

Trading Fun and Joy

"Breaking" Out

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

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

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

So do it!

I will.

But I also want to believe that this morning's aches and pains symbolize a new beginning.

So what's new today?

Perhaps seeing myself as a competent trader.

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

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

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

What a victory that would be.

Since I want to believe it, maybe I should choose to believe it.

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

Are my wishes thoughts, and vice versa?

Yes.

My wishes represent the future.

Aren't they motivating thoughts in disguise?

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

My wish now is to make money as a trader.

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

Yes.

Start today, this morning, now.

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

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

But how else can it be done?

Saturday, May 16, 2020

Cycles and Turning Points

It feels like a miracle. But the times I truly give up are a turning point where the opposite takes place.

Truth is, nothing ever ends. I only imagine it does. My fears and limitations cause me to feel that way. They run their course. They slide into the negative until they reach bottom, then they turn around and head upward. Round and round the cycle goes. Only my fears and limitations prevent me from seeing and believing it.

Now, my first hint of thanking the virus, giving me a year off to think, and change, and develop.

Everything's different. Maybe it's a good thing.

Sunday, May 17, 2020

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The Art of Folk Aerobics

Benefits of Corona Virus

The benefits of corona virus are starting to stream in.

This plague, descended from heaven to teach me new survival techniques, is now teaching me to live and even thrive with them.

What has my teacher, Mr. Corona, taught me?

What retirement feels like. Also that I can afford it! Yes, I still have to be careful, but I don't have to worry about money "in the old way." I can survive, and even flourish in this new retirement mode.

I'm developing my stock trading skill.

Plus the new art of folk aerobics.

Folk dancing without holding hands does not create the same sense of community as when folk dancers hold hands. I don't know what to call it, but it is quite different.

The corona virus lock-down is pushing me to develop a new, joy-based, non-hand-holding art form. I call it Folk Aerobics. Although obviously not folk dancing in the traditional sense, it is nevertheless a new, solo, free-form art. I'd put it in the folk tradition of rugged American individualism and entrepreneurial invention.

By its very nature, folk aerobics uses social distancing. But I'll need a new positive name for it.

What about folk dancing, folk tradition while wearing masks? Where could that fit in? Maybe traditional bank robbing? Or the beginning of a new home-made Eleusinian mystery cult, dancing such Greek specials (beauties) as Dionysian Syrtos or Hasapico Soteriologiko.

A revolution in folk dancing is on the cusp of taking place and Folk Aerobics could lead the way.

Master Chord of the Universe

What is miracle guitar playing?

I can't be God.

But I can be His representative.

I can bring His C chord to others. And other chords as well. Within them are notes on living, how to treat oneself and others, unify the atmosphere, heal the world.

As His representative, I can bring the C chord, the C-elestial chord, the celestial notes to His audience.

I'm playing the Milan Pavane in C. Upbeat, majestic, proud, stately, royalty, kind, worldly, welcoming monarch. The All-Is-One King. Welcoming all, embracing the universe in His loving arms.

As I play Milan Pavane, welcome my audience with a burst of splashing C chord, the master chord of the universe.

Do I dare? Am I worthy?

Or will such lofty thoughts simply dribble away, be forgotten, and vanish into the morning mist?

No doubt they are true.

It is my post pandemic job to remember and practice them,

See myself – as a representative. I'm ready.

There is nothing else.

Monday, May 18, 2020

Miracle Day

A miracle a day.

Miracles are gifts from God. When they happen, it seems like they are bestowed by accident.

Are they?

I can hope for a miracle but never expect one.

Or can I?

Maybe miracles are not as rare as I think. Maybe they're all around me, but I just don't see them.

If this is so, and no doubt it is, then its more question of releasing my mind, opening my eyes to the miraculous events that take place daily around me, accepting the daily miracle of life.

Although miracles are a gift I can't create, it is within my power to see them. This means that by merely opening my eyes, I can add miracles to my daily life.

Although it's a downer death does not negate the existence of miracles. It just postpones them.

Motivation and Promotion

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

Selling my books is no longer about making money. Since this is so, what will motivate me to promote them?

Could my book's importance become a reason to promote it? If yes, that would mean I have to believe in the importance of my book so strongly that it would propel me to promote it. The "people have to read it!" feeling must prevail.

I'd need not only confidence in my work but also belief that it can and will help others.

No question writing and publishing my books helps me. But does it help others? I think it does. Think? That's not a very passionate word. Know and believe are a shade better. Certainly! is better yet. Absolutely! is best.

Do my books help others? Absolutely! I'll have to believe this in order to energize myself into evangelizing and promotion.

But do I believe it? A lassitude, and a subtle kind of nausea, just hit my gut. Is it the pre-commitment stomach snap? The hesitation, coupled with a dose of ugh as I face the long sales/promotional struggle ahead?

Whatever it is, I have it.

I do believe my books can help others.

Tuesday, May 19, 2020

The Pressure to Excel

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

Am I a people person?

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

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

In fact, I never see myself as with people. Oh, yes, I need them, but mostly as a source for food and sustenance. Having people as a psychological need, or any need at all. In my mind, I picture myself as always by myself. Others are out there, perhaps part of my distance world, just as my parents were always "out there," beyond my teenage violin room, perhaps protecting me from the outside world while I dreamed, enclosed and safe, in my violin chamber.

