

I'll Figure It Out

I can be an artist again

Thursday, August 18, 2016

End of an era.

End of writing and guitar, and maybe stock trading.

An old leaf falling, a New Leaf rising.

Strangely, a new leaf without writing, guitar, or stock trading. (Why I throw in stock trading, I don't know. But it came up immediately. We'll see where this leads.)

What does this change of direction, dropping of old ties mean?

Guitar playing, and the dream of writing have been with me so long! Over 50 years! They have been part of my personality and all my dreams. They have motivated me, inspired me, all this. And now to drop them. To realize they have somehow reached their end, served their purpose. Quite amazing.

And yet I feel it. So it must be true, at least for now. Maybe somehow, in the future, they will re-emerge in new form. Maybe not. But, in any case, their old form is now dead and gone. Yes, writing and guitar, and maybe stock trading, in their old forms, have ended.

So again I ask: What does dropping writing and guitar mean?

Strangely, the first thing I feel is freedom!

I am no longer hounded by the constant feeling that I have to practice in order to some day perform again. Alhambra is the symbol of this obsession and, I'd now call it, disease. Suddenly, by dropping guitar, the old hounding and haunting feeling of "I must some day perform again! I must be able to perform classical guitar!", this sickening desire, based on an ongoing feeling of inferiority, is now gone!

I am free at last! Yes, there is a touch of sadness that I lost an old friend, one that constantly harassed me and pounded my personality into the dust. There is a sadness,

even melancholy for this old way of life. But I'm sure the sadness will quickly dissipate as I dive into my new freedom!

What of giving up writing? What does that mean?

I'm not sure yet. Writing used to be, and, to a certain extent still is, my source of mental release and freedom. But again, much of this was hounded and haunted by the constant desire to publish, the frustration at not being recognized as a writer, the desire, in a sense, to "perform."

Thus the tie between the push-down desire to perform classical guitar (witness Alhambra) and the "push-down" desire to be published and recognized as a writer. Was it a push-down desire? I'm not sure. But it definitely haunted me.

Plus note: I would almost never lift a finger to push or promote my guitar performances just like I would never lift a finger or push or promote my books. (My "explanation" was I can make more money promoting tours, which is true.)

So basically, the grand negatives in both guitar and writing were my need/desire/obsession to be recognized, either through a performance of the Alhambra and classical guitar (Wow, look how good I am! I can play classical guitar!), or a "performance" of my writings through publishing and promotion of my books (Wow, look how good I am! How creative is my imagination and my brain! Etc.)

However, even though these desires to be recognized are not, in themselves negative, and in fact, they motivated me to accomplish mucho, they have somehow run their course. And I must admit, I did have some recognition in both guitar performance and writing. Only not enough. Perhaps my desire to be recognized was endless, a bottomless pit. In any case, for whatever reason, the whole adventure has run its course, served its purpose, and come to an end.

Well, with this new freedom (is this really the running wild on the lawn I always wanted?), my next question is:

What's next? What new pathways, directions, and adventures are up ahead?

With my new freedom and new free time, some ideas:

1. Techie
 2. Athletics:
 - a. Exercise, gyms, yoga calliyogas, running, squats, jumps, related to folk dancing.
 3. Languages.
 4. Expand my tour business.
- That's certainly enough for awhile.

Computers, Techie, and More

I'll Figure It Out"

The panic and vulnerability I so often feel with computers. their programs, glitches, frustrations, etc. I could replace with an attitude of "I'll figure it out."

A new "I'll figure it out" commitment.

Since I am now a techie, I'll figure it out. (This is part of Barry's legacy and his posthumous gift to me.)

I could extend this "I'll figure it out" attitude to everything else I do.

Relief

As I continue my work a few minutes and hours later, answering emails on Outlook 2010, downloading Pinnacle Studio 19.50 from an email from Corel's office in Manila, etc, my freedom (from guitar, writing, and trading) is manifested (expressed) in a new feeling of relief! I can now focus totally on my business at hand, rather than constantly being split between the business things I have to do and my old desires (compulsion habits/obsessions of writing and playing guitar.

A feeling of oneness and unity. . . and relief.

Friday, August 19, 2016

My New Techie Self Entering a Computer Storm

First Storm is Over

As a transformed, new self definition and new direction techie, I entered the computer storm.

With the strange and miraculous uploading of my Pinnacle program, preceded by my phone call to Microsoft in India, and their fixing and straightening out my Outlook 2010 email program, this morning it feels like the first storm is over.

That means I'm ready to move on to stage two.

What is stage two? A pull back, relaxation, re-evaluation, and most important and nice: a calmer and more confident techie.

Plus other directions, tech and otherwise, which shall be revealed.

Results of "I'll Figure it Out"

Replacing Rage with the Celebration Wahoo Victory Cry!

Yes, the storm is over. I now have a total headache. I allow myself a headache because the big threat in the storm is now over.

A headache means anger is rising. I am furious about what the computer and its problems have put me through! Yes, although I have been transformed into a techie, I am nevertheless furious when I think about what I just went through.

However, when I think a bit further, truth is, I cannot figure out why I should be furious. I can't really find a good reason to be angry.

So I'm angry, but without a good reason to be angry.

Maybe I'm not really angry. Maybe instead of being angry, I feel victorious! I'm interpreting the past events with my old attitude. My new attitude, the "I'll figure it out" attitude instead leads, when successful, to a wahoo of victory!

Maybe my anger days are done. Maybe my old rage at mishaps, problems, and mistakes is over. It is being replaced, or rather, has been replaced by "I'll figure it out."

My New Leaf is called: "I'll figure it out."

And I will figure it out. I dove into the computer storm, and figured it out. Yes,

I had help from others as well as help from mysterious higher forces. (Well, everyone needs help once in awhile.) Nevertheless, it is I who made the commitment, took on the challenge, made the dive into computer understanding and techihood. So, even though I had help, I still get the credit for my victories.

With the help of others, I figured it out!

When "I figured it out," a celebration wahoo victory cry is the right, psychologically healthy, and the only thing to do.

Next step: Learn to celebrate victory with the Wahoo victory cry!

It's a vital part of the New Leaf "I'll Figure it Out" process. Often (always?), you can't believe your victory until you confirm it.

The celebration Wahoo victory cry confirms your victory.

Saturday, August 20, 2016

Hard

Greek is hard. Computers are hard. Even running and exercise is hard.

But guess what? I like hard. It's challenging, exciting, stimulating, wakes me up, pushes me, inspires me to do and be my best.

Hard creates the polar opposites of excitement and fear.

Yes, hard frightens me as it engulfs me in positive fear.

How about too hard?

Do I like too hard?

Well, maybe not. Too hard frustrates me and creates failure.

But how do I know when things are too hard? Truth is, I don't know. All I know is I can't do it; and its frustrating and discouraging to fail.

However, that doesn't mean its too hard. It may simply mean more time and effort is needed to master the challenge.

So basically, I like hard. Hard is good. Hard wakes up my energy.

How hard it too hard? I'll never know.

Go for the hard. The rest will take care of itself.

Next question: So what hard challenge shall I tackle?

Ups and Downs of Victory

Note: I have gone through my Wahoo of victory, and finished "stage one" of my entrance into techiehood. Outlook 2010 problems have been dealt with, Pinnacle videos are also finished.

I just finished putting up my France videos on Youtube.

The first stage of entrance into Techiehood is accomplished. My hard challenges are finished (at least for now.) I am victorious, successful, and done.

Done!

Note: After Done, big depression blows in, rolls through and over me. clouds my sky.

Note the psychological cycle: After the Wahoo cry of victory, success, and jubilation, the black BD (big depression) clouds roll in.

This seems to be my never-ending cycle.

How to deal with it? What to do or think about it?

First is awareness: Be aware of the cycle.

Then I have a choice:

A. Choose to stick around. Hang out under the cloud and wallow in the depression for awhile.

B. Choose to not stick around. Find or create the next hard challenge and dive right in!

No Depression in Hard

One thing about the difficulties and challenges experienced in Hard: I am focused, frustrated, even angry, but I am not depressed.

Sunday, August 21, 2016

Upset this morning. Bad nightmare. Lost almost everything. Only a key left. Definitely, related to computers, possibly changing to Apple, buy a Pro, using iTunes as my music program, new Apple email system, etc. Even learning Wordpress and how to manipulate my website. So many shifts and changes. I feel rather upset and overwhelmed.

After a terrible week of computer mishaps, all was finally put in order. Things were pretty much straightened out. Now this. New possible directions and programs. Plus a time pressure element: I want to have my computer act together by September before the new tour season starts. I'm overwhelmed

I've been overwhelmed before.

What to do?

Calm down. Stop. Focus on one thing at a time. That has always been my answer. So it shall be now.

What one thing shall I focus on?

A self Defense Year

I'm learning Word Press in self defense. Also other computer programs. All in self defense. A self defense year.

Monday, August 22, 2016

Dizzy with Rage

Tooth, Computer, and Death (Abandonment)

Sudden dizziness. Why? I may have stopped breathing for awhile? Why? Tension? Nervousness? Anger? Rage?

I've had this kind of dizziness before, usually when I inadvertently and unconsciously stop breathing. In the past, it usually preceded an intense, blinding headache.

If yes (and it suddenly feels right!) What am I mad at?

My horrible week? Barry's Memorial (I'm also mad a Barry for dying and leaving me in the lurch), followed by my tooth extraction (I'm also mad at Dr. Ritt for taking out my tooth and, on top of that, leaving me in such pain), and finally, losing my email list due to unwelcome but forced Microsoft updates on my computer. Three grand wammies in a row! Leaving me scrambling for survival and creating an absolutely horrible week! No wonder I'm mad. But I couldn't afford to be mad because I had to first figure out how to survive. Well, after and through my horrible week, I figured it out. Things are better now, more in place. I am "free" to suffer in total rage at what "they have done to me."

Yes, perhaps, as a new Techie, I've gone as far as I can or need to go, at least for awhile. Most things are now just about in order. Time to take a break, move on, rest awhile.

Yes, a sudden headache is coming on. (Note the dizziness.) I am angry, nay enraged. Indeed, what a horrible week I had? What this fucking computer world has put me through!

No wonder, as an after shock, I am dizzy with rage.

Maybe time to go back to my old life. A bit of guitar and writing.

Wow, I wonder if I will now dive into guitar and writing with a vengeance!

Guitar

I haven't played guitar for five weeks. A total break, the longest I ever remember taking. Now I just plucked my first few return notes.

What's different?

First, I don't have to play guitar at all! I am free. I cry in my freedom. Where will my index finger lead me now?

Wednesday, August 24, 2016

Leaving for the farm this morning.

Is there a better way to organize my incoming emails, to take the pressure off me to answer them immediately and clear my email space and thus free my mind?

Organizing my Emails into Three Types, Groups, Categories

Anti-Rush Campaign

Takes the pressure off me to answer them immediately

Organize them into:

1. "Answer immediately", (Usually business.)
2. Answer leisurely" (Family and friends)
3. "Contemplate and answer" (Family friends, other.)

Source of Creation

Isabelle Ganz just emailed me. She loved my Mad Shoes and misses Sylvan.

Her reaction and love of Mad Shoes inspired and inspires me.

But inspires me to do what?

Although I'd like it to inspire me to write more, Strangely, it does not. It only makes me want to bask in her happiness, and in the fulfilling feeling that my creation played a part in it.

But strangely, it does not inspire me to create more.

This raises a great question: If approval from others, and even the happiness of others which you help create, does not inspire me to create more of it, what is the real source of creation?

Need, sadness, and creative depression suddenly cross my mind.

Guitar and Song

Slow and deep (with no thought of the other) are the first things that come to

mind.

Thursday, August 25, 2016

"Good judgment comes from experience, and experience - well, that comes from poor judgment."

~ A(lan) A(lexander) Milne (1882-1956)

Friday, August 26, 2016

Reason to Play Guitar Again!

The New Way

I played Alhambra so so slowly, with beautiful focus on my right index finger, and it was totally comfortable! Truly the first time ever. No thought of other, audience, or anything else. Totally "my way."

Could this be the beginning of something new? The real me Alhambra. Birth of new hope, Hope of new birth. Wouldn't that be a wow. A reason to play guitar again!

Secretly, I know it is, and I know I'm right. I just have to get over the shock. That this is it!

It means re-educating, re-training my brain in the Land of Slow, the Land of Focus, the Land of New Guitar.

Can I do it? Why not? And of course I will. Once revelation arrives, there really is no choice.

Once you have passed the gate it is impossible to go back again. Once you have passed through the gates, they are shut forever. There is no going backward. I can remember or think about the past, but there is no going back to it.

Thus, I can never return to the old way of playing Alhambra again. And this, no matter how hard I try. (Although who wants to try to return to that misery?)

Thus this new way of playing is now the only way.

Saturday, August 27, 2016

Guitar

Everything slow, exactly in place, and comfortable.

Or vice versa: Comfortable, exactly in place, slow.

Which comes first? I don't know.

Perhaps they all go together. A trilogy of one.

Which comes first? Comfort.

Comfort. Now I know.

Comfort is the feeling. Slow and exact are techniques.

Feeling is the motivation and driving force. And finding it, knowing it, and following it is the direct route to the true self!

To play guitar as the true self, follow the feeling.

Sunday, August 28, 2016

Returned home to Teaneck. Great time at the farm.

Monday, August 29, 2016

Starting a new day, and a new life.

I like that phrase. I like new.

I like starting a new life every day.

Wednesday, August 31, 2016

On Becoming a Web Designer

Should I learn web design?

Should I learn WordPress?

If I am to become a Techie, isn't this the next step? Studying languages I always know and feel is "useless." But studying to become a techie, and learning to become a web designer (in self-defense) is not only useful, but self-defensive.

But why else would I learn it? After all, Dee could do it all. That would indeed be "easier."

However, part of me misses the challenge. The challenge and thrill of conquering, conquest, and learning something both totally new and even useful.

So learning how to become a web designer is not only for self-defense, but also for curiosity, intellectual challenge, and conquest. Thus it touches a vital, explorative, and adventurous part of me.

Okay, what else is new? Do I have the time and mental space for it?

In the past, most of my business work was sales, promotion, and advertising. That is still true. But maybe now it is "under control." Plus putting things up on the web by myself would be so useful.

Well, truth is, no matter how much I talk, I am somehow intrigued by the possibility and even the dream of "becoming a web designer." It somehow has class and panache. To call myself a "web designer." Wow. Me? I can do that? Plus it is artistic. A web "designer" has to have an artistic soul. Which I have. After all, it is already settled that I am an artist.

So suppose, instead of spending my first morning hour(s) studying languages, writing, or guitar, or all, I committed myself for a year to studying web design.

After all, starting in September according to Jewish tradition, it is a new year. A new season of learning with new directions.

What will be my new directions for this year?

1. 100 squats a day. (Committed myself in France end July.)
2. Becoming a technie.

A. Learn Outlook 2010, Iphone (and Apple products a la MacPro etc), Meet-up. These are all on the road, somewhat under control, pretty much done, at least

for now. Also video production, Pinnacle, Corel, etc. is at least , for now, under control. (Photos and pictures are for later, if at all.)

Thus, at least for now, I have free mental time.

Maybe I should just shut up, turn off my mind, and take the plunge. Learn web design: Just do it. See where it leads, I can always stop if I need to.

But I like commitments, I like long-term commitments to big things. I like following the impossible dream.

All this points to taking the plunge. Learn WordPress and web design. Just to know more about it. Also, I never know where such learning will lead. Dee can guide and help me. And obviously, we'll till work together.

Thursday, September 1, 2016

Greece

Pack in Peace, Excitement, and Happiness

I want to put Greece together this morning. Pack, notebook, totes, contact dance groups, all.

Starting off immediately with the old over-burdened, heavy cloud feeling, one of the feelings I want no more of.

So this morning's question emerges: Is it possible to pack for Greece in peace, excitement, and happiness?

What thoughts and attitudes do I need?

Excitement Rule (for Greek Packing and All)

The more effort I put in, the more exciting it will be!

