

## Serbian Vision

Friday, October 3, 2014

### The Serbian Factor

#### Calm, Confident, and Focused

Starting fresh with a Serbian Vision. I'm not sure yet what that means but I'm sure to find out.

I'll start off with my knees. I have a new stiffness behind my knees. And my left "folk dance" ankle is acting up.

I'm wondering if these "new" pains relate to my upcoming Balkan Splendor tour. Strangely, I am feeling calm about this trip. Of course, I'm putting in all the pre-tour organization work, the packing, notebook, laptops, Droid, and more. But nevertheless, I feel an unusual calm.

I've never had such a pre-tour calm before.

Am I fooling myself? Does my "new" behind the knee pain reveal some hidden psychological, pre-performance fear? Or does it signal some kind of transformation up ahead? Shall I call this the Serbian factor?

What is the **Serbian factor**? The fear, or rather puzzlement, of calm and confidence, that I know what I'm doing, that somehow I'll be able to handle whatever comes up. Coupled this my new direction: stepping off the cliff and falling into the artistic abyss.

I've also removed the artistic block of stock market day trading. For the first time in years I'm out of the stock market. A big shift. I am free to face my artistic self. It comes in the form of jumping off the cliff into what I call the artistic abyss.

Tourwise, I'm calm and confident. Yet, something is happening in my knees. "Cutting off my legs," crippling me, diminishing my new found power. Is it the old neighborhood peeping in? Pushing against the new calm, confident, focused self?

I just got up and can hardly walk; my left knee is crippling me. Manifestation of

the Serbian factor.

Could it be a back-of-the-knee discomfort with calm, confidence, and my self-relaxing mantra "I can handle whatever comes up."

Saturday, October 4, 2014

Calm, confident, and focused. That's my Serbian/Balkan Splendor tour attitude.

**The Serbian factor.** No transitional objects needed. Is that the wonder and Splendor part of the tour? Did I unconsciously know, predict this would be my attitude when I named it a year ago?

Yet my body hurts. Especially legs and shoulders. Why? Remnant of the old neighborhood? I'd say yes.

Evidently, I have jumped off the cliff into the abyss, and, instead of crashing, falling to the bottom, have learned to fly! Amazing. A Balkan Splendor. Tourwise, I'm moving out of the old neighborhood.

How does it feel to fly? Can I be at ease, comfortable flying? But there is no choice. I am there.

Maybe "comfortable" is not the right word. I'm not looking for comfort, but rather growth and expansion. There's always growing pain in expansion.

Could that pain be "expressed" in my body aches? Yes.

The old neighborhood pains in my legs and shoulders, "remind" me I cannot walk, stand on my own feet, shoulder my burdens, etc. All ancient voices from the old neighborhood.

But I'm in a new neighborhood.

What do the new voices say?

They say: "Calm, confident, and focused. Whatever comes up, I can handle."

They say: "I can fly now. I'm easy in flight."

I'm heading higher, flying toward the sun. Upward to more brilliant goals.

Shining goals and shining travelers.

Can I lead others travelers on this quest?

Yes.

Can I “teach” my travelers to shine?

(Hard to believe I am writing this. Asking such questions and coming to such conclusions. Is such a transformation really happening? Can I truly believe it?)

Well, onward. . . and upward.

Let’s start with the personal. What higher goals for me?

At the gym, Bob said, “Rick told you that you’re in fantastic shape for your age. Well, maybe that’s true for Rick. But from your point of view, you can be in even better shape!”

In other words, upward.

What higher goals, higher aspirations?

1. Get stronger: Higher weights in gym.
2. Greater flexibility: forward to yoga. Discard the old and move into the new neighborhood of yoga.

Sunday, October 5, 2014

### Daring, Masculinity, Adventure, and the Abyss

I believe I have underestimated the terror of the abyss I am facing. I’m underestimating the cliff I am diving off, underestimating the terror or the fall, underestimating the depth; I’m underestimating the terror of diving the artistic abyss of the unknown.

Since I removed the wall of stock market trading and took the plunge, I’ve had new pains, ones I’ve never had before such as a new muscle stiffness pains behind both knees. I can hardly squat, much less lean back on my knees as I used to.

Such leaning back is my warm-up a prelude to Russian style squats, and the yoga scorpion and even head stand. Squats, along with scorpion and headstand, are the height of masculinity, and masculine folk dancing. And daring, too.

To summarize: squats, along with yogic scorpion, headstands, and even lotus posture, and a two-hour run (or even more) represent the height of daring and masculinity.

Writing fiction also, although not representing masculinity, does, in a sense, represent daring. Its where I let my imagination fly freely.

But notice, I've "given up" or "stopped" most of these daring, free, adventurous and masculine pursuits. My enthusiasm is how somehow held back, squashed, held in check. I'm "stiff" all over. Stiff with fear, terror, uncertainty and hesitation as I face the new artistic abyss.

Monday, October 6, 2014

Here I am in Belgrade, Serbia. Good flight, all smooth. So far okay. Just remember my mantra: "Cal, confident, focused. Whatever comes up, I can handle."

First quote of the day upon arrival:

"Serbia is a normal country where nothing is normal."

My taxi driver, Goran

I had a great nights sleep. Now I'll check my emails.

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Hi Jim,

I hope this note finds you as happy & healthy as ever! Over the last week or so, I managed to spend a few minutes playing an instrument Gary Lee in Wayne, NJ made for me several years ago. It's very beautiful and I hope to play more through time. I see your performing, teaching and touring schedule are still going strong. As I review some of the music we worked on together so many years ago and see your notes and fingering on the pages, I'm reminded of the first time I heard you play...on a television program in the summer of 1970, I think. I was so excited that my future teacher was such a wonderful performer. As important as your talents as a teacher were to me, I valued your warm and enthusiastic personality above all.

I just wanted to remind you that our time together really had a wonderful impact on my life. I'm sure many, many others feel the same way. Please let me know how you're doing. I can see by your website you're a very busy man!

Regards,

Don

### Compliments, Recognition, Total Success, and Motivation

What a moving and beautiful letter this is! It makes me feel so melancholy, fulfilled, effective, and sad. First thing I think of is my father how I am simply “passing on his tradition of goodness.” But then I wonder, why is it so hard for me to take credit for this? Why does such a beautiful and fulfilling compliment make me warm, mushy, melancholy, and sad? Why is it so hard to take?

Let's look at the sadness. Really the same melt-down magnificence felt in the beauty of a Beethoven Symphony. It is truly the top. With the Beethoven melt-down or Don Frost appreciation of my goodness, I have “arrived.” So why sad?

Perhaps it has to do with the bitter-sweet aspects of motivation. If I have arrived, why try to do anything else? After all, I am now “there.” What more is there to “do?” Answer: Nothing. I have arrived at the highest place. There is no further to go. I can go no further. I have achieved a “total success.”

Thus, why do anything? No reason to do anything. No reason for motivation, push, and drive. No reason to reach or aim higher. Any consequently, no more “fun” in life.

Instead of interpreting Don's beautiful letter as a stepping stone along the way, I've interpreted as a “total success” which, in my (warped) mind, is a stopping point, a point of total rest, a place on the mountain top where you totally shine in the sun! No place higher.

I must admit, in looking at this, that my interpretation is totally narrow-minded, egotistical, and wrong! So called “total success” may be a place to reach for, but it is not

a stopping point. It is “merely” a temporary rest along the endless, infinite path to perfection. On this endless road, motivation is the engine of ever-present purpose.

Compliments and recognition are lovely tips of the hat to me, a friendly hello on the road to goodness, or rather betterness.

If I can see it this truthful, true way, I'll be much better at accepting recognition  
Frostian “compliments” are steps along the road.

I never want to give up or lose my motivation through a false view of “total success.”

Thank you, Don for helping me take another step in learning and self-revelation.

What's my fear of the old form “total success?” I'll fall into the pit of arrogance, self-complacency, do-nothing, purposelessness, and death. For indeed, ultimately, that is the state of death.

Don's recognition gives me “whatever I ever wished for.” All I ever hoped for. All my wishes have been granted. A total recognition.

