

## Ireland

Friday, July 18, 2014

What to do about it?

Dive into temporary events: Guitar, Spanish, Droid, yoga.

Focus on the nuts and bolts of the tour itself.

Aha, I'm getting a handle on it. Self knowledge works.

Here's what to do: During pre-tour limbo state: "Side projects" will be guitar, Spanish, yoga, and Droid. While touring Ireland itself, "Side projects" will be Spanish, yoga, and Droid.

Plus, of course, running the tour!

### Benefits of the Fool's Way

Is improvement on guitar, that is exhilaration and development of the exhilaration muscle, "at my age," a fool's errand?

Is it a hopeless task?

Or am I simply in a "hopeless" state, and my question is an extension of this state?

Perhaps a "fool's errand" is always full of hope. Perhaps hope, in general, is for fools. Perhaps that's why Fool's Way is best.

Every dreamer is a fool until his dream is realized. Then he becomes a visionary, a wise man and a hero.

Perhaps I will be the only one every to improve guitar playing "at my age." In the process, I may discover something totally new. I may discover how to find and develop the exhilaration muscle.

Think it First, then Create it

The idealistic New Way to Practice

Idealism versus materialism: The idea, idealistic Platonic way of creation.

Create the idea in your mind. Think the idea.

Think first.

Listening comes second, thinking comes first.

Keep your mind on the thought.

In the process, you'll create what you are thinking.

Never mind missed notes and sloppy playing.

Think first! Then create it.

Let the listen and judge aspects slide into oblivion.

Can God help me create the perfect Alhambra?

### Going Backwards

"Backwards denotes direction whereas backward denotes less developed or slow, The sentence could be - She took a step backwards (or She took a .."

What is depressing this morning? It seems the only direction I have left to go is backward.

Everything feels old and stale and done in my former miracle schedule activities. Note this "going backward" aspect. Going backwards makes it old and stale. How then can it be a miracle, if it is not fresh and new?

Bernice says one cannot never go backward. The world keeps changes and I with it. Today, although I am doing "old" things and visiting intellectual places I once visited, playing old guitar pieces, dancing old folk dances, etc. nevertheless, these can never be done in an "old" fashion. The very natural of constant change, makes them fresh and new daily. The only element missing is my fresh and new attitude toward them.

Thus, although on the surface, everything I am doing may seem to be the same, in actuality, it is daily always different, always fresh and new. Only I just don't see it.

This seems to make sense; it seems sensible and correct. And even if irrational and wrong, on a higher level it would be rational and right.

Am I really living in such delusion? Is the pre-trip grey cloud hanging over my head so pushing me down and backward, that I can't see straight, that I can't even see what is right in front of me, that I can't see that everything I do is fresh and new? Evidently, even if I daily "repeat myself," fresh and new is the only way I can go. It is, evidently, a truth. But, in order to see the truth (that sits right in front of me), only my attitude has to change.

Even intellectually, I know that going backward is my way of going forward. Time to drop the idea that I'm going backward.

The best question is: How can I see a return to the past as a renaissance?

Doing my miracle schedule activities in depth is my form of renaissance.

What does it mean to do Floricica in depth? Or Reka or Gjuisevska Rutchenitsa?

What about my guitar pieces or writing? What about running and yoga? Or even gym?

There is no question I cannot, will not, and do not want to do these old dances and guitar pieces (maybe even running, yoga, singing, and more) in the "old way." I've even resisted doing it for years.

Perhaps my resistance has run out of gas. Perhaps this down (depression) I'm experiencing is the depression before creation. Time to reassess and revisit my "old" forms by diving into depth and breathing new action and life into them>

#### Personal Renaissance

How to breath new life into Floricica, GR, Reka and other old dances? How to breath new life into my "old" guitar pieces? Or even songs? Or even my tours?

Breathing new life into the old through a personal renaissance. That's the way to go backwards!

Saturday, July 19, 2014

Drop Everything. Give it a Rest

Empty Spaces

Everything feels like its dribbling away.

And maybe it is.

Is this all about pre-trip anxiety? Or is it some else? Something beyond?

Something new in my life. A big change?

Of course, I won't know until after Ireland. However, now, at present, it feels like some kind of Big Change.