Thus excitement has to do with effort.

Friday, September 2, 2016

An Expansion in a ContractionDropping my Totes

What freedom and fun! This is vaguely frightening, but feels like it is the right path. Time to move on. An expansion wrapped in a contraction.

What am I talking about?

I have 34 registered for Greece. I looked at my tote bag collection and found I only have 25 totes left. That means ordering more. But after I told this to Bernice. She once again said, "Why do you burden your travelers with these bags? You give them too much. It's just more to carry. Time to move on."

The last phrase "time to move on" hit me. And suddenly I thought, well, maybe okay. Why not drop the totes. No more totes for future tours. Time to move on. Been there, done that.

Some of my travelers have been on several tours, and thus have several totes already. They're probably tired of totes. More important and true: I am tired of totes! It is such a pain carrying all of them over on the plane, they worrying about giving them out. I always feel my tour doesn't start, I am not free, until I've given every traveler a tote.

After years of doing this, I can finally now (perhaps) end my imprisonment. Or rather, the totes have run their course, served their purpose. Time to move on.

Move on to what? Greater freedom! Greater fun! Running wild this time on my tour lawn! Yes, this is now the right and proper path for me. Dropping my burdens as I expand. Less is becoming more, smaller is becoming larger. An expansion in a contraction.

A couple of other things happened yesterday.

Playing Guitar in Total Freedom!

I played the guitar in total freedom!

After mucho desk and other work, at the end of the day, I picked up the guitar, sat down and played for pure pleasure and relaxation. To distance myself from my

days work. Absolutely no thoughts of audience, performance or self-improvement. I played only for release and pleasure. And it felt wonderful. For the first time I was fulfilling the dictates of music, the God of Music, and His helper, the Deity of Guitar.

Somehow after so many years of playing under pressure, my burden dropped. I felt free to enjoy, to drop myself into total guitar and chieroptic, hand feeling pleasure. I felt the tingle of my fingers moving, and sank into the sweet sound of each note.

Then I tried the same thing singing. It worked, too! Just diving into the pleasure and sensuality of each note, the pleasurable vibrations in my throat when I sang. Ah, it was wonderful.

The Blessing of

“Turn Off Your Mind and Just Do It” Mode

I stopped playing and singing. I sat in wonder, consternation, and amazement. How did this gift suddenly fall upon me? Why now? Well. I almost immediately gave up questioning and went into “Turn off your mind and just do it” mode.

That mode is also a blessing that is somehow coming to me. Through Rick, gym, workouts, running, squats, etc.

Running wild on the lawn spreading, flowing into other works. By dropping my totes, am I not now able to run wild, or at least wilder, on my tours? Yes!

I like it. Nay, I love it!

Running wild on my tours is indeed the next direction I want to go. Or rather, I am going!

Sunday, September 4, 2016

Feeling Joy!

I tried emailing Maroula her for a week, but no answer. She is in charge of organizing our Greek tour folk dance program. Without the dancing, our specialty tour would be almost nothing. I tried emailing her for a week, 5 times, but no answer.

Depressing bordering on panic. There might be no folk dance program on our Greek tour.

Then yesterday, she finally emailed me saying she had been guiding a tour, hadn't read her email and that our folk dance program was in order! (I'm not sure if she reacted from Cally's email to her, or her timely answer was simply a serendipitous "accident." Maybe I'll never know. But truly, at this point, who cares?)

Total joy for me! All is well.

How much of joy is relief? My joy threw me off for the rest of the day. I had to "recover" from feeling it.

How to "handle" joy?

How much of joy is relief? Well, I don't care.

Bernice says, best way to "handle" joy is let yourself feel it. All feelings are like clouds. They rise and fall, come and go with the wind. Dive into them. Feel them as deeply as possible. Then watch them dissolve and pass.

Monday, September 5, 2016

Upcoming Greek Tour as the Best Ever!

On all my international tours, meeting with local folk dance groups are the top priority.

Maroula has contacts with folk dance groups in Greece. If she doesn't she knows how to find them. She is thus the perfect guide and contact person for me! Since we are working together on our upcoming tour of Greece, we will have the most folk dance group meetings ever on any Greek trip. That means we would be creating the best Greek tour ever!

Also, looking into the future, I will ask Maroula if she can lead my future tours to Greece without me. We have all the group contacts and group meetings set up. With Maroula as both leader and guide, I could potentially run this tour every year!

These are "wow!" ideas.

Folk Dance and Tour Blog

Also, the idea of starting a Folk Dance and Tour blog, is beginning to touch my mind. If this mental state continues, if this idea continues to haunt my mind, and never leaves, it means I may actually do it. Writing such a Folk Dance and Tour blog (or Tour and Folk Dance blog) may be a new direction and reason to write again.

Add photos and videos, and I'd have quite a blog.

We'll see where this leads.

Tours Bring me Joy

A good time to learn to handle this new roll in of joy.

Tours as an instrument of joy. Tours bring me joy, give me joy. This idea and attitude is totally new.

Is this the beginning of a new tour attitude? Born with the "Maroula Approach." That means being in contact with a local person (guide or whoever) who can contact and set up meeting with local folk dance groups.

Can I do this on all my tours? We'll see. But certainly we can start with Greece as a role model.

I'm putting effort and excitement into this tour.

(Note the depression and down before it started. Couldn't contact Maroula for a week, 5 emails unanswered etc. Depression precedes creation.)

Tuesday, September 6, 2016

Fresh Mind Versus Free Mind

It's tempting to look at email first, before I start my computer (or even other) studies.

Should I? Should I give in to temptation? And clear my mind of obligations first before I study. Thus would I study with a free mind.

On the other hand, if I begin with studies, I would start off with a fresh mind.

Fresh mind versus free mind? Which is better? And does it matter?

Ultimately, is fresh mind free mind, and vice versa?

Pollution, Business, and Pure Mind

Putting People First

There's also the thought that if I start off right away with email or "business," I will somehow "pollute" my pure mind.

Is this true?

What is pollution?

What is pure mind?

Why is this a problem? And is it really a problem?

Perhaps I am ready to dive into business (the world) with a pure mind.

I like it. A big step forward.

This would mean that emails come first! Before studies.

Putting people before studies.

Putting people first.

It means putting my talents into people first, rather than into my art, and learning for self-improvement.

It means using my talents and skills to deal with people. The art of dealing with people. Which basically means, using my talents and skills to help others.

Quite a mental and attitudinal advance for me.

All is One

It means people come first. Before my art.

Or rather, people become part of my art!

It means the separation between business and art is over.

All is One.

How will this new attitude express itself in other areas? Like guitar, and writing?

If my playing now combines business with art, how will it sound? What will I think while I play? And if I ever write again, what will my writing be like? Quite an adventure here.

My first feeling after this revelation is a small wave of excitement rising within in.

People are exciting. Dealing with people is exciting.
I want to see my emails and begin.

What about slippage? Will I slip back to my old ways of thinking?
I doubt it. Once the dam breaks, there's no going back.
The dam has broken. I'm rushing downstream on a new course.

New Meta Forms: To Relax and Inspire

A new reason to play the guitar: To relax and inspire.
Perhaps a new reason to write: To relax and inspire.
Even a new reason to language: To relax and inspire.
My new meta form of relax and inspiration.

New Thought Process

How can I include the audience in the slowest and deepest of my new reason, relax and inspire thoughts?

What new thought process will that engender?

And yet, going slow, starting slow and focused, is the key to my happiness.

Friday, September 9, 2016

New day in Albuquerque.

Next and Present Path

Amazing how quickly my interest in learning new languages, and self-improving on the old ones, has disappeared.

Languages have been replaced my interest in computers, computer languages, web design, the whole world of computer technology. That is, evidently, my next and present path.

When the leaf is ready to fall from the tree, nothing can stop it. And when the new seed is planted, evidently no one can dig it up.

Monday, September 12, 2016

Great night last night. Join a Meetup WordPress group. (A la Mark Tilly)

Thursday, September 15, 2016

Shall I Become a Blogger?

Dee's letter and link.

Very useful. Studying taxonomy, order, arrangement, etc.

Shall I become a blogger?

What does that mean?

Learn to blog. Start blogging.

(What is a blogger, anyway?)

Start a daily blog. Learn the ins and outs, ups and downs of blogging. A project for this year?

That would mean this year's new projects and directions are:

1. 100 squats
2. Learn to create websites
3. Learn to blog. This would, I believe, enhance my website building skills, and also "sneak" me back into writing, but writing now in a different way.
4. Calligraphy

A blogger means you immediately communicate with others.

Blogging and a blog is "outer directed" (whereas writing is inner directed).

Is this true? Well, that's the way I see it today.

Maybe one can write an inner, personal-directed, New Leaf type of blog, too.

Maybe not.

But will that be my purpose? Not sure, yet. Still in development.

Friday, September 16, 2016

Leaving Santa Fe today.

Monday, September 19, 2016

Classical Guitar

Turning Mistakes into Miracles

What can I offer on the classical guitar?

Why has God been knocking me on the head for so many Alhambra years?

What is my true and path, purpose, and destination?

Slow, deep. Depth.

I can't (don't or won't) play fast.

But I can play (slow and) beautifully!

Perhaps my classical path and destination is to play slow and beautifully.

But "slow" is a mere technique.

Play simply beautifully. That may well be my destination.

Play beautifully, Period.

Tuesday, September 20, 2016

Late afternoon. Somewhat down after "finishing" Greece and Techie.

This sentence popped into my head: I can be an artist again. What does that mean? Is it a New Leaf?

A New Leaf in Mid-Leaf? The sequel to "I can figure it out?"
Or is it totally different? Another New Leaf?

Wednesday, September 21, 2016

Return To Being An Artist

Return To Being An Artist.

A strange lovely new place.

Yes, the new voice says, "I can now return to being an artist."

But what does that mean?

First, it feels rather major. On the other hand, it doesn't feel like a new leaf but rather like an extension of this "I'll figure It Out" old leaf.

Relaxed and easy. I have arrived somewhere.

I like the feeling.

But again, where have I arrived? What does it mean?

Within this new mode, I'll keep being and doing Techie, 100 squats, developing my business, guitar, etc, and even a bit of calligraphy. So, on one level, nothing is new.

But on another level, it temporarily feels like I have arrived and everything is new.

Low Commitment Versus No commitment

Also, do I really have to learn WordPress? And on what level? Calligraphy, too.
Do I, will I have enough time?

All good "low commitment" questions.

Perhaps "Return to being an artist" means no (or at least less) pressure, and simply being myself.

If all this is true – and I think it is – how will I now approach my tours, business, folk dancing, and even stocks, guitar, other?

Perhaps its all a question of holding back or diving in.

That's the symbolism of the 72 lbs training start lift (after a short warm up). After a short warm-up (important), I dove in. And amazed myself by waking up my energy (almost) immediately.!

Thursday, September 22, 2016

Be Aware and Be Prepared

Laptop has virus, or has been hacked. Doesn't work, Call Frank.

Moral: Technology: Some days mayj be easy and everything will work. But technology will always have problems. Rather than constantly be surprised. shocked, and bothered, expect them and be prepared.

What about the aches in my legs?

Could be caused from overuse, Lee's arrival, or other.

I may never know exactly why. Nevertheless, expect them to arrive and be prepared. This means alternate rest/stretch/improve. Be aware and be prepared.

Friday, September 23, 2016

Return to Writing

I am thinking, hoping, that this unease, ache, and discomfort in my body, the haunting "depression precedes creation" feeling, is a growth, development, movement, and internal signal that I am ready to return to writing.

Now wouldn't that be wonderful, and scary, too. Just what I resist but simultaneously want, like, relish, and cherish.

How did this happen?

How am I returning?

It started with Dee's suggestion to learn about websites through WordPress. A program which seems to really be how to create a blog.

Then yesterday, I went to see Frank Carbone to fix a virus on my laptop. In his

office, sat both Joe Chirchio and Paula Mate, she formerly in my writing class. Much conversation.

The results:

1. Paula suggested writing a Folk Dance and Travel blog for my business site. Of course, I thought, No way. Not for me. Then came my old thoughts of "Why don't you do it? I'll hire you to do it."

2. Later Joe looked at my website and had some good ideas about it. W\when I told him I was studying WordPress he said, as one who is an expert in html, he didn't like WordPress because their fixed formats which made all the sites "look the same." More important, he said that WordPress was good only for blogs.

That made two blog statements in a row.

Thinking about his statement, I realized that, although I would never write a Folk Dance and Travel blog, but I might write a "Literary" or "Fiction" blog.

But if I wrote such a blog, could I, should I put it on my Jim Gold business website? After all, such a blog would have nothing to do with travel or folk dance.

I brought this dilemma to Sue when I gave her a guitar lesson. She said, "Why not create a separate or second website, one only for literature or fiction."

I liked that idea! It seemed to solve a long-time conflict.

When this new idea popped, that yes, I'll create a second website (or blog site – not sure what's the difference), suddenly, writing a Folk Dance and Travel blog seemed like a good idea!

I might actually do it by putting videos of my choreographies, written folk dance instructions, tour videos, tour writings, and more.

And then, through the miracle of unconscious development, came a sudden desire to return to writing!

Hard to believe. Amazing but true.

Why did it come?

I'm never sure of all the reasons, but one possibility is that I could now publish!

And publish daily and constantly. I'd have an audience, and this with little pain. After all, how hard is it to cut and paste and upload my writing into a blog? Plus I'd have the possibility of a world-wide audience. No more frustrating hopes that some day I might publish. Now, through the miracle of the internet, I could publish every day! And have the potential for thousands, nay millions of readers.

I'm on to something new.

New means of publishing, new reason to write.

Amazing and wonderful – if true.

And I think it is.

Next Writing Step

Care and Nurturing of my Writing Babies

Editing and Improvement

Move on. Moving ahead.

If I upload my Novicus Leaficus writings and more to my blog site, does that mean I will have to, want to, edit them carefully first? Perfect them before I upload them?

This would be a major step, a major difference between former and now writing.

Of course, now the big difference would be that I have a reason to perfect them, a new next-step reason to write and publish. Must I now be more “careful,” more professional?

Maybe.

Again, a major jump and difference.

A model might be looking at my folk dance choreographies. With these, I am perfectionist and careful about each step. I know, and write down, exactly where my feet and body go.

This is also true of the marketing email letters which I send to my clients. I consider each word. I edit, edit, and choose what I say very carefully.

Would this now be the same for writing? Do I need, want that perfectionist pressure on the former freedom and free form of my writing?

Maybe.

No Choice but to Move Ahead

The old way of writing, just writing things, throwing them out there unedited (with the subtle, hopeful, hidden idea that "some day I will edit them") and leaving them be unedited is a "been there, done that,"

If I follow that former route it means I probably won't write at all. Again, I've "been there, done that."

What am I saying?

It means I "have to do this, have to perfect my pieces. There is (sadly) no other path for me. I either perfect and move on, or my writing stops, dies. And I'm not ready for that.

I'm ready to take the next step, to move on, move ahead.

Professional Writer

In a sense, it means turning myself into a "professional" writer, Just like I am a professional folk dance teacher, tour leader, businessman, (and even former professional guitar player.)

But I am not making any money in it. How can I call myself a professional if I am not making any money in it.

Good question. Of course, I am not making any money from my choreographies. But I make money from my teaching of them. So, truth is I do make money from my choreographies.

Should I think about possibly making money from my writings? Maybe. Truth is, only that will put me on a professional level.

Should I think about, even try to make money from my writings? If it pushes,

promotes, and inspires me to improve, it maybe be a good idea.

Thus, should I think about, even try to make money from my writings?

Maybe.

Making money from it could be a long time, long range "sleeping thought." Like someday I'll play guitar in public again and make money from it.

"Making money from it" means I am serious. Without the reward and recognition of money, the activity is mere play, mere playing around.

Nothing wrong with playing, or playing around. But it is not professional.

Would I also put my New Leaf Journal ramblings on my blog? After all, they might help someone.

Good question.