My purpose is to learn, be able accept recognition, compliments, and thus “total success” with a better, wholesome, more realistic yet happy perspective. Without “falling off the cliff” whenever I get one. In other words, I don't want to be “pushed around” by (recognition, compliments “total success.” (I like this “fighting” attitude. No one and no thing is going to push me around!)

Re Don's letter:

Here's a good attitude with a warm and proper perspective.

Wow, I helped somebody! How nice that is! Another step along the path.

### Secret Fears

Maybe I'm learning how to handle my secret fear of compliments and recognition and how my desire to have them can upset, throw, or even destroy me.

Tuesday, October 7, 2014

Sarnoian Knee Stiffness Dissolves

Our travelers arriving today. The tour starts.

Met our guide Gaby last night. We put most of the tour together. Most amazing that once we did, all pains went out of my legs! I walked normally; folk dance ankle better, just about gone. Stiffness behind my knees disappeared. I did a nice yoga session for the first time in weeks.

Were and are most of these ankle and knee pains psychological in a Sarnoian manner? I'd say YES. But to believe it and work them out. . . that is another question. And see how doubt plays its part. All along I "knew" they were somehow related to the pressures of running this tour. Yet I "didn't" or "couldn't" believe it. I doubted my mind. And by doubting, the pains continued. Until finally worked out when the tour was in place and mostly "organized" by Gaby and myself.

Wednesday, October 8, 2014

Tours are Fun!

Tours are fun!

What an accomplishment, development, and place to be!

That's what's new. That's the result of jumping off the cliff into the abyss. That's what my aches, pains, fatigue, stiffness, behind the knees tightness, inability to squat, feeling old, ancient, dwelling in the past while realizing my past is finished, and more. It's a transition a metamorphosis. That's what's it's all about. With the arrival of my tour and our meet-and-greet, I later realized I'm at a new destination, one I've always written about, talked, about, but rarely if ever been, or allowed myself to be.

I do feel different.

I'm not only traveling easy in harness, I've dropped my harness! Yes, in a sea of responsibility, I am not only floating easy, relaxed, calm, confident and focused. . . but I am feeling free!

I've answered Ilana's Ireland question: "Are you having fun? Yes. I'm floating free on the ocean of fun!

Tours are fun! What an accomplishment!

### Next Novel

#### Popsickle Tours in the Land of Phun

It's the Mad Shoes adventure, the Zany plan, mind set, the posthumous tour but in the here-and-now!

And here may lie the plot and reason to write another novel.

Posthumous Tours in the Here-and-Now. That's how Zany and Mashugi develop and grow their tour company! The Popsickle Tour Company, travel (ad)ventures in the Land of Phun. Dancing, singing, and running wild on the slopes, yodeling in tune beneath and above the wild moon. And more. . . always more with some less thrown in for some extra fun!

Sucking on the fun bar. (Each traveler receives one before their tour.

Ingredients:

Later: I'm pleased. Writing in a happy mode. Happy legs. Bring happiness to my left knee.

Thursday, October 9, 2014

A Wow tour. A Wow group. And I'm feeling Wow as well!

I'm already planning our next 2016 trip: South Serbia and maybe Macedonia. With Guca festival in August? And with Lee? Or October. Depending on Switzerland dates, (And maybe a Balkan Splendor with Michael Kuharski. We'll see.)

### The Tour-Fun Walk

I've graduated. (Regarding old-form left knee, folk dance ankle, other body



parts.)

Now tours are fun! I need to learn to walk again.

Practice the tour-fun walk. (And folk dance walk, too. In fact, in general, practice the Fun-Stroll.

Yes, practice the tour-fun walk, and its companion and side-kick, the Fun Stroll.

U ŠEST KORAKA: Important info on the kolo.

<http://www.phantomranch.net/folkdanc/dances/usest.htm>

Friday, October 10, 2014

### Financial Meditations Hovering Over the Artistic Abyss

Fantastic night of dancing in Pancevo. Also passed the late lunch and lost person test. (Calm, confidence, focus, I can handle whatever come up. It all worked.)

My main concern today is the down stock market. The "Will I loose all my money? question rises. Isn't it strange, ironical, that this is happening just after I decided to "get out of the stock market" or rather, to invest in "safer, more traditional modes, like the S & P, etc. Some to think about: Why is this happening? Is there a higher meaning my personal shift and the market shift? What is the message from above?

What to do?

Four choices:

1. Sell all. Get out of the market completely.
2. Sell mucho (but not all)
2. Sell some
3. Do nothing. In other words, wait it out.

Maybe deeper than all of this is the quest question: What is the cosmic message?

I've lost more money in making the shift to "traditional investing" than any

other time. On one level, I was “listening” to my wife; on another level, even deeper level, I was and am listening to my inner artistic voice telling me I’m wasting my mental energies, investing too much energy, dribbling away my time thinking about stocks.

Bottom line, it was not listening to my wife, but a conversation with my soul that created my change and transition. I “transitioned to the void, chose the abyss.” I’m not unhappy about my choice.

Yet just when I made it, the stock market turned around and kicked me in the face. Why? What, if anything, is the meaning of this?

Is part of the artistic abyss facing the fears of poverty again? Hmm, maybe. I have to face the fear of life without money again. Can I make it on my own without a financial cushion to protect me? Wow, on a personal level, that’s it.

If I loose all my money in the stock market (and indeed that is my fear, and even a possibility.) can I survive? It’s the old post-marriage question. Can I be an artist (that is, not focus on money) and survive?

Marriage meant learning how to make money, focusing on finances, money, safety, and security. And I learned how to do it. At the partial price of constant financial worry. I didn’t give up my artist quest, but I definitely did hamper it. I ploughed ahead with a financial ball and chain around my leg. Sure, on one level, it was good for me. I grew a lot, learning how to do business and function on a high level in the world.

But I’m now in a new place. I want my artistic self back. In its old form but in the new me.

Maybe the cosmic meaning of the stock market down is learning how to deal with financial fears in my new “hovering over the artistic abyss” self.

Strangely, I’m not afraid. I’m more puzzled and wondering.

And the market is falling (crashing?) during the birth of “Tours are fun!”

Sunday, October 12, 2014

Leaving Novi Sad. Lots of future thinking to do.

Monday, October 13, 2014

### Osijek Confirmation: Stage Two

Crossed border. Arrived in Osijek, Croatia. Visited Vukovar. Sad war memorial.

Took morning off. Gabrijele, our guide, and Domogoj our local guide take over.

I need a rest and time away from group. Slept a solid eight hours. But strangely, I woke up with a rare back ache. That means I'm know I'm mad as something. And this, even though I know that tours are fun What then could I be mad at?

First, as much as I love my group, I need to get away from them and everything else. Rest, relaxation, and refocusing. Well, maybe that's true. Still, tired as I may be, perhaps I may nevertheless, be mad at something else. What could it be? I can't really think of a thing, unless it is simply fatigue. On the public level, the tour is going very well. ON a private level, the tour is going very well, too. There is truly nothing going wrong that I can't handle. Even the tiring standing around while our guides talk about history and whatever. It's tiring, but I can handle it.

So what, if anything besides fatigue, is bothering me? Could it really be nothing? Am I fooling myself, denying something?

True, I have no desire to exercise, do yoga, and am slightly worried that my body is falling apart. One thing I am "mad about" is my lack of desire or drive to do these things. Again, I am basically too tired, and do not want to bother doing them since my mind is totally concentrating on running the fun learning and growth aspects of the tour. Also, my feet are swollen because we're sitting so much. Again this reflects lack of exercise and fears of my body falling apart.

Maybe my back ached, and I'm mad because I can't find anything really to be mad at! I'm not used to this new way of existence and leading tours; I'm not used to the "calm, confidence, focused, I can handle it, tours are fun" method. A new mode of

existence.

Am I missing something? Is it really that simple? Part of me can't believe it, but I can't really find anything to be mad at.

Result: MY only concern is lack of exercise reflected in swollen feet and fears of my body falling apart. Thus my question: Is there anything I can do about it? Is there any way I can still exercise, do yoga, and run my tour? Do I have the time, energy, and focus to do both?

We're at the stage where our group is now a together unit. Perhaps I can "afford" to focus a bit more on other things. On the other hand, maybe I'll just drift back to the "tours are fun" meditation mode and see where this leads.

