

Blog, New Classic Guitar, Web Design

Improvement Is Forever

Friday, May 5, 2017

Even at age ninety-five, the question still is: How can I improve my dancing?

Now I turn to blogging, a new art form.

Blogging, and New Classical Guitar

I'm starting and developing a new art form: Blogging. Some kind of combo of writing, dancing, video, photography, business (advertising), along with history, culture, folk tours, linguistics, etymology, a total smorgasbord of everything I know and want to know.

Classical Guitar

Basically, I've changed my whole classical guitar technique around. Gavotte en Rondeau and Alhambra prove it.

I'm ready to move on to the next level.

Trading Stock

Somehow dropping stock trading, giving up the distraction of trading stocks was very important in completing this transition.

Dear Mr. Bickel,

I've been rethinking this copyright situation.

Basically, I'd like to get it off my plate.

I assume you want to negotiate.

Thus, I'm willing to offer 200 Euros to settle this copyright situation once and for

all. (As a “serious” negotiation, this is a 400% increase from my original offer.)

Sincerely,

Jim Gold

Guitar, Mistakes, Forgetting (Memory Lapses)

When you make a mistake, or forget notes on the classical (or other) guitar, you have to re-examine what you played. You move from unconscious to conscious. Thus, in re-examining consciously, what had become unconscious, you deepen your knowledge and understanding of the passage. A deepening.

Mistakes and memory lapses (forgettings) cause you to re-examine what has usually become rote playing. An unpleasant experience that results in a (positive) deepening.

Most important, is to keep trying, and stay on the path of improvement. All else will take care of itself.

In fact, (a positive approach and interpretation of) a memory lapse could be seen as a signal (from above) that you have become too rote, too automatic and unthinking in your playing, and thus it is time to re-examine and deepen your approach!

A good blog entry.

Perhaps New Leaf entries are potential and hidden blog entries! They are, indeed, about my story. In fact, New Leaf is my story!

Saturday, May 6, 2017

Next Blogging and Website Stage

Morning nausea. Feeling: Somehow I am wasting my time, overwhelmed by important “trivia.” handling details of events, and thus, getting away from my roots.

Answer: Get back to my roots.

This nausea has something to do with the misdirection of my blog. Somehow I have forgotten its original meaning and purpose, why I am doing it in the first place.

Now that I have gotten the blogging technique down to a reasonable fashion, and hopefully, have straightened out the place and purpose of my weekly folk dance lists, perhaps I can go back to the blogs original purpose.

And what is and was that purpose?

Something to do with my writings, getting my stuff out ther to the public, having (and even developing) an audience for my fiction writing. A literary blog.

The blogs main purpose is not to sell things, although that never hurts.

What about my writing? What kinds of things do I write? And could they ever sell?

1. Fiction writings.
2. New Leaf Journal entries.

A. I might be able to find some folk dance or travel things in my New Leaf Journal. But somehow I doubt it. Also, although such writing might creep in, that is not the ultimate purpose of NLJ. The purpose is rather to know myself.

“Know Yourself”

Blogging and Website

Technically, I've learned a lot, enough to move on. I'm ready for the next blogging and website stage.

To do:

1. Website pages for Wow tour, and Spain tour (also pdf).

A. Folk dance lists go under Folk Dance menu as Pages. Also study How to archive Pages.

2. Blog: Rethink purpose.

Sunday, May 7, 2017

Become a Romanian

Perhaps its an acting skill, but for the next three months, in preparation for leading my August tour to Romania, I have to “become a Romanian.

That means that added to my study of Romanian history, geography, and culture, I have to immerse myself in the Romanian language, and learn to “think in Romanian.” Blog entry.

I am also upset by the disorganization and “mess” of my present business.

Several folks loved our opening dances at the Folk Festival. They complemented me. I am so moved and affected by the reactions of other people, and how I absolutely love praise, and creating a happy audience.

Tuesday, May 9, 2017

Advantages of Playing Slowly

Advantages of Slow and Slowly

Guitar: By going slower, you can deeply enter each note and discover, draw out, and luxuriate in (milk out) the richness of each note and phrase.

Saturday, May 13, 2017

Compliments

What is the Higher Purpose and Use of Compliments?

“I won't be with you on your trip to "Yugoslavia" but I want to compliment you on your contribution to the recent Folk Fest in Mt. Lakes. What a great way to start off the party - with Jim Gold, the pied piper of folk dance, leading a wonderful assortment of old favorites. Virtually everyone got into the dance because of your choices and your charm.”

Gen Appel

What do such beautiful compliments mean to me? What do they “do” for me? How should I think of them? How should I use them?

Use them to improve myself. That's the only way I can accept them. See them as

useful offerings to make myself better.

Otherwise, why bother listening? Otherwise, compliments only feed my ego, and, in doing so, make me feel self-conscious. In other words, compliments given, without viewing them in their higher purpose, make me feel bad. (That's why it is often so hard to accept them!)

Strange, how compliments make me feel bad unless I see them as fulfilling a higher purpose.

Thus compliments make me feel more responsible, inspire me want to make more of a commitment to offer, serve, display, and give my talents to others. To serve and help others through and with the talents God gave me, and thus fulfill the destiny He created for me on earth.

(Is this another good blog entry?)

New Guitar Direction

Guitar: Now that is a great way to play the guitar: Giving every note I play to the audience. Thinking (only) of them, and playing each note with the living idea of giving it (offering it) to the audience. Playing each note, and sending each note as a gift from me, a message of love right into their hearts.

This is a wonderful way to see my true value. Giving my best to others as I give my best to myself. And vice versa.

This is an entirely new way and approach to the guitar, a "people giving meditation" way of playing.

Could I even do it?

But what choice is there? This idea and way of playing has just been thrown into my lap. I've done everything else, gone in every other direction, been there, done that. This is the only approach left that "makes sense." And I've never done it before. Totally new. Thus very fitting and in place for post-80 and post-birthday life.

Thus, new, strange, and even difficult as it may seem, there is no other choice but

to do it, to go in this new direction, to play guitar only for others, or rather, with giving my notes to others in mind.

Post 80 and Pre-Birthday Thoughts

I've done just about everything there is to do, done everything else, "been there, done that."

There is nothing left to do but give my talents to others. To present myself to others and "just be there."

Improving the World One Happiness at a Time

Teaching a good folk dance class, or running a good tour makes me feel good. It also makes others feel good. A win-win situation.

Yes, it's a most wonderful feeling when you've made others happy. And, of course, this means you've made yourself happy, and, in the process, improved the world.

Thus, the ultimate mitzvah is making yourself happy by making others happy and by dancing Miserlou together, or a hora, or Bulgarian pravo, in the process, improving the world!

Over-Active Imagination

I have a very romantic imagination, and maybe I'm exaggerating the importance of this compliment, making it much bigger and greater than it is or is meant to be.

My over-active imagination may make me more uncomfortable than I need to be.

Sunday, May 14, 2017

New Goals

Age eighty is about establishing new goals.

I liked my old goals. But they were fulfilled.

Where can I find my new goals?

Like a phoenix rising, new goals rise from the ashes of the old.

Then what are my new goals?

So far I've got:

1. Gym...Chins

2. Running...faster

3. Dance...jumps and fast, squats with breathing

4. Yoga...Scorpion, head stand, lotus, leg over head

5. Languages...Hebrew and Romanian

6. Guitar...Fast

7. Business...so far, nothing. I've had no business thoughts or new directions since Greek tour ended in October, 2016. That's no new business goals for seven months. Am I ready for a new one? Maybe. So far I've been planting seeds by learning how to manage my website. A big deal. We'll see where all this leads. . . .

Filling the fear Vacuum with Love

1. I have wiped away the fear of the audience! I have not wiped away the audience. The audience is still there. But the fear is gone. Wiped away. Destroyed in the break down kabash of the year.

Can I now replace fear with love? Good question and "challenge." Well, actually, with fear gone, if fear is gone, won't love easily and naturally fill the vacuum?

Alhambra is free from fear. I can dive free into the fast.

Also can I start my new "vacuum filling practice" of replacing fear with love. Fill the Alhambra fear vacuum with love.

I could start with love of playing, love of feeling my fingers swim, love of the sensual finger feel of the strings, and more. This love will eventually (maybe immediately) flow into others, into people, into my audience. How can it not?

This would also be true of my folk dancers and tour travelers. I would love all

my audiences.

Monday, May 15, 2017

Commitment to a Goal

Conflict as Motivator and Driving Force

Goals are vital to my existence. Without them, I sink into a soft depression, dry up, and die.

The study of Hebrew is a non-paying goal.

How serious a commitment can (or should) I make to a non-paying goal?

Of course, many of my other goals are non-paying. In fact, five out of my seven goals are non-paying! Only dance and business are paying goals. 1. Gym...Chins 2. Running...faster 3. Dance...jumps and fast, squats with breathing 4. Yoga...Scorpion, head stand, lotus, leg over head 5. Languages...Hebrew and Romanian 6. Guitar...Fast 7. Business...so far, nothing.

And truly, I can leave out dance. So that makes only business my paying goals. And in business, so far, I have no goals or directions at all!