Sunday, September 25, 2016

Results of Folk Dance Weekend with Ellen, Lee, and Danny:

New additions:

Music:

1. Violin practice
 - a. Guitar. gaida continue
2. Voice practice: For public speaking, projection, etc.

Dance:

3. Yoga practice (the old way, slow, relax, stretch, etc)
 - a. 100 squats
 - b. Running

Business:

4. Facebook: "Blogging": Folk Dance and Travel blog
5. Business: Danny and Ellen: Israel, even all tours.

Other:

1. Learn to create websites. Blogging for fiction.
2. Calligraphy

Monday, September 26, 2016

Walking on Your Head

Start with a strange perspective. Blanchards never hit in back-beach manner or bent stalwards into looking so brave.

Weak and frivolous. Manner is the mode of the day.

Never a walrus beached although this summer, piddlebacks blanched sideward each day shredding each moment into shrivement.

Bick-backs brave and steady. Calm besieges the moment turning stones into upward citizens.

Can ocean survive such a storm?

Headwind perch bravely. dribbling their stained walrus-load across my pages.
Can New Leaf survive such a manner?

Breaking tide may well be the only direction.

Dump loads of clutterclot supply the cleaning fluid for my brain. Writing is back! It must be, can be, will be, and brings meaning, energy, stamina, dynamism, and perpetuity to my September mind. Even the term "mind" itself is old, withering then dissolving into oceanic nothingness.

A return to writing but in brick-brack form. Wron out ways, dripping in mammoth-stained turpetude surrounded by slob lines will never work again. Dump renewal is on the rise. Sucking life from the mifted mist, it stimulates organs, bringing vitality to dread-broken bodies stuffed with drag-broken mentalities. A depilation of the mental groom.

Hairs ripped from their follicles.

What happens when stumps of certitude fall out? A hairline fracture, no doubt. Only tyme will tell.

I resist preparing for my Greece tour. A new dive into rectitude. Can business go another way, strike a torrid spring, divert to star-lite path? Can the pepper of strangulation be sifted, then released?

Yes. The dry leaf tree dipped in wilted fertilizer tilted, then fell.

The sunrise signals a nocto-knocking, dawn-burst pepper-start. Knockwurst language reveals a slanted new start, a novel twist with off-key vision.

Cereal is well digested; Having eaten four bowls, I enter the post-eaty world.

Numbers can turn the tide.

Follow the numbers.

Start walking on your head, among other things.

Tuesday, September 27, 2016

The Mystery of One

The mystery of the note, one note. The mystery of the sound, one sound. The mystery of the word, one word. And linked together. The mystery of language, and the musical piece, and all.

Am I ready to play it, voice it, touch, feel and express it?

Yes.

Wednesday, September 28, 2016

Plateaus: Go Beyond Them!

I feel totally washed out. My drive, ambition, goals, directions, all have dribbled away. I sit lost in empty space and time.

Is this important?

I've seen "dribbled away" before. It comes at the end of accomplishments. A rest and fallow period.

But each "dribble away" feels brand new.

Evidently, at least for now, I have accomplished my goals. Or at least gone as far

as I can go. For now. Thus I sit in nothingness, contemplating the resting place of empty space.

I am uncomfortable "resting." I like to move. I thrive on action, goals, dynamism, and impossible dreams.

I have no impossible dream. I am dreamless and empty.

Should I just drift along until something "happens and I am somehow magically lifted out of this funk?

Or should I grab the ring and, through my own will power actually change my situation? I like some control over my destiny. Thus I like the latter.

Hopefully, simply asking the question means I am bordering the next stage.

Okay let's say I am. Conjure up the next impossible dream.

But before I do, let me review my "I'll Figure it Out" accomplishments?

1. Squats: I'm tired and achy so I've stopped them. But they have not run their course. Return to their format.

2. Yoga: Add yoga. Running, too. Next stage.

3. Techie: My website/blogging and WordPress learning. Gone as far as they need to go? No vital need to continue, unless I start a blog. Do I want a blog? I don't know. Thus unknown.

4. Calligraphy. Questionable. I haven't even started.

5. New: Violin. Maybe.

Bruce Lee say I'm at a plateau.

He also says I must not stay at plateaus. Go beyond them.

I like that. It answers what to do with "dribble away."

Yes, I suffer from the plateau feeling: Tired, drippy, aching, listless. I don't like it.

What to do?

Dive into drip and plateau awareness. Walk through the embers of former goals. Refresh and re-ignite.

Then go beyond them!

How To Go Beyond Them?

1. Tours: Add "Small" Folk Tours:

- a. "Aim" for minimum two people and up
- b. Israel, Hungary, Greece, Turkey?, India?

2. Guitar: Dizzy with Power

A. A for Alhambra. A for Arpeggio. A for the first letter in the alphabet.

Alhambra and all arpeggios emphasis and reveal the bass. The stability, power, and strength of bass.

Dizzy with power. . .and stability. Total looseness of the mind, dropping of boundaries. Limitless. A new dizziness. Dizzy with power: Dizziness of power, awe, wonder, and revelation.

In a spell of dizziness, Alhambra dizziness, I broke through to a new Land without Borders, The Alhambra Land of the Limitless.

The true meaning of Alhambra in my life is found through the dizziness of freedom. The giddy, freeing, borderless and limitless feeling. The dizzying power of freedom. This is the true running wild on the lawn.

Will this also be found in folk dancing? It's a universal truth. So why not?

Thursday, September 29, 2016

Creating a Renaissance

It's a down and dreary time even though it shouldn't be and isn't. On the surface, things are going well. But who lives on the surface? Not me.

Surface looks calm, easy, in place, secure, stable. All so-called "good" words. Yet, why do I feel so bad, nay even awful? No zip, drive, desire. I don't like this

feeling, and I don't like living this way and in the so-called "calm and serene" state.

So maybe, deep down, beneath the surface, I am not calm and serene. Deep down I am dissatisfied with my so-called "satisfaction."

Perhaps I only feel focused, dynamic, and energized when I am driven. Pushed by an external or internal force. So-called "resting" or stopping my motion, may not be my natural state. Perhaps I am best when I am moving, running, mad and crazy, like running wild on the lawn.

Well, why not an yes. I am at my best running wild on the lawn. And presently, I am neither running nor running wild on the lawn.

And note my physical condition: Yesterday I hurt my back! I haven't hurt my back for months, even years. I may have hurt is squatting without warm-up during the hasapico "Made in Greece that I led. But that might well have been the final cause, the finale of a long period of stiffness initiated by my down, lifeless, energy-less, depressed, goal-less state.

In any case, my hurt back is a signal that something deep and internal is wrong. I am aware that internally I fell lifeless and dead. My goals, like techie and more, have been temporarily accomplished and thus dissipated. And I have no where to go. I can only complain and try to find my way again.

That means I am once more lost. Yes, let's face it: even at this advanced age, with all my experience and "stability," I am once again lost. On one level, I feel stunned by this revelation. Me, lost again? I thought I had it made. I thought I was stable, secure, hearty, experienced; respected, loved and admired by my children and other. Nowhere else to go. Finally, I have it made.

Ha, now there's a great illusion. All I can really do is laugh at myself for being fooled again by the illusion of so-called success.

Evidently, success is not for me. Or rather, part of my life challenge is seeing through the illusion of success. Success is a nice stimulant, a shot of coffee in the morning, a high drug of choice (whatever that means). But wallowing in its temporary

comfort is not good for me; resting in its protective nest is not good for my mind.

So where do I go from here?

I had my miracle schedule. The life style of following its precepts was good for me.

How can I return? How can I go back (or forward) to it? Looking back to the classics for inspiration, how can I create my own renaissance?

I injured my back, my back was "broken," by emptiness.

Filling my void is the first step.

I need a renaissance.

Fill my void by creating a Renaissance miracle schedule.

Make "Go Beyond" one of its precepts.

So back to the drawing board. There is no choice. Plan the program. How and where to go beyond?

Stocks and guitar first come to mind.

Evidently, stocks are good for me. They stimulate my mind.

Losing Embarrassment and Humiliation

I am Free!

Guitar: Loosening, then losing embarrassment.

What has fallen away?

Embarrassment and humiliation at softening the top notes. These top notes hardly matter. They are shadows among the illumination.

I am free!

New Guitar Path

Do you realize what I've done? I've struck out on an entirely new guitar path!

Alhambra, Leyenda, Bach Prelude in D minor, Alard, Soleares, and others: I've

struck out on an entirely new path!

Breakdown as Break Through

This means in my break down period, I actually accomplished a lot. By breaking down, I broke through.

My breakdown was a break through. (Starting with my new view of dizziness. See above.)

1. Guitar breakthrough.
2. Miracle Schedule (Renaissance) breakthrough.
3. Stocks as positive and important mental stimulation. (Beating back uxorious and upbringing negatives. No more embarrassment and humiliation.

Friday, September 30, 2016

Athletics

Time to move on.

But to where? I still can't get started. Evidently, whatever transition I am in has not taken hold yet.

I'm really waiting and gearing up my energy to run. And dribble back to yoga.

I've been setting up the year, setting up the season. Now it seems that everything is in vague order. I've revisited and am ready to embrace and fulfill my miracle schedule again.

How have I put the year together so far?

1. Study: Languages in order, blog study on hold.
2. Writing: Blog in abeyance
3. Music: Classic guitar has stepped into a new realm, and is on its New A and A – Alhambra and Arpeggio – way.
4. Business: Web site on its way, folk dance classes started, Greek tour in order as much as it can be, at this point.

5. Stocks: Vaguely in order (although down.)

6. Athletics: Only running, yoga (and gym goals) are left.

A. Running: Totally neglected.

B. Yoga: Totally neglected.

C. Squats, and folk dance. These practices have also fallen by the wayside, at least for now.

C. Gym goals: Drifted into limbo and abeyance.

So where am I?

All is vaguely well. Except for athletics.

Athletics is my next to do order of focus.

Saturday, October 1, 2016

Voice of Discouragement

I can't remember the Hebrew words. I keep forgetting. No matter how much I study, I keep forgetting them. I can't learn I can't remember. My mind is getting thick, dumb, stupid, stuffed. No room to retain anything. My brain (along with me) is getting old, decrepit, and infant Alzheimer disease is setting in, my good days are over (if there ever were any). Etc.

Why did these thoughts come up as I studied Hebrew this morning? Indeed, it could be nothing else but the voice of discouragement.

Why does it speak to me now? This morning? I don't know. What does it have to do with reality? Probably nothing. Sure I forget and I am often slow. So what? Is that so different from the past? Probably not.

So, the only constant in this equation is the voice of discouragement. And that voice has spoken to me at different time throughout my life.

What is the voice of discouragement? It is a "mere" feeling. A cloud passing over me. Important and effective while it lasts. But, like all feelings, it never lasts.

Feelings create the atmosphere. And like clouds, they eventually pass.

How to handle the cloud of discouragement?

1. Awareness: Be aware of it
2. Feel it deeply.
3. Watch it. . . then watch it pass!

Like any illusion, feelings eventually disappear, only to be replaced by another feeling.

Sun or cloud, blue sky or rain. All is one.

Sunday, October 2, 2016

Muzzling my Wandering Mind

Perhaps I need a tighter muzzle on my wandering mind. A strict schedule, something to stick to.

Truth is, I want to study Hebrew, French and Greek. Plus play guitar, do my exercise program, and more. How to do all this? A strict, tight and serious schedule. A tight but balanced management of my time.

It's time to be harder on myself. Remember, I like hard! Get some bite, spice, and pepper back into my life. Thus:

1. Language: 20 strict minutes in each language equals one hour. Watch the clock in this practice. (And always keep Beginner's Mind in my mental place.)

a. Do less. Paragraph, sentence, even a word a day.

2. Exercise:

Playing Guitar "As Myself"

3. Guitar: Truth is, I've never really played guitar "as myself." I've always played it under the shadow of Segovia and other (Bream, etc.) And beyond that is the violin shadow: I've always played violin and classical music in general, under the shadows of Heigitz, Horowitz, and the great violinists and musicians of the past. Classical music has always been under the shadows of awe and wonder coupled with

an intense inferiority complex. No chance of me ever even getting close to these geniuses. With classical guitar I could get closer (but still I was always "at a distance" could not be closest, and be myself. Whereas in folk music, due to my classical training, I felt confident, even superior. And I could definitely and easily be myself. Folk dance, too.

Now, at age eighty, I am breaching the inferiority code, and approached the classical guitar "being myself" stage. I could say, "Thank God!" Finally. How long has this taken? Fifty years or more. A lifetime. But I am finally arriving. So that is a plus.

Classical Guitar Goal: Play Classical Guitar "As Myself"

So my classical guitar goal is to play guitar "as myself."

First question: What is myself?

Second: (After first is answered): How to play as myself?

Monday, October 3, 2016

Walking and Running

This morning when I woke up and started walking up the stairs, my legs felt better. First time in many ages.

Why?

Was it my two hours of walking yesterday?

After the walk, my legs felt exhausted. But in retrospect, I realize it was a "new kind of exhaustion." True, I took a couple of ibuprofens, just to make sure I'd be okay for dancing the next day. Nevertheless, I woke up with legs feeling well.

Is walking really that different from running? Does walking stretch my muscles, rather than tighten them? And if this is so, will my legs feel better?

Only way to find out it to experiment. Try walking, and running. See the results, if any.

Miracle Schedule and Business

Although I always study languages, I feel they are basically useless. (This is true of all my miracle schedule events.)

Why?

Because I don't need languages to make money; I don't need them to lead my tours.

In other words, if it doesn't make money, it is useless. I told this to Bernice. "What would your mother say about that (twisted) philosophy?" she asked.

It made me think about my life and values.

As a young soul growing up, and later in Greenwich Village, I used to think that being an artist was the most important thing I could be. Money and finance were secondary. Earning a living, making money through work—called "supporting oneself"—was a secondary, but necessary evil.

After I got married all my efforts went into a new form of self-survival called supporting my family. I worked on this self-survival/family survival for about fifty years. Struggling to survival in this manner, as artist/entrepreneur became the core of my existence. Now I totally think that way. The old head-in-the-clouds artist is gone.

Link Between Survival and Miracle Schedule

Now that finances are "stable" and I don't have to constantly worry about money, nevertheless, by habit, there is Always a grey cloud hovering in the background, telling me don't give up your financial guard. At any moment, financial calamity can strike. This attitude, honed over fifty years of worry, is probably wise and true.

Okay, so if it is true—and it is—what about my miracle schedule which pays no money? I spent much of my time on miracle schedule events. Since they pay no money, are they really unimportant?

I assume they must be important. But how?

I like to fight. I relish challenges and chasing the impossible dream. I like the

energy shot of doing the hard work.

Perhaps hidden within the miracle schedule events, is the fight for survival.

Yes. Somehow I want miracle schedule and business survival to be linked. And subtly, even unconsciously, I believe it is. But I don't yet know how.

As a start, the desire to fight, conquer and master miracle schedule events generates the same energy as the fight for survival. But this without the intense fear, terror, and panic that goes with business survival.

Business: The fight for survival is often accompanied with emotions of fear, panic, terror, and sometimes victory.

Miracle schedule: The fight for mastery is accompanied by emotions of pleasant struggle, happy energy flow, and non-pressured drive for self-improvement.

The difference between the business struggle and miracle schedule drive for mastery is the difference between pleasant and fear.

Part of me likes the fear! If not driven into panic, it generates a gut-wrenching, but strangely "pleasant" feeling of heightened energy. Part of me likes this anxious unpleasant pleasant feeling. It pushes me toward elevation and forces me to be the best I can be.

Incorporating Fear into my Miracle Schedule

Miracle Schedule as Self-Survival

Next question: How to incorporate fear into my miracle schedule? To help energize myself. (And even add a spicy bit of panic and terror.)

This would turn miracle schedule events into self-survival events, and energize me by making these events vitally important.

Can I do such a thing?

Should I do such a thing?

Marriage of Art and Business

Wedding Ring of Fear/Energy/Excitement

Maybe this marriage already exists. Maybe my miracle schedule has been a self-survival tool all along. But I never recognized it.