Thus today's writing simply a taking account of my new situation. When I first mentioned, discovered, and created the "tours are fun" mode back in Belgrade at the very beginning of our tour, it was a new development idea. At that point, the tour was just starting and consisted of separate individuals. Now, a week later, the group is a together unit. It's time to rethink the "tours are fun" Osijek mode.

Perhaps while the Serbian Vision represents the birth of tours are fun mode, Osijek represents stge two, a development and confirmation of "tours are fun" mode.

### Give Up Exercise

Another thing somewhat strange is happening: I cannot seem to exercise. Perhaps the "tours are fun" vision has to coalesce before I can return to exercise.

Perhaps my body has to let the old tour view (and partially life view) has to die before the new can grow. I need a new body to fit my new mind. The old body dies before the new one is born.

In the meantime, give up exercise until this new mode of desire ("tours are fun," exercise is fun" etc.) mode coalesces.

Tuesday, October 14, 2014

Wednesday, October 15, 2014

Off to Bosnia/Herzegovina and Sarajevo today. Otherwise, not much to say.

Thursday, October 16, 2014

China: See China email.

Mattie Rostoker

EMAIL OF SENDER: [Waltzmat@msn.com](mailto:Waltzmat@msn.com)

718-543-0689

Jim Gold is leading a tour to Koprivshitsa.

On Wed, Oct 15, 2014 at 7:15 PM, <[dancingwoman@gmail.com](mailto:dancingwoman@gmail.com)> wrote:

Me too. Last time there were several tour groups. Who is leading tours this time?

Patti

Sent from my iPad

> On Oct 15, 2014, at 6:08 PM, "Cheryl Spasojevic" <[cspaso@gmail.com](mailto:cspaso@gmail.com)> wrote:

>

> I would also appreciate this info.

> Cheryl

> ----- Original Message ----- From: "Whitney Neufeld-Kaiser" <[whitney.n.k@gmail.com](mailto:whitney.n.k@gmail.com)>

> To: <[eefc@eefc.org](mailto:eefc@eefc.org)>

> Sent: Wednesday, October 15, 2014 9:26 AM

> Subject: [eefc] Tips on going to Koprivshitsa

>

>

>> Hi, EEFC community. My husband and I are interested in traveling to  
>> Bulgaria next August for the every-fifth-year festival in Koprivshitsa.  
>> We'd love to get advice and input from anyone who's made this trip before.  
>> On anything and everything from getting there, making arrangements for  
>> accommodations, what the experience is like, how easy it is to get there by  
>> what forms of transportation, etc. etc. etc.

>>

>> Thanks!

>> Whitney Neufeld-Kaiser

>> Seattle, WA

>> [whitney.n.k@gmail.com](mailto:whitney.n.k@gmail.com)

>

Call Joe Benatov when I get back. Proposed working together on Bulgaria in some way.

So I don't resent it, somehow I have to combine my art with my tours. Tours as art is a good start.

This is just a quick note so that I don't drop the thread about Andy Taylor Blenis and your proposed yodeling tour! Andy and I had the chance to chat about it during our Oktoberfest weekend (replete with yodeling lessons!) and I can share some of that information with you, with Andy's blessings. Perhaps she'll even be in contact with you directly in the next little bit, but if not, I have some specifics. (She's very . . . from Judy Katz.

Offer her free tour with 20-25 minimum. With 30 or more, \$100 p.p.

Friday, October 17, 2014

### Impatience Energy

Leaving Sarajevo today. On our way to Mostar. Looking forward to the end. Last stretch of our marathon. Reach deep and grab the patience energy. Remain calm, confident and focused.

Well, I'm confident, but calm and focus could be a bit rattled by my desire to the tour to end and go home. I'll call it my "impatience energy."

Would I call this a negative energy? Is impatience a negative energy? I have to say yes.

Leading a tour is somewhat like running a marathon. I'm approaching the finish line, but still rather far away. However, my mind is now drifting toward the finish. Confidence remains, I know I can do it. But focus and calm are diminishing, dissipating as the end approaches.

What to do? How to think? How to handle impatience?

Saturday, October 18, 2014

### Tour Healing

#### Tour Healing Power through Focus

It came on me Suddenly yesterday: a chill, then sick with a strange sore throat. I don't know why.

But how to handle it?

First, I slept a lot. That is good. But what are my feelings about it?

1. What if, instead of getting better, my sore throat and cold gets worse? How will I lead the tour, if it gets worse?

2. It feels rather miserable. But still, my main concern is how to lead the tour in my weakened condition, one where I focus more on myself and my sore throat, chills, and cold than the tour itself (which needs all my focus.)

3. Remember my mantra: "Calm, confident, focused." My challenge now is to stay true to my mantra, even in these harder times.

Stay calm, confident, and focused, even while I am sick.

Replacement therapy program:

In fact, focusing on my mantra may even help me fight off my cold! Replace the chills from my cold with the chills of magnificence that come from running the tour! Replace the unbalance of the sore throat throw, with th calm and confidence of tour focus. And let the focus itself be my healing!

In other words, let my tour heal me!

### Sickness as Cleansing

#### Dealing with the Impatience Bug

Sickness is the first step in cleansing, clearing out the old, creating a vacuum before the new can enter. Just as day follow night, it is a form of death and rebirth.

Thus I ask: What is my cold destroying? And what new self will be born after the cleansing, the clearing of the storm?

What about me? Wht about my mind?

Well, I was dealing with impatience! The "I can't wait for this tour to be over; I can't wait to get home, etc." (I even spoke to Michael Kuharski at breakfast about it.)

Then on the very same day, I get sick!

Thus my sickness would have to be about dealing with impatience and cleansing the impatience bug from my mind.

Also note, my focus got off the tour and into my impatience.

### Possible Power of Leadership Vibrations



Here's another interesting thought: As leader, (with others listening to me both consciously and unconsciously) were my impatience vibrations (subtly and unconsciously) sent out, passed on to others in my group, causing them to get sick?

On the other hand, if this is true, then leadership vibrations might heal them, too.

But first heal myself. (Heal thyself.)

Then others may follow.

Sunday, October 19, 2014

### The Practice of Patience

#### Yoga, Breathing, Meditation, and More

We're in Budva, Montenegro.

Take a step into the future by returning to the past. Return, or rather, go forward to yoga again.

Study the texts and old writings.

Practice patience through breathing, meditation, and more.

I can see how dangerous impatience is to me. Basically, I got sick (a cold) on this tour because of my impatience, the old desires to end it quickly, get home, move onto something else, etc. In a word: Impatience.

Impatience lowered my resistance, destroyed my focus, calm, (and perhaps even confidence?), opened me up to negative thoughts, and got me sick. It's an old problem. Time to face it straight on and deal with it.

Practicing yoga, meditation, breathing is a good first step.

Monday, October 20, 2014

Leaving Budva for Dubrovnik.

I have not lost my confidence, but, as we approach the finale and I can't wait for my tour to end, calm and focus have slipped away.

Impatience rears its half-ugly head.

Why half? Because I accept half as part of my personality. Nevertheless, is there something I do about the other half? What can I do in the here-and-now?

Yes.

1. Be aware of it. That I am.
2. Focus on my breath.
3. Refocus on: "calm, confident, and focused."

My Zen approach: I have nothing to do but the present.

### A Tour Success!

#### Satisfied

What is my feeling?

Maybe I should be celebrating!

I ran the tour in "calm, confident, and focused" manner. Plus, it's just about over. Except for minor improvements: too busy at end, not enough free time, too many local guides: Basically, things I could not have known in advance, the tour is a big success. Although I see some minor improvements, I can't say there were any mishaps and misjudgments. Plus there is another success: I ran it in "calm, confident, and focused" manner.

This tour had once success after another.

How to deal with success? I've dealt with it in the past, handled its downs and lack of motivation it brings.

But now success makes me feel good, or rather, as the Zen masters might say, "satisfied." Or, as Danny says about teaching computer skills to an older person: "very satisfying."

What kind of party do you throw after tour success? What kind of celebration do you make, when you feel "satisfied?"

Maybe drinking a toast is enough.

I don't want wildly ecstatic, or sad and depressed. Been there, done that, it's the old neighborhood and its over.

Presently, in satisfaction mode, I want to remain "calm, confident, and focused." And, truth is, that's the way I feel.