And truly, I can leave out dance since don't need jumps to make a living or earn money.

This leaves only business as a "paying" goal.

So perhaps the question of making money from my goals is not a valid question. Perhaps it is the wrong question!

So what is the question? And is there even a question?

Conflict as Motivator and Driving Force

One answer is: I need goals! Period. (Note: All my goals (except for business) are miracle schedule goals. Is this significant? I don't know. But it is nevertheless, true. Maybe every goal has to have a miracle (hidden) within it, something magical and grand to drive me forward.

Maybe miracles are more important than money, business, or any other “worldly” goal I have created. Or has been “imposed” upon me! Aha, there is the word: “Imposed.” These “paying goals” have been forced upon me. Thus, although they exist and are part of my survival repertoire, I hate and resist them. I cannot truly accept them, even though they exist. Thus, am I always in conflict.

Perhaps that will always be the nature of my life: to be in conflict. Between the worldly and heavenly, between the material and celestial worlds. Perhaps that is nature of life on earth. And even though I hate and resist it, there is no getting away from it.

So where does that leave me this morning?

With the same conflicts I had yesterday.

Perhaps I can see this conflict in a more positive light, a a motivator, a driving force.

Importance of Goals!

Is purpose an illusion?

Perhaps yes, perhaps no.

But I need purpose. I need goals!

Goals keep me out of the abyss. They keep me floating, even flying, above the Grand Canyon, existential depression of purposelessness.

Whether illusion or not, I need them to survive!

Right Index Finger: the Finger of Love

Guitar, and in life: I am moving out of the world of fear into the world of love.

Guitar: Right index finger is the finger of love. That’s why it is called right finger, the correct finger.

When I focus on the right index finger, in Alhambra or other, I play guitar with love. (When the right index finger doubts, questions, and wobbles, as in the past, into

wobbles into the world of audience criticism: Fear.)

Love and Folk Dance

Could my left folk dance knee be similar to my right guitar index finger?

Including Fear on the Path of Love

Love is a high energy source.

Is it as high as fear? Maybe.

It is higher? Maybe.

But whether it is or not, that is the direction I am moving.

Fear is a powerhouse. I can never say, "Been there, done that" about fear. But nevertheless, I'm starting to move on a new and perhaps wider path. Although I can never deny fear, perhaps I can include it on this path.

Incorporating fear on the path of love.

Tuesday, May 16, 2017

The Meaning of Business

Strange, but without a business goal, I don't feel connected to the world. Thus, business connects me to the world. And without a business goal and direction, I feel alone, vaguely purposeless, and separate from the world. This is the formerly secret meaning of business to me. It connects me viscerally to the world.

Maybe my new business goal could be found somewhere and somewhat in my new website skills. My blog, and more. That is, after all, what is new.

Wednesday, May 17, 2017

Early morning, post-wake up, Hebrew study, and other:

It will always be slow and deep in the morning. That's just the way it is.

Business Plan

My long range, new business plan is to somehow make money through blogging and my web site.

1. Increase tour following and customers
2. Increase folk dance attendance
3. Sell books, (guitar, bookings, choreos, etc.) and possibly other stuff.

Slow and/or Fast

Guitar: If playing slowly is such an adventure into the inner sanctum, could fast playing ever be the same?

What kind of an adventure could fast be? (Aside, of course, from impressing the audience.)

Another question: Do I want to please the audience, or impress them? I could please them with depth playing. Impressing the audience, feeds the ego; pleasing the audience feeds the soul. (I'm not sure what this means.)

The mental conflict is always between audience and artist. On what to focus?
My mind slips between audience and self.

However, if I focus on one, I am better. In fact, when focusing on one, I am best!

Thursday, May 18, 2017

We're in Charleston, SC. A new day.

Friday, May 19, 2017

Morning and Daily Put Downs

Maybe the morning (and other times) put down of myself, is simply my modus operandi. It's part of what I do and who I am.

Thus, why bother putting it down? Better to just accept it as a daily occurrence, and struggle against it as part of my daily fight.

Saturday, May 20, 2017

I struggle almost every morning (and every day?) With discouragement. It is a daily battle. I can't remember my Hebrew. Or I'm not learning it fast enough. Or I can't run as fast as I thought I used to. Or I'm losing my customers. Or something else. There's always something looming up in front of me that discourages me. I wonder why. Is it simply part of my nature? Or part of the human condition? Or both?

Maybe that's why life is a constant struggle.

Wednesday, May 24, 2017

Return from Charleston.

Guitar goal: Start all over?

Saturday, May 27, 2017

There's a New Baby in Town

Everything I used to think of over.

Is that what 80 is all about?

As a start (or a finish), look at guitar. Tremolo and arpeggio: Everything I used to think and work for, work to and aspire to, namely a focus and clear tremolo with emphasis on the treble, is gone. Emphasis and focus is now almost totally on the base. The treble is a mere afterthought. This builds up my speed tremendously, and, in that sense, fulfills my wishes. Also with scales and piccado apoyandos, the speed is tremendous (the, what I used to call the "don't care if I miss all the notes" approach.) But, in this post-80 world, it's more than that. It's no longer a negative thought or approach. Something different and new is being born. I can't stop its birth, and even if I

could, I don't want to. It's a new baby. Yes, there's a new baby in town. And as the days and time goes by, and it grows up, we'll see who it is.

Will this new baby, this new freedom, extend into others things I do in the post-80 world? We'll see.

Sunday, May 28, 2017

Second Change

Re 80. Am I being given a second chance? A chance to do and think things differently?

Or more emphatically, I am being given a second change.

Question or statement? Another post-90 choice. I'm leaning strongly toward statement. After all, up to 80, I've been living in question. The "perhaps" and "maybe" life.

Which is better? I don't know yet.

Alhambra: Yes. All arpeggio pieces, yes.

Yes, I am being given a second chance.

And with it come my big birthday gift: ALHAMBRA and all its implications is my GIFT.

It is a gift to myself, and through myself, a gift from GOD.

Can I accept my gift? (Old Mr, Doubt creeps back in.)

That is both my challenge and question.

But truly, it has already been decided. I have no choice but to accept it. And learn to live with it, and love it, too.

Soleares

After playing a brilliant Soleares, I realized that all my guitar demons are falling

plop. Plop, plop by the wayside. Great speed and freedom is being bestowed upon me.

Monday, May 29, 2017

It's my birthday.

Giving Up Control

Entering, (Diving Into) New and Uncontrolled Aspects of Life

Is it a "give up control" thing? I believe so.

Think in Hebrew: Giving up English control.

Run fast: Drop the barriers, give up control.

Roll through Alhambra, Leyenda, fast scales, and others: Dive straight in and giving up the old world of controlled playing.

Giving up control and jumping into the stream. Is that one of the strengths and learnings of post-eighty life?

Probably. Yes.

Additions: How about entering love of family. (This means giving up, sacrificing part of my time, and putting "out of control" love in its place. It means putting time into seeing them, and/or speaking to them over the phone.

Love

To dive or not to dive: That is the question.

I wonder why sadness comes along with letting love in. Is it due to some kind of loss? Sadness of losing, of giving up control? Or the "sadness" caused by an entry into Magnificence, the break-down crying when hearing Majesty (As in break-down crying listening to Beethoven, etc?)

Of losing control and falling into (means there is no choice,) or jumping into (means it's my choice) the flowing stream of life and its loving, lordly Magnificence aspect?

Or is it all of the above?

Resistance comes from my fear that if I dive in, I'll be hurt. Is that true? Will I be hurt? Probably yes,. Or at least sometimes.

Where does that come from? Does it even matter where it comes from?

I know that diving in is generally a good and certainly brave, even heroic, thing to do. But of course, there is sensible caution. You don't want to dive off a cliff.

But diving in, after some thought and judgement that shows it safe and positive, is a good thing, and a good change to take.

So ultimately, diving in is a judgement call.

Shall I dive?

To dive or not to dive: That is the question.

Diving into guitar, Hebrew, running, website design, and family is good.

Try Again

Have I been running away from love "forever?" Or at least forever balancing it against fear with its ever persistent fight for control and not, never giving in.

Has this been a reasonable fight, a reasonable struggle?

Yes.

So where does that leave me today?

I am more courageous and self-wiser. And with that comes less fear, and the willingness to take more of a chance, to once again, in my post-eight world, take the heroic challenge of diving in. To try again, on my next post-eighty level.

Ever Divided

On the other hand, maybe I'll always be divided. Divided between self-love and other-love. (But of course, the two are one in the same.) Part of me resents giving up

the time But I also know it is a good (and loving?) thing, to do it.

Thursday, June 1, 2017

Excitement and Learning! Excitement through Learning!

I get so excited when I learn something, and it works, that I almost can't stand it!
Witness learning about Contact Forms 7 in Word Press. I was so thrilled when I made an inch of progress, that I had to stop the learning video! I had to do something else to calm myself.

Saturday, June 3, 2017

Another Post-Eighty Gift

Knowing I have no future career in guitar is so freeing!
Knowing there is no reason for me to play (or sing) for anyone ever again! So freeing.

