

Exhilaration Life Style

Saturday, October 14, 2017

Balkan Splendor II 2017

Arrived in Belgrade.

I know my tours are a service to others.

But are they a service to me?

Sunday, October 15, 2017

Slept great!

Woke up refreshed and ready to roll.

But roll where?

Note my new title: Balkan Splendor: A Second Beginning.

I deeply wonder what such a new title means. Certainly, it is a renaissance of sorts. But what kind? That is the question.

What's new about this trip?

Well, it began on the connecting flight from Frankfurt to Belgrade. Just before I had a pre-Belgrade "vision." The word is in quotes because I'm not even sure it qualifies as a vision. It may merely have been a very strong idea.

In any case, it was "Why am I putting myself through such travel torture? Do I really need this anymore? I've accomplished my goals of:

1. Learning about choreography and the limits of improvising.
2. Making money (enough for me, and for awhile,
3. I've even learned how to lead and run a tour "competently, "comfortably" and with confidence.

These are three major accomplishments. What else is there to do? Why bother continuing, especially if there are no new visions and goals in mind?

And since I have no new goals or visions in mind, isn't it a form of cowardice to

continue running and leading tours? Am I afraid to retire because what would I do then? Is it a paucity of new ideas and visions that is now keeping me in the tour business? Have I accomplished all my material goals and now descended to mere realism?

The “Why bother?” Question again emerges, or rather emerged on the plane. Was this really a new vision? Or merely an advanced form of giving up?

Long ago, when tours got too tough, I worked too hard with little to no results in registration, that I said it wasn't worth my time and I decided to give up my tour business. After six months I got so depressed I decided to return. Why? Because, although I was giving up all the hassles, I was also losing all the joys, conquests, glories of leadership and material creation, and benefits. I was “throwing out the baby with the bath water.”

Is the pre-landing vision a new form of that? A new form of giving up? I saw the a future with smaller registrations, a diminished business, and, of course, at age 80, isn't it time to retire? And do what I want?

So, there are similarities, indeed.

Note also, that for years, I managed to do both the tour business and “what I want,” namely writing. (And guitar practice, plus learning, that is following the dictates of my (somehow now forgotten) miracle schedule.

If I could do all these things then, why can't I do them now? Why change? Why quite?

The only thing I can see different is the age of eighty, the true fact I have accomplished my goals.

These are all good reasons to quit. But are they really reasons? Or just excuses?

After a good night's sleep, I am sensing that they are excuses. Visionary visits from the devil himself.

In the past, before eighty, money, and accomplishments clouded my mind, I did it all. Which means, I did both business, tours and folk dancing, plus my miracle

schedule. And it was fine.

Now, for some reason, it is no longer fine.

Perhaps the main question is: How to make it fine again?

And that may be the reason for my new New Leaf title: Balkan Splendor Two: A Second Beginning.

How could this be a second beginning.

Evidently, somehow I must return to my miracle schedule, and business.

But "return" to me is a deadly word. It signifies going backward, retracing old steps, dead wood, lack of creation, creativity, and imagination. Somehow I must move ahead rather than "return" to the past, and revive the dead.

Thus the words: A Second Beginning.

That may be the personal path question and reason for this tour. To find a new Columbus path, new reasons to both do tours and revive my most important and fulfilling miracle schedule.

And perhaps, I will discover that truly in my life, I cannot do only one or the other, I cannot focus on only material business or spiritual miracle schedule reality.

I must do both.

A combination of material and spiritual reality is a whole and balanced life.

Perhaps this is all part of a "dropping the ego" process.

Gift of Alhambra

Perhaps that is my maturing vision. Perhaps it is also why I have given up the ego Alhambra tremolo fight between thumb and fingers between my ego and guitar survival and Segovia's Alhambra playing, why I now have submitted to his way, Papa's way and finally admit that he is right. (And it only took 40-50 years!), and have now been given the gift my playing the Alhambra, why thumb won out of fingers in the tremolo.

As my first gift for "dropping the ego" I have been given the Alhambra

Perhaps there is an upcoming tour gift in sight. Wouldn't that be

wonderful. Maybe that's what this tour is all about.

I began this New Leaf by saying:

"I know my tours are a service to others. But are they a service to me?"

Dropping . Giving up, losing, or perhaps loosening my ego, gave me the Alhambra and tremolo benefits.

By "dropping" (through accomplishments) my old goals of improving and choreography (done), making money (done), and leadership competence and confidence (done), am I now ready to move on an Alhambra tour vision?

Tremolo Tours

Tours with an Extra Tickle

Tremolo Tours:

Subtitle: Tours with an Extra Tickle

Indeed, the title has awe and wonder in it. Awe in the tremble, wonder in the amazing fact I can not play Alhambra.

Tremolo Tours, indeed. Awe in the fingers, wonder in the thumb.

This may be a good personal title for me. Not for public consumption, but rather dictating the path of my new personal voyage for me. The name also has humor and imagination in it. I like that. M

Having my thumb on the tour pulse, my travelers and the program, gives me my base-note foundation; and my fingers, trembling, tremoloing happily in the background, give the tour its extra tickle.

Prelude to Next Novel

New Name: Jim Gold "Folk Dance and More" Tours.

(Dance and more tours?)

New name, new me, new all. Time to drop "international". Stiff and no longer needed to "prove my worth, show and prove how big and international "we: are.

Specialty tour now become "And More Tours, or and More Tours." More as in

“more great stuff!”

New Novel:

Gospel according to Dimitri

Yes, the old way of thinking has to go. And Devil’s vision has washed it away.

Now to promote, advertise (and “push”) enthusiasm, inspiration, humor, and glory. (Do I really need the word “push?” After all, by their very nature, these four beauties promote, advertise, and “push” themselves.)

Gospel of Folk Dance according to St. Dimitri.

Camino de St. Dimitri (ne Dimitri Zlatos, Arany Janos, Dimitri Chrisos, etc.)

New Novel:

Chapter One: Devil’s Vision

Dimitri had his Devil’s vision. That’s where it seems to have begun.

But maybe not.

Monday, October 16, 2017

Okay my Word Perfect collapsed, got corrupted, so I uninstalled it and ordered a new version from Amazon. During this tour, I’ll have to work in Microsoft Word. And learn the program, in the process.

Now I’ll try to Ctrl/S command to see if it saves.

And it does! Nice first step.

In a half hour, I’ll be meeting all mym travelers in the lobby.

I’ll be on. I’ll be pushed, forced, inspired to be my best!

Is that such a bad thing? No.

Tuesday, October 17, 2017

Languages memorizing: It depends how much I want to work.

I am impressed with how easy Word is. The only thing missing is reveal codes.