### Impatience and Endings

However, with the tour ending, although I'd like to feel "calm, confident, and focused," I actually feel rather drained, down, and depressed.

I haven't yet learned how to adequately deal with impatience and endings. And note my nervous, angry cough.

Tuesday, October 21, 2014

### Impatience and Panic

In our Dubrovnik hotel now. Leaving early tomorrow.

I'm somehow and strangely back to my "calm, confident and focused" pre-tour state. I recognize that my impatience and deep fatigue (especially in Kotor where I felt I could hardly get up and walk) was due primarily to panic. Stuck, overwhelmed (by the busy "non-stop" program), claustrophobic, etc. This created a panic.

Thus subtly, impatience is related to panic, and its handmaidens, fear and anxiety.

In fact, I'd say that impatience is a form of panic in somewhat more acceptable social form.

Impatience is a form of claustrophobia, subtly terrifying in its own right. A stuck-in-traffic, stuck-in-the-closet, or stuck-in-the-elevator phenomenon.

Thursday, October 23, 2014

### Create a New, More Relaxed, Free-Time Itinerary

How "being stuck" in my tour program created my disease

I'm home. Slept and worked for two days. I'm still sick.

Why? And how did I get sick in the first place?

My explanation: The tour was too long, too intense, too crammed with events, rushed, no free time to breath, etc. Actually, in retrospect (always smarter looking back), I can see that the Balkan Splendor tour is really two tours!

Future tours need more free time, rest on the seventh day. God was right.

Result: Do less with more depth.

How to do less?

What is more depth?

Doing less and more depth go together; they enhances each other.

Thus, create a different itinerary, a more relaxed paced itinerary with free day(s), free afternoons, free time to folks to explore on their own.

Yes, tours are fun. This tour was fun in the beginning. But the fun was strained and eventually was drained away by the pace of the program. This must and will be changed.

The two Balkan Splendor tours will be:

1. Croatia, Bosnia-Herzegovina-Montenegro
2. Serbia and Macedonia

Regarding my sickness: Note: I got sick on the seventh day in Sarajevo. That day at breakfast I told Michael I was impatient to get home (Impatience equals claustrophobia, stuck, fear, anger, etc).

But I couldn't rest. I asked myself, "Can I keep up this pace? Can I make it? I'm may collapse and let the whole group down." I turned these terrors and panic myself and got myself sick. Literally, the pace of my tour program "made me sick!"

Know thyself. Know thy impatience. Know thy fears, terror and panic. Know thy anger.

Well, if my energies turned on myself can get me sick, they can also make me well.

Remember: I created my disease.

Why?

To protect me from dealing with panic.

Yes, now I remember the incipient chills of terror/panic ever lurking in my gut. It surfaced in Sarajevo in the form of impatience claustrophobia. Note: my "cold" started with the "chills."

None of this diminishes my "tour are fun" achievement.

But part of the "tours are fun" achievement is handling panic attacks, the claustrophobic terror of being "stuck" in my tour program.

Incredible analysis!

### My Personality: Mad Shoe Tours!

Idea: This may be another reason why I run tours: To learn to handle my impatience, claustrophobia, panic, and more.

### Mad Shoe Tours

#### My Mad Shoe Tour Dream

What do I want out of tours?

Why run them in the first place?

I'm a mad shoe guy. I love to run wild on the lawn.

No wonder I panic and feel claustrophobic when restrained by a planned tour program. Amazing I can even do it!

Truth is, my big tour achievement is learning to run wild on the lawn with others! I say "charge!" and we all run wild together! That's my dream. To lead others on a mad shoe chase! That's what a Mad Shoe Tour is all about:

(So is a folk dance class!)

Run wild together. Like a herd of reindeers, adventuring through the wilds of whatever and wherever.

Sarajevo ConnectionTopology of the TourSarajevo Return to the Old Neighborhood

Basically, for seven days I flew over the abyss (tours are fun!) with calm, confidence, and focus.

But in the middle of the tour, I lost confidence in my ability to sustain flight, and I panicked.

When confidence collapsed, calm and focus vanished. I descended into self-protection mode, and created a chilling head cold to distract and defend myself from my panic.

Why then did I lose confidence just because it was hard?

Was it the voice of weakness, my mother calling from the old neighborhood? I think so. "You can't sustain this. Its to hard. Take it easy. Lie down. Rest. You'll get sick."

Yes, that is the voice I heard. The old neighborhood vote of no confidence, pushing me back, knocking me down, hitting me on the head. "You're too weak, incompetent, can't focus, get good marks in school. You're not strong, dynamic, and bold, nor can you sustain anything for too long. If you even try, you'll get sick. Lie down. Rest. I only care about your happiness."

Note: I felt impatient. I told Michael I was impatient. I couldn't wait for the tour to be over and return home again.

But return to which home? The old neighborhood?

I believe so. That was the beginning of my downfall.

(Note I used the words "go back" and "return." That meant the old neighborhood. I did not used the words "move forward." to the new neighborhood of "Tours are fun!" And the "calm, confident, and focused" mantra.)

Friday, October 24, 2014

### Hanging on the Cross of Tourism

I woke up at 2: 00 a.m. My cold has diminished; I feel slightly better this morning.

I broke down crying, crying for the pain and suffering I felt as I hung on the cross of the Balkan Splendor Tour. I gave the tour my total all, even getting sick in the process. Now I cry for the beauty of the tour, but mostly for the suffering. And the feeling of freedom, the gift of freedom, freedom from the strictures and tight itinerary I followed. I'm now beginning to feel better. I believe I'm slowly returned to "normal."

### Guitar

What have I come back with from the Serbian trip (Balkan Splendor trip)?

1. "Calm confident, and focused." The CCF mantra.

Can it be used playing guitar?

Seems I no longer have the old need to play fast.

Does this fit into "Calm, confident, and focused?"

### "Calm, Confident, and Focused

#### Guitar playing is fun!

Calm confident, and focused leads to "Tours are fun."

Calm confident, and focused brings "guitar playing is fun!"

Saturday, October 25, 2014

### Old and New Neighborhoods

Scared that I'm so tired, or perhaps vice versa, tired because I'm scared. The old neighborhood revisited.

The old neighborhood: I worked so hard and Mama smashed me.

The new neighborhood: Calm confident, and focus. I worked so hard and now Wahoo!

### Post-Serbia Attitude Goals

The route to fun and happiness is performing miracle schedule events with “calm, confidence, and focus.”

Remember how fun is done. Then do it!

Thus, my post-Serbia attitude goals are:

1. Tours are fun
2. Playing guitar is fun.
3. Yoga, running, gym is fun
4. Writing is fun

### First Vision of Fun Guitar Playing

As I play my C major Milan Pavane, I see its soothing vibrations passing into my Balkan Splendor bus travelers. My soothing, slow, delicious notes create peace and harmony in their hearts and cause them to shine. A beautiful, yodeling peace.

Interesting: I am now longer running from the audience or bouncing my thoughts off it. It is not affecting me in a negative manner. The audience is now involved in my guitar playing; it is part of my playing.

What affect does the F chord have on the audience?

It's just too beautiful to believe! That I have achieved, reached this beautiful state!

What a beautiful post-Serbian accomplishment! (Even if it only last for a moment. But hopefully, it will last longer and permeate my life!)

### A Lifetime of Ego Defense Falls Away



In the past, all my guitar playing (classical, and perhaps even folk) was all about me. A lifetime of defending my ego against Heifetz, Segovia, and the audience critics.

Now, for the first time, I see myself giving my total undefended, slow and sweet, open self to the audience. I can offer them slow, sweet love and beauty. And eventually humor, too, with brightness, fun and charm.

### Cleansing and Purifying the Self

This certainly makes it worthwhile getting sick, a snot-dripping, snot expelling cold to clean out the snotty germs and negative poisons of old self! In fact, that may be the purpose of my getting sick!

Playing my Alhambra "for them," with each slow note shooting, meandering, drifting into their heart!

This is a beautiful transformation of self I've always dreamed about. Sending slow, sweet, sensual, beautiful, funny notes into their hearts!

Indeed, this is my post-snot self.

This has nothing to do with physical or technical skills.

It has everything to do with attitude.

My slow, beautiful, calm, confident, focused (guitar) self.