A fifty-year burden has been lifted.

Now I can sit there and play the guitar and just love it!

Now I can play guitar only for love.

I Need (Needed?) Time Off to Regenerate

Re low tour registration:

Part of it, the part I can control, is me. I'm not down in the trenches; I'm not calling my clients, feeling out the territory. I'm only emailing and doing "easy" things.

Perhaps, part of my does not want to work, does not want registrations, or mostly, does not want to go on tour again. Part of me wants a vacation, a break, a time to retreat, do something different, or just mediate and cogitate unbothered and in peace.

Maybe I should just forget about registrations, cancel small tours (like Balkan Splendor) or figure out other ways of running these small tours (like offering a local

guide, or in the case of BS, let Lee lead it, if he likes.

Maybe I just need a long vacation, a long break, like for a year or so. Maybe even more.

Maybe I should just go with the flow and see where it leads me.

Where has it lead so far?

To some present new goals: Note: all are in miracle schedule territory.

Gym: chin, run: faster, dance: faster, yoga, back to basics. Hebrew: carry on, and WordPress, HTML and more.

Sunday, June 4, 2017

Attitude

Accepting my Needed and Wanted (Sales and Tour) Break

It's not forever, but I still might see this year, and even next year, as years of rest, recuperation, regeneration, and giving birth to new directions and attitude. In other words, business-wise, these will be slow years. But then I expect to re-enter, to return to tour sales, business sales, all sales, but differently.

Perhaps, besides tours, I may even be promoting and selling additional things, like my books, youtube dances, other. Who knows what this or these off-years will bring.

Today I see it as a one to two year break (with this year having a month or a few more months to go.) But how long this recuping and transition takes, is not the point. And in one sense, does not matter. It will simply take as long as it needs to take. And ultimately, I don't know where it will lead. But I do think that my departure is not forever, and that some day (in a year or two) I will return to tour and more sales, with new vigor, a new interest, and a new attitude.

So for now, just accept that I need a "vacation," I need and want to take a break, to do and see things differently.

(And maybe there is a cosmic reason for all this. Maybe God, fate, circumstances, all the outside forces are cooperating to take away most of my customers in order to “force” me into take a break, in order to clear my mind and see things differently.)

So not only accept my break, but dive into it!

Go with the flow. Dive into WordPress, Hebrew, my new exercise routines, even classical guitar.

Thursday, June 8, 2017

Terror and Fear Before a Performance

For some reason I am very nervous about today’s Senior Show at the Rodda Center.

Let’s face it: It is a performance, a show.

Let’s face it: Giving a performance, a show, terrifies me.

Maybe in the past I was always nervous, too, but I have forgotten.

But today, and for the last two days, my left knee is killing me. Sarnoian reaction.

Evidently, my mind thinks it is somehow better to feel knee pain than face the terror of an upcoming performance.

Sunday, June 11, 2017

Just played a 95% perfect Gavotte (in D) in my new realm. Back to a naive beginning. Like I never played these guitar pieces before.

Monday, June 12, 2017

Giving Birth to a Totally New Way of Playing

Guitar: So slow and microscopic, examining each note, in both song and guitar, as to be totally different.

This transition may take several months to years.

Wednesday, June 14, 2017

It's Just Fine

It's just plain very pleasant to play guitar slow, relaxed, easy, no pressure, no rush, bringing pleasure to my brain. Pleasant, "just for me," to relax and sooth my mind and muscles, Alhambra, Prelude No. 4 Villa Lobos, or whatever, is just fine.

Thursday, June 15, 2017

Hard to believe, but the old goals seem accomplished , or near the end. I caught this early, and dealt with the usual depression that comes with an ending. True, a success. But each success is an ending in disguise. The feeling of emptiness comes after success. Once you reach the heights, you then either descend or fall over the cliff.

That's where I was yesterday. But I knew it, understood I was there, dealt with it. Today, although still a bit down and lost, I am dealing with it, and I am better.

My endings, and movements in future directions, always seem to come in hesitancy form, and in the form of a question. Have I accomplished my goals? Like: Have I accomplished my goals? The, amazing as it seems, seems that I have.

Is it time for new goals? The hesitant answer is: I believe so. A step further, and I would say, "Yes."

So, let me ask the question: Ehat would be my new goals?

1. Web code
2. Hebrew: (Slower and deeper)
3. Exercise: All in order. Continue old goals
4. Guitar:

a. What about classical guitar? Nothing in mind.

b. Strangely, the word "singing" emerged in my mind. That word has never emerged before.

Friday, June 16, 2017

She is calling down on me from heaven: "Sing, sing!"

Saturday, June 17, 2017

Find the Poetry, Sound, and Beauty

Hebrew, Art, and Customers

I have an artistic personality. Therefore, things like poetry, sounds, dreamy meanings, etc not only appeal to me, they help me learn.

What about learning Hebrew? How better to learn?

How about focusing on the poetry of the language, the deep meaning of each word, and its sound, and the beauty of both.

Study it slowly and deeply. Ride with the inherent poetry of each word. That will help me learn and memorize it better.

No rush. Slow and deep on the sound and poetry road. That is my Hebrew direction.

Find the poetry, sound, and beauty in Hebrew.

Next level and step: Find the poetry, sound (music), and beauty of (in) customers.

Fulfillment and Beauty

Instead of down (and emptiness) after a victory, I can feel fulfillment and beauty!

In fact, I can fill the former emptiness with fulfillment and beauty.

No feelings last that long, but this one is nice while it lasts. And I'm allowed, or rather, I'm allowing myself, to feel it.

How to Become a Web Designer

It just hit me that I love doing this website more than my tour business; that I love the idea of learning and becoming a web designer more than my tour business.

I look at Spiekermann Travel website and want to learn how to create such a website. This would mean "becoming" a web designer.

Does it mean changing my career and direction? Can I do both? Slowly shifting my efforts.

On the other hand, I am doing this just for the fun and learning adventure of it. I don't have to do it. It's only for fun. Learning and adventure only for fun. It's becoming an artist in another medium, a web design medium.

Okay, I want to do it.

How do I become a web designer?

Sunday, June 18, 2017

A good reason to go on tour, even if a small or very small group, like Balkan Splendor, and even Romania, is to practice my new PSB attitude.

What is that PSB attitude? Find the Poetry, Sound(Music), and Beauty of (in) customers.

In fact, start practicing it today!

Monday, June 26, 2017

Beauty!

Daily Striving Toward the Goal of Beauty

Play and Improve on the Guitar All Day

What a beautiful and simple life it would be. With only one goal: Play and improve on the guitar all day.

Why is this so beautiful? First, it has only one all-encompassing goal. Second, it is a goal of Beauty, of creating beautiful music, of bathing myself (and others around me if they happen to listen) with beautiful sounds, with beautiful music.

Tuesday, June 27, 2017

Entering the Depth and Appreciation Stage

Slowing Down is my New Power

Hebrew: Do I dare slow down to see the beauty, poetry, and depth of symbolism, and more, in each word?

Same in guitar.

What else? Slowing down is where I am, the stage I'm in, the depth and appreciation stage.

Do I have a choice but to enter this new stage, this new place? Of course, I've been everywhere else. "Been there, done that." Where else is there to go? Answer: Nowhere.

Like it or not (and I like it), I am in this new stage. Might as well accept it and dive in.

Dive in means accepting the gift of nature: the new power invested in me to slow down.

Slowing down is my new power.

Slowing down means, among other things, going deeper by narrowing my focus. I'm doing this in

1. Guitar (Bach Gavotte and Sor Study No.12, etc)
2. Gym (focus on chinning)
3. Hebrew (starting today)

Friday, June 30, 2017

Re-Entry, New Neighborhood and New Attitude

Practice my New Attitude

I am reliving old emotions and combing out the past.

My left foot, "the folk dance ankle foot" is suddenly experiencing pains on the left outer side of the foot. It started after my Wednesday summer folk dance class return, and continues in the fright of tonight's opening folk dance teaching in Golden's Bridge.

I sense these are suddenly created Sarnoin pains. My mind has returned to the old psychological methods of deal with upcoming fears by somatizing them in various parts of my body. For for dancing, it has usually been my left foot, my folk dance ankle."

So, after a year of "transition." I am re-entering the present (and future) world of work with the same attitudes and fears I had in the past. Truth is, I know and knew no other way.

But things have changed during the year. I have psychologically and personally come to grips with these old attitudes, and even dispelled them. But, of course, I was "on vacation," off from work, etc. Now comes the true test. I am returning to work. My first reaction was (and is) to return to my old neighborhood of fear, craving, anxiety, trembling, psychosomatic pains, etc. As I say, I know and knew no other way.

But now things are different. I really do have a change of re-entering differently, applying my new attitude to my new and upcoming folk dance teaching, tours, and more.

It's old neighborhood versus new neighborhood. And truly, new neighborhood will win! Why? Because, ultimately, old neighborhood is a "been there, done that" place, and will thus shrivel on the vine, fall off and die. I only have to "get used to it."

Now it is a question of remembering and practicing my new attitude.

Entering a New World

Also, truth is, I don't really need coding (maybe just a little more), and I have accomplished most of what I need in WordPress. I am on my way with chinning and yoga.

