

Spartan Motivation

Friday, May 15, 2015

Spartan Up may be my transitional book.

The big transitional realization: Yes, I like money but it is no longer my primary motivation. Rather, a new Spartan Up type motivation is being revealed and unfolding.

Perhaps this was always my secret motivation only I never wanted to realize, admit, or face it.

Fighting Death

How do you fight against death?

How do you fight against time and transience?

By grabbing life, diving into it with a passion, working like crazy, draining every bit of juice from each day and moment.

This is the road of *carpe diem*, seize every eternal moment.

But can you ever defeat death? Maybe.

Tour Training

Training for my upcoming Bulgarian (and other) tours.

1. Rise 4:00 a.m. (That's what I do on my tours.)

Monday, May 18, 2015

Guitar: Value of Tremolo

New Spartan Alhambra Challenge

Time for a New Look at my guitar playing. Are tremolo, Alhambra, Leyenda, Bach Prelude in Dm, Villa-Lobos Prelude No. 4, and Alard worth the Spartan prize?

I can immediately play lots of other pieces quite well. With no problem no pressure, nothing.. They are easy. Why then do I keep hitting myself over the head

dealing with, creating and facing the same endless tremolo problem?

What is the Spartan self saying about the tremolo challenge and its Alhambra (and Leyenda) nemesis?

1. Time to give them up?
2. Look at them in a new way?

I hate to give them up after some much effort and time investment. Therefore, perhaps I can look at their challenge in a new way. What way? How? And is it still a challenge? What actually is the challenge? Will practicing them anymore will make them any better? At this point, it's time for something new. But what?

A New Spartan Alhambra:

But what exactly is it, or will it be?

As a start, reread Spartan Up with Alhambra in mind. Look for a new attitude. Even at my age.

But what exactly is that?

How about an Unexpected Alhambra.

Time for a fundamental new look at my guitar playing.

Shedding

Could it be time to shed Alhambra and my tremolo problems, to simply give them up? Hmm.

What would I do with myself? Where would this lead me?

Could it be that guitar has gone as far as it can go, and that I'm simply clinging to it, going round in circles, playing Alhambra over and over again simple because I can't figure out anything else to do with the guitar?

What indeed, would I do with it?

Creative Guitar

Create, improvise, compose. Like writing and choreography. I've been, but am no longer, a closet choreographer. (I could also say I'm a closet writer, since I push

myself into the closet through so-called lack of confidence.)

I once wrote songs, and a few guitar pieces. I

Closet Composer

Am I also a closet composer? A closet guitar composer?

Is that what I am avoiding? The “jazz” and improving approach. Hmmm.

I don't like jazz. But I like improvising.

New directions: What would I create? Hmmm.

Scary, but it feels right.

And what fun it would be!

Everything in my life would be out of the childhood closet. I would be running wild on the adult lawn!

My birthday present: The gift of age 78.

Wednesday, May 20, 2015

Reflection Time

Stop all language study. Pull back for reflection. What just happened?

It feels like my life has substantially changed in the past few days, even weeks.

New ideas, self-concepts and directions has suddenly flowered and fallen into place.

Even at my age!

Upcoming 78th birthday change.

It started with the reading of Spartan Up. . . and blossomed from there.

But “new” ideas? What has happened?

Off the top of my head:

The Big Seven

The Pre-Eighty Shift

1. Exercise: The gospel of exercise! The Spartan Up program and philosophy itself crystallizes and verbalizes mucho life style for me.

2. Guitar: "Giving up Alhambra." Improvising/composing on the guitar.
3. Folk dance: Video exactness. Using all my classical skills, watching dance details, creating beautiful folk dance videos. Growing acceptance and even glory in myself as a folk dance choreographer. Using videos to teach myself, and put on Youtube for the world. Pinnacle, Facebook, YouTube.
4. Business: Using videos and technology to bring my folk dance choreographies to the world. Pinnacle, Facebook, YouTube.
5. Writing: Editing my journal
6. Technology: Using technology to improve my dancing (video), business(putting videos up on Youtube and FB), other.
7. Study: Languages. Pulling back for reflection. In abeyance for now.

Fearing and Loving the Spartan Life Style

Embracing the Best!

I love the Spartan life style. But I am also afraid of it. It embraces the hard, the difficult, the painful, and constant failure. The hard life style. It uses pain and failure to improve oneself and promote growth.

Spartan life style is exactly the opposite of what my mother said. She said, or hinted and implied, that if I push myself too hard, I'll get hurt. My mother "taught me" that it's better to "rest." Indeed, I laugh at/with The Montenegrin 10 commandments.

No wonder I'm afraid of the Spartan life style.

But I also love, want, and need it. I need to be transformed. It's part of my DNA.

That's why this Spartan Up life style is transformational for me, even at my age. By consciously embracing the hard, it is very different.

Dare I do it? Follow it? But truly, I have no choice. It resonates with the deepest parts of my character. It verbalizes exactly what I want. And in doing it, I feel great!

Indeed, what could be better? Nothing.

Nothing. In fact, it is best.

I simply need and want to embrace the best!

Thursday, May 21, 2015

It Only Took Seventy-Eight Years!

Sadness upon meeting family. It comes from my early-in-life decision to separate.

How do I know this? Here's how it happened, here's how my feelings moved:

I woke up this morning disappointed with myself: I've (temporarily) given up on my Spartan dream.

I was doing so well with it for a week. Then yesterday, I "got tired" of reading and thinking about Spartan Up and it all collapsed. Perhaps I needed a rest; I need time for it to solidify. In any case, I have the sadness/melancholy feeling along with and next to the self-disappointment feeling. The latter is an incipient motivator, the feeling of a sleeping starter about to give birth to more energy and commitment. So, in a sense, the disappointed with self feeling is a sleeping motivator disguised as a failure. Indeed, part of myself is "happy" that I'm finally disappointed with myself again! Yes, now I can and am about to start over again, and begin a new climb upward.

In a sense, I can thank my family, or at least my upbringing and dominating mother, for pushing me into the violin corner, causing me to choose self-separation (to save my soul), and thus "force" me into the violin chamber of creation. Their (her, my mother's) repression pushed me into the creation corner.

Thus I "blame" my mother but I also thank her. Perhaps my talents would not have developed otherwise. Or at least, I needed isolation and time alone to think, dwell on deeper thoughts, and develop artistic and other talents. Ma's domination "forced" me to choose separation, and now, on my upcoming 78th birthday, I must thank her.

The sadness, and partly nervous feeling I have, when meeting family, is due to the rising remembrance of those first push-down, repression feelings followed by my desire to get away, escape, save myself through separation.

Yes, at about six years old, I loved to squash ants with my fingers as I played in

the dirt. Aggression. And as a teenager, I squashed the violin strings in my separate, separated chamber of creation. Soaring and magnificence.

And now, soaring, magnificence, and aggression all meet in my entrepreneurial, artistic life, running-wild-on-the-adult lawn life.

What's new? The addition of "adult" to my life long dream of running wild on the lawn.

Where does Spartan come in? The expression of my ultimate freedom, and acceptance of the deepest wild, fighting, and soaring aspects of my true self. My birthday present is Spartan magnificence. And it only took seventy-eight years.

Friday, May 22, 2015

The Tour Trinity

It may feel arrogant to say, but I believe the only thing that holds my tour together is my thoughts. Of course, my thoughts are the only thing I have control over. By thinking "tour, tour, unity, unity" I somehow hold the tour together, at least in my mind. And somehow, it stay together, in reality. It feels like a miracle, and perhaps it is since while I am thinking "Tour, tour, unity, unity," I am also connecting my thoughts to God. Only He can truly hold the tour together. He is indeed my best partner. And vice versa. That's why it's good to work with Him. That's why I like to work with Him.

It's a trinity: God, myself, and the tour members. All three of us are working together, creating strength through straightness, and thus, keeping the tour on track.

Extreme Challenging Obstacles: I like them

Do extreme physical challenges make mental seem easier?

Maybe.

Maybe physical challenges are, in essence, mental challenges. only harder.

Good extreme miracle schedule challenging obstacles:

1. Tour challenge: Continue exercises on tour.
2. Running challenge: Fast. . .and far
3. Squats: build to 100 (a day?)
4. Yoga: scorpion, head stand, lotus, leg over head.
5. Guitar: Alhambra and Leyenda: 10 times(a day?)

Note: These are all physical challenges.

Alhambra, Leyenda, tremolo: It's not a musical but a physical problem. Playing tremolo is a physical challenge.

Tuesday, May 26, 2015

Somehow I have convinced myself that their way of playing guitar is better than my way of playing guitar, that their Alhambra is better than my Alhambra, Leyenda, etc.

But for me, my way is best.

I wonder what, if anything, this has to do with claustrophobia, running wild on the lawn, and see part of such running as fleeing, fleeing (and its concomitant squashing, push down, repression, and claustrophobia) wild on the lawn.

Are they connected? I don't know. But I sense they are. Both realizations have come at the same time. Why, if not for a reason.

Thus, I say they are connected, and one will help the others.

My claustrophobia helped me stay secure in my Alhambra and tremolo put-down spot.

If I step out on stage, I'll be smashed, just as if I step off my running-wild-on-the-farm lawn, I'll be smashed. On both lawns, mother is watching, ready and waiting to pounce. "Stop! You're running wild!" she screams. And that's the end of my expansion and fun.

Safe, secure, and suffocated.

Yes, I keep myself down, safe, secure, and suffocated. And that (the fear of that suffocation) is also somehow, the root of my claustrophobia.

It's a mix of positive and negative: Safe and secure, but also suffocating. That creates the frantic part of running wild. Behind it is the fear of suffocation and the promise of freedom.

I see it now. I've broken through the (MRI) cracks. I'll deal with it.