### The Snot Parade and Knee Hobbling

If the snot pouring from my nose is a cleansing, is the "illness" in my left knee (and folk dance ankle) also a similar ego cleansing?

Good quotes:

"Failure is it's own reward. It is the effort to close the distance between the work imagined and the work achieved with ceaseless labor in the freedom of play."

Sunday, October 26, 2014

Feeling better. Now I'm just starting to love our Balkan Splendor tour, all its participants, and all we did.

### Writing and the Next Novel

Maybe I won't write the next novel. Presently, only the pressure, but not the urge, is there.

If it's not fun, why bother?

### New Attitude and Approach to Guitar Playing

#### Thinking of and in Them

Is this a new way of playing guitar, aiming my notes directly into the hearts of the audience. Thinking of the audience; aiming directly into their hearts.

And this in writing, too.

Is this a totally new attitude and approach? Playing "with only the audience in mind", playing "totally for them." "Ego-less" playing.

I'd like to think so.

If this is so, it is an entirely new life attitude.

It is already present in dancing and running tours.

But it would have to flow and expand, not only into guitar, but into writing, exercise (running, yoga, gym), and more.

My fun would have to come from thinking of-and-in others.

Can I run wild on the lawn thinking of others?

Can I run wild on the lawn with others in mind?

How can I exercise or write thinking of others?

Can it even be done?

But is there any other choice? Regarding the other, ego attitude, I've "been there, done that." Seems like it's the only challenge and direction up ahead.

I'm also setting my bones, attitude, and challenge for the upcoming year. Maybe the "thinking for and in other" is it.

Monday, October 27, 2014

### Friction Writing

#### Old Neighborhood/New Neighborhood

Totally drained. Of course, writing my daily journal is a necessity and this will continue. But sadly, it feels like I've lost my desire to write fiction. My characters will not rise again. A new novel is not in sight.

Why is this? I don't know.

Could fiction writing have run its course. Is it a "been there, done that?" I don't know. True, feelings are temporary and passing. Nevertheless, I must go with them, follow them, and see where they lead.

This morning it is the death of fiction writing. We'll see where this leads.

On the one hand, this makes me feel free. On the other hand, I "should feel" a bit sad. After all, writing in that fiction style was so much fun. But it had the added pressure of fame and fortune behind and on top of it.

Fiction writing has a "running wild on the lawn" aspect to it. This coordinates with ups and down, wild swings of depression and elation. By dropping, losing, giving up my fiction writing am I also dropping, losing, giving up my old neighborhood "running wild on the lawn" aspect and with it those wild depression/elation swings.

And by dropping, losing, giving up my old form of fiction writing, am I moving into the new neighborhood of "calm, confident, and focused," of "whatever comes up, I can handle it" fiction writing.

Will I be replacing old neighborhood fiction writing with new neighborhood fiction writing?

In other words, is it a transition?

We'll see.

### Becoming an Earthly Tour

On the other hand, maybe I'm becoming and living an Earthly Tour, I'm running Earthly Tours already. Thus, there is no reason to write about it as fiction. I'm already doing it. With calm, confidence, and focus.

Writing fiction, I've also secretly write my future business plans. Since my Earthly Tour business plan is now being realized here on earth, in material form, why write about it as fiction? The need has disappeared, and along with it, the desire to write fiction about it.

How vaguely sad. But true.

That's why I don't write about, have no need or desire to write about folk dancing, my tours, or other present activities. I'm too busy living them.

So what is the purpose of my writing? To discover and explain myself to myself. That's why New Leaf keeps serving its ever-changing purpose. That's why it continues.

Maybe editing and serving up my New Leaf for and to others is my next writing direction. It does, after all, fulfill the new neighborhood "totally for them" mode.

I also sense this would be a good service.

Plus, secretly, I'd like it to be.

But do I have the confidence in my writing, the confidence to bring New Leaf public? I know the New Leaf writing process is vitally important to me personally. I truly believe in its power of self-discover and self-knowledge. But would it be really that important to others. Big confidence question.

Cold doubt strikes: Am I fooling myself? (I'm still sniffing, although less. My doubt cold is not over yet.)

We'll see.

### Next Rock and Hurdle

Well, although I have calm, confidence, and focus in my tours, I don't yet have it for my writing.

My New Leaf Journal, after all, represents my real and secret self. Dare I go public with it? Is it really that important? Am I really that important?

No question, my "old neighborhood fiction" promotes my ego through my wild imagination.

To promote New Leaf, I'd have to ask: Will reading it really help others?

Can my ego, with its hesitations and fears of exposing deepest wounds and self-doubts stand opening itself to others. Will I make a fool of myself?

I think I have to find an editor who believes in my vision, and whom I can trust. How to find one? Through Barry, the folk dance world, Carol, other?

### New Neighborhood of Calm, Confidence, and Focus

Areas of Strength:

1. Leading tours
2. Leading folk dancing
3. Leading folk singing, singing folk songs
4. Strangely, my fiction writing

Areas of Weakness:

1. Classic guitar
2. New Leaf writing

### On Daring

Lack of failure may mean you're not being daring enough; you're not trying new things, pushing higher, or in unexplored directions. Making the effort is more important than succeeding.

A failure a day keeps the doctor away.

A good, proud, daily question: Where can I fail today?

The frustrations of failure often lead to the boredom of success.

Most important: Stay on the path.

Keep trying.

It's the Royal Road.

By pass and surpass the devil of discouragement.

Failure energizes and motivates;

Success elates, then deflates.

Perhaps the Weak Areas of writing and classic guitar playing are the areas where I'm not being daring enough, the areas where I should, and will court failure.

#### Trying Harder: The Hidden, Motivating Power of Failure

Perhaps I also feel more comfortable with the motivating, heroic, energizing force of failure than the sappy, vitiating, flattening power of success.

The flattening, deflating power of riches seen as success, of riches, or any kind of success as arrival.

#### Effort

Belief in the flat plains of success is a trap, a route to unhappiness.

Believe in the fire of effort, giving your best, is salvation.

Aim to give your best.

Failure and success are bumps on the path of effort.

I've regained my motivation.

I made the up-down cycle; I reached the Grand Effort.

No more success or failure to bind me.

Tuesday, October 28, 2014

I am so tired of "succeeding." I need a strong dose of potential failure to punch me in the ass and get me going.

Aim beyond my dreams for the impossible, that's a good start.

What frightens me? What scares the shit out of me?

A good question to ask, a good place to start.

### Motivation

Maybe it's a question of imagination:

How can I frighten myself enough so I live at the edge of failure and thus push, motivate, energize and inspire myself?

Imagine a great fear. How about fear of flying?

Flying through the Alhambra, soaring above its abyss.

Soaring over the Alhambra abyss brings me to a different thumb point.

Wednesday, October 29, 2014

Empty and down, and slept much to mucho (12 hours!). Woke up with a slight sore throat and cold. Going backward? Or was it the flu shot from Dr. Stone? (I hope so.)

Anyway, I'm almost getting ready for a new challenge.

### More on Calm, Confidence and Focus

If one has confidence, do calm and focus follow?

I think so. In fact, I'd say yes.

If one is calm, do confidence and focus follow?

Maybe.

If one is focused, do calm and confidence follow?

Maybe.

In any case, where can I apply this today?

To Alhambra, and to my cold/sore throat.

Can I have confidence that my cold/sore throat will, not only eventually go away, but, more important, can I totally function with it?

Does sickness (weakness from Ma) destroy my confidence? And with it my calm and focus?

Isn't it a great challenge to overcome my fear of sickness and learn that I can function, and well, even while sick!

Thursday, October 30, 2014

### Beautiful Letters!

Such beautiful letters from our Balkan Splendor travelers. Maybe I just need time off to pull back, energy to get perspective, and appreciate all the wonders we just created.

Friday, October 31, 2014

### Mad

I'm starting to get mad. I'm being tossed about like a wet hen. First, the basement has been cleaned and is a mess; second, my stocks stink, my stock trading choices stink and only go down. I'm back in the stupid, losing game, and why? Because, since I got back from the Balkans, I have "nothing to do." My mind is warped and deranged from the intensity of the trip. Plus getting and being sick. One thing has piled up on another, sickness, upon disease, upon, tour ending, upon, intensity ending,



upon tock market downs, upon basement cleaning, upon wipe-sawed mind, upon, upon. I'm getting sick of the whole thing.

