar regions, have suddenly been forgotten. I can't even remember what they were!

This is totally weird, wonderful, and amazing.

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

Can I thank the coronavirus quarantine?

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

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

Anything else?

Or am I getting greedy?

Instinctual Survival

Panic as a Visceral Form of Smart

“Thank you, Panic for protected me.”

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

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

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

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

In this sense, retreat is not defeat.

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

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

I cannot say fleeing in panic is my finest moment. It is nothing I can be proud of. On the other hand, why should I waste my brain being ashamed of it? Rather and better to think of it as a new learning experience, a revelation of a deeper animal self, the discovery of a new inner friend that protects me. (Actually, an old inner friend because it has been with me all along, standing at my side, or within me, ever ready to protect me in times of danger.)

Time to turn over a new leaf.