That's my rushed feeling, my being pushed (from behind) feeling, the "someone is always ready to pounce on me" feeling: the (ever-present, constant) threat to my existence feeling.

I've got to get away from it. I've got to escape. I've got to go into isolation. But in isolation, there is claustrophobia. So, in essence, there is no escape. No exit.

Unless, of course, I stand up for myself, my way, my way of doing things. That is the only exit.

One of the wonders of travel is all the new teachers you can meet! For example, in Bulgaria or Albania, almost anyone speaks Bulgarian or Albanian better than you. (Hundreds of possible teachers, children, old timers, folks passing in the street, all of whom most likely speak Bulgarian or Albanian better than you.) What an opportunity to pick up a new words or two. And that's only the beginning.

Wednesday, May 27, 2015

Claustrophobic Content

Trying to Escape from the Prison of my Own Making

I thought I escaped from these (self-imposed) pressures. But once I did, I got depressed. So I returned to more self-imposed pressures.

Am I dealing with claustrophobia in a subtle, self-imposed, mental-game way? Maybe.

I'm created my own "prison" of activities which I enjoy and even love. Then I am "stuck" in my own self-imposed prison. Claustrophobia sets in; I want to escape (even from the things I love doing!) I finally do escape. But into what? Nothingness. Yes, once I escape, I have nothing. No activities that I love. So, I get depressed and try to create a new "prison" of activities to bind me to the celestial forms I love and create.

It is an endless cycle, a constant wheel. I'm on the path to infinity, but I keep stopping myself. A mental claustrophobia pattern. I've had it all my life. I've combined, as a Gemini might, the opposites: The desire to be free with the straight jacket of discipline.

What to do? If anything? Awareness of my mental patterns. That may be all I can do. I love my disciplines, and probably hate my claustrophobia. (But I'm not even sure of that.)

In any case, that's my story for today.

Someone once said, "Every man has the freedom to create his own slavery." I have done exactly that. I live in a prison of my own making. My question for today, and even for the future is: Should I even bother trying to escape?

A Break: Consolidation Time

I need a break.

What's a break?

Intense guitar practice, intense language, or both!

I need to consolidate my Spartan Up and folk dance video gains. Quietly, unconsciously.

Thursday, May 28, 2015

Dealing with Claustrophobia

Personal MRI Machine

Torn between overwhelmed and underwhelmed.

I just dropped my overwhelmed state; now I have nothing. I am totally underwhelmed. Fluctuating in my mental prison, my personal MRI machine.

Why do I create it? Yes, a lifetime habit. It no doubt has its own benefits.

But I'm older, wiser, more experienced now.

Do I still need it?

Maybe not.

These days it's all about claustrophobia. I see it everywhere. That's my big issue, the one I have to deal with.

How does it, subtly and constantly, manifest itself?

In traffic, of course. But also, pushing myself down, into a corner, into my own MRI machine, so that eventually I am stuck and terrified, and must escape by "finishing" my projects, which really means dropping them completely. Because, of course, one is never finished. There is always more to learn, more to do.

Finishing is the illusion I create to escape from the MRI machine I create, the self-imposed and even self-desired mental prison I create.

Why do I create it? What benefits do I derive? Is it subtly touching base with mother, with my childhood, the wall I need to bounce off and create?

At the moment, I don't know. And perhaps for now, the reasons don't matter. I only need to know, be aware, that I create this self-imposed suffering, and, knowing, it, how can I fix, grow out of, and change it.

Thus the question: How to get out of (escape from) the post-claustrophobic (PC) downs?

I did it for a moment this morning in Hebrew. How? By focusing small, doing less. One word at a time.

Overwhelming myself may be the other side of the claustrophobia coin. Something to consider, think about.

Polar Opposites in the Claustrophobic World

Living (Stuck in) the MRI Life

Yes, the overwhelmed feeling is “pushing-myself-into-the-box” feeling, pushing myself into my personal MRI machine.

When I release myself (by rolling out of the box). I step into the void of underwhelmed, the vacuum of emptiness.

Polar opposites, indeed. Polar opposites of dialectical existence.

What would Karl Marx say? The only escape and positive change is when the opposites are synthesized, thus creating a new attitude, new situation, new whatever.

My “whelmed” opposites need to be synthesized. Overwhelmed and underwhelmed need to blend, flow together, and somehow create a new attitude and approach to life.

In other words, I need something new, something beyond the MRI life.

First step: Work on focus, Focus small (and less.)

Start with one word (even a day), one activity (even a day.)

Work on: Do not jump from one thing to another.

Focus on one thing at a time.

That is now my big challenge.

How long can I do one thing at a time?

“One thing at a time” means living, choosing to live, in my self-created MRI machine.

It is a practice in focus. A practice in stilling monkey mind, not jumping from one idea or activity to another.

Practice living in my own self-created MRI machine.

Former Purpose of the MRI Life

Watch, be aware of the fleas constantly jumping in my mind.

No doubt, I put myself in my own MRI machine for a reason. Perhaps it was my way of stilling monkey mind. Not necessarily pleasant, but what else could I do? What else did I know? Monkey mind must be controlled and stilled. Otherwise it can destroy you. My MRI machine had a dual purpose: it was safe and claustrophobic.

Focus (small focus), one thing at a time, no jumping – or at least less jumping – is the way out of the MRI machine and the MRI life.

Restoring Balance

To be honest, I've always (secretly and proudly) considered my monkey mind to be a creative strength. And perhaps it (mostly) is. The claustrophobic question may all be one of balance. When monkey mind runs away, runs wild, I get overwhelmed, and I need my MRI machine to check me out, and hold it in place. Once it served its "calming" function, I can step out again. But I step out into nothingness, emptiness, the void. So I start my search again for ideas and activities to fill it.

And so the cycle goes.

Restoring balance in the cycle is the question,

Hope

Is there any hope for my Alhambra playing?

Is there hope for anything?

Hope involves the future. Thus it is an uncomfortable place to be or think about since no one knows about the future.

Thinking about hope is hopeless.

It has nothing to do with playing the Alhambra.

When you focus on the present, hope is never an issue, never arises, never pokes its hopeless head up.

Give up hope; give up hoping.

Why? Hoping leads to hopping. And hopping leads to endlessly hopping about

hoping.

Depth

Guitar: Is there really any reason at all to play fast? (Except to please my past mythical audience. And truth is, they may not even care about speed. I perhaps am, or hopefully, was, the only one to care about it.)

Instead of aiming for fast, aim to explore depth.

What is depth?

That is my next guitar question.

Bach Prelude in D minor

Bass: Reaching down into hell, into the hot molten core of earth, the center of the world.

Treble: Flitting, fleeting reminders of earthly material existence, memories of our surrounding external world. It's green leaves, blue sky, and the melancholy, personal tragedy of our transitory existence on earth.

Friday, May 29, 2015

My Birthday Present: Exhilaration Practice

Today is my birthday.

What gift shall I give myself?

Exhilaration practice!

To daily climb Mount Exhilaration. Climb Mt. E.

Embrace failure, in the process. Let failure be my motivator.

Monday, June 1, 2015

A Real Birthday Present: Play the Alhambra!

Change Alhambra Beliefs: Love the bass and play Alhambra!

Playing Alhambra and arpeggios: It may well be a question of fundamental belief: Do I really believe that the melody (and all the important stuff) is in the bass line? If I really do, then Alhambra and other arpeggio pieces are easy. If not, they remain a problem forever.

If I do realize this, then why have the problem?

Perhaps, in fact no doubt, I don't believe it. Or rather, I believe it now intellectually, but in my heart I won't give up my old beliefs that somehow I have to "conquer" the treble. This again proves my individuality and separates me from my "old nemesis" and competitor Segovia.

Will I ever be able to give up this negative, unhelpful, chaining belief? I am definitely in the place where I intellectually want to. I want it, need it to move into my heart and consumed my entire being.

Has it moved into my heart yet? At age 78, am I finally ready to have Alhambra consume and overwhelmed me with the truth of and in its bass?

And if not, why not?

Is this part of some strange celestial plan? Is it my destiny to carry this problem to the grave?

Or can I finally give myself the 78th birthday present I truly desire: To love the bass and thus play the Alhambra!

Learning to Love the Bass

Positives things to say about the bass

1. Bass equals depth. Delving deeply into the earth, the substance, moving down, down, down exploring the essence.
2. Bass as essence. Fundamental, bottom-line, supporting the entire structure with its wisdom and knowledge.
3. Bass as father. Leads the way, holding hand of its small child named Treble.
4. I am now the wise old man holding the hand of my small child, my adolescent

and twenties self, leading this former (old) self into the future.

Who in this situation is really old? Me at 78, or my former (old) self? If I, as the now experienced and wise man, am leading my inexperienced and thus not so wise former self into the future, is my new and present self not the young one?

Better to be Young or Old?

This brings up the value based, judgement question: Is it better to be young or old? Truth is, you are always both at the same time! You are simultaneously young and old.

Judgemental distinctions of good and bad that I make are merely subtle ways of visiting my old neighborhood, subtly ways of putting myself down.

Tuesday, June 2, 2015

Important New Language Study Habit

Add voice to language study.

Read (say) passages aloud after studying them.

Contentment

Contentment is an art form and a practice.

It is attained by diving into the moment.

Fighting the voice of discouragement is a daily event.

Contentment itself is an art form, a practice.

Wednesday, June 3, 2015

New Ideas and Directions in the Making

1. Make guitar videos
2. New Leaf blog
3. Languages: After study, read, then say them aloud.

Bought an Iphone.

Where will it lead?

Learn and feel comfortable in two technologies, Windows/Android, and Apple.

Thursday, June 4, 2015

I woke up with a strain of sciatica, That shows I'm mad as something. And indeed, I am angry this morning, pissed. I don't quite know why.