My financial fears were generated mostly for family survival. (Note: Financial fears started when I got married.) Pre-marriage, I never had many financial fears. Fears then were I would not fulfill my dream of being an artist.

Pre-marriage: Artist self-survival fears.

Post-marriage: Financial fears.

I know I need both business and artistic survival.

Time for a new marriage: The wedding of art and business. The wedding ring could be the triad of fear/energy/excitement.

Miracle Schedule/Business Complex

Use the powerful energy of fear and running wild on the lawn to my advantage.
Pump its glorious wild energy into my miracle schedule events.

Unite energies into a Miracle Schedule/Business complex.

All Is One

I had to learn the skill of survival before I could "relax" and become an artist.

But an artist never relaxes.

Neither does a businessman.

No relaxation in art or business.

Therefore, all is one.

Big Challenge

Big challenge: Turn my miracle schedule into business, and business into a miracle schedule.

Make art my business and business my art.

Tuesday, October 4, 2016

Unifying Art and Business

Does man live by bread alone?

Is art vitally important? (I used to think so.) Would I want to live life without it?

Miracle schedule is vital for survival. It is a "Life of the Artist" schedule in disguise.

During years of fighting for business survival, I may have submerged, pushed aside, even squashed my artistic instincts, hidden my desire to be an artist.

Well, that is over. Time for a change. Time to merge art and business into one.

The time is ripe. I am ripe. All in place for unification.

I merely have to say "Yes!"

Go for it!

The Four Supporting Pillars of Miracle Schedule

First, see Miracle Schedule as vitally important for my survival! Then unite it with business (which I know is vitally important for my survival.)

Convincing myself that Miracle Schedule is vitally important for my survival. Its four supporting pillars are music, exercise, writing, and study.

Why do I call them "pillars?" Evidently, they are vital. Nevertheless, I must prove this, show this to myself.

How important is music?

How important is running, yoga, exercise, gym?

How important is writing?

How important is study?

I know the importance of dancing, stock market, and tours. All are connected to money/business. No question they are vitally important to my survival.

I'd like to make it five pillars by adding business. But mentally, and gut-wrenching spiritually, this hasn't happened yet.

Standing Up For My Miracle Schedule

I know it is true. I know the miracle schedule and all the activities in it are vivally important to my being and my survival. And yet, I hate to accept and admit it. I wonder why.

Here I know it is true. And yet, I hesitate (am afraid?) To face it, admit it, be proud of it. It is evidently a vital part of my being, and yet I hesitate, (am afraid?) to admit it, be proud of it. Why? I wonder why?

Does it have to do with being ashamed of myself? Afraid to take ownership, be proud of my beliefs, desires, attitudes, and way of life? Maybe.

Yes, strangely, I am afraid. Strangely, afraid to face the qualities and values I love and am (secretly) proud of. How strange, disgusting, and even shameful is this!

Why? Criticism? Yes, I shamefully admit, I am (secretly and not so secretly) afraid of criticism!

Who will criticize me for my values? My mother? My customers? Society? Other? Who knows? And perhaps, at this point, it doesn't matter. There will always be someone who criticizes me. Isn't it time to stand up for myself?

What makes me feel worse? To hide in the corner, or to stand up proudly and say I am a man, and I stand for this? I'd love to be the latter. But am I? Can I be?

Well, unfortunately and strangely, the answer is yes. I say "unfortunately" because it means the pain (of standing up for myself) is coming. Nevertheless, I am ready to do it. Plus, I know it won't be as dangerous as standing up for Trump. I won't be threatened of losing my customers. In fact, they'd all probably love to hear it.

Miracle Schedule:

Good For My Survival and Survival Of Others

After all, my Miracle Schedule is so healthy and positive! It is, after all, vitally important for my survival, and the survival of others.

Why wouldn't or shouldn't other hear about it? It would be good for them. And good for me, in the process. I'd be promoting a healthy, positive life style. Good for

everyone.

The Both Solution

Miracle schedule enables me to do business.

Business enables me to do miracle schedule.

They feed each other.

Thus, both are vital to survival.

A perfect schizophrenia.

Wednesday, October 5, 2016

Madly Happy?

Is this a new form of anger and madness?

Can one be madly happy?

Could raging happiness be my new, post-eighty mad shoe form?

I woke up this morning with a backache. I'm mad at something, but I don't know what. Although I lost mucho money in the market yesterday (jumped in too soon with too much), somehow I don't think that is what I'm mad at.

I think it started after my business meeting with Deborah. Mad at what? Still a puzzle.

The strangest kind of anger, the strangest kind of feeling. I see no reason to be angry, mad, or even sad. So why does my morning back hurt? Why am I mad? Or think I am mad?

Could I be mad because I'm happy? Could I somehow be mad with happiness? Is this possible?

My meeting with Deborah bore mucho fruit.

1. Blogs: We talked about blogs. Deborah said, "Only write a blog for business, for money." I totally agree.

2. From this I decided I'm somehow ready to return to Facebook. How? Start

writing/creating my Folk Dance and Travel blog on Facebook. Somehow I'm ready to throw everything into this blog: Writing, pictures, videos, etc. In haphazard, no-matter-what fashion. She said, "Get into the habit of posting every day. Even and especially while on tour!" Again, somehow I'm ready and I like it.

3. Folk dance web sites: Find a digital marketer. (Maybe Dee, maybe someone else.) Have him or her help put my JGI folk tour banner on all folk dance web sites. Be ready to pay for this, too.

4. Consider training my "staff." Starting with George. (A vaguely impossible situation, but who knows.)

Result of meeting with Deborah: It clarified many things, and gave birth to four possible new directions.

Is this why I'm mad?

Is this a new form of anger and madness?

Could raging happiness be my new, post-eighty mad shoe form?

Can one be madly happy?

Maybe. What else could it be? Seems right.

Potpourri Blog

This all feels so weird, so strange. I can only guess what is happening to me.

Somehow my energies are being redirected. That's why Mad Shoes has been mentioned. Along with a new kind of running wild on the lawn. I may even have found a new reason to write, a new form of writing/creating.

What does this idea of "blog" really mean to me? Maybe a new reason to "write." Even new form of writing: A write/create of a "blog." With a combo of words, pictures, videos, sales, marketing, throwing in all my knowledge, experience and skills in a potpourri Folk Dance and Travel kind of FB blog.

Maybe I'm madly happy because I'm on the road again, the dynamite, dynamic road of creation. Back in the saddle with all my skills, writing, video, photo, music,

other, all working together. A potpourri blog. Sales and creation poured into one.

Maybe I'm just plain happy, and leave it at that.

But every new level creates new questions.

Next question: How to accept and live in this new state.

Back in the Sales Fight

Returning to the Sales War as a Mad-Happy Warrior

Could it be that I'm back in the sales fight as a mad/angry but happy warrior.

Returning to battle as a mad-happy warrior.

And now with new FB ammunition, Meet-Up ammo, and more.

Plus, new products to push.

How to start?

1. Greek tour as one grand sales push.
2. FB and Meet Up as second front.

Thursday, October 6, 2016

The usual pre-tour tightness, anxiety, loneliness, conner, stiffness, body aches, worry, etc.

What to do about it?

- 1, Prepare thoroughly: Pack, electronics, tour project, all.
2. Distract myself:

Friday, October 7, 2016

Fighting PTDS (Pre-Tour Disorder Syndrome) with PTGF

Birth of Pre-Tour Goal Focus Practice

My mind is scattered, lost, blown away. All goals have been forgotten, dissipated, lost. I stand in a stew of vague anxiety. Indeed, before each tour I suffer from PTD.

PTD is "merely" a mental state. Thus, I do have a choice whether to suffer from it or not.

Somehow, in the past and present, I choose to suffer. But theoretically, and actually, with enough effort and focus, I could change this. It's not whether I could or can change it. It's whether I will or won't. "Not whether I could or can, but whether I will or won't."

In other words, I could decide, try, make the grand mental effort to make this tour different. My upcoming tour of Greece could be a new beginning.

This is definitely a practice: A new mental practice.

I like it. How do I start?

Easy: Start practicing right now!

First, remember my goals. Then begin focus/practice.

Challenge: Focus on these goals from today to the end of my tour. (And perhaps even beyond that.)

The Big PTGF Five

1. Exercise
2. Language
3. Computer skills
4. Writing, photos, videos, blogging (FD and Travel).
5. Making this Greek tour the best ever!

(How to do that? Good question.)

Goals

The Cement That Holds Mind, Body and Spirit Together

Goals are the cement that holds my mind, body and spirit together.

Thus, a most important thing, for this tour (and perhaps in life) is to remember my goals! Focus, pursue, and stick to them no matter what!

NLJ has personal writing and general writing.

My personal writing is (probably) not good for business, to spread around, or not good for my Folk Dance And Travel Blog-type creations.

My general writing may be good.

But perhaps it is possible to turn the general (and even the personal) writing into

1. Folk Dance and Travel writing (for my blog.)
2. Advertisements for my email form letters to all.

Example:

Email Form Ad

“Goals are the cement that holds mind, body and spirit together.”

Jacov Gelt, 16th century Lithuanian sage, scholar, and author of the famous but forgotten, bilingual (now forgotten, recently forgotten) “Multsu Mesc: Warum Nicht Volk Tanze?”

Thus (why not) make your next folk dance and travel goal to join (one of) our folk tours? So many travel beauties to choose from.

Below is our 2017 schedule. To explore these precious travel jewels, click on the adventure of your choice.

Please contact me with any questions, ideas, suggestions, (superstitions,) or whatever.”

Jim

Or Turning Personal Writings into FD and Travel Blog form

(How to) Turn Pre-Travel Disorder Syndrome (PTDS)

into Post-Travel Happiness as your drug of choice

Do you hesitate to travel? Do fears of Travel haunt you days and nights? Do you suffer from PTDS (Pre-Travel isorder Syndrome?)

Is your mind scattered, lost, and blown away whenever you think of travel? Are

all goals forgotten, dissipated, and lost with every thought of boarding an airplane? Do you stand in a stew of anxiety before each trip?

Then indeed you suffer from PTSD.

But the good news is that PTSD is "merely" a mental state. You thus have a choice whether to suffer from it or not. With (enough) effort and focus, there is no doubt that you can change this noxious habit. Often you say to yourself, "If only I could change this noxious habit?" Well, the good news is: It's "Not whether you could or can but whether you will or won't."

In other words, you could decide, try, make the grand mental effort to change, it, to turn your PTSD into Post-Travel Happiness Syndrome(PTHS)!

Make this trip different.

Join our upcoming tour of Greece (or other?).

This could be, nay will be a (your) new beginning.

This is definitely a practice: A new mental practice.

Then always remember your new goal. Start this very moment.

Then begin focus/practice.

How do you start?

Start now! Today.

The Connectionw Between Writing and Preparing/Leading a Tour

Connections between writing and preparing/leading a tour.

Writing my NLJ. First I write it personal to discover what I'm thinking. Then I can turn it to impersonal, to "share" with others. While rewriting as impersonal I think of others and put it into a form that is both not self-conscious, and also for others.

Once my question/problem is solved, I can think of others and how to present my new self-knowledge.

Like a tour: First, I prepare it for myself, with my preferences, loves, etc. Then, putting it into a new form, I prepare a presentation for others. In the process, I start to

think about others.

My prime (and only) thought leading a tour is group unity. I think about oneness and in doing so, consider only the happiness of others.

The connection between writing and preparing/leading a tour.

From Fidelity to Facebook

I sold most of my Fidelity Model Fund.

What did I lose? 30G in a week.

What did I gain? Freedom. Freedom of mind.

Am I finally ready for it? Ready to give up my stock trading compulsion? What will happen when the market goes up? Will I be drawn back in? We'll see. No promises.

But hopefully, I am at the entrance of a new place in my life. Hopefully, I am ready to replace Fidelity and stock market trading with FB. Blog, computer and more study. Hopefully, I'm not as focused on money; Hopefully, my (former)attraction to stock trading will prove to be, and will become a "Been there, done that" situation.

In fact "been there, done that" is my only "hope" for exit.

It will mean that I am "bored" with trading, bored with the market. Aside from the fact that I'm just not good in it. I make money, lose money, and ultimately return to where I was. In other words, tread water, get nowhere, and ultimately "waste my time." But if I learn something, even after many years of losses, at least then I have then gained knowledge. So it really wasn't a total waste of time. I finally took another step forward into self-knowledge and freedom.

But am I really free? Yet? Will the fatal stock market attraction return, especially when the market starts going up?

I hope not. But hoping will not help me. Only "been there, done that," coupled with total boredom will free me.

Am I really at that state now? Or simple stunned, shocked, and depressed by my sudden losses? Deep in my heart, I hope the former. I don't want to fall into the same morass over and over again. Speaking in my favor is the fact that I'm not as hypnotized by money as I used to be. (I thing, hope.) But watch out for hubris.

We'll see, can be the only answer for now.

Saturday, October 8, 2016

Yom Kippur: Atoning for my Good Deeds

Gambling is based on fear. Thus it is based on the hope that something or someone will save you. This "something" could be God, luck, vague salvation, whatever, whoever.

I know this because that is why I gamble in the stock market. I have the hidden, vague hope that God will step in, magically and mysteriously make my stcks shoot up, and thus save me from financial calamity, poverty, living like a Bowery bum in the gutter, etc. God will remove my biggest fear. He will magically support me in the manner I think is right. Thus, I personally have decided God's will; or at least I am hoping to decide it. Thus violating the second commandment at every turn.

Deep in my heart, I think (or thought) that since I know the path I want and desire, a path free from mon=ey worried, that God agrees with me, wants the exact same path, and will magically fulfill it.

But of course, God thinks differently from me. In fact, he may think, nay know, that the stock market path is the wrong path for me. I have years of proof, since I have a history of losing money in the market. I almost never win. And when I do, it is very short term. In the long run, I end up losing even more money. This has been my pattern for years. That gambling in the market, day trading as I call it, is totally the wrong path for me. I know it, knew it, but kept doing it anyway.

Until hopefully, yesterday, my path ran out of gas. When the leaf is ready to fall from the tree, nothing can stop it. And until it is ready, nothing can make I fall.

Hopefully, my leaf fell from the tree. (It feels that way since a "Been there, done that" happy cloud floated over me when I sold most of my trading stocks.

And another "proof" of this right decision is that this morning my concentration in Hebrew seemed clear, strong, forceful, different, and amazing. I hope this shows I am on the right path.

I say "hope" because I feel it is still too early to tell. (Although again, deep in my heart, I "know" the time is right. Nevertheless, since I am addicted, we will have to wait and see.

Re addiction: My stock market trading addiction is based on fear. Financial fear. But somehow, that fear has dissipated. If so, there is no longer the reason or need to play the market in the hopes of huge financial gains which will save me from fear. Truth is, gain or loss, my mind never left the market. Up or down, I was constantly haunted by its twists and turns. My mind was never was free.

But this morning, witnessing the clarity of my Hebrew studies, I sensed my mind was stepping into a new place: The pit of freedom! Yes, "pit" subtly expressed doubt. But note, it is accompanied by the word "freedom." Indeed, a step forward.

It's Yom Kippur. Shall I atone for years of bad stock market deeds and decisions? Or shall I "atone," nay tone up and celebrate my market trading departure?

Shall I dive into faith by believing this departure decision is right, good, timely, that I am now ready, and, propelled by "Been there, done that", shall not turn back?

Does "Been there, done that" strengthen my resolve, deepen my new path direction, and sanctify my new mental freedom? Shall I believe in my new vision? I am, after all, learning about myself. And self-knowledge is the key to freedom.

I think so. I hope so.

Well, yes. Give faith a try.

Guitar:

All is directly, determined and timed by the Higher Force.

Today my guitar playing had no (stock market) support.
Only me.

Maybe, nay surely, I am ready to be me.

The time may be(is) right. Above is telling me to be me.

My Next Challenge

I no longer have the stock market "illusion" to support me. I'm back to thinking, nay worrying about money again.