And this morning I'm actually getting mad. Mad at the mess I'm living in; mad at the confusion, lack of direction and the mess I'm creating. Yes, I woke up mad and I'm still mad.

Maybe this is a positive sign, signaling the end of the post-BS regime, and a return to "normal. We'll see. In the meantime, I'm still mad.

It is time for something different. I've "been there, done that" in just about everything I can think of. I'm living in repetition.

Only thing I can think of is enter the future by returning to the past. Indian philosophy opened this morning: the trilogy of Brahma the Creator, Vishnu the Preserver, and Shiva the Destroyer. Behind them all, underlying the Universe: God Himself.

### Confidence and Control

Basically, since the tour ended, my mind has been totally disoriented. I'm mad now because things around me and inside me are disorganized, out of control, helter-skelter, going in all directions, with no controls, direction or force. Bottom-line, I'm starting to get disgusted.

Signs of energies organizing, flowing together, and on the rise. No calm, confidence, control, or focus yet. But getting closer.

Note: I added the word "control" to my mantra. Where does control fit in? It belongs partly to confidence, but is not the whole thing. Paradoxically, confidence means being able to lose control but stay in control at the same time, to give in to forces beyond yourself, but remains calm and confident and "in control" in the process.

Confidence may mean confidence in the power of God to guide you. . . . safely, securely, and in grand, awesome adventure.

Lost

Will the energy emerging from mad burn away my post-tour cold and fatigue?

I feel like I'm waking from a trance, a dream, and I've been somewhat fooled, taken, by the dream, the trance. A trance filled with tours, programs, money, stock makret, trading, wild movements, intense decisions, Sarajevo, Gabi-modes, Bosnia, Herzegovniks, tourists, travelers, more decision, and more. Finally, the dream, the trance has come to an end. And I stand stunned. Knocked into cold mode, my brain fried and rattled, no longer knowing who I am or where I'm going. A piece of jetsam or flotsam flung up on the wild ocean waves of travel, tourism, time, money, and more. Lost, battered by constant changing winds, smacked to and from by wild leaping waves, I've become a vast zero, a play thing haplessly pushed around by the amoral universal forces. Who, where, why am I, I no longer know. Well, did I ever know? Even that, I no longer know.

Sure I'm mad. What else, where else is there to be in this state?

I've also been pushed around by disease (my cold), and a strange fear of disease and weakness. I'm constantly afraid I'll "hurt myself" and then won't be able to function.

What happened to calm, confident and focused? Gone! Gone with the tour ending! Gone with my function and purpose ending. I've been reduced to zero, a cipher blown hither, thither, and wherever by whatever winds come along. Disgusting and enraging. But that's where I've been.

What happened? How did this happen? Why did I let self-destruction and self-devastation happen? Was there a secret attraction? Was there something hidden in it for me?

Do I really need self-destruction to recover? Maybe.

Maybe I'm in the Shiva phase.

Look at the cycle of Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva. Brahma: I created the tour; Vishnu: I ran (maintained) the tour; Shiva: I destroyed the tour. Actually, I destroyed my tour self, namely, my calm, confident and focused Balkan splendor tour self.

Maybe this rage is the final burning up of the old self, the finale to the cycle. This before a new self can, phoenix-like, rise up from the ashes, and be born.

Maybe there is no avoiding this natural process. I can only be aware of it, know the cycle will happen, and ride to its natural ending.

Saturday, November 1, 2014

In reading Man's Eternal Quest, I know that for the past thirty years or so, not only have I been thinking these thoughts, practicing this practice, doing these steps, following this Path, but in my own way. "Calm, confident, and focused" and "I can somehow handle it," "All is One," focusing on all tours members as one, and even "Tours are fun!" are my self-developed mantras.

#### Stock market

Its incredibly wonderful, such fun, when I win, and so incredibly awful, so miserable, when I lose.

#### Guitar, Yoga, Exercise

Can I simply jump in without warm-ups?

Yoga and exercise, too.

Start slowly, of course. But no "warm-ups." Dive right in.

Sunday, November 2, 2014

#### Emotional Goal

My emotional goal for the year is to remain in "calm, confident and focused" state. This means remaining in my "Tours are fun" state.

It means fighting the overwhelmed state: the overwhelmed by my mind, its myriad ideas, its many things I must do, the outside demands (requests) from others, etc. It means, among other things, keeping a balance and creating priorities.

## **Good guitar introduction:**

### **A very funny, truthful bit.**

#### My Guitar Playing Puts My Audience to Sleep!

Critics are raving:

Jim Gold's guitar playing puts his audiences to sleep!

A very different reason for playing guitar; a very different purpose for performing on the guitar: A very different concert purpose:

An emotional purpose: Inner Peace.

Play slow, relaxed, easy: focus their (the audience, and my own) mind on inner peace.

A lovely purpose. Play pieces to relax others and put their mind in and on a higher, meditative state.

A respite from the ever-whirling world.

Thus my higher concert purpose is "to relax and hypnotize my audiences, to put them to sleep.

My guitar playing puts my audience to sleep.

And that is a good thing!

Critics are raving:

Jim Gold's guitar playing puts his audiences to sleep!

"I've never seen an audience fall asleep as fast as when Jim Gold plays his (classic) guitar (guitar in the classical style.)" claims Robert Hickenblopper of the New York Climbs. "Gold's magic is miraculous. Throw your sleeping pills out the window and go hear him. His concerts are recommended by sleep clinics throughout the world.

His motto: "You'll never sleep as well as at a Jim Gold concert." Plus this sleep is not short lived. It does not end simply when the concert ends. Gold's power is such that he creates "long-range somnambulence, a sleep that can last hours, days, even weeks. One Gold fan and concert goes claims she is still asleep after 15 years!

"Gold's concerts are often picketed by pharmaceutical companies. Squibb and Phizer have sent hit men after him. One gunman was about to shoot Gold from the audience, but fell asleep at the trigger. Peace activists claim Gold's guitar playing can easily create world peace by putting most warring parties to sleep before they even start!

Many want Gold to run for president but his promoters usually fall asleep just as their campaign begins.

"Jim Gold's guitar is a powerful sedative!" claims Matthew Broderick, head music critic of the Phizer Chemical Times.

Some companies want to bottle his notes and sell them on the sleep market.

Gold's playing also threatens local hiking clubs (and local gym registration) since he promotes sleep walking as a form of exercise.

Monday, November 3, 2014

### Guitar and the Simultaneous Trilogy

#### Guitar Playing is Fun!

Listen intensely; focus on each tone.

Intense listening equals concentration and focus.

Do concentration and focus create calm and confidence?

Which comes first? Calm, confidence and focus? Calm, focused, and confident?

Or do they all come and go together in a simultaneous trilogy.

Answer: Yes. They all come together in a simultaneous trilogy.

The simultaneous trilogy is attained by focusing one tone. And vice versa: Focus on tone to achieve the simultaneous trilogy.

It's not about fast or slow but rather concentration, calm, confidence, concentration, and focus on tone.

Simultaneous trilogy creates not only "Tours are Fun" but also "Guitar playing is fun!"

### Boredom Versus Sleeping

Would my guitar performing goal then be to "bore the audience and put them to sleep?"

Well, why not?

But the question is: Will boring them, stimulate (in negative fashion) and thus wake them up? Is boring them different from putting them to sleep? Is boring them thus counter-productive?

What is the difference between boredom and falling asleep?

Boredom is (a place) where creativity meets destruction. The dynamic tendencies are stalemated while locked in battle. We call this state (it) "boredom."

That's why boredom feels unpleasant.

Falling asleep, on the other hand, feels wonderful. It is a pleasant state, a place rest which promises future stimulation.

I don't want my guitar playing to bore you. Rather I hope it puts you to sleep.

Tuesday, November 4, 2014

### Options at St, Pauls Church

Re St. Pauls Church: What a mess. I'm totally pissed that I'm losing my 5-7 p.m. preparation time. I could settle for 6 p.m. but even that is taken away. "No negotiation" said Reverend William Bill Allport. So, I can either take it or leave it.

Is there anything I can do about this?