I'm pissed, annoyed, and a bit overwhelmed by my new Apple Iphone. I've got to put in time and effort to learn about it. Of course, I "expected" all this frustration. Nevertheless, when it arrives, I'm totally annoyed by it. And this, with so many other "important and necessary" things to do.

Well, truth is, I can handle it all. It mostly an organizational problem. And, due to the Iphone, I'm somewhat scattered this morning, and I hate being scattered. So I'm mad.

What to do?

Organize my day, prioritize my things to do. Make a "To do" list and follow it.

What about my anger? Fuck it! Well, I can't really say that. Awareness is all. Much better to know myself during each moment, pay attention to my feelings, and deal with them.

Organizing, prioritizing, creating a (daily) to-do list is the best way.

Okay, here I go: What important? To-do List

Raising Energy to Deal with the Unexpected

Okay, I created my To-Do list, went over it, did a few things. Now I realize that I don't have that much to do. I'm no longer overwhelmed. Yet I still have a general anxiety, a vague "pre-tour-like" feeling that although everything I can possibly do or think of has been done, yet I'm still anxious.

Why?

Because I'm mentally preparing to face the unknown to deal with the unexpected.

Thus, this pre-whatever anxiety is worthy, worthwhile, necessary and needed. It's part of the show.

Yes, pre-Show Anxiety is a Necessary Part of the Show. Whether is pre-tour, pre-folk dance, pre-concert, or pre- whatever, pre-performance anxiety is a necessary part of the show. It fuels my awareness, creates tiger-pouncing energy, and thus helps me face the unexpected.

My spartan pre-preparation for the unexpected.

Elephant and the Mouse

The Alhambra Solution

When the elephant rides on the mouse, the mouse collapses, and it won't work.

But when the mouse rides on the elephants, no problem.

Yes, the mouse is a minor event, people will hardly notice it, but they will, because that's what makes the event unique. After all, a mouse is riding on an elephant. And that's the reason to see and notice it in the first place.

The elephant is the bass; the mouse is the treble. The piece is the Alhambra, or all other arpeggio pieces, like Leyenda, Bach Prelude, Villa-Lobos Prelude number 4, flamencon tremolos, and even Alard (with melody only in the treble, a totally reversal, but with the same meaning.)

Thus, emphasizing the bass: no problem, will work easily.

Emphasizing the treble: Only a problem. Won't work. Impossible.

An elephant cannot sit on a mouse. But a mouse sitting on a elephant. Lovely, easy, no problem.

Friday, June 5, 2015

Shifting

This morning I'm too excited to do anything. Suddenly, everything has shifted.

Events causing the shift:

1. Wednesday folk dance performance and end of class.
2. Apple Iphone purchase.
3. Language shift: To speaking in general, Bulgarian (and Hebrew) in particular.

Shifting to what?

1. Study, learn to use Iphone, I tunes, and all Apple.

The Thrill of Learning!

Apple: I'm actually learning how to use it. I'm learning something!

What a thrill to learn something! Remember this.

Extremes

If you work in extremes, you get in extreme-ly good shape!

Wednesday, June 10, 2015

Intensity Training

Maybe slower, slower, deeper, deeper, "less, less" is more intensity.

Fewer words in language study, but go deeply and poetically into each word.

Etc.

Thursday, June 11, 2015

Pushing Beyond Yourself: Applied to Hebrew Study

How to Beat Depression!

Basically, I pushed my Hebrew studies fifteen minutes beyond "the breaking point." I experimented by "going beyond where I thought I could." My self question was: "By lingering in the pain, even for a minute or two, would I transcend into a

rarefied state of mind where I felt like I could conquer any challenge.”

This is the Spartan Up pushing beyond yourself, sports challenge applied to study – and to anything else I do.

It’s a new idea and experiment. I think it will work!

Constantly thinking and aiming to push beyond myself, in any area (running, guitar, study, etc), beats out depression!

Friday, June 12, 2015

Aiming for Spartan hard is the “new” way to go.

Guitar Spartan Hard

In guitar, maybe my Spartan hard is playing Alhambra and the others slowly, focusing on clear and comfortable played notes!

Saturday, June 13, 2015

Self-Disgust as Motivation

Apple, Iphone, Itunes as Study

What new levels of self-disgust will I reach?

Why do I have it this morning in the first place?

Over use. I did so much computer, Iphone, Itunes yesterday, and I organized my entire music folders into Itune playlists. Truly, a massive job.

I should be proud and happy with myself. That would be an “appropriate” feeling. However, instead I wake up with a short wave of self-disgust.

Well, self-disgust is a big motivator for me. So I could instead say, I woke up with a new wave of motivation! Hmmm.

Truth is, I’m happy and proud of yesterday’s accomplishments. I’m actually moving forward on my Apple and Iphone studies. Note, I call it “studies.” Study is part of my miracle schedule. Study of not only Hebrew and Bulgarian, but study of technology, or anything for that matter.

Well, that's nice to know. But nevertheless, I thrive in motivation, challenges, the hard places. Self-disgust is asking me "What is the next hard place I can dive into and thrive!?"

Overuse? Well, maybe not. Maybe I simply just love it! And should dive into technology again today, dive in until I am thoroughly exhausted. How will I know when I'm thoroughly drained, done, and exhausted? I'll simply fall on the ground, stop, and be unable to ask any more questions!

The Mystery of Pain

What is pain?

For running, and perhaps (no doubt) other forms of exercise, and even intellectual exercise, pain is the signal that the gates are about to open and the reserves

are coming.

That is, if you deal with the pain.

Don't deny, minimize, or negate it.

Rather accept it, dive into it, breath into it and embrace it. Then slowly you go through it. That's when the gates open and the reserves, which have always been mysteriously standing hidden in the corner, enter; they begin to flow through your veins, revive your limbs, bring extra blood supplies to your cells, and revitalize your brain and being.

You always have more reserves than you think. Remember it.

Sunday, June 14, 2015

Hard

Using Hard in Language Study

If I am going to embrace "hard", the Spartan Up hard life, then certainly practice speaking Bulgaria is hard. Verbalizing and memorizing the verb forms, practicing spoken sentences, all are hard.

The so-called "easy," the "verbal bath in warm water approach," which I have been using up to now, simply reading advanced texts, looking up the words, never practicing, repeating them over and over to remember them, is the "easy" way. Note: this easy way does not really work.

Monday, June 15, 2015

Maintenance

Maintain my guitar, exercise, etc. while doing everything else. Mainly, learning Apple. Even fifteen minutes.

Tuesday, June 16, 2015

Sadness and Melancholy

Nevertheless, it's Nice to Know

Sad this morning. Down, down, down. A strange melancholy both delicious and crying, unpleasant but lovely, at the same time.

And why now? Am I sad because the Monday night folk dance season ended. True, I didn't mourn it properly or publically. In fact, I denied the whole thing, choosing instead the "get in over with" approach.

But most endings are mixed with sadness and relief. And for me, consciously, it is mostly relief. The pressure is off, no more hurdles to leap over, no more walls to climb, no more unnerving challenges. Now I can rest in peace.

And rest in peace I do—for a few minutes, hours, even days. And then the old restlessness returns, and I look for something new to do, some new challenge to fill my emptiness, a new wall to climb, to raise myself from the hole of dark nothingness which I have created. Where I once "rested in peace" now, as renewal forms and a new sun rises, once again I need a new hard, a new wrenching difficulty, against which I can grapple, struggle, and fight; I need a new challenge to knock and invigorate my mind.

I'm also partly sad because I've completed the first phase of my Apple Iphone learning. Okay, the trauma of jumping in to the Apple world is over. Phase one has finished. I'm both happy and sad: happy that I can now "rest in peace," sad because I can see and feel the "Well, now what?" phase which I know is just around the corner.

Okay, that's two endings, two reasons to be sad: Monday folk dancing and Apple Iphone learning. Knowing this doesn't make me any happier; I'm still drenched in melancholy. surrounded and covered by a veil of sadness.

Nevertheless, it's nice to know.

Legacy

What about legacy? Am I leaving a legacy? Well, yes. All the books I've written, the videos I've taken and uploaded to Youtube, to dances I've choreographed, even the guitar and folk song CD I made, and of course, my family, children, and

grandchildren.

Is it meaningful? Will it count? Will anyone every look at this legacy or involve themselves in my creations? Truth is, who knows?

So although obviously I have and will leave a legacy, ultimately, whether it will be seen, used, or known is totally unknown. Look how many important historical figures have been forgotten either immediately, within a generation, or longer. But ultimately, forgotten.

In fact, in lines of cosmology, millions, nay billions of world and universe history, what I and others have done in our short lives is ultimately meaningless.

So why bother even thinking about it? Good question.

But we flawed human being have nothing better to do with our finite and limited lives, so we invent the idea of legacy to give us purpose and meaning during our short stay on earth.

Only the moment exists. Diving straight into it is the only truth that counts.

Eternity, infinity, and truth are only found and experienced in the moment.

Wednesday, June 17, 2015

New Priorities and Rubrics

Two (or three) New Self-Concepts

Not so much a change, but a shift.

1. See myself as an athlete
2. See myself as a technie
3. Stock for fun or none. (Even though it loses money. This approach will also take up much less of my brain time.)

See guitar, gaida, and even singing practice as athletic encounters that of course, will stimulate my brain!

Athletic classical guitar – hand muscle building, athletic gaida – breath building, even hopefully, athletic singing – breath and vocal cord building!

A new and wonderful book I'm reading: Spark: the Revolutionary New Science of Exercise and the Brain by John J, Ratey, MD. There's nothing in it that I don't "know" or do, but it's great to reconfirm it!