Let's imagine that it is.

Writing, guitar, and Spanish and Hebrew language are dribbling away this morning. What would I do if I stopped language study? Just dropped it?

Indeed, that's what I feel like doing today. Well, they say, "Follow your feelings." Maybe I'll do just that. Drop everything. Give all my old forms a rest. It's an experiment. See what happens; see where it leads.

What will I do with the empty vacation space?

Irish Vacuum Experiment

Maybe that's my big Irish experiment: Drop everything. Create a vacuum. See where it leads.

Yes, Ireland is "all together."

Yes, drop everything. Introducing the new: "Drop Everything" approach. And with it comes A new way of running my tour. See leading my Ireland Tour as an experiment in vacation mode.

Monday, July 21, 2014

Nothing Better to do

This morning. I'm asking: Why study? Why learn? Why do anything?

This morning, my answer is: Because I've got nothing better to do.

Tuesday, July 22, 2014

"Nothing to do"

"I have absolutely nothing to do today."

What would I do, if I began the day with this thought?

In order to find the desires of my true self, wouldn't this be a good way to start?

Wanting and Imperfection go on Forever

Could I really just "do what I want" and live beyond the boundaries of human existence?

What a question!

But first I must answer: "What do I want?" And what does "beyond the boundaries of human existence" mean? On the latter, it means "beyond my own self-imposed boundaries.

This bring me forcibly back to the former perennial question: What do I want?

Answer: Whatever it is I want, I'll probably get some of it. But never all of it.

Let's take guitar: I want to play perfectly. I'll probably get some of it, but not all of it. And this on to everything else I do.

Imperfection rules the roost.

Wanting and imperfection go on forever.

That's life.

Idea: Train with a purpose.

Train to teach folk dancing; train to dance folk dances!

Saturday, July 26, 2014

IRELAND 2014

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Discouragement and the Scourge of not Writing

What Does Hell Feel Like?

I wonder if I'm not writing out of discouragement; that no one is or ever will

read my writing.

In other words, I've given up.

This low point smells like the truth. Revealed by the sudden depression I feel this morning on my tour.

Giving up is worse than death. It is beyond death. But it is not life. Rather it is hell.

Hell is giving up.

Yes, I've given up my fiction writing because no one appreciates it. First I'm mad, then I'm sad, then in a fit of self-inflicted rage, a temper tantrum really, I give up.

"I'll never write again! I'll show them. If they don't love and appreciate me, I'll show them, I'll just give up! There! Take that, you fuckers! If you don't appreciate what I'm giving, I won't give you anything!

Indeed, a self-inflicted temper tantrum.

Now I know. Now I know the cause of my depression: I've given up my love and salvation. And why? Deep down it is to spite others! And, of course, in the process, I spite myself.

Ireland is the land of poets. If the cosmic purpose of this trip is to return to writing, to start writing again, I'll thank God on my knees.

But perhaps indeed, that is the cosmic purpose: to return to creating the lovely fiction of my life.

### Writer

Suppose I saw myself as a writer for the next (and last) stage of my life.

### Writing and Performing

Does writing and performing concerts go together?

But I don't play Alhambra perfectly yet.

Still I know deep in my heart, that somehow writing and performing go together.

Is that why God has freed me from my money worries? And, through His good

graces, freed me from my pre-performance, pre-tour anxiety as well? Freed from money and pre-performance anxieties simultaneously.

Am I honoring Him in my own special way by moving forward to writing and performing?

(Note: Not returning to writing and performing, but rather) moving forward to writing and performing. This means something about them (must be) will be totally new.

Sunday, July 27, 2014

New Beginning: The Celtic Land of Fiction

Indeed, this could be the New Beginning I've been looking for: The Search and Ascent of the Divine in Writing and Performance.

And the ascent of Lord Jim, both performing and writing in the Celtic Land of Fiction.

Lord Jim as a fictive performing: Indeed, Lord Jim's performing could, will, and shall belong to this Fiction.

Sunday, July 27, 2014

Indeed, the morning bring glow to the soul. Although the Spanish downs arrives early, the Irish ups geared into full bloom. As a beginning this wonderous

Anti-war Limerick

There once were two cats from Kilkenny  
They each thought there was one cat too many  
So they fought and they bit  
And they spat and they spit  
And now instead of two cats, there aren't any.