Truth is, I am ready to re-enter to world.

I am ready to move on.

But to where? That is my next question.

Could my left foot "fd problem" also be due to this lost and directionless place I am now entering? Maybe. In any case, both my old attitudes and directionless places are part of the old neighborhood. I am in a new neighborhood now.

How will I handle my new but happy directionless state?

Note the new word "happy." What does this mean? How whal I return?

Shall I return to writing, guitar, other?

And folk dance teaching, tour leading, and tour expansion?

Shall I add coding, and more? Other?

Truly, I am entering a new world.

Somehow It Was A high Stress Week

Later: I feel totally sick, and I want to feel sick. It's been a very stressful week, and I don't quite know why.

What happened this week that made it so stressful?

1. I feel like I returned to work. After a year or six month hiatus. Post-transition. Im coming back, but as new, and in a new neighborhood. Lots of new to get used to. That is the first stress. Perhaps it is the main and only stress,

Then is has several side rivulets:

- a. Return to folk dance teaching.
- b. Return to tours, and tour leading.

c. Swamping the fruits of my new and useful WordPress website learning.
d. Other things, but I don't know what. Perhaps the above three are enough.

Monday, July 3, 2017

Twin Effort: Writing and Book Sales

I am somehow attracted to and flirting with inner disaster. I wonder why. Could it be because such inner worries, concerns, discomforts, terrors will upset my brain so much it will force me to write!

Is this my mind's way of getting me back to writing?

I partly felt yesterday that I'm losing my soul. The extreme focus on WordPress, coding, html, etc is pushing me off my real and main track: which is to be an artist, and to, among other things, and write.

And note I threw in "among other things" to soften the blow. But my real thought was: to be an artist is to write!

Writing is my source of freedom and joy, self-serving, exploratory, ever an adventure into and out of my soul. Although connected to music, it is also "beyond" music, and releases and expresses my inner essence.

I often feel and have said, after and during writing, that I was put on the earth to write.

Yet my writing does not seem to effect or affect others much. (Maybe I'm wrong here, but that is how it feels. So few want or read my books. Of course, on the other hand, I don't promote them.)

Aha, promoting my books. Wasn't that another (maybe even the main) reason, I wanted to create and control my own website: to promote my books! This would also give me a reason to write more, to disseminate my word.

Could I now be at a turning point? Could that be the reason for yesterday's

falling apart, semi-depression, aching, body-breaking, and more.

Am I ready now, as my next step, to start selling and promoting my books, and thus admit, show, and proclaim to the world that I write! That I have something good to say, and that others should read it. And of course, the true test is, if others are willing to buy my books, to pay for them. In this sense, the sacrifice of their money points to the truth of their desires and their soul.

Another old question is: Do I dare enter such a Writing and Book Selling kingdom? Is my time and effort worth it? Am I worth it?

Of course, I know the answer is yes.

It doesn't pay; it is a whole new venture. Yet it supports and feeds my soul, and answers the question: While here on earth did I make the maximum effort to bring my most meaningful (to myself) creations to the world?

Yes, I've done it with concerts, and my choreographies. But truly, they have always been "on the side." Although good, they have somewhat side-stepped my soul. And in that sense, I am and was taking the easy path.

The time for writing, and book promotion is NOW! I have the website skills (or am very close to them.) But I have enough to start.

Scary, disturbing, but I am trembling but ready to take the plunge. Also, I see no other direction. My body will only ache and burn if I do not now take the plunge into the fiery furnace, the creative cauldron of books sales (which will in turn, engender more writing.)

If there is a new career in sight, it is the twin effort of writing and book sales.

Tuesday, July 4, 2017

Others as Part of my Miracle Schedule

In the extremism, to which I am often subject, I have lost sight of my original

goals. That's why I was down, lost, and energyless yesterday.

My extremism has been first with WordPress, and now with coding. I'm fascinated by both, and dove into them with both feet. And in the process, lost sight of my center. That's okay for awhile, but it can't go on too long. Evidently, it has gone on too long. Now is time to incorporate my new WordPress/coding interests and skills into my old life.

This means adding it to my (remember this one?) miracle schedule!

Where then does WordPress and coding enter my miracle schedule?

Probably the study portion. Yes, on this new study road, I've temporarily walked away from, even given up both music and writing. But now, this temporary loss, is beginning to get me down. (But strangely, not depressing me. Somehow I'm not using the word "depress." I wonder why, and what this means.)

In any case, all miracle schedule events of "good in themselves." I love them for their own sake. But they also have an element that I must recognize: Eventually, they are for others to use, participate in, and help them flower.

Without others eventually participating, I must admit, these skills and talents are useless. And also meaningless.

Strange, I should finally say this. But I am.

Others are part of my miracle schedule.

Are they the missing element? Where they always there in the background, but again I refused to recognize them, or was too involved in the miracle schedule process to notice them? Whatever the reason, truth is, they have always been there. Maybe now is the time to recognize them.

Thus my miracle schedule has two inseparable parts: First, is fulfilling its personal dictates, Employing, using my skills and talents to create my entities alone; then using my creations, skills and talents to serve others, in the service of others.

Others as part of my miracle schedule.

That's the meaning of Bulgarian Fsitchko e edno. All is One.

What will this expanded vision of my miracle schedule mean for my present attitude and the future?

It means returning to, and aiming my folk dancing, guitar playing, and writing toward others.

It means looking once again at my tours, club date bookings, teaching and leading my folk dance classes as an important, vital service I can offer to others. And this is, in now way, an altruistic for my service. It is totally "selfish," in the form of "divine selfishness." I help others by helping myself. And vice versa.

Since I now see that others are an integral part of my miracle schedule, I have no choice but to "help" them, to do service unto them. That is because, ultimately, they are not them. They are me. And vice versa.

Well, let's move beyond the philosophy and into the concrete.

I end with a question: In attitude and form: How to aim guitar, writing, folk dance teaching, tours, even study and exercise, toward others?

How to involve others in my miracle schedule, and expand my vision process into their laps?

End of Depression

I wonder if I'm not using the word "depressed" because I suddenly see, in the deepest of ways, the miracle schedule connection between myself and others. Maybe this means that in the future, although I may be down, challenged, worried or bothered by things, I won't be "depressed" about them.

This raises the question: What have I always meant by the word "depression?" What did "I'm feeling depressed," actually mean?

Did it mean I lost, or forgot about, my connection with others? Maybe.

Note: I'm never been depressed while I'm working (working meaning I'm among others with a job to do." Yes, I may be annoyed at situations, angry that things are getting messed up, challenged, pissed off, overwhelmed, etc. But I am never depressed! Depression seems to have been reserved for when I am alone and thinking about my situation, and my place and purpose in the world.

Well, maybe I've come to realize, on the deepest of levels, my place and purpose in the world: It is: Through my skills, talents, and miracle schedule, to help and serve others.

Or in reverse: To help and serve others through my skills, talents, and miracle schedule.

Why is the order of the above sentence important?

Because, although serving other and execution of my miracle schedule are inextricably tied together, since I am the only one, the only thing, I have control over, the starting point of miracle schedule execution must be me.

It's a small verbal thing, but, for now, until both portions merge into one, their first things first, dualistic and split order is important.

Playing for Others, for an Audience

Nursing Home Audience

I'm starting my new guitar career playing for my first guitar audience. It is in a nursing home for a nursing home audience.

Why is this?

How do I see it?

My nursing home audience is in no rush. They will listen to, imbibe, in, delve and dive into slow playing and long-held notes. Since they are in no rush, they can sink into and appreciate each note. Then after draining the essence of each note, I can move onto the next note.

They appreciate sound, silence, and eternity. They are close to eternity, appreciate eternity, and are thus the “forever” audience.

No pressure. I can be myself, and totally explore the essence of any new note that come up. No rush. Plenty of time.

But note: I am now playing for others, for an audience!

Wednesday, July 5, 2017

Overwhelmed and Left Knee Pressure

Get Used To It

I think I will always be overwhelmed by work, and that my left knee will reflect it with its own (Sarnoian) pains.

Get used to it.

Although yesterday I discovered my total connection to others, and due to that new acceptance of knowledge, my depressions have now vanished. That does not, or did not mean that my daily annoyances with the pressures of life will not, or did not, go away.

Yes, although I am no longer depressed, or have a future reason to be depressed (sad is different), all the pressures remain and overwhelmed feelings remain. Evidently, such is my nature, and such is life. Get used to it.

Note: In my title I call it not left knee pain but “left knee pressure.” It is different and the cause is different. But evidently the knee pressure cause – overwhelmed with all its concomitant angers – will not (may never) go away.

So deal with it, get used to it. . .and move on.

Daily start piling into the heap of tasks, the pile of junk that lie before me. Deal with them one at a time, calmly and methodically as possible. Just do it.

Truth is, I’m always going to mediate between overwhelmed-and-annoyed and

focused-and-happy.

Get used to it.