But a new thought occurs this time around: Is this a good thing, and energizing thing? I believe I see my worry this time around as a back-to-earth energizer. And maybe this kind of energizer, this time around, is good for me.

I know how to make money.

I'm really looking for something to energize me, inspire and compel me forward, a reason to actually do something.

On the second time around, can I make money from my skills and talents alone? That may well be my new challenge. And this without the ghost of the stock market "protecting" me with its illusions.

Can I make it on my own? Without protection? Without the stock market. That is my next challenge and challenging question.

Thus it is important that I not do the stock market. I can use my poverty skills and worries as energizers to make me actually do something in the real world.

Make it on my own with little to no money, not thinking about money. A Henry Miller.

I'm back to where I once was, back to my beginning. But somehow with a new confidence and strength.

Evidently, I want the challenge of survival again, and even the challenge of

survival as an artist.

No question success drained my energy, and gave me a bad mental attitude, one of arrogance and potential safety. In that way, is somehow dulled my senses.

I've "done" riches and success. At least on my own level.

Maybe I want to go back to the old challenge of "poverty," with its fears, energizing worries, and Pans wake up "trying to make it with little or nothing.

Sunday, October 9, 2016

All in Greek

Time to start my Greek self. All in Greek. (With breaks in other languages or studies.)

1. All in Greek
2. Plus post FB
3. Camera, photos, videos

Monday, October 10, 2016

Challenges

I must have challenges. They keep my mind from wandering (to down places). They keep my mind in a good place.

I must remember them, follow them, stick to them religiously. Sticking to my challenges is the technical basis of my religion.

What are my challenges?

Until my Greek tour ends, my two primary challenges are:

1. Greek
2. Exercise

Then I have "breaks" between challenges, "relaxations" as it were, such as: Facebook, computers, photos, videos. Running my tour.

Wednesday, October 12, 2016

Guitar:

So slow and deep. Totally my own exploration.

This will overturn my entire concept of playing guitar.

Greece. Greece 2016

Tour of Greece October 2016

Saturday, October 15, 2016

It's a new day. I am in Greece now sitting on my lovely porch in Athens in the Herodion hotel. I look into blue sky and wonder: "How did I get so lucky?"

Plus I've got Google translate. A wonder in technology.

Amazing how a "new personality" kicks in when I'm in public. It's my "on in public" personality. I can hardly recognize it.

Yet it is me. A mysterious, even "unknown" aspect of my personality .

I'm in the market not for the money, but for the action.

The money tells me if I'm winning or losing, if I'm good or bad.

Do I need this action? Or could I survive without it?

Writing Replaces Stock Market

Could promoting my books and writing ever replace the thrill distraction of the stock market?

I wish it could. I wish I could give up the stock market and replace it with the thrill (and fear) of promoting my books. (Can I replace the words excitement and fear with the word thrill?) That would mean doing readings. Giving "concerts ."

Concerts of the readings. A concert of readings.

And my hopelessly addicted? Do I have to lose all my money first before I am toward listen to God truth like, that I am a writer, and that I am wasting my time playing the stock market?

I know I am wasting my time. But I do it anyway. I can't escape from this distraction.

What is it distracted me from? Perhaps writing itself.

I know that when I visit God, He will ask me "Did you fulfill all your talents on earth? Or did you waste the valuable time I gave you playing the stock market?"

I know what His purpose is. But I am constantly in distraction mode, turning my mind away from His desires and into the trash of stock market distraction service.

Perhaps the real lesson of the stock market is to learn how to give it up. And replace it with writing. I hate to think how true this sentence is.

Either/Or

Evidently, I must totally give up the stock market. Perhaps I can replace it interest-bearing stocks or bonds or both. Then I must plunge straight into writing. The total commitment. Publishing, writing, reading, they all go together.

A new career (sideline, job, distraction, hobby) of local readings.

Total Replacement Therapy.

There is no question, I am a failure at stock market trading.

Why do I keep doing it?

As a distraction.

Distraction from what?

Writing, of course.

That means the next step in the stock market would be to sell all my stocks and get interest-bearing stocks or bonds. A new direction in the stock market.

Could a tremendous distraction be caused by a tremendous fear?

Fear of being recognized as a writer? Fear of recognition?

Fear of promoting my writing and failing? Fear of failure?

Whatever the fears are, or were, they no longer exist.

This, do I really still need the stock market? The answer is "No."

Writing is my true calling.

The stock market is a distraction.

Maybe that's what 80 is about. Accepting and diving into my true calling.

This would mean accepting my three hours a morning writing. The passion returns.

Return to the Greenwich Village writing years, and my dreams of becoming a writer.

I have come full circle.

This means truly loving my writings, loving my creations, loving my creative process, loving my mind, loving myself. Well, I have no problem anymore loving myself. Why shouldn't I then start loving all the other loony wild and running wild on the lawn writing aspect my wild and crazy and off-the-wall mind?

No problem now. So I will.

The Transition.

I'm ready.

And it happened in Greece.

The last 50 years have been about solving the money problem.

Well somehow I have. I've made my peace with it.

Now I'm ready to move on.

Late tour registrants: Special offer :

Register when our tour is over and pay only \$1.

Sunday, October 16, 2016

I'm Excited

I'm excited. Well, this is a change and a switch!

I've never spontaneously said, at the beginning of a tour, that I am excited. Frightened, worried, tense, nervous, those were always words I used to describe my state in the past. But this morning, the first word that popped up was excited!

Yes, I am excited about this tour. I can't wait for it to start. I can't wait for the

people to arrive, to greet and meet them, to talk to them and show them around, to dance, sing and lead them. With kindness and enthusiasm.

Strange, new, and wonderful words to this tour to start. And never before it my life words.

What has happened? And I wonder why. But maybe it's just a development, a transformation, Yes, see it is a transformation and leave it at that.

But and however, I am happy and excited about many things. First, as a start, this tour is totally together. (Of course, this can change at any moment, but it is a good beginning.) I know the tour, I know the people, I know our guide. But this has been somewhat true on other tours, and nevertheless, I've never started out with the words "I'm excited."

Well, I going to stop questioning all this, and move on.

I love my Iphone and all its possibilities.

I love and am fascinated by my new Facebook page and how easily I can upload my writing and post pictures and videos.

I love the fact that somehow I am returning to writing. (See yesterday's entry.)

Maroula said, "Jim, I suffer on your tours. But in the end, there is always redemption." I laughed as I loved it. Yes, indeed, I too suffer on my tours, but in the end there is redemption. I call it the afterglow, and it last weeks, months, years, even a lifetime. Tours and I mold each other. And the thrills, changes, and transformations are magnificent.

That's all for now.

And here's something I wrote in my Iphone Notes awhile back.

On Writing

New Business: Writing. Start a writing business. Sell my writing. My books. Develop my audience.

Edit my writing. Edit for my Audience.

On Tours

Looking forward to my tours, and having fun!

Yes folks, I'm looking forward to leading my tours and having lots of fun!

I want to have you come along so you could have some fun with me!

Let's have fun together, and see the world in the process.

Why?

Well, it's more fun together, more fun in the group, more fun with you!

Yes, it's fun traveling alone. But it's much more fun with you. So let's all go together! It's much more fun together. More fun. Plus will see world.

New Writing Life

Wow, start my editing now, in Greece, today. Even if only 5 minutes. How, and where do I start?

Sunday, October 16, 2016

New day. And the rodents of time start to nibble at the starting bin. Only a railroad would know the difference? Yet I start on time, morning after morning. The reference looks deep.

Will Jason take well after such a platter?

The Greek dahys are moving ahead.

Tuesday, October 18, 2016

Five Pillars of my Miracle ScheduleMiracle Schedule Revisited

Leaving Athens today.

Great night of dancing with Maria's group last night. Plus we've got a great group of dancer/travelers.

On the bus last night, on the way to the dance class, when I told Susie and Ed last

night how old I was they were shocked. (We'll deal with how I feel about all this later.) Later, when Susie seemed to recover, she asked me what the secret was. I fumbled and mumbled around for awhile, said a few cliches, then realized I really had no answer to this question.

I thought about it overnight. In the morning, I came up with this answer.

As far as my aging process or how and why I look this way now, I have no idea. That is up to God. However, I do know about my life style. That is something have control over, and can tell you about.

My life style is based on the five pillars of my Miracle Schedule. These pillars are: Music, Writing, Exercise, Study, and Business.

That's it.

The big advance for me personally on this tour is that I immediately, quickly, and naturally said "business." To me, business means folk dancing and travel. This connects the sparks of the four alone pillars to the world at large. (I may soon include writing, book sales, etc. We'll see.) This means that my fifty year conflict between business and art is over. Resolved. Ended. Finished. All pieces now totally fitting into place.

Miracle Schedule and the Stock Market

Note, by the way, that the stock market is not mentioned (or is even a part) of my miracle schedule. The only way it used to fit in was in the Study aspect. It also belonged to the long-time fear aspect of business, which includes and included financial worry. Somehow that worry, although always ready to pop up, has somehow diminished. I also know from many years of experience and losses, that I am simply not good at the stock market. Certainly,,not in day trading, or any trading, which I had loved to do. My form of "running wild on the lawn" with money. Also note that, win or lose, trading stocks never gave me any inner peace. If I won for a day, I felt good. But next day, if the stock I just sold went up again, I felt bad. And of course, when I lost, I felt bad. I felt good in the rarer moments when I won, but this never lasted that long.

Plus the constant uncertainty and haunting, narcotic, addictive (for me) nature which made me watch the market all day long. I was never free of it. I always sensed and knew that the stock market was not good for me, unhealthy for me, but, like too much coffee, I did it anyway,

Well, somehow now, it seems this long period of stock market fears and gambling needs has run its course.

Wednesday, October 19, 2016

Tour-Leading Glory

A great sadness sits upon my brow. I don't quite know why. But as I write, I shall surely find out.

Is it because of Maroula's public ribbing? It's all in fun, funny, and although it may sometimes bother me a bit, I doubt it is the total reason.

Maybe I feel sorry for myself. Running this tour is really quite hard.

Maybe I feel my efforts are not appreciated as much as they should be?

All the above feelings are "true." Yet I doubt they are the reasons I woke up feeling sad,

I also must admit, that this tour is going extremely well Smooth and easy. A great program. And folks seem happy.

And I handled the Ann Howe rebellion incident beautifully! I even got kudos from difficult Miriam.

Yet I did wake up feeling sad. Why?

Well, truth is I often wake up feeling sad.

What is different?

Is anything different?

Well, here's an idea: Maybe I'm not sad. Maybe I'm happy! I know from my ancient therapy that facing happiness and success is a problem.) And added to that, extremely proud of myself for the way I am mentally holding this tour together, and

especially for the way I handled the Ann incident.

But realize I was sad even at the beginning of the day, even before the Ann incident. Sort of annoyed that I have to wake to early and run this tour in the first place.

So, on the one level, I'm just feeling sorry for myself. And that feeling itself is a step back into the old tour-attitude neighborhood of tour of fear, worry, terror, etc.

But I am no longer in that place. Feeling sorry for my poor, tour-running soul is no longer in order, no longer has a place.

Rather than slipping back into the old tour-attitude neighborhood, my new and proper place is standing in the glory! The glory of running and leading this tour and the totally fun privilege of being in the position to make decisions and solve problems such as the Ann incident. Indeed, that way I "easily" solved that incident makes me the unknown, silent hero of this tour! Although inside I trembled with anger at her audacity to try organizing a rebellion against me, I showed none of it and easily said "No problem. My goal is to make you happy. If you want to remain longer than the group stay at this site, no problem. Just take a taxi back to the in Naflion. And I'll pay for it!"

But even that didn't silence her. (Perhaps she was afraid to leave the group and be on her own. Just a guess.) In any case, we stayed long enough at the Mycenaean site. In the end, she was happy and gave me a hug. Her rebellion had ended quickly and "easily."

So, on the one hand, although I feel rather beaten up by these tour travails I also I feel totally proud of myself for the way I am handling things, the Ann incident in particular, and running the tour in general. I just know this business so well, and am on top of everything.

So why am I waking up sad? Just an old habit.

I'm now in a new place. Better to step out of stygian darkness into the Apollonian light of leading-tour glory!

It can sometimes be a harsh light.

But deep down, I love it!

Training a Tour Leader

Lee Friedman is now "in training" under my tutelage. She wants (is considering) leading our tour to Crete and Santorini along with Maroula.

She is not "in training" Lee under my tutelage.

How do I train a leader?

Aside from the practical details, here's an idea: Tell them about my feelings.

How it feels to run a tour, and how I deal with these feelings.

Wednesday, October 19, 2016

Merging and Combining

What kind of game am I playing with myself? The beaten down game.

Somehow, I suddenly feel "shy," small, hidden, and beaten down. And this as leader of my own tour. Plus the fact that this tour is going so well, The program, our travelers, our guide Maroula are all great. Everything is going smoothly and professionally.

So why am I feeling beaten down? Again, it's not Maroula comments, joking or banter about me, or that I am threatened by what Janet said about how many really good dancers we have on this tour, or by Jo and my imagined competition with Lee and other folk dance teachers, or a many other stray negative thoughts that come to mind.

Yes, these thoughts existent in my mind. But truth is, in the outer world the real world of my actual tour, no one is complaining. In fact, it seems they are all loving it and having a good, even great time. Plus, I know intellectually, that I am running this tour very well.

So with everything is going so well, what's the problem? Why am I feeling so "shy," small, and inferior?

It's true that Marojula, our guide has "taken over" the tour. She says everything, does everything, and so well, too. Just what I want. In a way, this is similar to hiring Lee to teach folk dancing on my Greek and other tours. On one level, by hiring him, I put myself out of a job and given him the opportunity to "have all the fun." Recently, on past tours, our guides have either been new, or "quieter." This pushed or enabled me to take a more active role, speaking more on the bus, making more comments, etc. My personality came out more and I felt a bit more released and "free.": Maroula's strength and competenc has, in a sense, pushed me back, make my comments unnecessary. And on level, this is wonderful. It's just what I want in a guide.

But perhaps on another level, putting myself out of a job is not necessarily a good thing. Truth is, without Lee teaching folk dancing on my tours, I end up being "forced" to teach more, and thus "forced" to have more fun. Perhaps it's the same with guiding. Although I am not the guide, I evidently to enjoy speaking more, and taking a more active verbal role, not sitting back on the bus and simply watching the show.

Where these old voices of doubt coming from Even if I know, at this point, who cares? Should I still bother listening to them? Absolutely not! Better to dive into my take charge, fun-loving self with its off-beat humor and practical, stabilizing sales self. At ths point in lige, I know who I am, I know where I want to go. I know most of the things I need to know about myself.

Somehow I must dive back into this tour.

How?

I just left my old hesitations and fears, most at the door. Next question is: How to dive into my tour with the fresh vision, new leaf way.

I don't want to, and can't go back to the old self. The past cannot be repeated.

I can only go forward.

What is forward?

Somehow I'll have to merge the strengths of Maroula, my new-leaf self, our great tour program, and our great bunch of travelers together into something totally new.

How to do this, I don't know.

Maybe it's a good thing to put myself out of these jobs (folk dance teaching, "guidance," etc.) It pushes me to think and operate on a new level.

But merging and combining is the next direction.

Saturday, October 22, 2016

Another great night of dancing last night. The tour is going beautifully. And I'm getting better at running the dancing.

So, with one day left to the land portion, where am I this morning? Feeling tired but satisfied.

Thus, not too much to say.

I'll check my stock market holdings "for the last time." I'm expecting to lose mucho money.

My Dances?

Or Choreographies by Dimitri Zlatov

Jim Gold: Coward or Hero?

I'm a bit disappointed that I can't take public credit for my choreographies. Almost none of my dancers, or any other folk dancers know that most of the dances we do are the ones I've choreographed. Sure, I'd like it known that I choreographed them. But I somehow can't say it publically. (It might even inhibit me a bit, although with the new me being born, maybe I'm wrong.)

Should I "introduce" Dimitri Zlatov as the choreographer? Would I ever be able to use my real name? Or is it better for me to remain incognito?