But can I find a reveal codes in Word? I'll research it.

Wednesday, October 18, 2017

Is today really Wednesday? If yes, we're off to Novi Sad.

Also watch reaction in my left foot.

Idea: Should I add a Comedy section to my Youtube videos? And put pigeons dancing Beogradsko Kolo, etc in it?

Conquering my left knee, and its ancillaries, would be a great conquest.

New Post-Balkan Splendor 2 Practices

In Renaissance Mode

Any new practices to bring home?

How about one hour of yoga to start off every morning. (After coffee and study, of course.)

And this before running.

Friday, October 20, 2017

New day in Nish.

Just added some videos and pictures to Facebook. I'm getting pretty good at this!

Sunday, October 22, 2017

Arrived in Sarajevo.

Monday, October 23, 2017

Personal Time

Took a morning off in Sarajevo, and was brave enough to tell my group I needed to take the morning off for “personal time.”

Well, actually I didn't tell them that, but in the future I will. Our guide, Milos said that honesty is the best policy. So did Jane. I'd like to believe they are both right. And perhaps they are.

In any case, I'll give announcing I need some personal time a try, at least on tours. See what happens.

Meanwhile, I'm having coffee as I write this, and I can feel the surge of great and wonderful personal energy rising within me. Yes, I love this personal time! Give me more, more, more of it. But I can't have it,

How can I get more of it? And this, even while I'm working? Ah, isn't that the challenge!

Maybe this is all part of the process of humanizing myself as a leader. Part of this means admitting, to the public, that I have certain needs, one of them being free time. It also means admitting it to myself. And accepting it.

What else can I admit in public?

But remember, when I am working, my entire focus is not on myself, but rather on what is good for the group. That, after all, is what working means to me, and what working is all about.

Is announcing that I need personal time good for the group?

(Is announcing that I am tired good for the group? I doubt it.)

Working is about focus. But must my work be alienated labor? When I say my focus is on what's good for the group, can I, can't I include myself as part of the group?

The answer is an obvious YES.

My focus is on the group and, as its leader, I am part of that group. Taking my personal time in no way threatens the well-being of the group, since Milos will be guiding them anyway. Plus taking my needed personal time will make me, when I

return, a better and stronger leader. Thus taking my needed personal time is good for the group as well!

Why is it good for the group to know I need personal time?

Because it subtly gives them "permission" to take their own personal time. And this be whether they take their own personal time while on our tour, that is, leave the group and do their own thing, or in life generally.

Personal time is very important. Period. End of discussion.

Winning and Losing

Winning is wonderful. (I'm glad to say you won.) It brings glory, joy, relaxation, and happiness. It is a good temporary place to be,

But winning also has its dangers. You can become complacent, set in your joy, etc.

Losing is miserable(I'm sorry to say you lost. It feels miserable, depressing, down. Also there's the factor that it can't get much worse. You're already at the bottom.

Losing also has its advantages. It (can be, should be) energizing, pushing you to win next time.

Wild Acceptance

In what areas am I losing?

And how can they energize me?

Let's start today, with this tour.

.Age. I'm both embarrassed and frightened by it.

When I'm fatigued, I now suddenly "explain" it by my age.

No question, I am sick and tired of this tour, can't wait for it to end, and can't wait to go home.!

Is this making me frustrated and angry? If yes, I don't feel it. Reasonably, it seems I should feel frustrated and angry. But somehow I don't. Maybe it's hidden in

“feeling tired,” needing personal time (to get away from my group), and even in feeling somewhat resigned to my fate. (My fate being that I have one week to go on this tour.)

But hidden or not, could I find and mine that anger, that angry energy born of frustration, and use it to energize me positively?

Well, why not?

No question, I am turning my tour stress, frustration, and anger on myself by “making myself tired.”

Truth is, I’m in good shape, and although there is reason to be stressed there is no “reason” to be tired. I’ve run many tours, always go through these feelings, and always come out on top. So why not this time, too?

So perhaps I am not tired, old, or anything else. Perhaps I am only stressed.

Sounds right and reasonable.

Okay, so with this next level of understanding, can I do things differently on this tour? Can I think differently, put in a different attitude?

How to turn the frustration and anger of my stress into energy?

First step: Face and deal with my frustration and stress.

How?

.Through fiction writing? (This feels secondary. If yes, what would be primary? Maybe there is no primary. Maybe secondarily and indirect is the way to go. Wild humor, etc.)

.Detachment from my tour and its results. Step outside myself, and my tour, and observe.

.Dive in: Dive into the daily knitty-gritty stream with relish. This would be an excellent yogic form of “detachment.”

How could I free myself to do this? Deal with my frustration, anger, etc.

Okay, I will. What, in truth, am I really angry and frustration about? In truth, I can’t think of anything except the regimentation of this tour, the fact I have to strictly follow the schedule and program. That’s it. I like the program, and even the

schedule. After all, I created it myself. However, I creating it, I also created my own prison. I am a prisoner of my own program and schedule. Thus, the only persona I can be angry with is the person responsible from my frustration and imprisonment, namely myself!

I don't like prison. I like to roam, and run wild and free on the lawn. That is a powerful side of my nature.

But I may (must do) have another side. A powerful desire for control, absolute control, even dictatorship. This is my organizing principle, and why I am a good organizer, both for myself and others. Yes, I want, insist on things my way.

So these diametrically opposing forces of freedom and iron discipline come together in my personality. Totally schizoid.

What to do?

Awareness is first.

Will a wild form of acceptance follow? Key to this answer may be in the word "wild."

"Wild acceptance of diametrically opposing forces."

"Wild acceptance."

Acceptance itself is such a dull word.

But wild acceptance has the pepper and flavor of dynamic life. I like it.

So I'm basically fighting myself.

Of course, I like to fight.

But this fight is ridiculous!

Fight's for justice are justified.

Fueled by indignant rage, fight's for justice are justified.

But what is this fight about? It's only with myself. No injustice here.

Indeed, this fight does seem ridiculous.

Maybe its purpose is self-knowledge, and (giving birth to) humor.

Tuesday, October 24, 2017

“So you are a Buddha in disguise? Such a thoughtful, fearless introspection.”

This from Jane Pook after reading my New Leaf Journal.

Yes, I must find an editor for New Leaf Journal, and somehow and somewhere publish it.

I used to have a separate files and even folder for my special insane babble writing to free mind and brain. (Note the separation/distinction between mind and brain.) However, now, or at least on tour, I am only writing in my New Leaf Journal.

Perhaps, as an experiment, I should start, do, place, extent babble writing within my journal.

The plactitudes of written commentary no longer linger in space time relationships.