Increase the Heart Rate: A Heart-Throbbing Approach

Finger Athletics and More

Increase the heart rate: A heart throbbing approach

1. Run the fastest mile
2. Play the fastest Alhambra, Leyenda, etc,

Finger athletics at its best.

3. Dance the faster and fastest folk dance! Increase the heart rate of myself and my students. (That's why Floricica, G Ruchenitsa, etc are important. Teach and keep them up.)

Athletic approach to guitar playing. Fast and furious.

(Fuck the music and "artistic" approach. That approach has stuffed me up for years with its mistake oriented saturation.)

Closet Athlete

I wonder if, just as I was a closet choreographer, I have been a closet athlete all my life. After all, what is "running wild on the lawn?" Am I not running? What is running but athletics?

Closet Techie?

I also wonder if I am somehow a closet techie. After all, once when I was quite young, I liked science and putting things together. After high school, I even wanted to become a physicist.

Revolutionary Approach

Athletic guitar playing, athletic folk dancing.

This would certainly be my revolutionary approach to guitar playing, and even folk dance teaching.

Thursday, June 18, 2015

Jim as Excelling

Two new ideas this morning.

Jim as Techie

1. Introduce daily computer practice. Only for itself. Good-in-itself computer practice. Learn something new. Pure experimenting.

a. Learn bass/treble control in Windows Media and Itunes. Jim as

Athlete:

1. Heart monitor. So I can compete with myself

Jim as Musician-Athlete or Athletic Musician

1. Guitar athletics.

2. Folk dance practice. Floricica, GR, other

Notes to Myself: Daily Print-Outs

Daily print-outs of my journal are daily notes to myself.

Often, they last a day or a few days.

Then they are absorbed and I move on.

Alhambra and Arpeggios

The musician focuses on the bass;

the athlete focuses on the treble.

Friday, June 19, 2015

Everything I'm now reading about exercise is confirming stuff I "know." And it

is good to confirm.

But reading a new word however, is about stuff I totally do not know.

So what? A good question.

It's nice to confirm and it's nice to learn something new.

Is that it? Maybe.

Well, not exactly. Truth is, it's thrilling to learn something new, and pleasant, but even somewhat boring, to "confirm" what I already know.

But maybe these folks are "confirming" something I already "know" but in a new way, putting a slightly different slant on it, and thus deepening my learning by increasing my knowledge.

My new ideas of athletic musician, and athletic folk dancer comes from this deepening.

Focus and Balance: An Endless Quest

Maybe along with athletic musician, it's also, or maybe "all" about focus and balance. Stopping my mind to focus on the still, totally relaxed wrist" place of movement. My fingers and thumb all as one "piece," coordinated and moving together as a flexible focused unit.

Focusing on the sole of my right foot while balancing; focusing on the wrist and fingers of my right hand while playing arpeggios.

Focus and balance: and endless quest.

START ALL OVER

START ALL OVER. DROP THE PAST.

START ALL OVER. . AS IF I NEVER PLAYED ALHAMBRA, LEYENDA, BACK PRELUDE IN D MINOR, AND OF THE ARPEGGIO PIECES. . . OR ANY OTHER GUITAR PIECE AS WELL.

START ALL OVER!

Monday, June 22, 2015

“Why Bother?”

Seize the Moment

Harder Paths Lead Uphill to the Mountain Top!

Why is it important for me to memorize Bulgarian and Hebrew words?

Why is it important to memorize anything?

Yes, I exercise my memory and improve. Nevertheless, if I'll never speak these languages, why bother learning them?

The question rises again: “Why bother?”

The truth is that since nothing last forever, I will die, and all is transient, why bother doing anything?

The question “Why bother?” is unanswerable. Basically, it is discouraging question; a negative voice, a subtle form of put down in disguised, intellectual, philosophic form.

Why ask it?

I know why.

My mind wants to create the “Why bother? question as a distraction.

Distraction from what?

Seizing the Moment; diving into the Now.

The Moment is the only Reality, the true eternity. Now never ends.

Nevertheless, part of me resists diving in. I see it daily in training with Rick, folk dance teaching, actually almost everything I do in the outside world. I'm divided between doing and not doing. Forces of lethargy and inertia fight against forces of action and vitality.

When action and vitality win, then I dive in and end up feeling good, even great.

When lethargy and inertia win, then I end up feeling weak, unfulfilled, miserable, and somewhat sick.

The answer to “Why bother? Ignore it. Dive straight in.

Easier said than done. Hard to do.

Nevertheless, this harder path is most often the right path to follow. Harder paths lead uphill to the mountain top!

Tuesday, June 23, 2015

Stress

The stress of running tours, and even teaching folk dancing, is good for me. It improves my health, stimulates the brain cells in my mind, and keeps me on my toes, literally and figuratively.

So too, does the added stress of creating goals and challenges.

Thus, what new goals and challenges can I find?

Maybe start with physical challenges in running, yoga, and gym.

Friday, June 26, 2015

Balance and Focus

No desire to do anything, no energy. Feels like another kind of transition time is in the works.

Transition to what?

My mind usually jumps and races.

Here's an interesting thought: I wonder if my next step, next direction is to balance, stand still, move slowly, be steady. Such "slowing down" would also help me focus.

The physical symbol is standing on my "tough balance" right foot.

How will this (might this) be manifested?

Money Management and Organization as an Art Form

Invest instead of trade. Slow, long-range growth.

Evidently, desperation and constant grasping are dying as a financial motivation "methods." Fear and craving no longer motivates me. I have "enough." That

constantly anxiety of looming poverty that drove me on for years, is gone, over and done. My desire has been satisfied. "Been there, done that."

Now what?

Time for a new look at money.

Is there another way for me to look at it?

I am an artist in heart and soul. Can I start looking at money, its management and organization, as some kind of an art form? That would be nice.

Is that what the MCP bankruptcy symbolizes? Is that why hours before, at the gym, I heard and listened when Martin said, "It's about investing, not trading."

Was he sent as a messenger? Was MCP bankruptcy the same day to drive in the message?

"Been there, done that" hovers strongly over my head.

Is this the end of a desperate, grasping, wild and insecure financial motivation era?

It feels like it is.

Is there an art to finance? Probably.

But beyond desperation, would I even be interested in it?

I don't know.

I like neatness, things in order, organized, and clear.

Could I find an "artistic interest in finance somewhat related to this? I don't know. I'm grasping because I would like to find it, find an interest somewhere deep within myself. But whether I actually have it or not, have the spark, I don't know.

Or another option: Put most (even all) of my money in CDs and forget about it. Then I could actually watch it grow, without fluctuations, orderly and organized, no surprises, calm and easy, freeing my mind for everything else. This is indeed the Greenwich Village "bring my money to the bank" method. Watching my bank account slowly rise, It did bring a quiet sense of satisfaction. No jumps, dynamism, or

excitement. But “satisfying.”

Back to the past. Maybe this is right for me. Wow. What a surprise. A simultaneous downer and upper.

A “revolutionary” option, indeed.

Saturday, June 27, 2015

Reacting to Issues on Talk Radio

There will always be people who disagree with you, dislike you, fight and argue with you. They will never go away or disappear.

Here are two choices:

1. Get disturbed by their views, Argue and fight with them. Do this, if the issue is really important to you.

2. Accept that these differences may exist for years if not “forever.” Then do not waste your time or energy arguing. Rather, move on to something more fruitful. (Let the issues wash over you.)

Sunday, June 28, 2015

Riding the Wave of Nowhere

Within Nothingness Lies Purpose

The last few days, well, namely Friday, Saturday, and this morning, I lost desire to do anything. It’s like a total energy sweep. Desire and energy have been totally drained out of me. There I nothing I want to do, except perhaps sleep.

Desire to run, do yoga, exercise: Gone. And the great books I read on these subjects? Suddenly, drained of all meaning. Meaningless. Learning computers, Apple Iphone, social media. . .again meaningless. Of course, business, stocks, and language study down the drain as well.

All gone, meaningless, drained, and out.

No question this is an ending. Of something. But of what? Of course, an energy

cycle. Anything else? Well, nothing else comes to mind. It's as if a storm has suddenly swept through the land, my land, blowing away all meaning, leveling all the meaningful buildings in town, destroying the energy fountains, incinerating the verdant crops, washing away all the fonts of desire, drive, goals, and purpose.

Well, so be it. That's where I am today.

What can I do?

Seems there's no choice but riding the wave of Nowhere. Stay with it. See where it leads me, even if that place is deep into the silent darkness of sleep, nothingness, and the long empty.

In dying, death, and sleep are the seeds of rebirth, wakefulness, and new energy. These are expressed in birth of renewed purpose, new goals, directions, and a new rich and powerful meaningfulness.

It has not come yet. But, according to the rules of life, it will be here. Should I passively wait for it to arrive? Or is my writing this morning about self-awareness of this cosmic program enough to bring it to birth?

There is a cyclic order to the universe. I'm at the bottom now. How much lower can I go? Of course, no one knows. But I surely hate this place of rest and darkness. I'm hoping my cycle is near its end and that I'll soon turn around.

Is hoping a good place to be? No. Best to simply stay in awareness of the cycle, watch and listen, see what happens.

In the meantime, while I wait, I might as well fill up my time by doing my usual miracle schedule (remember that?) things.

Yes, they'll have no meaning, energy, or purpose. I'll simply be filling up time and space. I'm marking time, treading water, marching in place. But what else is there to do? Besides, filling up my time and space with miracle schedule events, may have and be its own purpose.

Going nowhere may have within it seeds of its own reward. Going nowhere creates a purpose of out nothingness.

I don't know what the last two sentences means, but I like them. They say "Stop! Do nothing! Watch and wait." Meaning will come. Within nothingness lies purpose.

And I like purpose.

Monday, June 29, 2015

Chemistry – even physics – through on-line learning.

When is Enough Enough?