On the one level, it's not a big deal, and in fact, part of me like "putting it over on the public," that is, sneaking in my dances incognito.

But, on the other hand, I sense that "sneaking them in" is somewhat cowardly. (And I would drop the "somewhat.") True, it is definitely cowardly.

Shall I remain a coward? I'm not sure.

Coward or Hero?

Of course, I know the answer is coward.

Shall I remain a coward? Good question.

Okay, so I'd like to be a hero. I don't want to remain a coward.

How would I, beyond the Youtube videos I make, go public?

How could/would I, while teaching my dances to my students, introduce the fact, even say that I choreographed them, that these dances are "mine."

Good, nay great question.

Sunday, October 23, 2016

Editing Morning

Nothing new on the horizon. And the old is spent. The LaND Portion of this tour is ending tomorrow. Feeling tired this morning. We're leaving Kalambaka today. Greek Island cruise coming up.

What do I have to say for myself? Basically, nothing. My mind and brain are spent.

Time to move on to something else. But to what?

Maybe editing. Could there be such thing as an editing morning? Where the only thing right and proper and correct is to merely edit? Could be.

Endings

I'm also on the edge of a cold. Nose stuffed a bit, and throat dripping and on the edge of sore. I know it's because I'm tired.

Can I "cure" myself with a new shot of energy, a rebirth shot of new? Now wouldn't that be nice.

Truth is, I can't wait for the cruise to start, and to get a rest, and wake up later in

the morning, and have some free time. That is my present, strong desire.

But waiting for the future, with great anticipation, is not the best place for me. Better to be here and now in the present.

What can put me there?

I can't force it with a willful playfulness and fantasy cap. I can only dive into my present, tired, can't-wait-for-it-to-end, impatient state. Sniffles, sneezes, coughs, and wheezes are part of this ending.

Sickness brings down the house. I am definitely in ending mode. Sick with ending.

How does one end a tour with grace?

How does one by-pass finishing sickness and end in health? Or anything else, for that matter?

One way to end this tour is by announcing and advertising my next tours! The future, Future projects, etc.

Monday, October 24, 2016

Basically, last day or two, I've been so tired, I've given up on all my routines. Time to get back to them!

Tuesday, October 25, 2016

Minor Annoyances

On cruise. Kusadasi today.

I didn't go to Mykonos yesterday. Instead, I went to bed, and stayed there for eleven hours of jagged, but uninterrupted rest/sleep. I say jagged because I was interrupted by the night club music downstairs. When I complained about it, the management sent someone to my room, and somehow, when they apologized and explained that the music would end at 11:30 p.m. I felt better. Somehow, after that, the

music didn't bother me as much. I was even able to relax, rest, and even sleep a bit. Strange reaction, indeed. Acceptance and knowledge bred relaxation.

In any case, this morning, and perhaps for the entire cruise, I feel like doing absolutely nothing! No reading, study, writing, nothing,

Yes, an annoyance took place when Verizon called to say I had somehow run up a \$600 bill on my cell phone! They said they would cut off my service if I didn't pay it. And this after I had turned off my cellular data, So, I don't understand why I'm being charged. And there is nothing I can do about it until I get back to the states. I'll fight the charges when I get home. To my knowledge, nothing else I can do about it.

Leading my Group Inspires Me

The Great Learning

I loved my folk dance teaching on board ship yesterday. A "new" experience for me teaching folk dancing on my trips. And I can see, although annoying setting up my systems, this teaching it is basically very good for me! It reminds me of my deep connection to people, and how, yes, I energize my groups, but in turn, my groups energize me! They push me, force me to be my best, to pull extra drive and energy out of the closet that without them, I think I would never have.

MY groups inspire and teach me to go beyond my limits. To be better than I ever thought I was or could be.

I used to think leading my groups was partly a pain in the ass. And it was/is. But I need a pain in the ass. It somehow drives me to be my best. And that is good.

What is leadership about?

It's about rising to my highest level. Doing my best, which is often better than I ever thought I could be. It's about finding hidden energy sources within myself, which I never thought I had. Truly, the group and I are one. Are One. We need and feed each other. It's a mutual thing.

Leading my group inspires me.

The group needs a leader, and the leader needs a group. Inseparable. One cannot exist without the other.

I need my groups. I need to lead.

A total change of attitude.

Knowing this, deep in my soul (which I think I now do) could and will change my entire life when I get home. It is the great learning of this trip.

Wednesday, October 26, 2016

Nearing the end. Tomorrow we go home.

Turned the corner yesterday; feeling a bit better this morning.

What to day this morning? Not much.

Thursday, October 27, 2016

Destruction precedes creation. That's why I'm sick with cold, cough, etc. And once I find the reason, the illusion will pass.

Swell, I just found the reason. Many transformations have taken place during this tour. My sickness is destroying the old ells to make room for the new.

Thursday, October 27, 2016

Note how in the beginning of this New Leaf I said my writing days were over. And now, by the end of this leaf, they are somehow reborn.

Note how I said I was giving up the stock market. And note how now I have diminished my holdings, in order to focus more on the arts, what I'm good at, writing, tours, and a deeper commitment to folk dancing and spreading my choreographies around. Or rather my "folk dance inventions." I like that term!

Note: I also said I was giving up guitar. Too early to know what that means.

But our cruise is ending. Today we leave Greece. And indeed, I am eager and ready to leave.

It has taken 10 weeks to complete this New Leaf, complete the cycle, make the changes.

Friday, October 28, 216

Achieving My Dream: Free to be an Artist!

Free to be a Writer

Out of the market and into writing.

What does (did) the stock market mean to me? I meant trading. First day trading as a macho venture. Then trading over a longer period of time, like days or weeks. But trading nevertheless with the hope of "beating" the market. I failed in all the ventures. But failure did not keep me from trying, diving back in, etc.

Now, somehow, this has run out of gas. The trading life has moved into the waste-of-time life. I always go back to square one, But forever reason, I am not meant for stock market trading. I am meant to create art.

The stock market trading has been a great diversion from my true path. Why have I avoided total immersion in the path so long, I don't know. Well, I do know. Mostly it is fear. And that fear is mostly (all?) about financial failure.

But somehow, (perhaps because I really have enough money, in fact more than I ever had in my life, my financial failure fear has run its course. Perhaps I can even say I succeeded. By finding financial stability, I have achieved my goal. Now I can finally be the artist I always wanted to be "without financial worries."

So I have to admit, I have succeeded in my post-marriage quest: financial stability. And I no longer have to fear poverty, and financial failure. More important, I am finally free to be an artist. Free to be a writer.

In this sense, I have achieved my dream!

And it only took fifty years.

Moving on as a Writer

Success means having the courage to live in the artist process I love. I had the courage. But never the means.

Now I have the means.

I am on my Greenwich Village artist road.

What do I mean by artist? What kind of artist?

Evidently, writing comes first. Writing combines language (which is music), music, and intellect. Writing has always given me the freedom to express my crazy, beloved, off-the-wall self. Even more than painting, drawing, sculpture or crafts. Somehow writing for me is more ethereal, closer to music my fundamental emotional love.

I would have loved to follow in many of the great composer's footsteps and thus express my true self. But somehow, due to my classical training, composer and violin soloist were beyond me and these never considered viable paths. Mine was to be another path. (Plus throw in I'm good with people, the social director personality.) When I went to college and discovered my love of learning, intellect, history, language, and writing new worlds and possibilities opened up.

As an art form, writing combined my loves: Art, music, history, sound, philosophy, and more. I could write about anything, go in any direction; writing gave me the ultimate freedom and expression of spirit.

Plus, when I write I feel like I am soaring, that God gave this talent and freedom to fly, strewing words along my path, and through the written word, express the deepest aspect of my known and unknown self.

In the beginning, was the Word. Perhaps in my beginning was the word as well.

I will obviously continue to invent folk dances, play guitar, gaida, violin, and create my tour and folk dance business. But beneath it all is the supporting and expressive foundation of daily writing.

Also my long time restlessness and impatience with editing has come to an end.

Later

Feeling a strange dizziness, like I'm on a rocking ship. Is it an incipient headache, due to my cold, sneezing and coughing? Or all three combined?

In fact, I feel pretty disgusted with my life "as it was." The transitional parts. . . of the last few years.

I want and am ready to start fresh. And back to running, too. The miracle schedule. Maybe diminish my tours to smaller, more focused. . . and more fun.

The next two months are my transition time, transitioning back to "normal," healing myself by diving full blast into my miracle schedule.

Tuesday, November 1, 2016

Transitional Stage

This morning I am rather confused, lost, down, depressed, empty, and energyless.

Why? Partly, it's the natural down after running a tour. But more important, I finally made the move: I sold all my jumping stocks. I "gave up" trading, and my hopes in the market. This had been such a energy source for me, a marvelous "distraction" that lasted years. But has run its course. I am ready to face the fact that it has distracted me from writing and the creative life. Not stopped me, but, by drawing my energies away from my true talent and calling, by distracting me it drained my energy and time.

As I say, this period of time has run its course. During my Greek tour I committed myself to no more stock trading or focus on making mucho money through a stock killing. Rather, I would "experiment" by selling all my stocks, leaving the trading market along with its hopes and fears, grab some financial path that is not only more stable, but needs less of my attention, and plunge into writing.

I would try to get my thrills and chills out of writing. and other artistic and even business pursuits, rather than the stock market.

This shocking change of direction, and release of new energies, has, in the first

stage, confused, drained, and even somewhat depressed me. This, even though I know that depression precedes creation.

This morning I am in the down, lost, confused, and energy-less first or early transitional stage of the change.

So be it.

Next question is: Where and how do I go from here?

I know I don't want to go backward, back to stocks. But can I, am I ready to go forward?

I am.

How to proceed?

Feel the lost deeply. Then just start. . . now.

The Order

1. Writing comes first.
2. Followed by other artistic ventures:
 - a. Choreographing dances
 - b. Videos and photos
3. Then business pursuits
 - a. Learning Facebook

As for thrills and chills: We'll see if they come as I proceed. Or can I live without them? Do I want to? Is there another way: A path of "calmer," and more satisfying thrills and chills? We'll see.

Writing

It's could be, is, somewhat exciting to write a novel. Certainly, it is intense.

Sickness as Part of Transformation

Tours as Processes (Tools) of transformation

Maroula said, "Jim, I always suffer on your tours. But in the end there is redemption."

There is truth to that.

With two sides to every experience, let's talk about (the experience of sickness.

Sickness is unpleasant. Who wants it? Not a good experience.

But it also has positive potential transformation possibilities.

Sickness is (can be) part of transformation.

Sickness on tours, and after tours, is part of the transformation.

Sickness means (is (represents) the) cells are dying, passing on. Passing on, dying with them are old attitudes and even ways of life.

Old cells, both physical and mental, die before the new cells, with their new attitudes and ways of life, can replace them.

Sickness (while on tour or post-tour) is the old cells dying. Once cleansed from your system. new cells containing new attitudes and ways of life have (free) space, a place in which to be born.

These new cells of rebirth, with their new attitudes and ways of life, bring with them a fresh (dynamic) revitalized new self (a post-tour self) now transformed with new attitudes.

This process can take days, weeks, months, years. For some it lasts a life time.

Wednesday, November 2, 2016

Discouraged

Giving Up Made me Sick:

Better To Fight And Lose Than Give Up!

Diving Into The Struggle Is Good For My Health!

I know what's wrong. The stock market, namely my approach to small stocks and some trading, defeated me. And I gave up. Selling all my trading stocks (let's call

them what they are: trading stocks) is the sign and symbol that I've given up. I lost 40G an so fast, so sudden and such a surprise, that I just threw in the towel.

The decision to give up, to dump the stock market trading stocks, was decided in Greece,

I also ended up quite sick in Greece. And am still sick today, almost a week later.

What is the relationship between giving up and getting sick? A close one, I believe.

Basically, as a philosophy and way of life, I should never give up! It is simply bad for my health. Bad for mye physic, mental, and spiritual health.

Witness how give up on myself and my trading stocks ran down my spirit, killed my desire to exercise, improve, and grow, and ultimately made me sick!

It makes me sick to quit. Giving up on any dreams makes me sick and made me sick.

What can I do with this self-understanding, this personal revelation? Somehow, I should not and cannot give up. I must somehow return to the trading small stocks that I love(when they go up) and hate (when they go down.)

Never Give Up!

It is not even about the money, although the money is the measurement of success. Well. It is partly about the money. B ut it is mostly about discouragement and giving up. These should be and are "Nevers!" Never give up. Period.

If you are in the fight, you always win some and lose some. That is the nature of all fights. Wins are temporary; loses are temporary. The fight, and staying in the fight, is forever.

Temporary Retreat Rather Than A Permanent Defeat

So, I should see the selling of all my small trading stocks as a temporary retreat, once that will give me time and space to regroup, rethink, and thus freshen my next entry into the market. Freshen my approach.

Note how giving up (on one dream in my life) has affected everything else I do. It has totally drained my energy, pushed me into a deep depression (that I didn't even realize or face until this morning), and cut my desire to do anything else, even the arts and studies that I promised myself would "replace" the market.

Evidently, I must return to the dangers, the ups and downs, the fluctuations of the stock market. For some unearthly reason I have made it one of the big challenges in my life. It is so alien and separate from my family upbringing. Where did such a desire even come from? Perhaps I'll never know. But it doesn't matter. The desire is there. The gambling instinct, flirting with danger, living somewhat on the edge, are evidently all attractive to me. More than attractive, they are necessary stimulants in my life.

I need some danger, some gambles, some living at the edge. It somehow rallies my energies, teaches me about myself, and pushes me to be and get better.

I don't know why this is true, but it is. Knowing why is nice, but besides the point. Knowing I need it is vital.

So, I will now return to the challenge. True, my wife will never love or understand this desire. She will always fear and criticize it. So be it. Just as my political stand does not please her, so my small stock trading desires do not please her. She calls it gambling, and in her view, gambling is bad.

Well, so be it. I will never receive approval from her for my politics or my market approaches. And yet, despite or through these differences, we still love each other. Differences are just part of the road.

I've faced (small stock trading) defeat, gave up, gave in, and was defeated. I felt down, depressed, discouraged in the process. Giving up made me sick. Result: Stay in the fight. Strategic retreats may be necessary. But never give up! There are always temporary losses and gains.

Better to fight and lose, than give up!

Staying in the fight, fighting on, is good for my health!

Giving Up and Discouragement Can Be Fatal Diseases

So my fatal flaw was not losing money, feeling defeated, and deflated. My fatal flaw was giving up!

Discouragement and giving up are fatal diseases. They must be fought constantly.

I know it is true: The noxious poison of defeat entered my system, drove down my resistance, and opened my body, mind, and spirit to the germs of negativity (real or imagined) that made me sick.

Hello Jim,

Just got back from California. Was with Lee in Malibu at Camp Hess Kramer and again at his group in Laguna Woods before coming back home after 3 weeks.

I want you to know that **your dance Ne Klepeci was a huge hit at Camp Hess Kramer and the first dance I will bring back to my group** when I start on November 19th.

Well done !!

Ira

Ira,

Wow, so nice to hear! I am totally flattered, honored, and all those other good things. Plus encouraged to announce, advertise, and promote more of my dances.

Again, thanks so much for long ago opening the path.

Jim

Dive In/Never Give Up!

Applied to Post-Greek Life

1. Return to the small stock market.
 - a. Slowly, cautiously, small entries, In retrospect, retreat was in order and necessary. Interpreting it as defeat, as giving up was wrong interpretation. Temporary defeat often needs strategic retreat. When ready, return to the fight. Never give up.
2. Write
3. Folk Dancing
 - a. Promote my dances. How?
 - b. Videos, written instructions, etc.
 - c. Teach dance titles (How? That is the question.)
4. Know the power of defeat and its sickness-creating poisons. Stay in the fight.
Win or lose, never give up.

Fighting is Good For Me!

What does the stock market do?

It teaches me how to fight.

What does business do? Teaches me how to fight.