Thursday, October 26, 2017

Today's Tour Practice

Story of Left Knee and How to Replace Rage with Glory

Rage of the left knee, ankle and leg, too. All working together to repress, deny, but not to destroy my rage.

Rage at what?

That's easy: The unrelenting movement, power, and structure of this tour. The one I have created. It's just too long and never-ending. And, I must admit, part of my heart is panicking. In the “will I be able to make it?” mode. Add to that claustrophobia. I'm stuck, trapped, cemented inside my tour schedule structure. I cannot escape. I can only wait it out while I try to survive each unrelenting day.

Of course, even as I write this, I know that part of me loves this tour, and perhaps even its structure! Yes, deep in my heart, I know it is pushing me beyond my known

limits, pushing me to be my best. Perhaps that is why, unconsciously, I created it in this manner, hard, long, and daring. Daring? How so? I dared to jump off the cliff into the unknown of this prison structure, taking the chance of diving into its soft cement and seeing where it would lead me.

But even as I dare, I rage. Even as I face courage, my arms scream and push against prison walls.

I also kicked the walls. Is that why my left knee hurts? Perhaps unconsciously, I'm kicking hardest with my left leg. It's kicking the exterior walls of my prison structure as well as the inner me.

Yes, my unconscious is screaming that I am to blame for this prison, and the sin of creating it. After all, I could have stayed home and taken it easy. But instead, like Christopher Columbus, I chose to take an adventure across the Atlantic. Leaving my wife, friends, family, and pleasant life style home. Instead I chose to drop it all and venture forth. Am I being punished for it, even as I revel in its glory?

Could it be that rather than dive into the glory, my mind is choosing to punish my insolence through left knee pain?

Well, since I believe in free choice, why not choose glory over the narrowness of my prison schedule? Why not say, "Look Ma, see what I am doing. I'm moving past my fears and hesitations, and grabbing the golden ring. How brave, glorious, and daring is your son! And others follow in the glory wake. And why not? After all, glory, with its brilliant light, brings tears of awe and wonder to the eyes of ordinary mortals.

This morning, I could choose glory over pain. Even better, could I see, with every stab of left knee discomfort, a twinge of glory.

And isn't that the human condition? And my condition? To live in dualism each day; to walk down the road of life carrying doubt in one hand, certainty in the other.

My morning left knee writing adventure is coming to an end. I've tapped the source. Now to see if I can implement it.

Can I see tour leadership glory hidden behind and within my left knee pain? Can I replace rage with glory? Wouldn't that be a wonderful elevation of vision, a personal victory over doubt and fear.

Indeed it would.

To see the sparks of brilliance beyond my tour-created, self-imposed prison schedule; To envision the glory beyond the rage:

That is today's tour practice."

Friday, October 27, 2017

I'm Okay After All

(Left Knee Can Be Handled And Is Better Than I Thought)

After our dance workshop last night, I stretched a bit. My leg muscles got looser. So yes, most of my leg knee muscle "pain" has been due to tight muscles, a la Rick. I am not on the way out, or a cripple, but rather, have been tight all tour long. Thus, I cannot judge, or even know, why my left knee pain is about before the tour is over.

And just because I "know" intellectually that my knees are tight because of tour tension does not mean the pain or tightness will go away. Or even that I can stretch it away. Indeed, it is "nice" to know, and it may help a tiny bit, or it may not. But, in any case, my left knee pain must run its course.

But it is nice to know that, painful or miserable as it may be, it is due "merely" to tightness, and can be worked out when I walk, run, dance, move, or whatever move. Motion, bringing blood to the region, is indeed the answer. But tour tension is a powerful factor which can camouflage this basic fact.

In any case, it's nice to know that I'm okay.

And will be even better when this tour ends!

What else is new? Not much.

Perhaps last night's psychological and physical discover is enough.

Helping Others by Publishing My Journal

My journal represents the “serious” side of me.

Here is a beautiful letter from my loving wife! How encouraging!

Maybe, yes, I should truly work on publishing parts of my journal. I could indeed help others.

Now there’s another interesting angle, and hopefully, and inspiration and push: Helping others. Publishing my journal writing as a form and means of helping others.

Hello my love,

I just reread your log and it is written so beautifully! It is touching. It’s amazing how you can turn suffering in something noble and beautiful.

All my love and more

Me

How would I go about this?

First, I definitely need an editor. For my New Leaf Journal, and even my fiction.

Who would that editor be?

Ideas are:

Call Barry, consult with him. Would he be the one? Somehow I doubt it. I may need a fresh view.

Carol, Alina, (Jane’s friends), Dee, others.

Also consider “hiring” or working with Rebecca Fiorina in my folk tours

This is a huge job.

Well, actually it’s not that huge. If I have an editor, work with an editor, it may be lots of fun!

I just have to find the editor. Or editors.

Plus I’ve made the decision that my journal should be organized chronologically, by year, and not by subject matter.

Why?

Because personally, when I look back, I can find out what was happening in past

years.

But how about readability, and readership? Would it be better, easier for them, if I do it by subject matter? Maybe.

Also, should this be published as a blog, or in a copyrighted book form, or both?

Indeed, consultation with editors is what I need.

Saturday, October 28, 2017

Is left leg the symbol of the pain-in-the-ass of this tour? Could be.

Can't wait for this tour to be over.

Playing the Game

What is my down time?

Writing

Stock market. But once again I see how "negative" is this distraction. And how little skill I have in this game. Yet I keep doing it. Why?

To distract myself.

I consider writing my positive distraction form, stock market my negative distraction form. Could it be that I need both forms? Positive and negative down time distractions?

Market equals: Encouraged when I win, discouraged when I lose. Is this my form of relaxation and distraction? Maybe. Is it more powerful than writing? Maybe, especially when I win.

Perhaps the tour business is the same. I always want to win. Winning means getting more customers, more registrations. This leads to love and encouragement

Losing means no emails, interest, customers, and no registrations. And leads to discouragement.

Writing is the same (only it's not a business and leads to no money. (But I always hope that someday it will.) Winning here means others like my writing (and say they

will buy it.)

Losing means lack of interest, no audience reaction, no sales. It is discouraging.

But note: although I hate losing and discouragement, I do time stock market, writing, and tour business anyway.

Encouragement and discouragement are evidently, all part of the game. And if you are going to play, you will always win and lose. That's the nature of the game.

The other choice is to not play at all.

Would I like that? Is it even an option?

Is prison part of the game?

Is putting myself in prison (of schedule and program schedule) part of the game?

Evidently, yes.

Is there another way (for me) to play the game? That is the question.