What is the Point of Exhaustion?

There's no escape from computers, no rest. They are here to stay; and I'm with them to stay. I follow all my learnings until total exhaustion, burn-out, and drainage. That's my personality. I dive in totally; I never stop until I simply cannot take another physical or mental step.

How do I know I've had enough? How do I know I've gone as far as I can go? Not when I can answer "Are you tired yet?" Rather it is when I can no longer physically or mentally answer any question. I'm just too tired. I then collapse into bed, totally spent. When either physically or mentally, I cannot go a step further, that's when I've gone as far as I can go. At least for now.

New and Fruitful Direction

Folk Dance Teaching and Tour Leadership

Could my folk dance teaching and leading be improved?

Could my tour leadership be improved?

How?

As I asked this question, a pang of nervousness hit my belly. A good sign of energy rising.

Is this my next direction? I hope so.

After all, folk dance leadership and teaching, and tour leading are upcoming

events. Instead of pushing them out of my mind, denying them, leaving them to subtly harangue me, like a distant storm approaching, I could dive into them, give them my all, work on improving them. Indeed, this would allay my anxiety, and be fruitful. Hmmm.

I could also use and apply my new computer and Apple skills.

These are artistic and leadership skills. (But they also subsume business.)

Improvement Ideas

1. Actually, plan a folk dance teaching program.
 - A. Plan a program for Wednesday.
 1. Include verbal introductions?
 - b. Plan a program for Friday at GB.
2. Review and Bulgaria tour program.
 - a. Call all participants

Performance Energy Rising

Enjoying the Performance-Anxiety Fire

A New Look at Performance Anxiety

This really scares me. I like it. Finally, some performance energy is coming into my belly.

(Could this be my subtle “return to performing” mode? After so many years of avoiding it? Note I said “I like it.” I like the scary performing energy rising in my belly. I never said that before. Note also it was preceded by three days of total drainage, lethargy, a down period which I both hated, and could not explain.

Maybe I’m am, or was, getting ready to accept and even “enjoy” the scary performance-anxiety state. I actually stepped into its fire and liked the burning! This is an extreme thing to say. Yet they are the first words to come out of my mouth. Thus, they have an intuitive and instinctual truth.

Yes, I like the fire! That is a total attitudinal transformation and change. Are my days of performance avoidance over? What a question to even consider!

Yes, I'm looking into folk dance teaching and tour leading. But what about guitar concerts? Is that anxiety ending, too? (I'm just throwing this in because it suddenly came to mind. And, in my New Leaf Journal, I always and immediately write down everything that comes into my mind! That is, after all, one of its main purposes.

The Improvement Rubric

The enjoyment of performance anxiety fire comes under the rubric of improvement: Feeding the energies of self-improvement.

Improving my folk dance teaching, tour leadership, (and even my guitar (and singing) performance.)

Why?

Money is better. My better financial situation clears, relieves, and frees my mind. Since money is no longer my main issue, I can focus, concentrate on improving my 3 main artistic skills: Guitar (including singing), folk dance teach/leading, and tour leading (as an artistic skill).

Is that why I was so tired and drained? As a prelude to this "performance-anxiety fire enjoyment" breakthrough?

Could be. Sounds right.

Yes, I've always wanted to be an artist. And with the money blockage gone, this is my change to be one!

Next Tour Questions:

1. How to lead my tour as an artist?
2. How to build my tour company as an artist?

Tuesday, June 30, 2015

Complaints as Distractions

The Satisfaction of Accomplishment

My complains are (often, always?) distractions, ways to avoid diving into the task at hand.

For example, I'm working very hard at learning Itunes and my Apple Iphone. I'm spending hours sitting at my computer, talking to Apple help, etc. Yes, I'm tired of sitting. But more important, I'm slightly worried that by sitting so much, focusing so hard, I will basically fall apart, my body will shrivel up, I will be in either physical (or mental) pain, and perhaps get hurt, get sick and die.

So this rising fear is another form of distraction. Beneath this fear, and the complaints that arise from it, is a deep satisfaction that I have stuck with it and learned so much; beneath it is a sense of accomplishment and fun!

Focus and concentration on the subject is the best way to dive straight in. Yes, it's hard. But hard is the way to go. And the unspeakable satisfaction of accomplishment rises from it.

Monkey Mind and Focus

Why do (I let) so many things distract me?

Is it simply the nature of monkey mind?

Probably.

That's why it is such a constant struggle to focus.

Maybe I'm simply throwing myself into technology, learning technology, "becoming an expert" in technology, getting confidence and getting it right. Maybe this is my next venture and adventure.

Wednesday, July 1, 2015

Turn my guitar playing into a place of meditation.

Thursday, July 2, 2015

How to get my wilds back: Start with writing and music.

Idea: Writing and music as a “new business.”

I’m in and at a new place in life. Time to move to something “different.” Wild mind is the image rising.

Writing and music is popping up; writing and music as a new business is also popping up.

What could I do to replace the stock market?

1. Practice guitar 5 hours a day.

Identity

Folk dancer and tour leader is my present identity.

A classical guitar concert gives me a separate new identity.

A reading gives me a new writer’s identity.

Even a folk singing program gives me a new identity.

It’s relaxing and different to have many identities.

Friday, July 3, 2015

On My Own

Dropping the stock market means I’m completely on my own.

Not a bad place to be. But I’m so unused to this new place of self-competence, strength and pride, so unaccustomed to it.

It means I’m not longer hoping an outside force—the magical stock market—will suddenly drop magical money in my lap through a sudden upward tick in some

magical stock. My hope that it will somehow give me magical support is gone. Instead, I am now dependant on and depending on my own skills, talents, wits, and wiles for my financial well-being.

Amazing how it has taken 78 years to arrive at this place, drop these magical hopes, and “be on my own.”

Toward a Better, Firmer, Independent, Confident Future

Note: I bent slightly yesterday and “hurt my back.” This kind of hurt hasn’t happened for months, even years. It’s a signal that I’m angry. But at what?

First, the disappointment and even sadness over the loss, dropping opf the stock market. The leaf has finally fallen after years of living on the tree. I am simply no good at the stock market. I’ve always known it was not my skill or talent. I also “know” that God was pointing this out every time I lost money, which was most of the time. Yet, I refused to listen. Finally, one day, yesterday, after 30 (40?) years, I finally heard the call. The dependance and hopes of the magical stock market gamble is not my thing, not my calling, not my place. But I am still mad about it.

Why?

Part of me feels I’m back to square one. Now I’ll have to start sales calling again, play guitar, go back to how I was living in the Village (which wasn’t bad), and also my early marriage with all its sales and promotion pressures.

But upon rethinking this today, I realize that none of the above is true. Rather than going backward, I am moving forward into the past! I am taking the best of the past, my love of music, guitar, writing, dancing, language, study, yoga, running, and more, and diving in with a new freedom, focus, and concentration. I am no longer distracted by money and the magic hopes of the stock market. I have somehow “solved” or rather “resolved” my money problem; I am somehow ready to rely totally on myself, my skills, talents, and wits. I’ll probably even make more money! At least

I'll stop losing money. (Or maybe lose a bit, but not giant losses I had in past stock market plays.

So things are hopeful for the future. I'm just not used to thinking this way.

Realism

By giving up the stock market, I have also given up, lost, dropped, a great distraction.

Distraction from what? Facing independence, self-reliance, and diving into my skills, loves, talents, etc.

Is this partly frightening? Maybe. (That's why my back hurts.) But I also strange, different, new, and I need to get used to it.

We'll see where the back goes. Whether (the, my) back will turn into forward! I expect it to, But it hasn't happened yet.

It is arrogant to say this? Perhaps. But I'm taking a change with arrogance as I enter a new phase, a new life.

Displacing (stock market) distraction with arrogance. Hmm.

Is this a new daring in disguise? Am I using the word "arrogance" but in a positive light? I sense yes.

My "arrogance" is slightly colored red, and has a sense of power and self-confidence. So perhaps arrogance is not the word I'm looking for. Perhaps better is realism.

With this writing and realization, notice my back loosening, unfolding, relaxing and feeling better!

Sunday, July 5, 2015

Public Gain from Private Exactness

There is absolutely no public gain in my playing the guitar better. But maybe there will be a transference.

I'll teach folk dancing better, with more exactness and precision, and more pleasure in teaching and delivering that exactness and precision. And it will make folks happier to be more exact and precise, since it will give them confidence to dance better, and with more freedom, self-expression, and abandon.

So maybe there will be public benefits to my playing the guitar better; but they will be more subtle and indirect.

Could this exactness and precision transfer to my tours as well? Well, I'm moving from "maybe" to "Why not?"

Monday, July 6, 2015

I need new obstacle(s), new challenge: New guitar obstacles, a new athletic obstacles.

Obstacles/Challenges

1. Exercise: Push-ups, squats, Floricica jumps
2. Guitar: Slow, balanced, focused: Fighting the pressure to go fast (and please the non-existent audience.)
3. Business: How to reach a new audience? FB and Youtube advertising. Video ads, etc.
4. Languages: Starting specifically with Bulgarian, my linguistic foundation is very weak. True in other languages, too.

Meditation, Truth, and Now

I will ultimately die and lose everything I love. Very frightening, then very sad, Or, I will lose everything I love, and ultimately die. Very frightening, then very sad as well.

There is the truth of meditation: mentally, I can volunteer to give up everything,

to “die” by mentally giving up, “losing,” everything I love.” jumping the gun, “taking control of my destiny by giving it up.” That would be meditation.

Meditation puts you in the Nowness.

And in-the-now is where you want to be as much as possible.

Tuesday, July 7, 2015

Aiming for 70

No question I feel very discouraged this morning, very down. Depressed. I feel like I’m back to square one, back to selling for a living, back to depending totally on my sales for money. Realizing that I am no good at trading stocks, thus “giving up” (can I, will I really do it?) my old stock market ways is really very depressing.