More options are:

1. Accept it and work with it.
2. Find a new place.
3. Wait, try it out, see if I can do it, work with it. (Plus, things may change in my favor in the future. But also, things could get worse. Can't count on this "hope.")
4. Accept it. . .for now, while looking for a new place. Number four seems to be my best option.

Also consider: This could be an opportunity in disguise. A new place with a wooden floor may appear. Keep my eyes open. Start thinking about it and looking around.

Ah, to learn to love the English language again, like Hebrew or any other with rich roots afloat.

Wednesday, November 5, 2014

Blown away temporarily. Creates a big mental change of attitude. Privilege versus rights, gratitude versus arrogance.

Based on losing Monday night folk dance pre-time.

I'm so happy about my title creation progress on AVS Video Editor. I want to savor my victory before I dive in again.

### Computer Graduation!

I couldn't upload Vila Folk Ensemble of Novi Sad 1. A sign came up: "file format error." Why? The other files worked. Finally, I figured it out. I had somehow corrupted the file. Luckily, I had a copy. I replaced the damage file with the new copy and it worked! I fixed it! Without Barry's help or anyone else's. I fixed it by myself. I figured it out. Barry said I'm advanced in my computer knowledge and capabilities.

A graduation! It means that I can, by “fooling around,” somehow figure things out.” “Calm, confidence and focus” has come to computers.

I'll start my graduation and graduated life with the AVS video program. Pinnacle, too.

### Folk dancing: A New Approach to Classes

Can I arrive at folk dance “later” and still function well?

Options and ideas:

1. Still arrive early, but work in another room. (Maybe)
2. Do preparation work at home and arrive later. (Nah)
3. Arrive later with no preparation work. (Don't like)

### The Attitude of Gratitude

Time for a life-changing attitude:

The Attitude of Gratitude.

Thursday, November 6, 2014

Post-Tour Depression, Shame, and Spoiled Brat Self

### Attitude Goals

Post-tour depression finally hit last night. This morning I feel lifeless and drained. It depression arrived almost two weeks after my tour. Sixteen days, to be exact.

I get depressed regularly after every tour. It can be softened somewhat through awareness and acceptance. But can it ever be “cured?”

I feel ashamed of it, as if I betrayed someone. Perhaps I'm disappointing someone, letting them down, temporarily losing or giving up my role as entertainer, leader, director, motivator, promoter and pusher of higher causes. Perhaps I'm secretly disappointing myself.



How does this depression work? I want to leave the world, into the corner and sulk. Yes, I want to sulk, pout, have a quiet temper tantrum, and feel sorry for myself. This is indeed the role of a baby, a child, a spoiled brat. Maybe that's why I'm ashamed. Instead of being grateful for the blessings bestowed up on me, thankful for the favors of God raining on my shoulders from Above, the luck and heavenly good will of bringing me a wonderful, beautiful, successful tour, I'm acting like a spoiled brat: sulking, pouting, and complaining. Truly, if I look at this attitude, it is terrible, disgusting, and ridiculous. But shamefully, I must admit, that's what I feel.

Yes, I'm both ashamed of what I'm feeling and the way I'm acting, which is to withdraw from others, suck my thumb and sulk in the corner.

Instead of an attitude of gratitude, thanking the Lord for the many blessings He has bestowed upon me, I have instead the attitude of a demanding, privileged, arrogant, rights-oriented, spoiled brat.

I don't like my spoiled brat self. No wonder I'm ashamed when it pops its ugly head up.

Why do I periodically let my spoiled brat self rise? Why do I let it in for a visit? Could it be a vestige of the old neighborhood?

Better to realize from post-tour gratefulness with some elation thrown in.

Here are two good attitude goals to consider and work on:

1. Calm, confident, and focused.
2. Post-tour (and other) gratefulness.

### From Arrogance to Gratitude

A change of attitude, from arrogance to gratitude, would turn post-tour depression into post-tour elation.

What is arrogance? The right that I deserve something that really isn't mine.

I've never thought of myself as arrogant. I am ashamed to see shreds of arrogance in myself. Indeed, I need to rethink the thoughts of myself.

Arrogance: c.1300, from Old French arrogance (12c.), from Latin arrogancia, from arrogantem (nominative arrogans) "assuming, overbearing, insolent," present participle of arrogare "to claim for oneself, assume," from ad- "to" (see ad-) + rogare "ask, propose" (see rogation).

Elation: late 14c., "inordinate self-esteem, arrogance," especially "self-satisfaction over one's accomplishments or qualities, vainglory" (early 15c.), from Old French elacion "elation, conceit, arrogance, vanity," from Latin elationem (nominative elatio) "a carrying out, a lifting up," noun of action from elatus "elevated," form used as past participle of efferre "carry out, bring out, bring forth, take away," from assimilated form of ex- "out" (see ex-) + latus (see oblate (n.)), past participle of ferre "carry" (see infer). Metaphoric sense of "a lifting of spirits" was in Latin and has always been the principal meaning in English. More positive sense of "buoyancy, joyfulness" is from 1750 in English.

### Sulking/Temper Tantrum

#### Return to Old Neighborhood Techniques

No question that retreating into the corner, sulking, having my own personal temper tantrum (a 30-year tantrum) is a return to the old neighborhood technique. As a child, when I did it, Mama would hug and console me, give me mucho attention and love.

### Curable Depressions

This means, in a sense, that I could "cure" my post-tour depressions. And all other depressions as well.

Are all my depressions temper tantrums in disguise, anger turned inward? In other words, are they curable depressions!

Maybe.

If yes, that means I can give them up.

Next question: Would I want to give them up? Such sulking, pouting retreats are strangely, “delicious rewards.” For what, I don’t know. And I’m not even angry at anything. I’m having a temper tantrum over what? Nothing, really. I can’t even find anything I’m angry at. They are simply old neighborhood habit patters that I once needed and got an inverted kind of pleasure from. But somehow, they have served their purpose, I no longer need them.

But what will give me that old inverted pleasure if I give them up? And with this new knowledge that I am having a secret temper tantrum, an anger turn-on, will they even work at all anymore?

The cat is out of the bag; it can’t go back in anymore. Or, once the eggs are broken and scrambled, they can’t be put back in their shells.

Now what about my so-called cosmic depressions, my lack of direction, lack of meaning, or so-called artistic depressions?

Do they somehow fit into the same temper tantrum category? Am I angry because meaning, direction, and purpose have somehow been (temporarily) drained out of my life?

Could be.

Are all my depressions simply temper tantrum forms of return to the old neighborhood?

I live now in a new neighborhood.

Does that mean I no longer need these downs and can safely and easily give them up?

Is this simply a mental game I’ve been playing with myself for years, and which I’ve out grown, no longer need, and can give up?

Maybe.

### Enter the New Neighborhood

Really, my sulking, pouting, temper tantrum, retreating, old depressions were an old neighborhood form of getting attention from Ma, and some love and appreciation. They worked, too.

However, now I'm getting attention, love, and appreciation from my clients, my travelers and dancers, my family and friends. And I certainly get enough of it. So the old form old n neighborhood depressions are becoming old fashioned, falling of style, unneeded and unnecessary.

Enter the new neighborhood!

### Disturbances

How about people disturbing my thoughts and reveries?

Well, many (most?) of my thoughts and reveries are about getting attention, love and appreciation. If I am now getting them from people, then what's the problem if they "disturb" my reveries? Aren't (most of) my reveries about them?

Friday, November 7, 2014

Somehow the Balkan Splendor tour really threw me for a loop, bopped me on the head. And somehow it feels like it was more than the fact I got so sick. Yes, I got sick. But I think it was for some kind of "cleansing" reason, a reorientation of my mind, attitude, and direction, a birth or rater rebirth of sorts.

Something big happens which threw me for a loop. Something big happened, that I have yet to digest. Many key changes can be read about in this Serbian journal.

But there is even something more. What can it be? It feels like some kind of fundamental shift in my attitude and attitudes. An earth quack took place and I have yet to put the displaced and broken houses together.

### Afraid?

Maybe I'm just afraid to restart and just dive in.

I feel partly sad, partly overwhelmed. Like something is dying inside (sad) and something is being born (overwhelmed). This could be the prelude, a step up, a new entry into the new neighborhood.