Thursday, July 6, 2017

Slow, Deep, Focused Luxury Land

My New Travel Destination

Classical guitar (and folk songs, too: I've never had (or given myself) the luxury of going so slow, deep, and focused. It is totally different and satisfying. No pressure to get anywhere but here-and-now. And the explore the exciting depths of here-and-now. The luxury of slow, deep, and focused.

Could this be extended to other things I do? Like yoga? Or even running, gym, folk dancing, and . . . tours? And what about Hebrew and coding?

Could I do it? Dare I do it? Will I do it?

This would be return with a totally different practice, aspect, motivation, and approach.

But note: I said the word "practice." Slow, deep, focused is a practice. A good practice! Which means it must practice!

An excellent post-eighty practice!

I'm ready for it. (Been and done everything else.) Slow, Deep, and Focused Luxury land is my new travel destination.

A Place for Fast and Slow

Does this mean the days of playing fast are over?

Not exactly.

But now is the time and place for my new SDF practice.

Friday, July 7, 2017

Alhambra and Chinning

Two new goals: Alhambra and Chinning

Alhambra: This is heavy, slow, focused right wrist-relax practice. A focused “feeling” practice.

Note my new weight training, slow and waiting. Waiting and weighting. They sound the same, and are thus related. It is a muscle training.

The Alhambra right wrist relax practice is also muscle training.

Chinning is related to Alhambra. My chinning goal and practice is related to my Alhambra goal and practice.

I could never chin. Now I’m working on it, practicing toward achieving it.

I could never play Alhambra. Now I’m working on it, practicing it, through right wrist relax exercises, practicing toward achieving it. Both post-eighty goals.

Saturday, July 8, 2017

Be Prepared For Anything, But Expect Nothing

Great night of teaching and dancing at Goldens Bridge. I expected lots of kids to show up for the beginner class. Instead, only adults came; the kids came later. so I had to change my teaching approach and basically invent the class on the spot.

What a fun evening it was!

What is the philosophical result of such a fun evening?

Be prepared for anything, but expect nothing. No expectations bring happiness.

This is an excellent attitude for teaching for folk dancing, leading a tour, or anything else I do.

Sunday, July 9, 2017

New Neighborhood: Back to Miracle Schedule!

As a teenager, which I remember as my golden years, all I did was play music (violin) and basketball. And, as I remember, I was quite happy.

Music all day, then sports, an nice existence.

In college, I added reading, and study. I liked that, too. I saw studies as an extension of music, with words, and even concepts just new sounds in my ear.

And I was an ideal existence as playing music all day, then going for a walk (exercise/sport), and perhaps reading a book or two (novel, poetry, whatever.) Even science or technical writings were merely part of the poetry of life, new forms of its music.

So what happened?

Now I am always under pressure to do and create business. To make money. And I don't even need the money so much anymore. And even if I did, there is a way to live with less, much less money. I could even go Henry Miller style and live on no money! Indeed, its own challenge, but a worthy one, especially if your goal is to write and/or be an artist.

So what happened to all these satisfying and beautiful goals of desire and beauty?

They were music, writing, sports play, even study, all shining aspects of my miracle schedule.

But somehow, through the return of tour and even folk dance pressure, work and business pressure, pressures which I have strangely chosen, these beautiful and healthy goals have receded into the background, and just about disappeared.

My body is twisted and aching, my mind is running in many directions, trying to fulfill all my self-imposed obligations. What has happened and is happening to me? Why am I letting this happen? Why am I letting the world blow me all around and in all directions, instead of taking charge of my life?

Is it a subtle (really not so subtle) return to the old neighborhood? Yes.

I have, with my return to “work,” quickly and suddenly drown and overwhelmed myself in all kinds of old life, old neighborhood obligations.

This is not good. I don’t want this kind of self-imposed pressure, this kind of chased and being chased life.

So, what can I do about it? How can I change my reality?

I know there is a new neighborhood up ahead.

How can I move into the new neighborhood?

I don’t want to give up the additions to my former teenage life, like my folk dancing, tours, computers study, and my business. I want to keep them and incorporate them into my new life in my new neighborhood.

What’s the procedure?

Well, maybe the first step is to strongly, firmly, relentless, go back to my miracle schedule.

What threw me off?

What will potentially throw me off in the future?

First, it was my return.

1. Tours: Romania and all its organization and twists.

A. Media player. Needed for my tours.

2. Folk dance return.

a. Goldens Bridge. Done

b. Bookings. Need head speakers. Just about done.

3. New fun ventures:

a. Website WordPress, coding

b. Mellow guitar, languages, read novels (after lunch)

c. Blogging. Preparing my Book page. Put it on blog, too. And FB.

So my main miracle schedule challenge is:

a. Upcoming Romania, in particular

b. Balkan Splendor, and my tours, in general.

Organizing

Maybe it's just a question of organization: Of creating a spot, place, or time in my daily, or weekly life, for each of these wonderful things.

Monday, July 10, 2017

Terror, Fear, and Panic

Three Energizing Fuckers, three Energizing Furies

Terror, panic, fear, all these horrible feelings which I hate, and have been trying to escape from for years, will never go away!

They are here forever.

I must learn to deal with them, every day, in there here-and-now.

Bernice, my beautiful wife, said: "Learn breathing exercises."

I listened and agreed. Breathing exercises calm the mind, help dispel the fear, terror and panic. Or if not, at least minimize it, and, if skillful and lucky, even dissolve it.

Terror, fear, panic, either grand or petit, whatever size or shape, they have preceded every public activity I do and have done. Either large or small.

From an individual private guitar lesson, to a folk dance teaching class with dozens, to a concert before thousands, to leading an international tour with 3 to 60 people, to just getting up in the morning and facing my day, it almost doesn't matter what the activity I perform, if performing (for the public) is what I am doing or even thinking of doing, panic, fear, and terror and part of the game. Ever appearing and

ever lasting emotions which will never go away, and with which I must deal with.

No more running or trying to deny these malignant furies, these miserable ever-present fuckers.

Practice, getting better, self-improvement, although a good-in-itself, will not help me overcome my terrors. No matter how good I am or become, terrors, fears, and panics are forever. They never go away no matter how good, or even lucky, I get.

Self-improvement and working hard may bring me more jobs, and more acclaim. But it will never bring me freedom from terror, fear, and panic. Because these three fuckers are woven into the fabric of the game. They are part of the cloth, the suffocating cover, in the battle to be naked and free. Just as they are forever, the battle is forever. Naked and free are the highlights, and appear for a shocking few moments. But after that brief bolt of light, they disappear and a new road emerges. And once again, the triplet fuckers appear to annoy, bother, and panic me until my next success.

There is no escape. Only temporary relief. Accept it, deal with it. Learn and practice the breathing exercises. If an when other relief forms emerge, grab them too. There is no other choice.

If I can remember, confront, deal with, and focus on these three embedded, constant pursuing fuckers, it will give me lots of energy!

Wednesday, July 12, 2017

Discouragement Rises

Smash the Bugger!

Note the newest form of discouragement: "Why bother? I'm getting old, running out of energy and time, no use trying."

Did I ever use this type of discouragement before? I don't hink so. However, it has definitely arrived with age eighty.

How to handle it? What to do, if anything, about it?

First, recognize it. Awareness of its ever-present hydra-headed pop up.

Then smash the bugger!

How? Realize it is just a new form of the old "Why bother?" question. The form may change, but its message remains the same. Like terror, worry, anxiety, fear, panic and the other negative fucker miseries, the ogre of discouragement never leaves, It is always, constant, and forever. Thus must be dealt with.

How?

How to deal with discouragements daily rising?

Move! Dive in. Shut off your brain and move!

With the slightest nudge, with the most subtle and delicate of breezes, the mind will shift. Once blown off course, it will change directions. Dive into something, anything, think and move in a positive direction. The monkey mind, like a dog on a leash, will follow.

Start moving today.

Start now!

Life Versus Death

The Struggle Goes On Forever

Our life is an endless struggle between the forces of Death, and their surrogates, and the forces of Life, and their surrogates.

Discouragement is a surrogate for the forces of Death.

Courage, expressed in such life-giving ideas as: "Move! Dive In! Shut your Brain off and Move!" is the surrogate for Life.

Discouragement belongs to Death.

Encouragement belongs to Life.

Its Life Against Death in the game of existence.

The contest and competition goes on forever.

Back to my Roots

I am or feel totally disgusted with my life. A barrel focus on tours, WP, and who knows what.

I somehow need a break, and to get back to the artist is am and once was. Back to my roots. For refreshment and regeneration.

How do I do that?

Writing, guitar, perhaps even a bit of WP. But without business, money, or sales involved.

Freedom

On the other hand, I could look at my tours in general, and my upcoming Romanian tour in particular, as really not that important. Indeed, it is something to do, but not as important as writing, guitar, folk dance, reading, html, other. It one of the things I do for a living. It's a living. Not in itself, that important.

Indeed, such an attitude would free me!

Thursday, July 13, 2017

Take A Break

Well, maybe its important, but not that important. I'm talking about first my tours, then my folk dance teaching. In other words, my work. What makes me money.

Yes, it's important, but not that important.

Why is it important?

Two reasons: First, I have to earn a living. Money and survival is important.