Basically, I’ve lost so much money, and I’ll never get it back through the stock market. The only way I’ll get it back is to earn it. I lost 30 G in the last few weeks, but basically, I’d have to say 50 G during the whole year. (Never mind the thousands I’ve lost over the years.) Yes, indeed, I could be rich, or at least very well off, had I never touched the stock market and simply put my earnings in a low interest bank account. But of course, we are all wise in hind sight.

What about the present? Presently, my situation is what it is. Forget the past, learn from it, then aim for the future. Today I am simply depressed, down, sad, and angry; this usually results in the change and transition.

Somehow I feel I must not only learn from my past erroneous philosophy and attitude, and the mistakes I’ve made. Somehow I must not only learn from my past mistakes but I must also pay for them! I have a debt to myself. Yes, I’d say I owe myself at least 50 G. Probably more, if I look back over the years. Nay, surely more. But for now, I will settle for a personal debt to myself of 50 G. I will not rest until I have paid myself back!

How can I pay my debt? How can I pay for my stock market trading losses, and

the error of my past ways? How and where can I collect 50G's?

True, one very good tour would do it! And future monies will go into either a savings account, a "safe" CD, or some kind of low interest, safe, bond fund, ETF, or other. Indeed, speculative stocks, trading, and certainly day trading are out!

So I need to register minimum 50 new people for next year's tours! Well, with expenses, let's say 70 people.

Aiming for 70 people: That's my personal Septuagint; my next year's tour registration goal.

Thursday, July 9, 2015

Slow, Exact, and in Great Depth

New Attitude and Direction

Guitar: So slow and exact, and the feeling is this is forever, a new direction, approach, and transition into incredible, even insane depth.

Am I right? But I've been everywhere else, "done all that." Where else is there to go? Plus this slow, exact is a place I've never been before.

It could translate into my yoga practice as well.

Could slow, exact, and in great depth be my general new direction? Could be.

Here are some proofs as examples:

1. Guitar. That we know.
2. Finance and money: I know where everything is
3. Tours?: Imagine applying slow, exact, and great depth to running my tours, and to my mind while running the tour. I like that!
4. Yoga, and maybe the rest of exercises.

Saturday, July 11, 2015

The Miracle of Slow

Guitar, Beyond Guitar, and More

Life Beyond Performance

I have been fighting against “slow” most, if not all, of my life. Slow has meant stupid. Among other things.

However, now in my wise phase of life, I’m realizing that within slow is found the essence of life beyond performance.

What is life beyond performance?

For me, it starts with stepping beyond guitar performance, beyond thoughts of the audience, and especially thoughts of pleasing the audience before pleasing myself.

What is pleasing myself, my true self?

It is diving into the heart and mystery of life; it is diving in the Essence.

By slowing things down, putting them in slow-motion, meditation mode, I am able to briefly touch the essence, and even (momentarily at least) the Essence itself.

This is the molten core, the fiery center that burns forever, a place of hot, molten stillness, smokey and burning, where all the Energy both starts and lies.

Stillness brings me to the Center place,

And slow, playing guitar slowly, is a (the) path that brings me there.

Sunday, July 12, 2015

Setting Ambitions Specific Goals

Following the Impossible Dream

“Failure creates a positive kind of pain: It creates a desire to improve!”

Therefore, set ambitious goals (that may often even fail!). I like ambitious goals; I like to follow the impossible dream.

Ambitious Daily Goals

1. Set tomorrow’s (the following day’s) ambitious specific goal(s) the night before, before going to bed, before falling asleep. So I can think about it, “sleep on it” let it sink into and affect my unconscious.

2. Priorities: Set goals in terms of priorities.

a. First priority: Miracle schedule activities.

First thing in the morning: Study, guitar, exercise:
running/yoga/gym.

Today: What is ambitious: Running 2 hours!

b. Second priority: Business.

Today: What is ambitious? Finish my Bulgaria tour Milev questions and Sofia schedule. (Remember failure's hidden treasure: My reward for possible failure is a renewed motivation and desire to improve!)

Ambitious Weekly Goals

Ambitious Monthly Goals

Ambitious Yearly Goals

“Failure creates a positive kind of pain: It creates a desire to improve!”

Joe de Sena

Spartan Up (p. 183)

Thursday, July 16, 2015

Why Improve?

How Shall I Improve Today?

If all you have it the moment, why improve? To what purpose is trying to get better, if the only truth of existence is the absolute present, the here-and-now?

Improvement pushes you to release energy. Energy is the shining example of the moment. Getting in touch with, and releasing your energy makes you feel good to improve. Period. There is no grand purpose to improvement beyond that. However, that in itself is an excellent reason to improve!

Each day is a new venture and adventure in improvement.

The best question to ask is: How shall I improve today?

So today I thought: It used to want to start a second career as a stock market

trader, No more. Well, since that is the case, in what shall I start a new career?

Guitar, Photo/Video, Techno/Nerd came up as possible directions.

Friday, July 17, 2015

Plunging into Terror

Are Miracles Still Possible?

Glory of God and Good of Man

Can miracles and progress still happen at age 80? Is Alhambra and the bas finally opening up? Do I finally and at last see the light, and the sound as well? Is the miracle of such a fresh vision still possible?

Does life always progress and move forward? Can I still believe in miracles?

These questions come side by side with a fresh and total fear, the terror of running/leading a tour! No matter how many tours I run and lead, the terror never abates, diminishes, or stops. It never ends.

Total fear bordering on panic, terror never ends. It just keeps appearing before every tour, and although often on a lesser level, before every folk dance class, or performance. And I wonder if it is even a lesser level. Perhaps the terror is always the same only I don't want to recognize or see it.

Well, for now, and perhaps forever, let me recognize and see it as a forever event. One of the constants in life. If that is so, and it is, let me deal with it here and now.

How?

First, by recognizing fear/terror will exist forever. Second, by plunging into it.

I like what Bach said when asked why he wrote music. To paraphrase him: "I write music for the Glory of God and the good of man."

Thinking about the Glory of God might be a good way for me to handle terror. Because, who after all, can really release me from such pre-tour terror? Only by first doing everything I can do (which am doing) and putting myself in the hands of God,

can I truly be free (at least momentarily) from terror. Ultimately, it is all up to Him. He is the Big Boss. I just work here.

It would help mind and body, if I remembered, thought about and meditated upon that.

Saturday, July 18, 2015

Why so down on myself? Return to the old neighborhood?

Stop, Expect Nothing, Focus

The hard work in Bulgarian in doing exercises: thinking in Bulgarian.

Why don't I do them? My "excuse" is language is not really that important, not worth the effort. Probably my real reason is that I'm in a rush, a hurry to "get it over with," to escape from the corner" and be free to roam wildly. A subtle form of claustrophobia.

My challenge is to stop, to expect nothing, to focus on the absolute present.

Sunday, July 19, 2015

Confidence

Leading the Plotless Life

In writing, I have "freed myself" from the plot. I no longer feel I need to have a plot. In writing the History of Bulgaria, I am going plotless. Plotless I go.

I am leading the plotless life.

Is this a good thing? Isn't it better to "impose" a plot and structure on my writing, my work, and my life? I'm not sure. But certainly, that is where I am this morning.

But the very question brings up another subject: Confidence.

The subject and question came up during my folk dance classes when I questioned my programing, my teaching style, my teaching and folk dance "values,"

and my very self. The questions came up after opened with a “too long” Hungarian Csardas at my Wednesday Senior class, then did a “too long” Klezmer Reel at Goldens Bridge, plus pulled in beginners when we danced the advanced dances Floricica and Vuilpuita. Michael said that, since they failed to get the advanced steps, this would discourage them from dancing.

Basically, I got frowns and criticism from some of my dancers.

How did I react to this criticism? That’s where the question of confidence comes in.

My first and almost instinctive reaction was to agree with them. I was doing something “wrong” and stupid; I had made a mistake and I apologized. This, as I say, was an instant habitual reaction to criticism. A quick retreat into agreement with my accusers so I could escape their wrath. Now I realize this was an “old neighborhood” reaction, a quick retreat into the old neighborhood with its lack of self-confidence.

But then, miraculously, I thought further about it. And the result was quite amazing. I agreed with myself rather than my accusers! I believed that, in terms of my values, beliefs, and folk dance teaching and dancing approach, I was “right” and they were “wrong.”

Of course, this is not a judgement or moral argument. It is rather a question of style, personality, and personal taste. My folk dance classes are based on my style, personality, and personal tastes. Period. These are artistic judgements. There is no right or wrong on these questions.

What was the result of this new neighborhood kind of thinking?

An amazing feeling of unstoppable self-confidence!

Mine way is the right way!

After realizing this, I jumped to the question: How and why did this happen? Is it arrogance and/or hubris? But moving further, I realized the answer is No. The question itself arises because of a short mental return to my old neighborhood with its old habits and desires to put myself down, to diminish these powerful, enlightening,

and heart-breakingly beautiful concepts of my new self.

Truth is I know my classes and tours, better than anyone else! I am their leader. And as such, I am the only one who is constantly watching everyone, thinking about them, trying to guide and monitor their behavior in order to lead and guide the class or group.

After doing it for so many years, I've developed a skill and knack for leading my folk dance and tour groups. And I am very good at it.

Thus my new-found confidence is not based on arrogance or hubris but rather on facts. I know about my groups more than anyone else; and I care about my groups more than anyone else.

So it is more a question of getting used to my new life in my new neighborhood, getting used to my new level of confidence.

It reminds me of my Balkan Splendor tour and the feeling of confidence I suddenly felt (for the first time!) just before I met my group for our Welcome dinner in our Belgrade Hotel. I wrote about it in my journal. In fact, this entire New Leaf is named after that new confidence feeling.