If you are Jewish, all answers merely lead to more questions. Except for Ha Shem, there are no permanent answers. Only more questions. That's why I always have a "maybe" or "perhaps."

Playing a Better Game

Maybe I'm playing the game poorly. Maybe there is a better way. Part of my quest is to find it.

What better way could I play the tour game? The stock market game? Or even the writing game?

Monday, October 30, 2017

Just got home.

Am thoroughly disgusted with everything, particularly the tour business. What is my dominant idea and feeling? I never want to see another tour again!

Plus and because of: my left knee and leg are killing me.

Tuesday, October 31, 2017

"Wow!" Tours

In retrospect, as I look back over both my Balkan Splendor Tour II and this summer's Romania Tour, they keep getting better!

Yes, leading these tours is hard. They stretch my body and imagination. Participating in them as a shining traveler is also hard and challenging: Lots of travel, miles covers, sitting on the bus, and the intensity of experiencing so many glorious sites and events.

But they are so rich! Because of their challenging and victory aspects, they bring growth, expansion, and glory to the mind and soul!

Indeed, I could call them "Wow!" tours.

Something is Happening

Something is happening.

I keep miscalculating myself on many levels.

I'm sure I'm right, but then my "rightness" dissolves.

It happened with the "vision" of stock trading self on the way to Sarajevo. I wanted to end the tour sales pressure that is ever present on myself and instead make my living trading stocks. I was sure this vision was correct. But in reality, it was my mind and imagination's way escaping from the difficulty of leading this (in retrospect magnificent) tour.

Then came my last day idea of never running a tour again. This loser idea was, no doubt, born of fatigue. But it seemed so right at the time!

Today, as I reflect back, I think my tours are a marvel, and they are even getting better! "Wow!" tours.

It could be a post-tour fantasy, but it feels like my personal and tour leading foundations are being rocked. A minor earthquake is taking place. I hope this is true. I like rockings.

But a hope is not reality. Is this feeling, this rockings, a reality?

The month of November is often second New Years. Expansion, growth, and changes take place within my brain and imagination.

Let's see what this November brings to my new tour and personal self.

New (Post-Tour) Stock Trading Strategy

Maybe my stock trading technique will change: Take big positions in one or two small stocks at their bottom prices, and placing tight stop losses underneath them.

Now (New) Is The Only Reality

"New" ties me tightly to the Now, the only reality.

So what's new?

1. Stock market trading approach may be new.
2. Seeing my tours as glorious and "Wow!" may be new.
3. Shift away from language study, to history (or other) in English. Start morning coffee with history books in English, rather than language study.
4. Guitar: The (classic guitar) speed revolution becomes natural.
5. The old body is gone. (Folk dance, exercise, running, yoga) A new body is being built; a new path is being formed. Based on. . . we don't know yet. The left side, the left leg, with left knee as its mystical center, is mystically and mysteriously leading the way.

The suffering and pains of the left knee are mysteriously and mystically leading the way. Note the suffering and pains of leading a tour. Is this a new road, an expanded view of suffering and pain as a road to growth, expansion, redemption, and salvation?

The reality and importance of knowing and acknowledging suffering and pain in emotional, spiritual, and even physical growth.

It is up to me to see, envision, and add a spiritual and mystical aspect to my

physical exercises.

Wednesday, November 1, 2017

Testament

Next Short Term Goal:

Get myself into good, nay great, physical condition!

A Fast Focused Year

Guitar: A new world. Going fast.

Maybe I'm just not used to it.

This is the fast year.

Get used to it.

Mystically, my left knee collapsed as a prelude to a fast focused year.

Fast dancing, running, yoga, all.

Fast focused physical year.

Left knee points the way.

Exhilaration: Running Wild on the Lawn

Get Used To It

Fast-focused equals exhilaration, which means running wild on the lawn. Thus fast-focused a culmination of all my practice and a fulfillment of my desires.

If not now, when?

I am ready.

An Exhilaration Year

Came to birth during Balkan Splendor 2 tour.

Note the word "Splendor."

Splendor is exhilaration, running wild on the lawn.

Thursday, November 2, 2017

I Love to Study

Miracle Schedule as Good-In-Itself

How useless is all this linguistic knowledge, my search for linguistic knowledge, and even my knowledge, love, and searchings through and about history. What good is it? What use or good can it be?

Perhaps my linguistic and history knowledge and search is and can only be a good-in-itself.

Otherwise they serve no purpose for me beyond an interest or a good-in-itself. Plus, truth is, I love to study.

But look, I play guitar merely because I love to play. No money or living involved. And look at running, yoga, gym, fiction and certainly journal writing: All are done simply as good-in-themselves. Indeed, my miracle schedule is all about "useless" things and activities, all are simply done because they are good-in-themselves. As such, they are connections to the Higher Forces.

What about so-called work for money? My folk dance and tour life (and parenthetically, even my stock trading, although I'm not sure where this fits, maybe in a cross category.)

If so much of my life is spent in activities that are "merely" good-in-themselves, then maybe it is more worthy than I give it credit for.

Maybe miracle schedule as good-in-itself is more worthy than I thought.

Sadness

A great sadness fills my being.

Is this heavy, left-knee cloud even worth mentioning?

Perhaps a combo of tour ending, return, overwhelmed, left knee with “I’ll never dance or walk again” shadows. Plus the magnificent, and richness and joys of life. All mixed in a giant soup cauldron.

Fast as Hell

Fast-as-Hell Fire Level

Guitar: Playing fast as hell.

Leyenda, Alhambra, Flamenco, Sor Study No. 12, VL Prelude No, 4, Bach Prelude in Dm, Alard, and etc.

Truth is, playing fast as hell puts me hot and fast, totally different fire level.

The fast-as-hell fire level.

A level I’ve never been to before.

New World of Speed and Exilaration

This is a new world of speed and exhilaration.

Where will it lead? Where will it go?

What will happen to my muscles, body, psyche, and all?

A new (post-Balkan Splendor) splendor adventure.

Where will it go?

The Exhilaration Life Style

Running Wild on the Lawn Exercises

A Good-in-Itself

Do exhilaration, fast-as-hell, rning wild on the lawn exercises. 3 times a day:
Early a.m., late a.m., late afternoon.

Removes the shock, mystery, surprise, and blockage.

Do it for one year. See what happens.

Get used to living in exhilaration.

Practice the exhilaration life style.

Run wild on the lawn.

Get used to it.

Left Knee

What does exhilaration life style have to do with left knee?

Left knee as both blockage and gateway to exhilaration life style.

Friday, November 3, 2017

Two New Ideas and Directions Emerging

Two new ideas and directions emerged this morning.