Second, for some reason, my personality is such that whatever I do, I want to “get it right.” Evidently, I have a deep-seated hatred of chaos and disorganization. I rebel against sloppiness. It’s a personality thing. Maybe it threatens my security and life. In any case, I hate it and always move against it.

Note both reasons have as their basis: Life, living, life threatening.

Evidently, since I want to live, I must do both. They are important. But are they that important? Can I soften my approaches to each one?

Another great desire of mine is freedom. At a certain level, emphasis on these life-giving activities start to strangle me, enslave me, cut off my oxygen, and become counter-productive. They work against my dreams instead of for them.

Thus is is “merely” a balance thing? I’d hate to think so. After all, “balance” is so boring. Nevertheless, it is a basic truth.

Maybe the wise, proper, and right thing to do today, and for awhile, is simply to switch gears, take a break, a “vacation,” do something else. Bounce my tours and dance classes along, while I do and focus on something else.

Yes, take a break. And I can “afford” to, since most of my tour work is done. I have to “mop up” Romania, that’s about it.

Can I mop up Romania as I take a break? That’s an interesting idea. . .and challenge.

Friday, July 14, 2017

Sickened and Angry Over Low Tour Registration

A New Phase

Suddenly, I feel sickened and angry over my low tour registration. “Suddenly,” I see how small it is.

Well, it’s not so sudden. It’s been happening all year. I have paid little attention to it; I’ve even secretly wanted my tours to be small. Even non-existent. I’ve been

standing at the edge of the cliff, daring them to be small, even non-existent.

Maybe it was all part the grand 80 year of transition, of web learning and design, and reassessment of my role and desires in the tour business. Whatever it was or is, evidently that phase of my development has run its course, reached its end.

That's why I've suddenly taken a new look at my tours, recognize and realize they are small (which I knew all along), but am suddenly sickened by their small size, and angry that they are in such small-size form.

Sickened and angry over low registration seems to be my new morning state. This feeling has been absent all year. I know I needed this year's break to reassess, realign, rebirth and reexamine myself. Well, evidently that phase has come to an end. My website skills and money satisfaction is in place.

This new sickened and angry state if not about money! That is something new. There's not much fear involved, in fact, hardly any. That is new. However, beyond money as a measure of physical security and escape from poverty and destitution, I now move into a new phase of money as a measure of psychological success.

What else is new after this year? I've added my new website skills as a new weapon.

Money as a psychological (and of course physical) new form of motivation, plus new website skills: that's mainly what the new year, direction, and approach is about.

Sickened and angry over low registration signals a new phase. Get used to it.

Both?

On the other hand, is it worth getting angry and sick about, or is it better put my efforts into writing and promoting my books?

Or do I need to, can or should I, do both?

Am I Freeing Myself

Or Fooling Myself?

I now have a new power: by learning WordPress, I can now edit, manage, and control my website.

Due to this, a new idea is emerging: Should I give my books away free by publishing them, in their entirety, on my website?

My rationalization: They give me free publicity

My choreographies are given away free through Youtube videos. My rationalization is: They give me free publicity.

How about giving my songs, stories, and guitar playing away free? Putting my World of Guitar, and American Folk Songs on my website as free audio clips.

My rationalization: They give me free publicity.

What would “giving my creations away free” do for me? Materially and psychologically?

Materially, it would remove all hopes of sales and making money.

Psychologically: By giving me an immediate outlet to the world, without the added time-consuming pressures of “selling” it, free would, by removing the frustration of sales and the “Why bother writing it if no one will ever read it?” would (might?) inspire me to create more stories, songs, dances, and whatever.

Obviously, my rationalization is: Giving away my books, songs, guitar playing, and more, is a form of promotion and publicity.

Is this a rationalization?

What are my feelings about this approach?

First, I feel embarrassed, and a bit ashamed of giving my precious creations away free.

Why?

Am I also saying, because they are free, they are worth less? On one level, maybe.

Deep down, do I think it a stupid, and somewhat desperate, business thing to do? I'm giving up on ever selling them, on ever making money with them. Of every having them become and create value? By giving them away free, am I giving up my credits, my copyrights, my name? Maybe.

It is definitely a form of giving up.

But is it a good form of giving up?

Any pluses?

By giving up on ever selling them, in the process of giving them away free, am I freeing myself? Is this idea a developing new (post-eighty) direction and step toward freedom?

Or am I simply discouraged, feeling desperate, and fooling myself?

Great question.

Sunday, July 16, 2017

Pain and Pressure (Knees and More)

I'm wondering if the pain in my knees isn't caused (or added by) the tour, folk dance, website, and business pressure that is now descending on me.

Focused Tempos and Emotions

Suppose my guitar playing goal was to have no goals at all. To play in the moment, and this for no future audience at all.

To play in the moment, for the present audience, which could also be no audience at all.

But the main focus would be to be and play in the moment.

Where would that "lead?"

To an emotional center.

The “slow” emotion of focused calm, or the “fast” emotion of focused wild excitement. . . or other emotions.

Blogging

New Leaf Blog: Complete Person Blog

Wha kind of blog will I have?

What kind of blog will I need to write? Need is the important word here. Like I need to write my New Leaf journal.

So, based on need, I’ll need to write a New Leaf kind of blog.

Maybe it won’t be to promote my business (although it might.)

Maybe it will be a totally different and new creation, based on New Leaf, but perhaps adding strong editing, and even comments about travel and folk dance, and other.

Maybe best is to first write it in my New Leaf Journal, then transfer it to my blog.
If it feels right to do that.

Okay, what do I like to put in my blog?

1. My wild, imaginative, off-the-wall, off-beat stories.

What do they have to do with music and dance? Well, they involved rhythm: Some are on the beat, but most are off-beat.

So one: Dare to put my stories on my blog. Then from there they go into FB. See where that leads.

Anything else?

2. My New Leaf ramblings: “Other Stuff.” On a wide variety of mostly psychological and philosophical subjects.

3. Perhaps I should go through my past NL Journals and see what I come up with to put into my blog. And on FB.

4. Also go through my stories.

That gives me stories and NL ramblings.

(I can add pictures, videos, typography designs, and more.)

Monday, July 17, 2017

Blogging, Writing, and More

Telephone Calls, Bookings, even Concerts

One of my great frustrations in life is that no one reads my books. I write them, I love them, but they remain in my basement unsold. How to sell them? And whether I can or want to put in the effort and time to sell them, are questions I will probably ask all my life. And this will probably remain my main lifetime frustration.

The main reason I created my blog, I must admit, is so that I can send my lovely fiction stories and writings out to the world. I would increase my (imaginary) audience, and I would have the vague hope that someone out there will read my writings. Maybe they won't; maybe no one will. But at least I will imagine they will, or might. And this would be enough to push, nay inspire me to write more.

Having no audience for my writing is so discouraging, so frustrating, so disappointing, that it has even made me stop writing! A crime and shame. But it is true. Discouragement and frustration has "forced" me to stop writing. Or rather, has caused me to decide to stop writing.

So, I decided to stop writing due to discouragement and frustration. I could call this a childish temper tantrum, or even a "practical" decision (after all, I make no money from my writing. Isn't it better to put my sales efforts into tours, which can pay real money?!)

Of course, a good part of me hates this and these "practical" decisions, but I've done it anyway.

I did not create my blog to sell tours or folk dancing. That could and might be a sideline, but not the main purpose. No, my purpose was to promote my writing, to find

a new audience for my words.

So be it.

Yes, Barry says if I put my stories into a blog, they are not copyrighted and can thus be taken, “stolen” from me, and republished without my name or any credit given to me.

Do I want such a thing? I’m divided. Yes, I want someone, anyone, to read my writing. But I also want credit for it (not money, but credit). Just like I want credit (not money) for my dance choreographies on Youtube.

Well, wanting and getting are two separate things. We’ll see where all this leads.

What is the result of all this?

I have to and want to sell my tours. In the past, I’ve done it through emails, telephone calls, and ads. This year I have stopped the telephone calls.

I had also planned to sell them through bookings and concerts. I have also stopped bookings and concerts.

I have never planned to sell them through Facebook. Facebook has so far proven to be a complete waste. And I thus hate it. But, of course, I can easily put my folk dance blog posts (and even other posts?) on it. I doubt this will help, but it can’t hurt.

I am returning to many of my roots.

Perhaps it is also time to return to telephone calls, bookings, and even concerts. All these to serve as tour and folk dance sales methods, and more.

Deborah’s idea of blogging on with folk dance related things is “right.” I believe and understand it, and it probably should be done. By someone. But not me. For some gut-wrenching reason, I just cannot do it. Or rather, I refuse to do it! That is a strong negative statement. It is not in my nature or desire to do it. And therefore, evidently, I won’t.

So, even though it is right and good, it cannot be done by me. (Shall I hire someone else to do it? Maybe. Or at least to do promotions somehow.)

Maybe I should also consider returning to telephone calls, bookings, and even concerts.

That would mean putting bookings, and even concerts up on my web page.

Hmmmm.