Offered by our guide Kay Cleary

Seconded by our driver Dave Spillane

Friday, August 1, 2014

Waterford, Ireland. Not much pleasure in watching the market now. Descent, down, down.

But, optimistically, this is the time to buy.

Is there a place for optimism or pessimism in the market?

Do such emotions even matter? Probably not.

Saturday, August , 2014

### Photos

Idea: Shall I pepper my writings, both New Leaf Journal and Ireland Clover Leaf Journal, with photos? Hmm. Quite interesting. I think I like it. It would certainly help focus me on the photo mode, too. And even video.



Can a video be brought in as well? Evidently, not. But, here's aq photo, in any case.

Wow, if I start adding photos to my journals, writings, and more, I'll have to start making wild photos, learn photo shop and more! And interesting new direction!

Sunday, August 3, 2014

South Dublin. I deleted my Aran Island photos "by accident. It happened when I transferred my photos from my Android to my laptop. Once transferred, I deleted them from my Android "to make more space."

Evidently, this is not the way to go. Better (and Glyn and Barry agree) is to have more memory and save everything.

Never delete, and never dump.

This approach does not fit my cleanliness personality, but I might want to, in fact, I need to change that. Luckily, what I deleted was not too important. (But it hurt Elana and Lisa since I deleted their dramatic backside, starring into the abyss, Dun Aengus photos.)

Monday, August 4, 2014

### Thoughts and Directions for Return

A touch of reality. Back to first person. . . for awhile.

Counting the days; and wishing I were strong again. Plus what to study when I get back?

How can I make this happen?

Well, the Ireland tour will soon be over. That takes care of counting the days.



What of strong again?

1. Run daily. Think of Barbara Murray and her deceased husband, an athlete who, after rising at 5:00 a.m. every morning before work, ran 5 miles.

What about study?

2. Study computer science? Think of Ilana, her children, and ex-husband, computer people all.

### What Else?

Does this also mean my art creating days are over? And language study days are over, too?

Would computer science study replace language?

How about art? Have I gone as far as I need to go in writing, choreography, and other creative efforts? Am I “ready, and do I need, to move on to something else?

Even business and sales. What more is there to do but the same thing over and over again?

I’m in a sad and empty place. My tour is ending and I am ending. All my great ventures seem to have been “completed.”

Am I fooling myself? Or am I right?

What’s new?

Repeating the old patterns “in depth?”

Doing something completely different?

Or both?

Tuesday, August 5, 2014

The realistic me journal returns.

Homeward possibilities:

1. Computer science

2. Performance: Guitar, singing with a strap, readings, shows, and other. Even creating a tour sales show! Now there’s an idea: Combine it with guitar performance?

Other? Hmmm

3. Athletics:

a. Run every morning day for a year. In other words, do something every day for a year. Even if very small} Idea regenerated, reborn, inspired by Barbara

Murray's husband).

I like this one, especially the "every-day-for-a-year." This would indeed be forming a new habit.

What would the procedure be?

Warm-up with 15 minutes of mostly standing yoga exercises, and a couple of my own brand of salutations to the sun.

Yes, I like this. I need and want to develop some new habits. Aiming for a year of "doing-it-daily" is the way to do it. (Of course, this habit would be put on hold, postponed, when leading a tour. Tours could be seen as my break or "rest period.")

Anything else I might do daily?

Yes, I'm aiming for a "new routine" when I return. My Irish or post-Ireland routine.

2. Could I add an hour of daily "performance practice?" What would that mean?
3. And "computer" (computer science) practice. This would include photo and video editing, "blogging," and other.

What of languages? They may have to drift into the background.

Friday, August 8, 2014

Returned to the USA.

#### Love English, Foreign Languages, Paper, Devices and Writing

Love English, foreign languages, paper, devices, and writing.

1. Read Osteen's Break Out and the Torah first in English, then in Spanish and Hebrew. Get the sense and idea first, then their feel and truth in the foreign language.

2. Read books (Start with Ireland history) in paper books and on the Droid Kindle. Know paper and devices; know both English and foreign languages.