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

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

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

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

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

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

So I have two sides. That makes sense. I am also a twin, and born a Gemini. Two sides, a schizophrenic life.

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

Evidently, my R and D must lead to a product or service, which I can then bring to the public. It's a two-punch affair. Create, then deliver. Or create and deliver. Evidently, one is dead without the other. I need to create – the artistic side, and I need to deliver the business side.

What happens when half this equation is lost, when the business side is cut off through solitary confinement?

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

Perhaps my job is to imagine working for my future public.

Yet I hate performances.

But do I really? Perhaps I am wrong. Maybe coronavirus is making me realize that I am only afraid of them and of the pressure to excel that they put on me.

Wednesday, May 20, 2020

Paradox

Do I want to put in the time and effort to learn zoom?

Resistance to effort and love of effort are twins: You can't have one without the others.

Should I learn Zoom even though I resist, even hate it?

Hatred creates energy. Doing zoom could push me into creating a new format that I love.

What a paradox.

Friday, May 22, 2020

Depression

Is depression a choice?

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

If it is, why do I chose it?

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

What would they be?

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

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

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

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

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

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

But at least it is a rest.

Saturday, May 23, 2020

The Answer

The struggle is between freedom and slavery.

Freedom entails courage, inspiration, enthusiasm; slavery entails fear, depression, stunted growth.

An eternal fight both in society – reflection of the human soul – and the soul itself.

Who will win?

Today, with corona virus descending, slavery and fear are winning, displayed through the sour fruits of lock-downs, social distancing, and masks. Masks muzzle freedom, just as social distancing diminishes our connections. A sad state.

Humans cannot exist too long with social distancing, masks, and muzzling of social and productive instincts.

How long can you live in slavery and fear? How long should you?

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

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

It's called life.

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

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

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

That's life, too.

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

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

My personal vaccine is hard R and D work!

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

New R and D directions:

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

In depth is the phrase,

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

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

Good morning (folk dancers and) fellow humans,

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

Read on to find out.)

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

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

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

(We all hate bullies.) Most folks hate bullies. Why be pushed around? (Rather

free yourself from fear and bondage.) Instead free yourself by creating our own corona. Put on your head like the king of queen you are, and dance in your royal Put on your morning crown of shining and wear your folk dance glory cap. Start your own revolution. Begin each day with a kolo yelp of glory.

How to lighten and enlighten your day?

Easy: Release your inner "Wahoo!"

Let the sun shine!

And thus: "Good morning!"

Sunday, May 24, 2020

My mind moves so fast from one mood to another.

What is real?

Does mood make reality?

On a personal level, I'd say yes.

But personal is only a small part of the picture.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Do I have to? Why?

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

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

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

Do What I Love

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

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

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

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

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

And what is my vision?

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

Do what I love.

Depression is another grand distraction.

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

And speaking of love, my job is to:

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

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

Monday, May 25, 2020

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

Through my videos and books.

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

On making Youtube videos for my audience:

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

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

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

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

My songs, madcap, group, and otherwise, are fun for others, and publically

performed, even for myself.

And I absolutely never practice or even play them.

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

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

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

Never? Can I accept such an answer?

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

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

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

That sounds about right.

What does it mean?

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

How depressing and sad.

But also, perhaps and hopefully, how freeing.

Could it be a positive?

A law, a never, a no.

Does the acceptance of my limitation free me from slavery?

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

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

Hmmm.

Also, classical guitar is a symbol of my teenage classical violin which was done hidden in my room, soaring along among the Beethoven Magnificence. Marvelous and great, but all an alone experience. Not for sharing and others.

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

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

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

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

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

Fight On. . .It’s the Only Answer!

I dipped into the deepest depression. Inside me, everything collapsed, energy drained out, and I just gave up.

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

I gave up.

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

What is the moral of this story?

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

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

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

In any case, I'm back on track.

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

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

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

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

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

Fun Playing Classical Guitar

Damn the Notes

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

And damn the notes.

Fun and Joy

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

Tuesday, May 26, 2020

The Gospel According to Gold

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

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

Yes, to play my role as the divine fool. What a blessing to remember this purpose! "Fool" takes care of the fun and joy, beauty takes care of the divine. But are fun, joy, and beauty separate realms? No. They are one.

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

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

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

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

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

Thus the gospel according to Gold.

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

Practice the Gospel!

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

"Only" an attitude change is needed.

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

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

Birthday Present Eighty-Three

The Gospel According to Gold

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

So what is my birthday present?

I know my purpose: The Gospel According to Gold.

Wednesday, May 27, 2020

Running Wild on a New Lawn

Could it be true?

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

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

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

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

Maybe I had to hit my head with bricks for many years in order to get here. This to open a new door in my brain.

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

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

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

Thursday, May 28, 2020

The Power of Fun and Joy

Fear is a power.

Rage is a power.

Inertia is in the middle.

Love cover all.

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

Some call rage anger.

Some call inertia laziness.

Some call love passion.

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

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

Fun and joy surpass understanding, and profit, too.

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

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

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

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

But it is still a choice.

Thus, choose fun and joy.

My Happy Voice

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

My fun and joy voice? Maybe.

I think so. That means it is.

Tading Has Run It's Course

Corona virus is winding down.

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

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

How to fill the emptiness?

Is fun and joy enough?

Can I really stand living without fear?

All good questions for the next phase of my adventure.

So ends a New Leaf.