Calm, Confident, and Focused

Tour Leading and Folk Dance Teaching Life:

This means I will approach my upcoming Bulgarian tour with a confidence and "tours are fun" and confidence that began at the start of our Balkan Splendor tour.

That's why I have been so tired. My body is rearranging its cells to fit my new tour and folk dance mind set of calm, confident, and focused.

Fatigue versus Trepidation

Maybe I'm just too tired and too old to go through the same pre-tour, pre-performance anxieties again. Maybe I can simply live quietly in my new "calm, confident, and focused" neighborhood.

Am I fooling myself? Is this really possible? Is it even desirable?

In any case, I have to "Stand Straight and Keep Practicing." This is certainly true of an new attitude change.

On the other hand, trepidation, worry, anxiety, fear, terror, panic and more, are all part of motivating and energizing myself for tour leading.

My tours are my personal Spartan races. I need to train and be in shape for their supreme challenges. Excitement and fear are mental twins working together. It is wise to both fear and be excited by the unknown.

Fear is a giant energizer. It pushes and bends my mental and physical energies, motivating me toward large self-improvement.

Fear is a prime mover. It can drive, force, and inspire me to expand into my better "calm, confident, and focused" self.

Fear in the New Neighborhood

Where does fear fit into my new neighborhood self-image?

Dare I have such self-confidence in my instincts, thoughts, folk dance teaching, and tour leadership?

Dare I believe this self-confidence is not related to arrogance and hubris?

Keep my eye on fear.

Fear dissipates arrogance and hubris. Watch my fear. It keeps me in the New Neighborhood, close to "calm, confident and focused."

Stay close to fear.

Monday, July 20, 2015

Excellent Goal

Push beyond your boundaries. That's when you achieve a sense of awe and wonder. A new world opens up. You stand proud, fired with amazement.

What could be better?

Push beyond your boundaries.

Start each day with this excellent goal.

Tuesday, July 21, 2015

Back (Forward) to Warm-Ups!

Back to love of exercises, and guitar, even singing.

Warm-Ups! Back to (forward to) warm-ups!

They are the opening back to love of exercises.

I'm also sick of language study (Bulgarian and other) and am in a technological and organizational mood.

Maybe exercise, Bulgaria, and language study have run their course. Maybe it's time to move on to something else. Technological, different, developmental, organizational. Not sure what. But the "ending/new beginning" feeling is definitely in order.

Shifting

Feels like a big shift is coming, reflected in my left knee and tired body. I don't know what it is but for now, I'm standing still and going nowhere.

Something is shifting but I don't know what it is.

Wednesday, July 22, 2015

Details

Finding God in a Piece of Bread

My soul hurts. It's getting lose (but not buried) under all this tour detail, plus other techno-learning and physico/mental improvement details. Lost, but not buried.

Read and think poetry; think and read poetry.

Yeats comes to mind along with the 19th century.

Remember my soul. It is the reason and center of everything. Let my soul shine on the details, instead of vice versa.

The soul lives and is expressed in the details.

The trick, skill and love is finding, remembering, using, and expressing my soul in the details!

Examples: The technical remembering of clear separation between thumb and fingers in (while) playing arpeggios.

The “details” are every traveler voyaging (traveling) with me to Bulgaria. Remembering each traveler while working on their details, bills, balances, passports, rooms, addresses, etc.

Let my soul shine through as I work on their name and room lists, their flight and passport details, their special request details (diet, food, plane seat), etc.

Details are not only a big deal, they are the big deal!

How to love my work: Remember my soul. Find love in the details.

Ultimately, details are about finding God in a piece of bread.

Thursday, July 23, 2015

Watch out. As my big tour to Bulgaria approaches, I find myself slipping back into the old neighborhood. Witness my left knee. That is a gage and guide. It has been fine for months, and especially in the past two months, has been bordering on excellent. I've run mucho, done squats, etc. Now suddenly, it is hurting again. I even had ta touch of lower back pain. Again, such pains haven't occurred for months. Why do they suddenly appear now?

The pressures and old-time worries about my upcoming tour. The “Can I do it? Can I make it? Can I run and lead it?” questions. Intellectually, I know I can. Plus I have a long history of leading them successfully. But of course, that only tells me about

the past. The future is always uncertain. And into this hesitation, fear, worry about the uncertainly, I have been pouring old neighborhood views of myself.

Can this be changed? Can I change such an old, deep-seated attitude? Of course, the first step is awareness.

I am aware.

Will it help? I feels like the same old merry-go-round, but with a different twist, the twist being the new people on the tour, a new year, a new tour, and that every tour is different. That's quite a big twist.

Yes, it feels like the same old merry-go-round. But since change is the greatest reality, it is really not the same merry-go-round. Actually, it is totally different. And, on the deepest of levels, I am running a virgin tour guide's first tour!

Yes, I have experience. But it is of the past. The future remains always and forever unknown. Thus some of the anxiety I feel is totally and always realistic.

See it as energy wrapped in a tight ball. Now part of that ball is in my left knee. Try withdrawing parts of it and placing it in my tour! In better organization, remembering names, programs, etc and whatever.

Friday, July 24, 2015

Happy Warrior

Excitement, Mindset, Growth

Amperage, volts, etc. Learn about it. Things.

Iphone, contact add, Crash Plan, I cloud, reread NLJ, etc. Things. Means to an end.

Exciting!

Excitement resides in my left knee, and lower back.

Exciting knee, and lower back.

A happy warrior with an excited left knee, and lower back.

People versus Things, Ends versus Means

Tours, Folk Dance, and More

Details and techniques are means. People are the end.

Saturday, July 25, 2015

Goals

Build a great company and make time to play guitar and write.

1. Build a (great) company
 - a. Put aside 20-50 G as working capital
2. (More time to) Play guitar and write.

Sunday, July 26, 2015

Politics and Tour Leadership

As a president, I'd be fighting for everyone in my country, not just those who voted for me.

As a tour leader, I'm fighting for everyone in my tour, not just those who like, or have "voted" for me. (Actually, everyone my tour has also voted for me by registering for my tour.)

Monday, July 27, 2015

Let's talk about it because there is no denying it: I am absolutely frozen in fear! Pre-tour anxiety, pre-tour performance terrors of errors, pre-tour everything. No matter how many times I do this, no matter how many times I run a tour, it's always the same thing: Worry turns to anxiety, turns to fear, turns to terror which quickly borders on panic. Evidently, no matter what mental trick I try, it's the same feelings all over and over again.

What can I do about it? Probably nothing. I don't even feel bad about it anymore, or feel something is "wrong with me" for freezing up in this pre-tour manner.

That's just the way it is, I am, and my nature. Just recognize it, be aware of it, go with it, and do the best I can until the tour arrives.

This is the famous "pre-tour" limbo state, where just about everything I can do is already done, most of the tour is in place, and all I can do is wait around, freeze up, panic and worry.

Which is what I am doing right now.

Yes, I have lots of free time. What shall I do with it? Worry, of course.

Maybe that is all I can and should write about and deal with. After all, I truly can think of nothing else. Maybe my topic for the week should be, will be, is: become and be a specialist in worry and its antecedents and postcedents: bone-chilling deadly fear, icy terror, and frozen panic.

Okay, that's what I'll do

Tuesday, July 28, 2015

Fighting the Grendel Tour Monster

My Own Beowulf Hero

I broke down and cried yesterday after coffee in Whole Foods. Why? I feel like I'm in self-made pre-tour anxiety prison. So stiff and tight. And nothing will change until my tour starts.

Then I realized: This tour business is very, very difficult. The struggle and fight to get it right is somewhat heroic; not everyone can do it; I somehow think it "should" be easy. I don't give myself enough credit for the difficulties I face, struggle with, and overcome. This is a herculean, heroic effort. I don't want to face how hard it is; and I certainly don't want to give myself enough credit for trying and succeeding in accomplishing it.

Maybe if I face and realize the difficulties I'm dealing with, I won't be as surprised and "shocked" at the fear-filled, anxious, tense, stiff, nervous, terrified, and blown about by whiffs of panic feeling I experience before a tour.

Indeed, as I deal with and fight the Grendel Tour Monster, I am my own Beowulf hero.

Beowulf fights the Grendel Tour Monster.

Pushing my Books (My Link to Immortality)

Standing Up for My Creations

I googled Grendel the Nightmare. Nothing came up. Then I googled Grendel the Nightmare Jim Gold and my Amazon book Handfuls of Air came up with Grendel the Nightmare in it!

Does this hint that my next great project would, (once again) be pushing my books? Once again, I recognize and know they are worthy and worthwhile reading. But would I, will I, ever spend the time and effort pushing them? Personally, I always consider them to be my link to immortality. Not my tours, concerts, or folk dancing (although folks know me for these events). But my own creations: namely, my books, and even my choreographies and songs. In other words, whether true or not, I consider my creations to be my link to immortality.

Yes, I know my family, friends, community, etc. are my links to "short-term" immortality. They'll remember me after I'm gone. And these memories will last a lifetime or two. Thus they are parts of "short-term immortality." But somehow my creations feel like they could belong to long-term immortality. They could effect and affect countless generations in the future.

Whether this is true or not, I do not know. However, I believe it is. And is it's own truth, and one I could act on.

Will I act on it? Ever?

What a project that would be!

And if not, why not?

Something to consider during my tour.

And if I did it, how and where would I start?

How could my books be promoting?

Facebook? Social Media? Other? (Is this the subtle meaning of Becky Livingston and my upcoming business meeting with Deborah?)

Now this is a project that is definitely not for money but is one I thoroughly believe in.