Go with the love and study "both" approach.

Then combine all in my new post-Ireland tour Ireland Fiction writing approach.

Sunday, August 10, 2014

#### Miracles

Miracles are gifts of openness and vulnerability.

Miracles are up to Dios. I can only be open to them.

Is it presumptuous to ask? (Here, in this question, is doubt made manifest.)

I'd like to expand, open my field, release myself into a year of miracles.

What miracles could I open for?

The miracle of the squat, Alhambra, scorpion and headstand.

If I put myself into the hands of God, will this happen?

Dare I do it?

I hate being a coward, so evidently, I must try.

Is this year about trying? But what else is there to do? I've tried all the other roads. There's nothing left but to try.

Maybe I should just say, re post-Ireland tour, that I'm warmed up, ready to roll, break through the old patterns, and go for it.

Okay, I said it. No. . . go!

Monday, August 11, 2014

### Sales. . . and Organization

Going back to work.

But what is my work?

Sales. Sales is my work. And that's okay.

What do I sell? My products and services.

1. On top of the list is: tours.
2. Then comes folk dancing.
3. Then come the miracle schedule events supporting my psyche and its sales:
  - a. Guitar
  - b. Writing
  - c. Videos, photos
  - d. Study: Language, computer, other
  - e. Running, yoga, gym

### How to My Money. . . Creatively

God gave me money as a motivator.

But now that I have some ("enough"), I'm not motivated anymore.)

I need a new challenge, a new way to look at money.

My new question is not so much how to make more money, but rather, but how to use the money I have. Creatively.

### Goals and Freedom

#### "Just for the Hell of it"

"Just for the hell of it."

It means the satisfaction of improving; a good-in-itself.

1. Why make a million dollars on the stock market.

Just for the hell of it. (Satisfaction of improving. A good-in-itself.)

2. Why play guitar well?

To please and impress others. Ultimately, to have others hire me again! But I'm not a professional anymore; I no longer need to impress others; I no longer need them to hire me. This new situation eliminates my need to impress others. It leaves the only reason to play a guitar piece well:

Just for the hell of it.

3. Why improve in language and history?

Just for the hell of it.

What about computers and technology? I need for my business and to function in this modern world. Not "just for the hell of it."

What about my physical constellation of running, yoga, gym constellation? I need for folk dance teaching and tour leading. Not "just for the hell of it."

Truth is, if I have money, I don't even have to do folk dancing, tours, physical, or even technology. In fact, if I have money, I don't have to do anything!

And, in my humble opinion, I have money. (Or at least enough of it.) I can, if I like, "retire."

What does "retire" mean? It means I don't "have to do" anything? And, truth is, as I look at my situation, I really don't have to do anything."

I am thus free. What does free mean? I can do whatever I like "just for the hell of it."

Thus God has freed me. I am no longer a slave. I am free!

I can do things "just for the hell of it."

Tuesday, August 12, 2014

Exchange and Transformation

He took away s, but He gave me the Alhambra; He took away the lower half, but He opened the upper half.

Is it a good exchange? Maybe. Do I (did I) even have a choice? Maybe.

A major computer victory. I reinstalled EmailMerge!

Monday, August 18, 2014

Jean,

Thanks for you email. I'm still vibrating from our Ireland trip. So much happened so quickly and so rich and so good. And I'm so glad you were part of it.

Etymology is one of my favorite subjects. Here's the Rača story:

Rača: in Serbian Cyrillic: Рача, ( note letter "ч" pronounced "tch" with Latin letters) is a town in the Šumadija District of Serbia. The letter "ч" is transliterated into English as 'Tch). In Slavic languages, such as Croatian, Czech, which us the Latin alphabet, the diacritical mark č used (also pronounced "tch"). The diacritical mark is called a háček — — "háček", literally "little hook". (Also cognate with Old English haca ("hook, door-fastening"))

The dance is often written without the hatchek as Raca. out. (That's why folk dancers often call it Raka). The correct pronunciation however, would be Ratcha.

I've attached the music to Rača (note it is spelt Raca because my audio converter would not accept Rača with its diacritical hacek mark.) Also attached is a nice picture of you.

Best,

Jim