Other Ideas and Emails

So my opinion is start blog with only folk dance posts. Once you have that working, building a following and using to build your list and interest, then we can talk about another blog - Jim Gold Renaissance Man!! Business first and then pleasure
Deborah

Dear Jim,

Since you've sent this to me, I am assuming you want my input. I think this "other" work will indeed distract from your dance content; also, it's difficult to maintain copyright integrity on the web unless you're trying (as you has discovered) to protect images.

Question really is, *is doing nothing with the other work a viable option for you?* If it is, you write it, and that's that. If it's *not* a viable option, then you really need to get over wondering whether publishing it, putting down your mark as it were, really needs to fit into the money/fame gerbil run you have a tendency to be trapped by (I believe I touched on this the last time we dined together), or whether it can be its own justification for you, define its *own* value, as it does for me.

I think I quoted Whitman at that lovely dinner; if I didn't, here he is, on *Leaves of Grass* (nine know what *I* was pleased to do.)

Dear Barry,

Thinking more on the subject.

You really hit it when you said: to fit into the money/fame gerbil run you have a tendency to be trapped by

Since my quest is freedom "Trapped by" is not where I want to be.

And it's something I can do something about: Namely, rethink it and develop a new attitude. Hard to do, but possible.

I also think it is my only choice.

Thanks again so much.

We'll see where this leads.

Jim

Dear Deborah,

That will be a challenge, to only post folk dance related things.

But I understand what you're saying.

What should I do with my fiction stories, and my philosophical and psychological New Leaf journal writings?

(The writings that I love and need to write.)

Can they be posted, too? Should they be?

Or do they distract and detract from my "business?"

Jim

The Money/Fame Gerbil Run

Spiritual Nourishment Needs

Whether I want to be trapped in the money/fame gerbil run, or not, it a personal decision I can make.

I will have to make it.

It is easy. There really is no choice.

My quest is for freedom. Thus, I really have no choice. I must step out of the money/fame gerbil run.

The answer is: Writing, like exercise, and guitar(as it is today) is separate.

Yet they are spiritual nourishment needs.

I need them, like I need food and rest.

Without food and rest, I will die.

Without spiritual nourishment, I will die. Or I might as well be dead.

So stepping out is the only way to go.

The only question is: When do I start? And How?

How about starting today?

New Start

Big decisions Have Been Made

Start All Over (Starting Over): In Attitude and Actuality

Business: Tours and folk dancing.

Pleasure/Spiritual Nourishment: Writing, guitar, study, other: All miracle schedule activities.

Put all my books on Amazon. Website Jim's books: Offer chapters to read, then say "Available on Amazon."

Publish my new book. Collect all my new stories and publish it with/through Barry and on Amazon. Start all over.

Tuesday, July 18, 2017

Writing Again!

Off and running. Writing again! Edit a new one every day. Plus one hour of writing added to my life!

Tuesday, July 18, 2017

Four Pillars of Miracle Schedule Revisited

My miracle schedule is never about money.

Thus it can never include business.

Miracle schedule is about my soul. And without my soul happy, in place, satisfied and fed, my body and I, both of us united and together, will not be able. or even want to do business.

I feel so happy doing my miracle schedule, performing its vital functions. Its four pillars: Writing, playing guitar, study, and the athletics (gym, running, and yoga.)

Fulfilling, satisfying the dictates of my miracle schedule is vitally important both to me and my business. Miracle schedule is the invisible part of the visible, the source of its grow power, unseen but mighty, the root of the tree. That's why the growth and happiness it creates is a miracle.

In the hierarchy of importance, in my morning and daily routines, miracle schedule must precede everything else, must precede business!

(Revisiting)Venturing into Alhambra Land

I can venture into Alhambra Land again, but this time only to excite myself and

explore my muscles.

Perhaps same with fast dances and running, and even yoga.

No longer to impress other in business or ego Those days and people are gone.
But now, in miracle schedule formation and mode, to grow and shine my soul.

Alhambra Land

With this transformation and change to Alhambra Land, I wonder if my interest in the stock market will fade and dribble away. (It is happening, now, but is it “permanent?”)

It feels like it will, that it has run its course. (It has taken as many years and the split between business and art. Art symbolized and expressed by and through my miracle schedule.)

And if yes, I wonder why.

And what is Alhambra Land?

Is it a will be Land which combines the ever present?

A totally (post-eighty) place of inner peace, reset, and enjoyment.

Is Alhambra Land somehow Miracle Schedule Land? Maybe.

Is Alhambra Land hissing, foaming, and forming into the Main Land, the primary continent, while business world becomes a secondary soul place, a shadow land, a sub-continent.

Is Alhambra Land taking over, zinging to the forefront?

Maybe.

Wednesday, July 19, 2017

Inspiration(Inhalation) Always Comes First

Very discouraging. And upset. But I don't know why. Nothing in Hebrew enters my head this morning.

New fears (old fears) cloud my brain this morning. My mind feels so cluttered and worried. Return of the Romanian trip, perhaps. And yesterday was such a lovely day! A celebration as I returned to writing.

Of course, it is a new day. Every day is a new day. Can I bring any of yesterday's beauty into this moment, into today?

Writing did it yesterday.

There are two parts to writing: writing (fresh draft) and editing. Just as

breathing has inhalation and exhalation, writing has fresh draft writing and editing.

Start writing and editing today, right now!.

Remember: miracle schedule comes first!

Romania trip, and business comes second.

That is my new attitude and life style.

It does not mean business is not important; only that it comes second. Like breathing: First comes inhalation, then exhalation.

One cannot live without breathing.

I cannot live with the inhalation (inspiration) of miracle schedule (inhalation) and the exhalation of business.

But in-spiration always comes first.

Depressing and Freeing

The fact that few, or no one, will ever read my writing is both depressing and freeing.

If I knew, for certain, that no one would ever hear me play guitar again, how would I play? Or write?

Yes, on first shot, it is depressing to think this. But then, if I move beyond the depression, it is totally freeing!

Away from the pressures of what the world wants, or what I imagine it wants, I'd be free to discover my true self and meaning.

Yes, my business must be with and of the world. That is the nature of business.

But my art, and the miracle schedule wherein it resides?

Traveling on the Miracle Schedule Road of Freedom

For my guitar playing and writing (my main art forms), I have aimed for public success, a “success” inhibited by desire for public acclaim, for most (all) of my life.

“Been there, done that.”

Perhaps I am ready, and it is time to experiment, to start on a new path by choosing freedom (over public.)

I am ready, willing, and able to do it.

I can start today.

Friday, July 21, 2017

SingingThe Pristine Root, the Precious Beginning

I once did like to sing. Why did I ever like to sing in the first place? There was once a reason. There was once a time I enjoyed it, probably even loved it.

When and what was that time? And what was the pleasure, the enjoyment?

And the big question, the same question I ask myself for guitar and writing: If nobody ever heard me sing again, would I sing? And if yes, how would I sing?

Well, I’m ready to ask myself that question in all four or my miracle schedule activities of writing, music (guitar, singing, gaida, whatever), sports (exercise), and study.

Yes, I would and will definitely do them. They are vital and necessary for my spiritual existence. And they must take priority and precede my worldly business activities, which I also need, but differently.

Both miracle schedule and worldly business activities are needed for the

complete, satisfying, fulfilled and happy life.

So now I'm up to singing.

How will I recover my precious and pristine first places?

I begin today with a few measures of the George Brassens song "J'ai Rendez Vous Avec Vous." The approach is same as guitar, slow, sweet, soft, exploratory.

Saturday, July 22, 2017

Nervousness into Excitement

Wouldn't it be great if I could turn my nervousness into excitement, my pre-performance anxiety into upbeat anticipation.

Now that I have accepted the fact the nervousness and pre-performance anxiety, the grey cloud of dread hanging over all my upcoming and future performances, and I realize it will never go away no matter how much I analyze or try to think it out of existence, perhaps I am now ready to deal with it, work with it.

The idea now is that with awareness, plus practice, I can turn pre-performance anxiety, what I call nervousness, into up beat anticipation and excitement.

What a lifetime conquest that would be!

How to do it?

One things "good" about my PPA or nervousness is that it focuses my mind. Of course, it focuses it on the nervousness, and thus usually makes things worse. But I do manage to perform all the necessary pre-performance work necessary to do the job, and do it well.

Now if I could do the same work, but with a sense of upbeat anticipation, enthusiasm, and excitement, that would, of course be great.

So, on the one hand, nervousness, and nervous energy brings focus. Focus is generally positive.

Now to turn my focus from nervousness into excitement, from anxiety into upbeat anticipation, even enthusiasm.

Start this practice today.

Thank you Michael and Bernice.

Sunday, July 23, 2017

Practicing Focus by Giving It My All

I stopped myself before I got a full portion, and thus I got sad and depressed. My mind got scattered. I thought about what else can I, now, should I, do. I'm spending too much time on Hebrew. Instead, cut my study short, and go on to the next thing I must do. Scattered mind dismissed my focus, threw it out the window, and replaced it with an extraneous demand, a "should." I lost my focus, got sad, scared, and nervous, and was about to give up my Hebrew study.