1. Reading books in English (mostly history)

a. This could be temporary, until the effects of Balkan Splendor 2 tour wear off. It usually takes two weeks to a month. We'll see where this leads.

2. Running smaller tours.

A. Of course, I would make less money. Although I could raise the price just a bit. However, I wonder if this would remove the constant sales pressure I feel. Big hmmm here. Is it worth it? I'd have to find another reason for running tours. But maybe it is time to do that.

Freeing My Time and Mind

Removing Tour Sales Pressure

I would say the only thing I don't like about my life is the constant pressure I feel to sell. And this mostly and only means sell tours.

The advantage to "thinking small," small tour groups is that this pressure would not only diminish, but possibly even disappear! A definite plus in my life.

This frees my mind, and even my time, for other things.

Yes, I wouldn't be making much money, but that is the trade off. Is it worth it?
Maybe I'm at the stage where it is.

Removing Stock Market Pressure

Note: It is almost the same with the stock market. I do feel a slight and constant pressure to watch it. Do I need this? Do I want this? I think not.

How could I "trade" and remove this pressure?

Perhaps buy small amounts of low-priced stocks, with the idea of holding them for a few weeks or months.

Note: I never feel this pressure with folk dancing. Of course, I make very little money in folk dancing. But I do make some.

Perhaps making less money is the next way for me to go. It does take the pressure off, and frees my mind.

Frees my mind for what?

To be an artist.

Which means: Guitar and exercise 2-3x/day program.

This Year's New Leaf Goal:

Every Day A New Level of Exhilaration

Yesterday is gone, dead, over,
although traces of memory remain.

For guitar, exercise, folk dancing, and all:

Every day a new level of exhilaration.

Today's new guitar exhilaration level:

Alhambra RH index finger.

Exhilaration Edge

Leaping Off the Edge

It's screaming, breakthrough mode.

Do not doubt it.

Dive straight in. Leap off the edge.

That's what the exhilaration edge is all about.

Arpeggio Power of Right Index

Villa-Lobos Prelude Number 4.

The heart of arpeggio power is in the right index. That's where and what arpeggio power is all about.

Years of denying the power of the right index. I wonder what that means and meant.

Power!

Right Index and Left Knee

I wonder what relationship right index has to left knee.

And denying, avoiding, refusing, fearing to face, my power.

Is left knee restraint about denying my power?

What a question!

Total Drainage

This morning I feel a total drainage. Everything I was once interested in doing has totally dribbled away. I don't want to do anything, and am interested in nothing. Total drainage.

It could be the "tour ending" feeling. Or something else. Really, too early to tell.

We'll see where all this leads.

But, in any case, everything I was once interested in, is no totally gone.

Guitar: Exhilaration Practice Through My Body

Guitar exhilaration: It's not necessarily through the guitar music, but rather through my body.

The body parts happen to be my fingers and their attachments, namely, hands, wrists, arms, shoulders, upper body.

Exhilaration through body parts.

Exhilaration: A Daily New Leaf

You can't just get exhilaration on guitar (or perhaps anywhere else.) It doesn't (or rarely) just happen.

You have to playing, play, push and work at it, jump in, dive in, struggle beyond your limits to expand, and finally break through to a new level, and this anew each day.

A daily new leaf.

Sunday, November 5, 2017

A New Freedom

Is this a new place?

Seems I don't want to bother remembering anything, especially in languages. Why? First, ideas and words just seems to slip through my head; I don't seem to want to or even be able to remember any words I learn, or fact I read.

Either I've given up and don't want to bother. Or something physical has happened to my mind. In any case, the result, at least post Balkan Splendor 2, is a mental slippage, lack of interest, even "looseness."

The negative parts of this seem obvious.

But, the positive part is a new mind of "looseness," a fluidity. Everything seems to slip through me. This gives a new looseness to my guitar playing, and perhaps to other things as well. It's form of "I just don't care anymore." It's almost "Why bother?" but seemingly on a "higher level," even a level of looseness and freedom.

On the positive, and hopeful side, could this new state of mind, or rather state of mindlessness, be ushering me into a new freedom?

Where am I today? And where am I going tomorrow?

Am I headed downhill toward oblivion, or upward a new Freedom Land?

Since it is my choice to be positive or negative, as an optimist, I say my old form is indeed heading downhill toward destruction and oblivion. Yes, my old self is being destroying and is dying. That's the way the life cycle goes. But my the new self, is being resurrecting, reborn in a new loose, even relaxed, post-Balkan Splendor form, seeded and flowering in a new kind of freedom.

So far this freedom is being expressed in my guitar playing.

We'll see where else this leads.

Sunday, November 5, 2017

Right Index Finger and the History of its Place in the World

A new look at the right index finger and the history of its place in the world.

And the wrist.

Somehow dropping the wrist means dropping control, losing control of the fingers. In a sense and strange paradox, it give you complete control through lack of control. A strange anarchy, a swimming freedom.

Wristland: Exploring the Strange Soft Land of No Boundaries and Controls

It's just a totally different place, very new to me. Exploring it, hopefully without any preconceptions, is what I'm doing.

It somehow borders the land of sleep. Stopped breathing, lack of oxygen content, sleep, sleepy.

Monday, November 6, 2017

Motivation

Moving from Fear to Fun: An 80-Year VoyageAccepting Slow

I'm stuck in a cycle, a circle. I'm back to playing Alhambra, and all arpeggio pieces slowly.

And strangely, that's okay. I've "proved" to myself that I can play them fast, lively, and with excitement.

Okay, I've "proved myself."

Now what?

I've also strangely gone as far as I can go trading stocks. Now I've "slowed down," and am going for more long term. Now more day trading (unless of course, something extraordinary happens, like a sudden 30% or 100% up jump.)

I've also somehow accepted slow running. And that walkers may and will pass me as I "run."

So, in a sense, I've accepted slow. Also beyond this, I've proven to myself that I can go fast. Fast means playing Alhambra and arpeggios fast; fast means trading stocks "fast;" fast meaning running fast. Fast may also mean get many tourists to register, to go fast on increases in registration. In this sense, the small (7) Balkan Splendor tour was a "blessing," or at least a teachable moment.

So, this Monday, having accepted slow, what now? Where do I go from here?

Good question.

Okay, I've proven to myself that I can go fast.

Proving Myself

So, post Balkan Splendor 2, what have I accomplished?

I have proven myself.

That means, among other things, that I no longer have to practice the guitar in the old way. Now, instead of working, "practicing" to get faster, I can play guitar.

Having proven myself may also flow into other things I do. For now, namely

running and stock trading.

What about self-improvement? I'd have to find other reasons to do it. It's fun to improve is the best one.