Or do I? Do I really have the confidence to push my books. Or am I too “shy?” Isn’t this “shyness” something to overcome? Wouldn’t it be good for me, thoroughly courageous of me, to stand up for my books? To shout: “Look at me! Read me! I did this! I wrote this! And along with it, “I choreographed this! I created this!”

I could even say this about my tours. “I created this!” But somehow I don’t. I wonder why.

Why don’t I stand up for my creations? Why am I hesitant, even afraid, to shout them to the world and be proud of them? Wouldn’t standing up for my books be a good practice in standing up for my creations?

Calling my books my “Link to Immortality” is another way of saying that what my creations are important, and beyond that: I am important, very important.

I am very important. I tremble at the thought. Dare I even think such a thing?

Amazing that at age 78, with all my life experience behind me, I still think I am unimportant. And I hesitate to stand up and shout: “Here I am! What I do is important. What I create is important. I am important!”

This may be the most difficult thing in the world to do.

Could standing up for myself in this way be my biggest challenge?

Could standing up for my creations be my biggest challenge?

Stand up for my creations.

Stand-Up Practice

I could start practicing “stand-up policy” by recognizing my upcoming Bulgarian tour as “one of my creations.”

Then move from that to recognizing/standing up for my give-away Mad Shoes

as one of my creations.

Creating a Stand-Up New Neighborhood

Could this be a return to the Grendel/mother childhood fear of knock down, a return and revisit of the old neighborhood?

But this time I'm returning to fight put downs, to stand up for running wild on the lawn, to destroy self-unimportance (just as Beowulf destroyed the monster Grendel), to fight and stand up for my self-image, to turn my self-image around and create a stand-up new neighborhood.

To kick out fear of tour failure and fill the vacuum with "stand-up for my creations."

I could start practicing this new stand up for my creations attitude now.

Begin with my Books: They are the Bottom Line

I see my books as the true expression of my heart and soul, as the most important expression of my self and center. And that center, although strong in organizational abilities, is basically artistic. (Maybe I'm making an artificial distinction between artistic and organizational. Maybe artistic and organizational are two sides of the same coin. Hmm.)

Therefore, the true beginning of this new stand-up practice should (must, can only) start with a "stand up for my books."

I must begin with the idea that my books are worthy and worth standing up for. They are the bottom line. From that, I can expand into tours (Zany, Crusader Tours, H of A), folk dance teaching(Mad Shoes), choreos(Mad Shoes), guitar and music(Jimenez, H of A), whatever.

This feels like the next Jacob's ladder step.

"Stand up for my creations" is an expansion of my Balkan Splendor Serbian

Vision "calm, confident, and focused."

Art and Organization

Art is an organizing principle; organizing is an art.

Art and organizing are twins, two sides of same coin.

When God created the world, He organized it. And vice versa.

Idea:

1. Workout twice a day
2. See classic guitar and singing as part of my workout routine.

Wednesday, July 29, 2015

Dignity of Man

Money: Instead of wasting my money in the stock market, an excellent thing I can do with it is hire other people (to expand my business.) By hiring them, I give them work which in turn gives them dignity and purpose. And, if the job is well done, pride.

What better use of my money?

Friday, July 31, 2015

Woke up with a headache and slightly dizzy. Perhaps touched off by too many shoulder stands. An "I-can't-make-it" headache extra ordinaire. (I hope I'm right on this, and it's not "something new." On the other hand, if it's not "something new", some new fear induced mental creation, I won't believe it. I'll see it as a mere return to the old neighborhood. So, my intellectual self is saying it is a return to the old neighborhood while my emotional self is "saying" it is something new and dangerous.)

Which one is right? Well, the very doubt itself is a form of return to the old neighborhood.

Another Total Rage, Dizzying (Pre-Tour) Headache

Let's face it: This is a "total rage" headache! Dizzy with anger, rage, and madness. Why the fuck do I have to lead this tour? Why can't I just stay home and go to bed? Why do "they" torture me so? Why can't I just stay in my crib and be rocked by Mama?

Why do all these trials and tribulations of leadership fall on my head?

I'm mad as hell. But unfortunately, the Higher Forces have called me to do battle. And headache or not, anger/madness or not, I must enter, nay dive into, the fray.

Guitar: Beautiful Philosophy

Right hand thumb represents Universal, the All; the Everyone; right hand fingers represent individuals.

Thursday, August 20, 2015

Back from Bulgaria

Grow a Company

Five Pillars of my Miracle Schedule

Back from Bulgaria. Hardly wrote a thing in my journal. Thinking and reading (biography of Frank Perdue) mostly about expansion, how to grow a company.

It kind of means and asks the question anew:

What are my (new) goals in life?

What is and will be my (new) direction?

Well, truth is, I need to and must follow the five pillars of my miracle schedule in order to be complete. Without it, I feel empty, incomplete and down.

Therefore, somehow I must "do it all." Music, writing, exercise, study, and also business.

Business is folk dancing, folk dance teaching (bookings, etc), and tours.

“Necessary sides” are music, writing, exercise, and study.

Five Pillars of my Miracle Schedule

1. Music: Guitar, singing, gaida, maybe even violin
2. Writing: Journal and fiction
3. Exercise: Running, yoga, and gym
4. Study: Language, technology, and whatever
5. Business:
 - a. Folk dance (teach, lead. bookings), and tours.
 - b. Building my JGI company. (This may belong to study.)

Note how seamlessly, effortlessly, I just integrated business into my life! The old conflict between business and art ended has been resolved and is evidently over. Such a development and growth, taking place in my unconscious mind, subtly transforming my brain, during my Bulgarian tour.

Quality

What is quality in my tours?

How could I improve it?

Running

Brought back something new from Bulgaria: Focus on long strides and graceful.

Why graceful? Why grace? Because grace connects to beauty which connects to love; and love connects to great energy.

Guitar

Brought back something new from Bulgaria: slow, relaxed, focusing on sound, finger feeling, tone. It's easy now. The audience, with its critical judgements, is just about gone from my mind!

Sunday, August 23, 2015

New Post-Bulgaria Life

They say you need a traumatic event to change. Can I call the fact I no longer write fiction (or play guitar), traumatic events? Maybe not, But they feel and create awful nevertheless. Without doing them, I feel I'm losing my soul.

Is losing your soul a traumatic event? Yes. But rather than a sudden trauma, it's a slow one, a day by day dripping away of the soul.

Yes, I must classify not writing fiction (not playing guitar, gaida, even violin, singing) as slow traumatic events. I have somehow fallen into the bad habit of habitually giving them up. And this in favor of other "work," namely business endeavors.

Of course, I need to fulfill my business dictates, which are now within my miracle schedule.

But I also need to fulfill the old, nay ancient and original artistic dictates of writing and music. (And study as well.)

How can I revive these old habits within the confines of my new, business and its miracle schedule life?

Yes, something has changed. I have changed. What's new? My business practices have somehow easily slipped into my miracle schedule. The conflict between business and art has somehow ended. It's all a miracle now.

But it's only a miracle feeling unless I somehow incorporate all five pillars.

Time to revisit the past, bring it up to date; time to re-institute all five pillars.

Time for a new habit. Time for a new schedule, order, and discipline. How and where to fit it into my new post-Bulgaria life.

1. Review, collect former fiction writings for publication.
2. Prepare classical guitar/song concert. Even add gaida.
3. Study: Technology (Iphone), language, etc.

How to schedule my day to include the whole thing.

Maybe half-hour stints.

Singing for MyselfLetting the Long Tear Out and Emotions Roll

I sang for others but never for myself. (Actually, when I first started singing – remember the Irish Songs of Resistance period – I did sing for myself and cried my way through many songs. Such high emotions!

Well, maybe I'm ready for a change. To sing for myself. Just as I play guitar for myself. And let the emotions roll.

Monday, August 24, 2015

More on post-BugariaDribbling Away of Fiction Writing (as I know it)

I looked over my Mashugi 40 pages. All just about worthless. I dumped, or rather "put aside" or rather hide the manuscript, or rather the minor, minus, mini manuscript.

Somehow, it signaled an end of my need or desire to write fiction, an diminishment and withering away of my fictional voice.

Can this be? How can it be? Is it true?

It feels true. Naturally, my journal or New Leaf voice will continue. I need and desire that voice. But somehow (at least for today, or until I realize, find, or need something else, that voice is cooked and over.

That means one of the pillar of my miracle schedule has fallen away. Or has it? Couldn't journal writing be consider part of the schedule? Well, maybe. But to my mind, journal writing has no miracles in it. It's practical, straight-forward, and goes directly to the point. Fiction is off-beat, round about, indirect. Somehow, I don't need the latter anymore.

Could this have something to do with the post-Bulgaria merging of business and art, of now easily including business in my miracle schedule? Maybe.

Note that business is also practical, straight-forward and direct. So is my "new"

journal writing. Has my “old” New Leaf writing style and “new” business style somehow merged? Into one giant practical, straight-forward, and direct pillar? Can this form of direct pillar contain miracles? Maybe.

Maybe it’s a “new” pillar, and, as such, might need a new name, How is artist/business pillar? Business/artist pillar?

Somehow strangely, I now feel somewhat free, free of fiction writing, free of the need to escape, or rather, rise above reality through leaps of my imagination. Somehow I may now be able to dive straight into reality, and this along with my imagination in tack. Maybe I am ready to change reality through the practical use of my imagination.

Well, I’ve written enough about this. Let’s just say that, as of today, my miracle schedule has been reduced (but not diminished) to four pillars:

1. Music
 - a. (journal writing)
2. Exercise
3. Study
4. Business

Post-Bulgaria Writing and Business Idea

Could fiction writing and writing about business (business writing) be incorporated into my New Leaf Journal in an “All in One” approach?

Why not?

This would mean I’m almost ready for a New Leaf.

So ends a New Leaf.