Fighting is good for me.

I need a challenge to wake me up!

Fighting to conquer a language is good for me, too.

Giving up is a dangerous poison.

Losing a battle hurts and sometimes it can kill you.

But (by poisoning body, mind, and spirit), giving up can kill you, too.

Never give up. Win or lose, fight to the finish.

Thursday, November 3, 2016

Interesting. Start each morning with an hour of language study. Hebrew and Greek.

(Life As) The Grand Improvisation

Combine guitar, and exercise practice. A three-in-one: trilogy of practice.

All mixed together in one grand improvisation.

Perhaps that is the next step.

The Mashugi/Zany combo with Attila on this side.

That is me; that is the next step. The grand melange. It doesn't matter which direction you go in. All directions are fine. It doesn't matter what (art) form you chose: All are fine.

I can jump from guitar to song to exercise to study to tours to folk dancing and back again to the beginning, rotating and circling as I go.

Spending even five minutes in each one is fine as I jump easily and effortlessly from one to another.

The next step: That's what this year is all about. Combing all into one, effortlessly and easily.

It doesn't matter where or when I start.

Forms have dissolved into All-Is-One.

The Grand Improvisation.

My (Mashugi) jumping, monkey mind unified by the focused flow of creativity.

Friday, November 4, 2016

Discouragements and Put-Downs

Good Advice

Discouragements and put-downs are the worst.

I thought we were together, and whack! We're not. This kind of situation can happen at any time and in any place. During the peaceful together period I forgot my basic truth. Man is alone with only the God, the All-Is-One Truth connection, connects our spirit to others.

I have just been smashed in the soul with wifely, then a following morning Hebrewly smack-down.

Should I believe them?

With mind connection staggering, soul hit hard and bent low by the blow, intellectually, I know my answer is "No!"

Yet how to handle sudden discouragements and put-downs?

One way is reaffirming the deep knowledge that I can never change other people's attitudes. Like oil and water, like Trump and Hillary supporters, these opposites can never mix. Discussions of these topics are basically fruitless and only lead to more clashes, frustrations and pains.

Some problems cannot and can never be solved. Know this. Then, if necessary, deal with my emotional content this situation engenders. Look deeply into my feelings of abandonment(death for a child), ostracism, loneliness, and aloneness.

After that, move past the situation, move on.

That is the height of wisdom.

Can I do it?

Until I do it, frustration, anger, pain, and suffering will continue.

Wisest: Deal with the storm within.

Then move on.

Toughen Up

Survival is at Stake

I slipped into illusion. Peace, happiness, prosperity and success softened my mind causing me to slip into the illusion of physically togetherness.

I forgot this basic truth. That's why I'm suddenly blown away.

Maybe this is the smack-down I need to bring me back to earth after my tour. I need to return to the harsh, cruel reality of daily life in the material world. Rather than sailing on past successes and wonderful feeling of being loved by all, by clients, friends, and family, I need to return to the material world with its harsh realities of sudden loss, abandonment, and crisis.

Lulled into relaxation and sleep. I simply forgot. Survival is the bottom line; survival is always at stake.

I need to toughen up again.

Hebrew is good for morning; Greek good for afternoon.

She as an Angel

Toughen up. Survival is at stake.

I forgot.

Maybe she is the messenger, the hidden angel send by a protecting God. After all, remembering this truth protects me.

I'm not ready yet, but eventually, I could/should (will?) thank her for reminding me.

New Post-Greece Attitude Born

This is indeed, a whack in the head for a new attitude. It doesn't feel good, is

unpleasant, even somewhat heart-breaking. But that doesn't mean it is bad or wrong. In fact, bringing me down to earth smash, with its tough-as-nails attitude wakes me from my slumber. It will energize and save me!

In fact, if believed (I do believe it) and implemented, it will change my view of the world!

Am I ready for this? Maybe.

Truth is, post-Greece I wanted to return to America with a new attitude. Start off the new season with a new attitude. Perhaps this "Toughen up" attitude is what I've been looking for. Note that immediately as I talk about it, I feel my energies rising. It is the right attitude for the fighter. And I like fights, challenges, new ventures, stress, some risk, some danger, and new possibilities. "Toughen up" fits these places.

Stock Market

Let's face it: Win or lose, I love and am fascinated by the stock market. (I hate to admit this, but it's true.)

Since this is true, I have to enter the market again. Perhaps, due to my recent losses, I will have a more "nuanced" view. But nevertheless, enter I must. Although losses salts my wounds, they are often good teachers. In any case, right or wrong, I must and will return.

Russian: Songs and more.

Deep connection to Russian. Add Russian (Slavic language) to Greek, Hebrew, French?

Art Division of Exercises into Upper and Lower Body

1. Guitar: Upper body

2. Singing: Upper body

a. Breathing, E and F Yodel, Em Pearl Fishers

3. Dancing: Lower body
 - a. Squats, running, other

Schedule: Morning Order

1. Hebrew (language)
2. Writing
3. Guitar (classical)
4. Singing
5. Dancing
6. Business

Saturday, November 5, 2016

November Surprise

My (post-Greece) November surprise: A confident guitar index finger.

Sunday, November 6, 2016

Count on the Love

On remembering words and languages:

Count on the love (of words, their sounds, their form and looks, ei, spelling).

Love the process. This rather than counting on memory or desire to memorize the words.

I like this idea, whether true or not.

I can certainly love it. Whether I succeed in memorizing them is another story.

Languages

I may love Russian, but somehow I am tied to Bulgarian.

So be it.

Maybe I should start add n Bulgarian to my study repertoire. And organize a

tour to Bulgaria for summer 2018 (with Vicki?).

That would make a 4 language study:

Hebrew, Greek, Bulgarian, and French. Semitic, Slavic, and Latin families. Not bad. Wasn't that my original goal? Yes.

Now I can "put them all together."

Somehow I have found the power in my right index finger. The key mystery word here is "somehow."

Cracking the Alhambra Code

Ready for Public Performance

I've cracked the Alhambra code.

I have also broken the folk singing code.

I can combine folk songs and classical guitar in one show.

I am ready for public performance.

Dropping the Old Order

Start any time, any place, any way.

Exercise and more:

Dropping the old order.

Start any time, any place, any way.

Yoga, (calliyoga) running, gym, folk dancing, guitar:

Start any time, any place, any way.

I think I'm finished with Greece. Possible and true?

I can start my new life.

Monday, November 7, 2016

Energy Lesson

Holding Back or Diving In

I have been holding back.

Why?

I'm afraid of hurting myself. If I exercise too hard, I'm afraid I'll hurt myself. So I hold back.

That's why I'm breathless when I move a little bit, but hardly do nothing. Anxiety over the idea that I'll somehow hurt myself hovers over my mind. Thus, rather than dive in and release, I am holding back.

Did this start with my tour? Yes.

Did it continue during my tour? Yes.

My tour is over. Time to address it.

The self-protective habit of holding back was the approach I used before and during my tour.

But is this habit of caution a good one?

Or is it better to dive in for total release?

Maybe before and during the tour my body "knew" it should hold back to conserve my energy.

Did it really know? Was it really "wise?" Or is it simply a bad habit born of fear?

Intellectually, I like the "dive in and release" approach. It is the more fearless.

Its all about how to use energy.

By holding back, do I conserve my energy? (I doubt it.)

Or do I simply create a wall and use up my energy by resisting its flow?

I sense the answer is "Yes."

I go for diving in; I like, admire, cherish diving in.

I want to be a dive in person.

My the tour is over. Now I can dive in and release.

Remember this energy lesson. Use it also in the future.

Holding Back and Sickness

Is internal holding back bad for me?

(Generally "Yes.")

Do I get sick by holding back?

(Generally "Yes.")

Did I drain and deplete my energies by holding back? (Thus open myself to germs, cold, sickness?)

(Generally, yes.)

Did I get sick on tour from holding back?

(Generally, yes.)

Obviously, you need good judgement in the material world of events to know whether to act or not. But such restraint and good judgement is different from holding back. Restraint and good judgement are based on and performed in the present.

My holding back state is based on anxiety and fear of the future.

Positive/correct dive-ins:

1. Folk dance teaching one tour.
2. Total mental concentration and focus to tour. Holding it together through unity idea.

Negative/"incorrect" hold backs:

1. Fear of tour falling apart.

Tuesday, November 8, 2016

Folk Dancing

Patches of Joy

Folk dancing paints (creates) patches of joy along the rocky path of life. (FB?)

Folk dancing connects with the best in you (while letting the worse drift by, into the distance.)

Wednesday, November 9, 2016

Win or Lose: The Election is Over

Get Back to my Life

Well, Trump won.

How do I feel? Stunned. Shocked.

Maybe I'm not facing my inner Wahoo and jubilation or dealing with the "too good to be true" feeling. Sounds "reasonable" knowing my history of emotional dealing with good news. (Remember my headache after my massive. standing-ovation high school assembly program victory. I "couldn't take" the victory so I got a headache instead.)

I'm also a bit disappointed that the stock market didn't go down much. I sold almost everything "just in case" Trump won. My plan was to buy it back it back at a lower price if Trump won or, with a Clinton victory, buy it back at slightly higher prices.

Instead, after an initial dip, the market steadied. So basically "nothing has changed."

I've got lots of cash "on the side." What to do in this new market scenario? Probably, buy things back slowly.

How do I feel this morning?

Dangling stunned and shocked before a new start, happy in victory but vaguely uncertain about direction as well.

"Where do we go from here?"

Anxiety and tension of waiting is over. Ended, done, finished. I'm in the new post-election, post-anxiety stage.

A new political road is starting.

Where do I go from here?

Post-election is the symbolic beginning of my new life.

Get back to my life.

What to Say To The Losers

What can you say to the losers? (Myself included.)

1. Sympathize: It hurts to lose. Dive into the pain.

It may take days, weeks, months to deal with the shock.

A. Good sportsmanship. Good sportsmanship is the right action. The proper action for the loser is to be a good sport and congratulate the winners. Go over and shake their hand. Even though, and despite the fact that you may feel terrible, hate them, etc. Take the right action anyway. This despite your feelings. Positive feelings may or may not follow. But you can at least feel good about taking the proper action. In fact, right action, taking the proper action, may be the first step in healing. And healing makes you feel better.

Right action is correct. Despite your feelings, which may be the total opposite. Right action is possible and a good first step.

2. Learn from your loss. There's always the possibility you could learn something.

3. Get back to your life.

Thursday, November 10, 2016

Too Excited!

"Throw Out Everything And Start All Over

Basically, I'm too excited today/ I can't do a thing, can't follow the old order or schedule that I created.

Seems that "Throw out everything and start all over" is the order of the day.

Why am I so excited? The election is one reason. Also I've "finished" all my

Greek tour work and my jet lag is over. I'm now "ready to start the new year."

And every new year, every start is a fresh start. Thus the "Throw out everything and start all over" mantra.

Yes, I'm ready to start over. Only I don't know what "over" means yet.

The Sleeping Energy Of Transformation Is Waking

I am ready to face the gargantuan energy shifts in my body, mind, and soul. A grand and total transformation.

That's what this morning's excitement is all about: My sleeping energy, hidden behind aches, pains, hesitations, and doubts, is ready to emerge, wake up, and assert itself.

How and where will this sleeping energy manifest?

Breakthrough of the year. What this year is all about.

1. Guitar:

a. I can start performing again. On/in all levels.

Idea: Performing On All Levels! Maybe this alone is enough of a breakthrough for the year. After all, it has the potential and actuality of having "everything" in it.

b. All levels: Throw in the kitchen sink: Kitchen Sink Show, All-Is-One-Show, The Everything and Anything Show. Humor, gaida, improvise, songs, group songs, classic guitar, magic, language lessons (how to do accents, etc.), folk dance (do steps on stage), join the Folk Dance Party. talk about myself, humor and serious, philosophy, travel,

Friday, November 11, 2016

Hiatus or Transition

Regarding direction and goals: Things feel very open, broken, and unstiff.

Directionwise it doesn't feel bad, or good. But it certainly feels different.

Compulsions and hard directions seem to have fallen away, fallen out, lost their hard directive power. The powerful former necessity of following my miracle schedule or doing business seems to have (momentarily?) lose its importance. I can "do anything," go in any direction, or even go in no direction. And it doesn't matter that much.

Very strange, very different. I wonder if this is just a hiatus or a transition into a different state of being.

We shall see.

Folk Dance, Travel, and Language Blog

What's new? My Folk Dance, Travel, and Language Blog!

It starts with my Wednesday folk dance name list. From there, who knows where it can go.

I can copy my blog and put the whole thing on FB as well.

Indeed, that is new. Choreography by Jim Gold: See dance on Youtube Jim Gold channel. Written dance instructions also available.

You can also receive all these dances in mp3 form. Jim will send them to you.

The cost for all these incredible services is" \$.0000. Additional charges of \$000 may be added.

Also you may contribute of donate to the Arany Janos Folk Dance Retirement Fund. Again maximum contribution (which also serves as the minimum) is \$00000.

The reason for these "low retirement rates" is because, as famous folk dancer Dimitri Chrisos says, "Tires are for cars. Folk dancers may tire, but the never retire."

Stock Market

I'm in a new place. A new market approach. Not as frantic or day-trader desperate. Slower, more exact.

How exact and committed can I or will I be?

To lift and inspire myself, it must be something new.

What's New?

1. Folk Dance, Travel, and Language Blog

a. Along with FB

2. Stock Market

3. Guitar Show

Somehow I have 6 weeks to put it together.

Slow 6 week goal forming. (Aiming: New Year's show.)

Note: Language study goals are not part of this. (Or are they secretly found in the blog?) And exercise goals have not crept in. Yet.)

Others And My Blog

The Extra Boost!

My route to language through folk dance, and my route to folk dance through language, and both are through music.

Such is my blog. A new level of language. Connected with others.

How and where do others fit in?

How does my blog and others come together?

The extra boost of energy that others give me. This is the place to start looking!

The extra boost comes from the cosmic/universal energy truth that we are all connected. We Are One. All Is One

To get that extra boost, I must connect myself to others!

Am I ready to accept and dive into this universal truth?

Yes.

As a start, connect my guitar playing to others. Per-form and give a con-cert.

Speed Muscles

Con-cert. Built up my Alhambra, Leyenda, Soleares, and Sor Study No. 12 speed muscles.

Saturday, November 12, 2016

Speed Practice

Forming a New Habit

I'm looking for a fresh start. Perhaps a fresh start starts, or is initiated, by creating a new habit.

Okay, I like that. What new habit can I start?

Perhaps add "develop my speed muscles" practice. Add speed practice to my repertoire.

Speed practice comes in three forms:

1. Guitar: Alhambra, Leyenda, Sor 12, Bulerias, etc.
2. Folk dance: Squats
3. Running

Music/Excitement Muscle Within The Speed Muscles

Find the music within the music muscle. Finding the music center within the speed muscles.

The speed/music/excitement level.

Music/excitement muscle.

"Damn the torpedoes. Full speed ahead!"

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Sunday, November 13, 2016

Cycle of Down/Rest/Rejuvenation

Wallowing in the Mud

Wallowing in self-pity and feeling sorry for myself as part of the fun/

Evidently, part of my down time after a huge success (my tour) is that I have to wallow in sorrow and self-pity for awhile. I can find absolutely no "reason" to be down, sad, in retreat, etc. Yes, I did an intense tour, and I'm tired, need some time off in the corner to rest and recuperate. But evidently, I also need time to wallow in self-pity and feel sorry for myself. Why I need this, I don't know. But evidently, I do need it.

Maybe, for some strange reason, it is part of my cycle of recovery, part of my cycle of retreat and "vacation." Maybe I shouldn't even bother questioning it, but just do it. Just go down into the dirt, wallow in self-pity, cry and feel sorry for myself, and let these feelings just run their course.

Obviously, there is no rational reason for these feelings. I am really very fortunate, lucky, and happy with my life and work. Yet this wallowing in self-pity comes just the same.

Evidently, part of my "time off," retreat and "vacation" is feeling sorry for myself and wallow in self-pity. On one level, wallowing must be "fun."