It also means gym-wise, I don't have to prove I am strong by trying to get stronger. Yoga-wise, I don't have to prove I can stretch more, or do headstands, legs over head, scorpions, etc. in order to prove I am able to do them. Run-wise, I don't have to run faster or further in order to prove I can do it. . . unless, of course, they are fun to do!

Motivation: Moving from Fear to Fun: An 80-Year Voyage

Wednesday, November 8, 2017

Sales or Depression

Fight or Flight

Sales are my fighting force, my energy, my offensive power. My optimism, hope, salvation. My happy smile at the end of the day.

Registrations and customers energize me, lift me out of the doldrums, drive my positive energy.

Yes, I may partly fear them, and be overwhelmed by their calling. But nevertheless, on a positive-to-negative scale, they are the positive.

They may also be the answer to my depression.

Ha, sales as the answer to my depression. What a concept. Is there really an answer? Do I even want an answer?

Basically, it's either fight or flight.

Sales are my fight, depression is my flight.

My Balkan Splendor recovery mode is ending. A few more days and I'll be out of it. Maybe I'm out of it already. In any case, I'm ready to go back to sales.

Next question:

What should I sell?

Tours, books, folk dancing, concerts, other?

Sales method:

Emails, Facebook, ads, calls, other.

The Dual Aspect of Miracle Schedule

What about miracle schedule?

Writing (books), concerts (guitar and music), languages and history (tours), exercise: run/yoga/gym (folk dancing). Thus all miracle schedule aspects are and can be related to sales. Miracle schedule is their defensive, flight, inward expression; sales are their fight, outward manifestation.

Thus two sides: the twin aspect of miracle schedule. It is dual in nature, expressing the two sidee, double nature of man.

Making Peace with my Nature

Fighting on Four Fronts at Once

Is this making peace with my nature?

Yes. No doubt.

It means fighting (operating) on four fronts at once.

1. Sell my tours (Language/history)
2. Sell my books (Writing)
3. Sell my folk dancing (Exercise)
4. Sell my concerts. (Guitar/music)

I wonder what this “now resolved” conflict has to do with my left knee and leg?

Inward is feminine, outward is masculine.

The New Challenge: Outward (Sales) Bound

How to bring my historical and linguistic knowledge outward?

Write about it in tour sales? (Tours/writing)

Talk about it in folk dance class? (Folk dance/exercise)

Add it to a concert? (Guitar/music)

Knee Power

A New Way of Knee Thinking

I wonder if my left knee is my “sales” knee. Or rather my formerly sales-resistant, refuse or afraid to go outward knee.

If I think sales, outward, power, aggressive, whenever I get a knee twinge, will that change my focus, meaning, and direction?

I think so.

Give it a try.

Definitely, a positive way of using my left knee.

Knee power.

Sales as Fun!

The final challenge: How to make sales fun? Which they are!

If sales are fun, which they are, why have I refused and resisted them for so long?

Well, that was the old life. This question has now drifted into post-Balkan Splendor tour oblivious, is passe, and beside the point.

I guess my knee difficulties will always be there. But now I choose to see it as a reminder of my knee and sales power.

I can choose to see my knee pains – and all my pains – differently, as disguised, camouflaged, veiled, hidden, mystical sources of power.

Concert Evening

(Yes, A Great Sales Device)

Maybe I could squeeze in some classical guitar in behind a set of folk songs.

Why?

To show off? To prove myself? To elevate? To sell my Spain tour? Are any of these reasons important? Maybe.

Maybe they are all good reasons to do it!

And this includes show off and prove myself! Maybe let's admit it: showing off and proving myself is just one of my needs.

Maybe I just and simple need to show off and prove myself!

Since part of me will always be weak and scared, showing off and proving myself will always be a daily (or weekly) need.

Sisyphus and Classical Guitar

Public Humiliation: Daring or Deleting

Classic guitar: It will never change. I will never get better. And even if I do, it won't matter. I will always fall short, never be good enough, never be best.

Since this is the case, where does it leave me? Only to constantly prove myself. And this to ultimate no avail. Sisyphus is my companion and friend.

Should I push the rock up anyway?

Of simply give up?

Evidently, I can never give up. It is just not in my personality. That leaves me ever pushing up the rock up the hill, ever falling short as I play classical guitar "in public."

Is my forever fate? Probably. In fact, I'd say "yes."

And puts me forever in the performing light and possibility of public humiliation. My great (greatest?) fear.

Certainly, it's one of the great ones.

But is public humiliation my greatest fear? Maybe.

And it stands always and forever with performing classic guitar.

What can I do?

Should I take the chance and do it anyway? Or live with the fear and never do it, never take the chance?

What, in the end, can I be most proud of?

Daring or deleting?

I also have the public humiliation fear when I teach folk dancing, or truly, in anything public that I do. And yet I handle it and do it anyway. Why not classical guitar?

Thursday, November 9, 2017

Unacknowledged Post-Tour Rage

Long Cleansing Run, or Squat Session

I need a long, cleansing run. Or squat session.

My legs hurt (similar to pre-Raleigh teaching session). I know I'm mad at something, my tour and tours, perhaps. But how?

It doesn't matter. Just know that at end of my Balkan Splendor tour, I felt I deserve a vacation. Perhaps I'm in deserving and victim's mode.

So perhaps this is my way of taking it. My leg pains are forcing me to take the vacation I wanted. Okay, this seems plausible.

But I'm getting tired of my "vacation." I want and am ready to return to the exercising beauties of my former life. Thus a long, cleansing run, or squat session is in order.

After my week of post-tour "rest," my present post-tour fatigue and leg pains are so suspect.

Yes, after all that work leading my tour, I now resent doing anything. I deserve to do nothing. And I'm mad that I had to go through the torture of running the tour in

the first place! I'm mad at the pained and constant responsibility weighing on my head. And I partly refuse to recognize, acknowledge, or accept this anger! Well, no wonder it has been transferred and placed in my folk dance legs. My unconscious is working overtime to give me the "vacation I deserve."

Deal with my (post-tour) rage.

Start with guitar. See how I do and where this leads.

Dialectical Conflict is Forever

That's the conflict: The weight of responsibility gets me mad. It militates against the other aspect of my nature which wants to run wild and free on my lawn.

Yes, the weight of responsibility restrict me, imprisons me, and gets me mad. But I do it anyway.

Seems I can never avoid or get out of this conflict.

What can I do about it?

Seems the only tool I have is self-awareness.

This means being aware of the rage it creates. But, through self-awareness, recognize my rage, and avoid turning it on myself by creating body pains.

The dialectical conflicts of responsibility versus running free and wild on the lawn will always cause conflict and "rage" within me. It's part of being human. Deal with it.