But I stopped myself, became aware of my mind state and the internal pressure to "move on to the next," and, instead of dropping Hebrew and move on to the next, I stayed with it, gave it all I had, all my passion, this until exhaustion. I exhausted my effort, and then I stopped.

Result: My mind was tired but I was not depressed, scared, or nervous. I had given it my all. And then I stopped just at the point of exhaustion. I did it just right.

This is doing to past the point of exhaustion and getting overwhelmed.

Is the overwhelmed feeling part of the lack of focus? A backward part of the stage fright, pre-performance anxiety panic and fear mode? I think so.

Why? Because it's all about focus and lack of focus.

My practice and new training is to fight against stage fright, pre-performance anxiety, pre-trip or pre-concert or pre-booking fright/anxiety/black cloud of dread and instead focus on the work at hand.

Focus will dispel my fears. This I know.

If there is any have to, must, or should, it is that I have to, must and should practice doing it.

In Hebrew this morning, I practiced my focus by giving it my all. It worked! That is the way to go.

Monday, July 24, 2017

Meeting and Dealing with my Trinity of Monsters

Discouragement, Dread, and Fear

Discouragement is a form of dread, and creates the “Why bother?” state (and syndrome.)

Dread is a form of fear, and creates the grey cloud of doom hanging over my head.

Fear is related to pre-performance anxiety, stage fright.

How does knowing this help me?

It’s a reminder that focus conquers stage fright.

Now the question is: How to see it as a challenge, and work with my discouragement and see how, together we can move on to focus.

As a challenger, and my opponent, could I call Discouragement my friend? This the Hebrew sense of the word *ra*.

Well, why not?

So I have a new friend to work with: Discouragement, along with his sisters, Dread and Fear.

Take Hebrew specifically. If my brain is like a sieve and I don't remember the words, even though I go over and over them, other will learn better than me (my sister?) and be ahead of me. I'll fall behind. Soon as I fall further and further behind until I am totally lost. And abandoned. Childhood memories, if an infant like me is abandoned, I'll be dead.

My abandonment feelings at 2 or 3 years meant death. Evidently, they still haunt me. Without outside care and love, an infant will die. That memory has been carried into my adult life. (Whether the memory and meaning is actually true, does not matter. I think and feel now. So, imaginary or not, it is my present reality, So I'll deal with it.)

Of course, my trinity of monsters, Discouragement, Dread (Impending Doom), and Fear are not only found in Hebrew, when I get a pain in my knee, ankle, or wherever, when few to no one registers for a tour, etc. They are part of my stage fright/pre-performance anxiety world.

So I'll deal with it.

Yesterday, during my run, my fear of travel and tours just fell off, like an autumn leaf finally falling off a tree. A "been there, done that" phenomenon.

My travel anxiety has run its course. No more need (or desire) for it. My self-created fear of travel and tours fell off my tree, It's over.

If this is all true, and my main fear is abandonment, that I'll fall behind and be abandoned (and die), and that this is a childhood fear, and is no longer true, then there is really no reason for me to do anything! No need to accomplish anything, to get

anywhere. (Except of course, for my own entertainment and pleasure.) My only need and desire is to somehow survive.

This takes all the pressure off.

(Note the new muscle cramp/pull/strain/pain in my middle back. It just arrived with the above paragraph. Is it now turning into a new Sarnoian TMS?)

Tuesday, July 25, 2017

The Challenge and Answer: Dive Right In!

Morning depression is just part of the game, part of my personality. Like pre-tour dread, or body aches and pains, they will never end or go away.

How to handle their daily visits? Just jump in, dive in, start to move, either mentally, physically, or both.

Somehow word distraction is negative. I don't like it.

Rather than seeing depression, pre-tour dread, muscle aches and pains as distractions, visualize them as packets of energy (misused and misdirected, but energy nevertheless.) Jump into their energy and use it to help, prod, push, and energize me to dive right in.

Focus on the other, on the task at hand, and not on my self.

This is daily challenge and answer.

The Overwhelmed Creation

Blocks Out Black Cloud of Impending Doom

Overwhelmed is opposite of depressed, down, and dismal but also based on

anxiety and panic mode, the fear of being left behind and abandoned.

The overwhelmed feeling is used to block out Dread. I go extremes in order to counter the left behind/abandoned/death and dying Black Cloud of Impending Doom, which has followed me most of my life.

Saturday, July 29, 2017

A terrible week of Romanian aches and pains, culminating in miserable knee and leg pains during Goldens Bridge dancing. It's over. Time to recover and heal myself.

Sunday, July 30, 2017

Feels like a new and fresh start.

I've dropped Hebrew for awhile, and am now doing Romanian. My mind and body are evidently ready and preparing for our upcoming tour to Romania.

Monday, July 31, 2017

Last night I was hoping, and even believed, that the terror and anxiety I feel before tours, or any performance, is a doorway into something "else." I don't know what the "else" is, but I don't want to miss it by denying or even distracting myself from my pain. If I don't deal with and dive right into my pain, I'll never know what is on the other side.

Perhaps an earthly Paradise is on the other side.

But what does this Paradise feel like? Is it merely an absence of pain, anxiety, and terror? Is that enough for Paradise? Or is it something absolutely wonderful, a cosmic swoon, an unexpressedly Beautiful, a "something else" beyond all worldly

expectations? I'm hoping, and secretly believing, it is.

Am I denying this ecstasy by focusing on my anxiety, fear, terror, worry, etc? Or are these worldly survival emotions the doorway I must walk through in order to reach this sublime Beauty?

Does such a sublime Beauty even exist? I think so.

Is it even more powerful than all these emotions of fear, fight-or-flight, pre-performance anxiety? I'm hoping it is.

But suppose it is. Does my inner kabbalah, protecting the worldly self, and fearing its destruction, even dare look into the eyes of such Beauty?

Tuesday, August 1, 2017

My new left outer foot pain. This is either a "true injury," or a pre-Romania tour creation, to distract me from the terror of leaving.

I'm crippling myself to distract me from the greater and truly crippling fear, nay terror and panic, of my upcoming tour.

It's either one of the other.

But I don't know which.

Did I really hurt myself? How did this happen? And did it happen? Or is it just a new "twist of mind" (twist of foot), a Sarnoian TMS?

I may only know once I hit Romania. But I sure would like to know right now!

Wednesday, August 2, 2017

Peroneal Tendinitis and Romania

I hate to even think of such a thing, but, suppose my peroneal (Perone: from

Greek pin or brooch, like fibula in Latin) tendinitis (Greek: Tenein: to stretch).

A shot of intense anger at Dennis and Laury for cancelling their Balkan Splendor trip. Can this shot of anger be applied to Romania, and to my peroneal tendon? Maybe above the pre-trip terror I feel, is a strong layer of anger. If I got in touch with my anger (I'm putting so much time and effort into this just for them! And people cancel? What a nerve! I'm furious with them!) then maybe my peroneal pain would disappear.

Let's face it, I am furious. But it is repressed by the terror. But at least anger is "constructive" and dynamic. Terror, true as it may be, just drives me into a corner.

Anger Or Terror

Maybe I should choose anger over terror.

Anger is a bit difficult to rationalize, since deep down, I know that organizing and leading tours, along with doing good things for my customers, pushes me to be my absolute best. So actually, instead of being angry at them, I should thank them. Even the disappointment of their cancellations pushes me to deal with disappointments, downs, and the dismal. Should I then also thank my customers them for cancelling? Maybe.

On the one hand, I don't like being pushed (even though I am being pushed to be my best)

On the other hand, I realize (painful, unhappy, and difficult as it is, that being pushed like this is good for my development, attitude, growth and even my soul.

Both

Anger and terror go together. They are twins. One feeds the other. And vice versa. They are a Both.

I move, twist, oscillate, and hang between their realms. That is the human condition, especially my condition before a tour.

Tour Cancellations

With Dennis cancellation, I feel anger, but no terror.

With upcoming Romania, I feel terror, but no anger.

Behind a tour cancellation is loss, sadness, abandonment, and anger in the distance.

Is it better to cry, or be angry? Probably both.

Another Both.

But evidently, sadness, loss, and abandonment is deeper than anger. Anger covers up the deeper feelings of abandonment, a feeling which includes betrayal. (Dennis has betrayed me, abandoned me. As a baby, abandonment means terror, and eventually death.)

Of course, righteous rage, a totally justified anger, is another story.

Truth is I know my heel is TMS related to Romania. Any doubt is a distraction.

Thus when my heel hurts, think Romania.

Abandonment has to do with the futility of trying.

Abandonment feeds the feeling of futility, the futility of trying. It gnaws at and discourages the glory and heroism, the glorious heroism of making the supreme effort.

Relaxed Romania.

Thursday, August 3, 2017

Leaving for Romania Today.

Quite Deep

How deep can you go into each note?

Quite deep.

And maybe that is a path to salvation.

I just had a vision that I can now run a big tour organization. I wonder what that means.

1. I am capable, knowledgeable, and confident.
2. I just tried to contact George Caneda re Spain tour 2018. I'm back in business. Go back to old and good contacts.(Why reinvent the wheel?)
3. New view of Balkan Splendor. Preparing for future tours there. With Drazen or local tour operator.