In the past, I used to call such wallowing "depression."

But clinically, morally, and even etymologically, depression is not the right word to use.

What else would I call it? What else could it be?

I once wrote a piece called "Depressions as Fun." Maybe it is true. For me, on one level, these so-called depressions are fun. After all, I do look forward to them. I like to wallow in their mud, bath in their waters of sorrow.

Long cycle of recover and rejuvenation.

Like a pig bathing and wallowing in the mud, I need to go down real low, sink real deep into the ground to find the "nutrients in the basement," to wall and bath in the rich bottom-soil mud in order to rejuvenate myself.

Recovery

After you jump into the fire (leading a tour, other), even if it is a fire of joy, you nevertheless do get burned.

The fire transforms you, giving birth to a new layer of self. Every new self, every new person needs and gets a new skin.

New skin needs time to generate, gestate, and grow.

That time period is called "recovery."

Phoenix Rising

Let's face it: After leading the Greek tour (and leading every tour) I uncover a new level of self and come out a new person. Like a phoenix rising, the old self burns and dies(down part of the recovery cycle), and a new self is born(up part of the recovery cycle) in the fires of birth and rebirth

Travel transports you to foreign lands, and as it transports you, it also transforms you.

A beautiful experience our Greek tour: Such changes in (our) body, mind and soul as we cruised through Greek islands of culture and wonder, united with local people in Acadian, Thessalian, ??? danced in fields (dance fields) of syrtos, tsamikos, hasapicos and more, visions of ancient monuments, immersion in Greek myths and Hellenic history. . . (Indeed, such is a folk tour). So true that travel transforms as it transports. . . and vice versa.

The travail of travel breaks up the old self (soul), the old ways of seeing and doing. Like a phoenix rising, it burns away old, tired ways, opens fresh paths, and gives birth to new visions filled with awe and wonder.

New Plane

Yes, an old self is dying. My old self is dying.

That's why I'm mourning, crying, somewhat lost, down, "depressed," in the mud, and more.

I'm in mourning for my old self that is dying.

But what self is dying? A form of pre-80 self.

Somehow it feels like it might be the old monastic desire self, the retreat from the world self, the one that loved isolation, playing violin alone in my creative violin chamber, the study, distant-from-the-world self, the one that loved and needed study, that needed pushing toward a higher self, the self of isolated study, and rising toward a distant "lonely" or at least alone star.

The self of self-improvement, rising, aiming higher is somehow dissolving. I am "stuck" among people, forcing into the muck of this lower order. Flat and flattened among the masses. My arrogant displaced, elite, higher, bettering self is dissolving. I am melding with the masses, my customers.

My customers are beoming my energy source. The old "I," fraught with ego and love os self is dissolving, vanishing, sucking into the grave of night, buried in silk coffin shredded with pine.

Part of this coffin is in my left biceps, the squeeze and hold guitar bicep.

How did this come up? Is it replacing my right index finger? Maybe and probably. But even that does not have much weight, holds little power of belief. A sidling and head note, a wisp of fading thread in the night, blending in with the proletariat.

My old pre-eighty ego is dying. Intellectually, this sounds like it should be a good thing. But it doesn't good. It doesn't feel that bad, either. But it feels strange and different, not frightening or scary, not even that empty and down. But indeed different.

Indeed, I don't know what to make of it. It feels like a level plane. Not many highs and lows. That by itself feels depressing. (There's that word again.)

The Terror And Fear That Come With Success

I have hit the bottom-line truth.

I don't want to see or deal with the terror and fear that comes with success.

Yes, I succeeded.

Here are the facts: I have filled up my tour. Now I have to run it, do it, lead it. Yes, an awesome (fear-filled) responsibility comes with winning. Terror and fear come with success.

Maybe I'm not really down or "depressed" after my after my tour successes, my victories. Maybe I'm simply trying to avoid dealing with the panic, terror and fear I feel before the tours. The feeling and unconscious wish, unconscious imperative: "I never want to lead a tour again," the "I never want to feel this panic, terror, and fright again".

If I admit this feeling, I may decide to give up my tour business. If I face this feeling, my business will be over. So instead, I try to avoid it. Because the downside of losing my business, giving it up because it is too scary, is even worse.

What to do?

There really is no choice:

I must be aware of, then face the terror of success, the panic and fear that comes with victory.

Monday, November 14, 2016

Enthusiasm and Inspiration Have Dribbled Away

Waiting For God-oh.

Waiting Around for Enthusiasm and Inspiration

I know the path.

Yet enthusiasm and inspiration have dribbled away.

Why? That is the question.

Can I do anything about this? I'm not sure.

After all, enthusiasm comes for "theos" and inspiration comes from the Muses.

They are gifts or grace from heaven. All I can do is wait around and hope they arrive.

What can I do in the meantime? What should I do while wait?

That is a good and answerable question.

Truth is, I feel good when I'm fired up by a (scary) goal.

Truth is, at the moment, I have no (scary) goal. (Why is this word "scary" appearing with my goals? What does "scary" have to do with my goals?)

Maybe I'm suffering from arrogance and a bit of hubris? I, the great tour leader; I, to whom business and customers will now come automatically, because I am so known and so great." Is this the arrogance and hubris I am talking about? And this, rather than gratefulness?

Perhaps instead of asking myself for directions, I should ask the Lord.

Who am I, anyway? The old question returns. Perhaps it has never left. Only arrogance and hubris have covered it up.

Am I here to serve myself, or to serve others? Or is it both? And how to I do it?

Maybe the best answer is to ("simply") turn off my mind, dive in, and shut up.

I know what I have to do. Really I know my artist/business path. Just follow it, do it, one step at a time, and shut up.

Truth is, if I'm not serving or pleasing others, I feel terrible. Sure I want to "do it my way" but if "my way" isn't working, I feel terrible. (Of course, feeling terrible may well be a part of my way. It's part of the artistic, creative, innovative path of newness.)

So feeling terrible or good is not part of the criteria for "right path."

But "just do it!" is.

And truth is, I know what to do. I know the miracle schedule path that is right for me. But for some reason, I have lost my enthusiasm and inspiration. Why I have lost them is, for now, the main question.

Why I have lost E and I is the question.

It fell easily into my lap: Business as my central focus.

(Why? If my mind has nothing to do, it will eat me up.)

How does whatever I am doing affect/effect my business?

This may be the grand shift. From self to other.

Business means focus on the other.

As energizer and inspiration, finding my energy, inspiration, and motivation in focus on others, how does this help others, service, the focus on business.

Here's a strange thought: Maybe my days of having goals are over. Maybe I'll just be coasting along for awhile. . . or forever. Well, I don't know much about forever. But certainly for awhile is possible.

Coasting along for awhile; no goals or dreams up ahead.

Tuesday, November 15, 2016

The "No Goals" Experiment Life

My body, mind, and energy level is telling me something: Perhaps I should live without goals. At least for awhile.

Every goal I intellectually try to create, falls away. Old goals, new goals, they are all the same. No energy, inspiration, or enthusiasm behind any of them.

Perhaps now, as an experiment, try the "no goal life," or at least the no goal approach or attitude. See where it will leads.

Wednesday, November 16, 2016

Finding my Enthusiasm Key: Never Give Up!

Am I moving into dark, black, Pythian nothingness, past the river Styx and into Stygian darkness. Prophetically and strangely, just as I said on tour.

Miracle schedule is over, energies are drained and gone. Desire itself has dripped away. Nothing I want to learn, grow, develop, expand, or learn. I have no desire to do

anything.

What is this state? How long will it last? And where, if anywhere, will it lead?

Should I read Sartre Being and Nothingness? In French? Why did he suddenly come up?

Is this a new state? Or have I been there before?

My body may be resisting folk dance teaching (see aches from Bucimis, and more), and even guitar (see left arm biceps.)

Perhaps I simply have to dive into the dead-rest state I am in. Do nothing. Go with my death of energy, enthusiasm, and inspiration. Do nothing. See where it leads.

Do nothing. Very difficult. Do absolutely nothing. Even more difficult. But what else can I do? Nothing.

Return To The Stock Market

Beating Defeat And Discouragement

Never Give Up!

Strangely, stocks are the only area where there is any life.

(Maybe I should go back into stocks. But after my portfolio fell by 40 G I had been totally discouraged. I basically gave up on the stock market. I vowed my stock market days were over! And now look at what I just said. "Stocks are the only area where there is any sign of life! Why? Because they are going up again.)

My brain is so fickle. Can I even trust it? Perhaps the stock market is good for me, but for a totally different reason and level. Perhaps its daily and constant risk and challenge inspires me and wakes me up. Perhaps my drain of enthusiasm is "simply" another form of giving in to discouragement. Another form of giving up and being defeated.

Indeed, when the market went down in September, it discouraged, then defeated me. I gave it up. I gave up.

Defeat is part of life. Discouragement and giving up is a choice. I chose to be

discouraged; then I chose to give up. After that, I had the distraction of running my Greek tour. Now the tour is over. And I am left with simple discouragement, defeat and giving up.

Truth is, (and I hate to and am afraid to say it) but I need the stock market! I need to trade, to fight in the market, to be challenged by its wild ups and down, and see if I can beat them, see if I can win.

But win or lose, it is best to stay in the fight. Better to go down dying, than simply give up (and die slowly) in defeat.

Now I remember, I have been through this once before. Years ago, when I was putting so much time and effort into my tours and no one was registering, I said "This is too much work, too much effort, and for what? No one is registering. It's just not worth it. I'm giving up my tours, giving up my tour business. And I did. For six months. Result: I got very depressed. Yes, I had given up the tedium of organizing, running, and selling my tours. But I had also lost all the thrills and challenges that starting a tour company engendered. I had thrown out the baby with the bath water. Result: I return to the challenge of running tours. I can't say I was happy. But certainly all my energy, enthusiasm, and inspiration returned, especially when folks registered! Their registration was my high. Just as their lack of registration was my low. But note: When the registration became too low, even non-existent, instead of fighting harder, I quit. Result: depression. I should not and shall not make that mistake again.

My vow to leave the stock market is an exact replica of my tour quitting experience. And the result is the same: lack of energy, inspiration, enthusiasm, depression, energy draining away.

In the past, the "down tour" months of November and December were devoted to my "other job" of learning and playing the stock market. I gave it all up. I gave up the challenge, fight in favor of believing I am a loser and stupid to boot; I gave in to the hidden voice (of my disbelieving w.) that I will never will, that I am a stock market loser, a gambler, a bad person, doing evil deeds, the evil deed of gambling, and I am no

good at it and stupid to do it, to boot.

But now I realize, win or lose, I need the market challenge. It goes completely against my background (but so do my political beliefs). But somehow, for reasons I may never know or accept, I need it. I need the mental challenge.

So it's back to the market for me. November and December down months: Devote them to market study. No more defeat and giving in to discouragement.

With this new vow, I'm sure my energy, inspiration and enthusiasm will soon return!

I basically did a number on my brain. The sudden lose of so much money (40G) scared (the shit) out of me. I retreated, shut down, ran away, and gave up. That is what happened and has been happening since September. (With my Greek tour as a distraction interlude.)

Also, in my inner core, I believe the lie that somehow playing the stock market is "unhealthy", a disease, something I must "cure." That's why I keep hearing the inner voice of B saying you are a loser, a gambler, bad, unstable, etc. Yes, it true, she does say and believe this. But so what? She is also on the opposite political side, and I still love her, and she me. Couples can never, or rarely agree on everything.

Despite her opposition, I still don't have any negative voices calling me on my political beliefs. So, despite her beliefs and opposition, why should I believe any negative stock market voices? After all, many normal people play the market. Just as the play sports or music.

Play is play. More important, it is mucho fun and healthy to play. Healthy? Playing the stock market as healthy? That's a new one for me. My next challenge is to thoroughly believe it as I dive into it again.

Yes, the stock market wakes up all my competitive and challenge energies. Playing it creates touches the grand motivators of fear and excitement. Giving it up in defeat and discouragement kills those motivators. Never give up! Especially what you

love.

I love playing the stock market. But only when I win. But losing is part of the game. Yes, the market is a mixed bag. But better to take the mix than have no bag at all.

I also saw the market as my "second career." I gave that up, too. Wow, what dangers are the life threatening dangers of discouragement. Dangers to the life-giving energies of inspiration, enthusiasm, creation, miracle schedule and more.

Discouragement College

This whole episode and chapter is about the power and danger of discouragement.

Discouragement can kill you. True, it is a slow death, but a death, nevertheless.

It cost 40G to learn this lesson! One semester and Discouragement College, but it was worth it!

Years ago I graduated from the School of Tour Discouragement.

Now I just took a graduate course in the School of Stock Market Discouragement. I now have an advanced degree.

But did I really graduate? We'll see.

New Attitude in the Stock Market

Most important, in terms of transformation, I may (will) be coming back to the stock market with a new attitude.

Hard to describe: Not so much a money grubbing/grabbing attitude based on and colored by desperation, a desire to prove I'm a good trader, and a need and desire to prove myself, but rather, I need a strong mental challenge, a good fight, a good "enemy" to work with/against. And the stock market is just that.

Cycles of Victory and Defeat

Losers, after confronting and dealing with their loss, understanding its causes, etc. may well return to the fight with renewed energy, focus, and determination.

These are winning qualities.

Winners, after dealing with and accepting their win, may well lax into complacency, arrogance, and hubris.

These are losing qualities.

Ultimately, it could (will) turn them into losers again.

And so the cycle continues.

Thursday, November 17, 2016

Stock MarketChallenge of the ImpossibleChange of Priorities

I'm back.

Commit to bigger numbers.

Reading the direction of the stock market, and specific stocks is essential for success. But that is reading the future.

Reading the future is impossible.

Or at least, I used to think so. Well, I still think so. But now, with this new stock market attitude, I am willing at least to try.

I'll call it advanced guessing.

Thus I am asking myself to do and delve into the impossible.

What is my past relationship with the impossible? What is my relationship to advanced guessing?

Well, I used to like pursuing the impossible dream.

My first plan, or guess, is to look into my future. Next two months (my slow tour time), I'll focus on the market.

Change of focus, (and "career)" for this two month experiment time. (A two-month "career." Well, at least I have a focus and direction. A change of priorities. We'll see what this does to my life.)

I aim to be a professional investor/trader, and financial person.

What will this entail?

Learning how to read a balance sheet? Learning accounting? Counting? Numbers? Arithmetic? Other?

Brain Rest and Redirection

Mathematics, science, accounting:

Use another part of my brain for the next two months. Give everything I do, and especially the way I think, a two-month rest. See where it leads.

Saturday, November 19, 2016

"Stock trading is a metaphor for the perilous yet exhilarating nature of living on the edge."

Ari Kiev: Trading to Win

What does this mean for me?

Go back to risk, taking a chance, living on the edge (taking a chance of falling off the edge.)

How and where?

1. Stocks: Bigger positions. (Maybe focus on few stocks and really know about them. Research them, etc)

2. Running: Harder, faster, longer.

3. Weights: Higher

4. Yoga: Go forward by moving backward: Headstand. Etcv

5. Guitar: Concert (!?)

6. Languages: Nothing scary here yet. Can I find anything perilous in languages?

(Calm study idea: A word a day in Hebrew and Greek. Work on it all day.

7. Writing. Nothing scary here yet. Dead at the moment.

Maybe I should move from expansion to contraction.

Dual Nature of Pains: Perils and Exhilarations

Where does physical pain (aches and pains) tight-muscle syndrome) fit in here?

Aren't pains are their own kind of peril? They both worry me and wake me up.

Peril is in their worry aspect.

Exhilaration is in their wake up aspect.

Since I know 99% of these pains are caused by really muscle tightness, they are 99% nothing to worry about.

Best to look deeply into the worry, be aware of it, see it for what it is (muscle tightness), dive into it until it dissolves, then go past it. Give up the worry.

Best to focus on the pain wake-up, its energizing (exhilaration) aspect.

Running, weights, yoga, guitar (left biceps, neck).