How to Deal with this Conflict?

The Nature of my Miracle Schedule

How to deal with this conflict?

Yes, I'll follow my responsibilities. But I also need to run free and wild on my lawn.

Where can I do this?

My miracle schedule used to be the place.

Can I run wild there again?

I need it. Will I allow myself to do it?

Perhaps that is the nature of my miracle schedule. It is the only place where I can freely run wild on my lawn. The only place where I have no responsibilities.

My miracle schedule means freedom.

Separation

There is thus a clean separation between responsibilities (so called "work") and my miracle schedule.

Separation is necessary.

Seeing the truth and importance of this separation may bring me to a new level of post-Balkan Splendor tour consciousness.

After performing my responsibilities, diving into it is my miracle schedule is my reward, my pay-off.

Make it so.

Miracle schedule fuels my responsibility. Responsibility fuels my miracle schedule.

I need both. Period.

Trading Stocks and Miracle Schedule

Transition Point

Strangely, stock trading belong in the miracle schedule.

Why so?

Trading stocks strangely relaxes me.

Why? Stock price movements have a miraculous aspect. A positive miraculous aspect when the price goes up, and a cosmic catastrophe, "negative miraculous" aspect when the price goes down.

Plus I have no control over the price movements; my only control is to buy or sell. It feels like stock price movements are in God's hands. This lack of control,

“putting it in God’s hands,” out of control, is part of the miraculous, miracle schedule effect.

Or maybe trading stocks is a strange transition point between responsibility (material world, business, money) and miracle schedule.

All-is-One Miracle Factor in Everything

There is a point where responsibility and miracle schedule touch; where they unite.

The uniting factor between responsibility and miracle schedule is knowing and remembering the God-connected, All-is-One, miracle factor in Everything.

Friday, November 10, 2017

A bit stunned to see how quickly useless language study, mostly Hebrew, has been replaced by useless history study, mostly Balkan and Byzantine.

We’ll see how long this lasts, but it seems to be this year’s new direction.

Meanwhile, note the word “useless.”

Why do I put it down? Good question.

Should I re-interpret it as “good in itself?”

Will it make any difference? Probably yes, in the sense that positive is better than negative. Or, do I need the negative “useless” to motivate me?

I am pleasantly happy reading and studying history. In English. Little to no pressure.

Saturday, November 11, 2017

My healthy reaction to Trump and the Trump ideological controversies: Arguing them is a waste of time and totally unwinnable. Thus the healthiest reaction I can think of, and perhaps am doing, is to study history in general and Byzantine history in particular.

Sunday, November 12, 2017

If this hold, the important post-Balkan splendor changes in direction are:

1. Dropping languages, writing, future guitar performance.
2. Adding history reading in English.
3. Stock market (although that is not new.)

A. "New" stock market focus may depend on continued winning with new "stop-loss, loose less" philosophy and approach. I believe I'm on the right track. (Dare I believe this?) But we'll see. Only time and experiment will tell.

4. Exercise: Morning one-hour yoga, followed by running, gym, etc.
5. Folk dancing: Going back to "basics," reintroducing all my old choreographies as goodies.

The Miracle Schedule Life: Focus on Good-in-Itself

Why do I so often ask, "What is the purpose of this? Or "Why bother?

Maybe its best to see the things I do, most of which are in the realm of miracle schedule activities, as "good-in-themselves." Or as Immanuel Kant might say: A good-in-itself."

Although what I do have future long term results, give up thoughts of long-range purposes. What I do is simply good for me. Thus it is also good for you. Plus a good-in-itself" is good for all!

A "good-in-itself" philosophy is a good post Balkan Splendor approach. It also incorporates the "splendor" aspect. A good way forward, sideward, backward. Or since all good-in-itself activities are firmly anchored and focused in the present, good for no direction at all.

Thus, to lead the miracle schedule life focus on good-in-itself. And that's it!

Monday, November 13, 2017

A Year Off for Retreat and Study

Seems I want a year of retreat and study. Time to read history, and assess, reassess, and learn deeply about all the place I've been to on my tours. To read and reread the books I own on history, geography, and even language (but not yet. I'm putting language aside for awhile.)

Do I dare "take off a year" to study, reflect, meditate, etc.? To let my business "bounce along" almost on its own?

Yes, I can afford it. At least for a year. Also, what would and will happen if I take such a lay-back, laid off, non-push approach? I've never dared to do it.

But perhaps I am ready. Now I dare.

Dare do what?

A quiet, subtle sabbatical: Take a year off for retreat and study.

What would I do during this year. Which starts today!

1. Read/study history and geography

2. Business: (Learn Facebook advertising techniques)

3. Exercise

(4. Obviously, play with the stock market. But that's not new. Its an old direction, I do anyway.)

What's new is releasing my mind from its constant sales pressure. Push, push, push my tours.

Can I do it? Can I release myself from this? Do I really want to?

Good question.

The next two months, November 15-January 15, might be a good time to experiment.

Say, by some strange quirk of fate, my tour business suddenly picks up. (Like Lee's email about possible Israel tour registrations.) Can I, should I, still follow my two month plan?

Well, why not? I like a life without sales pressure(I think.) At least its worth the experiment. And if I'm going to experiment, these two months are the time to do it.

Left Knee, Responsibility Fears, and Folk Daninc

What about my left knee?

Well, limp, crawl, climb, suffer, fear, worry, warm-up, psyche it out, and get along as usual.

Truth is, whenever I get a pain, twinge, twist, hurt, stiffness, whatever in my left knee, I feel a fear, I'm afraid. Of what? I'm afraid I won't make it, I won't be able to function in this world. And mainly, I won't be able to work. I won't be able to fulfill my responsibilities to others. That seems to be ever always my main fear. And a twinge in my left knee engenders it.

Fear I won't be able to fulfill my responsibilities. Whether it be teaching folk dancing! On the side, this fear dribble int leading tours. But truth is, I know I can lead tours with a limp or whatever, since I have other staff to count on. Plus I don't have to perform (teach dancing) in the usual sense.

So what is my main fear my left knee engenders? I won't be able to fulfill my responsibilities teaching folk dancing.

Truth is, I'm always going to have these fears and doubt and wonders, with their manifestations in my left knee and more. That's just the way I am.

For example, this morning I'm afraid to move or exercise because I may "use up" my left knee. Intellectually, I know this is absurd. But I fear it anyway.

What to do? Keep moving.

Guitar Next Level

Alhambra and more. A deep right wrist/forearm relaxation.

Wednesday, November 15, 2017

The "What now? Place

It's a shame, but I must admit and know that I am out of medieval gas. My study of the medieval Balkans along with Byzantium, which began with Bosnia, has run its course. Note also, it's two and a half weeks since my tour ended.