### Crash Ending

I feel so emotional, shaken, unstable, crashing down, and somewhat sad. I wonder if sadness relates to neglecting my family and friends. . . and I miss them.

Not guilt or shame, but perhaps abandoning and abandonment.

But definitely a crash ending.

Sunday, November 9, 2014

Since returning from the Balkans, writing, guitar, and running have slipped away. For over two weeks, October 22 to now, I've done nothing.

### Wouldn't that be Nice?

I just picked up the guitar. I wonder if I'll come at it totally different. Wouldn't that be nice.

And with running, too? And writing and videos? Wouldn't all that be nice?

I would love the River of Lethe to cross over my old guitar playing ways.

Submerged, drown, and totally forgotten; a dream and distant memory of another life.

And start totally afresh on an opposite, distant Danube bank.

Over the Danube, across the Lethe, on the opposite (opposing) bank: I never have to rush or be pushed to play fast again by these malicious, self-destroying, hidden outside forces.

Monday, November 10, 2014

I am starting off this morning frustrated and challenged by the day.

But maybe this is the way I start off every morning; and maybe it is the way I want to start off! Only the attitude of balance could be changed; I'd like to transform frustrated into challenged.

Frustrated implies fear that I will be overwhelmed and overcome by the tasks ahead of me. Frustrated contains pounds of impatience, which is another form of claustrophobia.

Challenged implies positive growth ahead as I struggle to overcome my challenge. Challenge has my mantra of "calm, confident, and focused" with it.

Let's look at today's problems and, instead of as a frustrations, deal with them as a challenge.

1. Outlook email wouldn't open. It eventually did open. Thus this one was solved merely by waiting. Patience (versus impatience.) Moral: Simply waiting sometimes solves things. Knowing when and how to wait is where wisdom is needed.

2. Send emails were not deleted in Smarter Mail.

3. Titles on my Youtube videos were somehow not saved on my Pinnacle program, and thus were not uploaded to Youtube.

This is my mail "frustration" today. Basically, my old fear returns that I'll never solve it, and thus be "stuck" in it and won't be able to do anything else until I solve it. Immediately, Claustrophobia sets in and impatience rules.

This I would like to change. Thus this morning's challenge is to apply "calm, confident, and focused" to Pinnacle title creation.

Tuesday, November 11, 2014

### New 15 Minute Discipline Start-Up Rule

I am reaching a higher level of self-disgust. I have stopped running, stopped writing, stopped priming my body so I can dance, stopped other things, too.

True, post-Balkan Splendor, everything has fallen apart and been slowly put together on another level. Nevertheless, in the process, I need to return to basics

This means: a return to discipline.

How?

Start with just 15 minutes of running a day.

Thus:

1. 15 minutes of running a day.

2. 15 minutes of yoga

3. 15 of guitar

4. 15 of singing

5. 15 of Hebrew

The new 15 minute discipline start-up rule.

### Finances

Wow, this would be an amazing and gigantic shift, if it's even true. Shifting away from my (almost obsessional) focus on money. I'd have to accept that finances are good, future looks good, and moving along, almost at its own pace. I set up the ball, pushed in over the hill, and now it's rolling, and even gathering steam, almost by itself. (Think Bulgarian and other registrations.) I only have to stoke the furnace once in a while by sending out weekly emails.

Does this mean a kind an increased freedom from financial worry? Do I dare not worry? Am I fooling myself? I hope not. Am I at the point where I mainly have to "fill my orders?"

Do I dare (or want) to even think this way?

Don't I want to build my business to even greater heights? Is this the exciting way to go?

But if I do, can I and will still "do my arts" and put a more relaxed focus on other areas?

Or am I simply returning to the old neighborhood and suffering from overwhelmed again? I think yes.

Wednesday, November 12, 2014

### Giving the Stock Market Game a Rest

Trading stocks is simply not my calling. Yet I stay with it. When my stocks go up, I love it; when they go down I get discouraged and hate it. So far, over many years, I've mostly lost money trading stocks. No, only lost money.

No question, I can make more money in my business. It's not even about money. No, the stock market is about winning the game. When I win, my stocks go up, I feel great; when I lose, my stocks go down, I feel miserable.

Pleasure and pain mixed together in one game. But isn't that life? Yes. Does that rationalize the time I spend playing in the stock market? Maybe.

For now, I'm putting the market trading aside since I'm losing. But I don't trust my mind. If I start to win again, we'll see what I do.

Maybe it's time simply to give the market game a rest.

Winning and losing is the nature of the market game. Also the business game. And all games.

### Potential Results of Stock Market Release

#### Miracle Schedule Loves

If my mind has been (temporarily?) released from the market, will I focus on my miracle schedule loves, namely, guitar, video, writing (NL editing) and my innocent, Mashugi self, and exercises of running, yoga, and gym, and finally, folk dance choreos and videos.

Are my new leg aches a physical signal from a mental breakdown heralding an attitudinal change. Why now? These aches are different, something new.

Time to refocus. Leave the stock market with its time and mental effort spent, and exchange it for improvements in miracle schedule loves.



### Leg Aches and Learning to Walk Beyond Money

Are my legs related to the stock market? Will I be treading a different path, “walking” with more freely, with more freedom?

Are my new leg aches a precursor to a freer mind with a consequent freer walk, another step forward on the freedom path. Do the aches signal a cleansing from the old way of walking with its constant financial fears? By “freeing myself” from the stock market (trading) am I (subtly) stepping away from these financial fears? After all, I realize it is a game I play only for the satisfaction of winning, and not to increase my financial stability and not to decrease my financial fears. And maybe I no longer “need” my financial fears. Things are more stable now and I no longer need the to drive me on and make me feel safe After all, note, my car mirror was hit and destroyed by another car despite the fact that my stocks went up, a got some more tour registrations and I consequently have more money. Life goes on, and I can get hit whether I have money or not. And even with money, I shall eventually die, get hurt or get sick. Money does not protect me from life. It helps pay for the mirror or extra tire, and thus smooths a few things. But that’s it.

Maybe my leg aches are pushing me, teaching me how to walk “beyond money.”

### A New Look at (Rethinking) Folk Dance Classes and Tours

I may not be realizing what a tremendous emotional effort are my folk dance classes! And why not? I view each one as a performance, with all the attend traumas of performing. I’ve always downplayed its importance because folk dancing makes so little money, I’ve focused on tours. . .but mainly for the money they can make.

I may not be realizing what a tremendous emotional effort are my tours! And why not? They are a two week performance with all the attendant traumas of a two week performance.

Thursday, November 13, 2014

Falling into the Abyss of Freedom!

A New Adventure is Beginning

It feels like I have indeed taken a tremendous leap off the cliff; and am now flying fully and evenly straight into and across the abyss. The abyss of freedom!

Two events impressed the finale upon me:

1. The “gypsy mirror/body part fixer bargain” for only \$90.
2. My small-priced, almost penny stocks going down. Again.

The line “junk buys me junked” crossed then leapt into my mind. Truth is, I don’t even want to review the whys and what’s of these incidents. The stock market small-stock trading losses have been going on for years. The “mirror/body part fixer bargain” was a one time deal.

But here are the results:

1. I’m mucho aware of my junk-buying habit and I somehow came the conclusion (finally) that I want to change it.
2. I sold all my junk, low-priced “trading” stock. I closed that account list and am now out of the trading stocks mode.

This after years of losses, and realizing I’m not a trader.

Why suddenly, did the leaf fall off the tree? Why now? I’ll never know. But evidently, the time is right for a change.

Results: I’m out of junk mode. More important, I’ve taken a steep fall into the abyss of freedom!

What will life be like now? what will I do with all this freed-up mental and physical time? We’ll see.

A new adventure is beginning.

Saturday, November 15, 2014

Feeling a bit lost and down. New day and off to a fresh start. A “lost my innocence” feeling.

These miracle schedule beauties must be a daily part of my new life: Guitar, Writing, Exercise, Study.

Sunday, November 16, 2014

Yesterday was a very satisfying. I put the Jim Gold Show: Bits and Pieces of Gold together. A very good day on Satisfaction Trail.

Of course, it can't last, and I don't want it to last, but nevertheless, yesterday was a total Satisfaction Day.

Well, today is a new day. Where will it lead?

So ends a New Leaf.