I'm at a "What now?" place.

Strange to be there, but it's true.

Okay, then what now?

Tour-time, Israel-time, and Hebrew-time

Perhaps a short Hebrew interlude. Which means, study Hebrew for a month while pushing my Israel tour. In other words, from today until December 20, it's tour-time, Israel-time, and Hebrew-time.

Thursday, November 16, 2017

History and Language Study as Good-in-Itself

Strange, I see the reading and study of history as just as "useless" as the study of languages.

Both may well belong to the good-in-itself category.

Money-Making, Uselessness, and Self-Worth

If it doesn't make money, it has a low level, or no level, of usefulness. Except as a good-in-itself, whatever that means.

Strangely, this does not apply to exercise forms like running, yoga, or gym. Somehow these are pure play and unquestioned good-in-themselves.

Or writing. Or guitar. (But here I somehow feel that some day I will sell my books or concerts.)

Is this a problem, or simply a personal reality?

Whatever it is, it is true.

But, truth also is, that most of my time is spent doing, improving, perfecting, these “useless” things.

Something seems out of whack with this vision and division, but I don’t know what it is.

Could it be just another subtle form of putting myself down? Wow, must be. I think I’m on to something!

Returns to the old neighborhood in studies of history, languages, and whatever.

If this is all so, and I think it is, time to drop the “useless” and “Why Bother?” aspects of history and language.

Note also that website design, FB knowledge, etc. is obviously considered “useful” since it is directly related to money.

Gifts of Post-Marriage Life

An old marriage and “grown-up” concept. I’m not worth anything, and what I do is not worth anything, unless it makes money.

This “useless” and “Why bother?” attitude was born when I got married and suddenly had to, decided that I wanted and needed to make money. This concept used to be so foreign to me before I got married, and, as an aspiring artist, I rebelled and despised it. Making money, material things, material comforts: Ugh!

But once I decided to get married, and my wife made making a living a priority, I decided that if I wanted her, I needed to change my attitude. Thus I decided (from the inside) or was forced (from the outside) to change. Inside and outside militates against me; I dropped my childhood and even childish playful artistic self in favor of making money. On the one level, how sad, disgusting, and necessary; on the other hand, how manly, responsible, and grown-up.

So where does all this leave me today? I am “stuck” with the idea, and I must say, even love of, making money. Yes, post-marriage I have discovered a new love: I love to make money; and I love money. And this love, even passion, has definitely

changed me and benefitted my life. It has, among other things, given birth to my sales self, entrepreneurial self, and the fascination in my risk-taking stock market self.

Sales, entrepreneur, and stocks are all part of my risk-taking personality. Dare to lose, as I dare to try.

(Note: Also once called “gambling.” This is my wife’s negative term, which I somehow gave into and adopted because it helps feeds my former and old attraction to return to the old neighborhood by putting myself down.)

Basically, on the positive side, I have found another love: Love of money, independence, entrepreneurship, small risk-taking, and, could I even add sales?

Could I, do I actually love sales? Am I fooling myself? Can I actually say such a thing?

I always feel I’ve been “forced” into sales, since I have to make a living. If given my choice, I would simply retreat into my monastic self, and become and be an artist.

But maybe I’ve been fooling myself. Maybe the aggressive part of my loves to get out and do battle; the aggressive part of me thus loves sales, and the challenge of sales.

Is that another post-marriage gift? A post-marriage love and passion to do battle, to fight for sales? Maybe. Could be.

Thus in my post-Greenwich Village, post-artistic, post-monastic, teenage violin imagination chamber, I have discovered and given birth to:

Five Post-Marriage Loves and Passions

1. Love of money
2. Love of independence
3. Love of entrepreneurship and leadership
4. Love of stock trading
5. Love of sales?

Stock Market Trading as a Love and Passion

Positive Emotions I’m Fortunate to Have

These are not diseases. They are passions and loves. And I'm lucky to have them!

Of the five above, only stock market is in question. And this, because of her put down attitude toward my trading. But why blame her? Better to accept the responsibility with the knowledge and self-awareness I now have, that I had a desire to put myself down, to diminish myself, return to my old put down neighborhood, and her remarks only helped me feed and foster my desire. Now I no longer have that desire, so I no longer need to pay attention to such put down ideas, such negative dribble and nonsense.

But truly, I now can happily admit that stock market trading is a passion and love of mine. It's part of my sales and bargaining skills, so ably demonstrated in my bargaining and buying of stuff for the Unique Boutique. I loved this buying process, the game of on-street bargaining in Tunisia, Egypt, Turkey, and more. This bargaining game is carried over in stock market trading. I love the challenge and game of trying to buy at the lowest, and sell at the highest. Winning is glorious, losing is miserable. But win or lose, the search for bargains along with the glorious victory of selling high goes on. I love playing to game.

I'm so fortunate to have such trading love and passion. Now as I accept it, I thank God for these great positive emotions. Today I dive into my stock market trading with love and passion.

I'm feeling totally awful. I think I'm going to give into it, and go all the way to the bottom.

It's mostly my left leg that's discouraging me. But I wonder (and hoping) it is also something else.

Meanwhile, on to the bottom.

Friday, November 17, 2017

Comedy: My Mind of Comedy

Stand-Up Comedy: My Jim Gold Show

Sit-Down Comedy: My Writing

Best day I've had in months!

I started my new "comedy" routine.

After morning coffee and (mild) "warm-up" study, I did:

1. One hour of writing

a. Begin with original, wild, crazy, running wild on the lawn, babble, loose, new writing. In Infant Vision

b. Then editing of bookmarked Infant Vision

2. Guitar

3. Exercise

Celebrate my new beginning. As a comedian who happens to ("on the side") play guitar, sing, gaida, dance, whatever, etc.

My own style of (stand-up) comedy. Etymological, historical, and intellectual play, imagination running wild, walking-off-the-table stuff, freedom to roam anywhere.

It comes out in writing. Could it ever come out in "stand-up" comedy? But what is my one man Jim Gold Show but a stand up comedy routine?

Jim Gold Show is a stand-up comedy routine. I've just been wishy-washy, undecided, and uncommitted, and have never seen it completely that way. And I have never committed to comedy. Humor, wit, off-the-wall, etc. are better words for me than "comedian" or "comedy." But maybe it's time to drop this graded nuance. After all, these type of subtle distinctions have been really ways of holding me back, ways of not committing myself to full-bodied, Victor Borge-type comedy. My own kind of comedy.

My kind of comedy is really running wild on the lawn.

Thus conclude this New Leaf.

