

## Post-Israel Tour Life

Monday, April 20, 2009

### Two Streams Flowing into One River

#### The Unity Statement

My life as a non-professional guitarist begins.

Whatever that means.

As a start, I enter the Great Artistic Loosening. (Within in this subtly lie violin, gaida, writing, languages, and perhaps even training through gym, weights, yoga, and running.)

In business terms, the Great Loosening is the R and D aspect of my life. It won't, and is not supposed, to make money now. However (hopefully and thoughtfully) in the future, something could develop from it which might.

Also seeing it as R and D gives a business-style unity, a vision of oneness to my life. It draws the scattered threads together. As a Jew, monotheist, and human, this gives needed meaning to my life.

Money ties services and products to the real, workaday, material world.

Then comes the question: How can I make money?

Tuesday, April 21, 2009

What is this sudden new interest in making money? Why suddenly am I once again looking to turn my skills into profits, and find new sources of revenue?

Is it based on a sudden desire to be useful, to turn my new skills and attitudes into profitable service?

Thursday, April 23, 2009

### Enthusiasm and Immortality

"How are you feeling?" my wife asked.

"I don't know," I answered. "I'm rather stunned and dazed."

Then my back almost went out last night as I got up from the couch. I know this signal. Then I realized how I felt and what I just did: I suppressed the mounting excitement. Excitement about what? That my exercise program I started in February is finally starting to work! Yesterday at the gym, Rick said, not only was I improving, but even better, I could start the push-up and chinning program tomorrow. A wonderful happiness suffused my body. His advice went like this: First do the cardio and run. Follow it with three repetitions of ten push-ups using the Perfect Push-Up tool I purchased. Follow this with chins. He didn't say how many chins, but I can work that out later. (Besides, at the moment, I can't hardly do even one chin.)

Success in forming a new and renewed direction. My dream is slowly being realized. It started during my post-Greek miserable year of injuries, aches, and pains. Then, just before, and after the tour of Israel, it burst into form and fruition. I am slowly, steadily, and surely, getting in shape,

Now finally, I can live forever!

Live forever? What a statement. What hubris. That's why I so often suppress my excitement. I defend against hubris, which, I know, leads to death. Past attitudes and thought processes say that as long as I stay humble and slightly afraid, I'll be allowed to live. But step out of the box, actually embrace my joy molecules, fuck my fears, and boldly proclaim my courage, and what happens? My brain forms the bold, metaphysical, hallelujah vision of total joyful enthusiasm: "Now finally, I can live forever!" Is this vision dangerous? Does it put me in mental competition with God. That's a contest I can't win. Only God (and the pagan gods) are immortal. Competing with them leads to certain death.

Or does it? Maybe, my claim to immortality has a hidden but certain truth to it. What am I actually feeling when I say it?

Enthusiasm!

Enthusiasm means in theos, in God. No doubt, a small part of every human

being touches and is in touch with God. God and immortality go together. Thus, when I feel enthusiastic, I touch the immortal element within myself, that tiny metaphysical spark beyond body and mind that will live forever.

If I think about it that way, I have to ask: What's the big deal? Why not embrace enthusiast? Why not claim my small, rightful space of immortality?

Yes, my exercise program is finally working! I on the right path, and getting closer!

### Attack-Accusatory Versus Self-Improvement Style

"You're not listening to me!" (Attack-Accusatory, AA style)

"I'm not making myself clear." (SI style)

AA style makes listener defensive;

SI style causes them to listen.

You can disguise attack-accusatory style by saying " I feel that you're. . . . But it is a disguised attack; thus it is an attack style, nevertheless.

The best you can do is explain yourself. (Thus, you have done your best, unless, of course, you can explain yourself even better!) After that, it is best to give up and move on.

Wednesday, April 29, 2009

### The New Energizing Face of Recession

#### Add Sales to the Mix

Yesterday started off great. I ran, did my push-ups and chins, went to writing class feeling great. Then I "boasted" that I was "happy" registration was down to almost zero, and feeling "free" because all my tours were doing so miserably.

For the rest of the day, my spirits sank. In early afternoon, I got a Turkish tour

cancellation. Then I realized the possibility that even that tour might not go, money would get tight, I'd have to return to sales and concern about money, and, worst of all, I might have to go back to work! Suddenly, I felt really down. I haven't felt that wave of old-time worry and depression for months, even years!

Back to work! Back to tight or tighter times. Back to concerns about finance and money. Back to sales and diving into the public.

All this could be an energizing thing. After months of practice and mental changes, attitude transformations, practice and preparation, I am totally ready.

Things came very easy during the past three years. Tour registrations poured in from all sources, and I did very well. I learned to "suffer from success." Well, I've succeeded in dealing with the debilitating effects of the "success syndrome." Financially, I have some savings, some back-up. But now I realize it can't last forever. I've got to stabilize, and even find a way of gaining on it. Earning more can't hurt, and it might even help.

Certainly, it will help support my new and wonderful gym training habit; it will give me time to seize all the lessons I want for expansion, and mental freedom to pursue all my beloved studies.

But now I'll have to somehow, in a new and creative way, apply all these skills, attitudes, lessons, and studies to the real, material, money-making, public-pursuing, financial world.

The shock of such a return totally depressed me yesterday. Today I'm starting to stand up to it, deal with its new energizing face.

The new energizing face of recession: It might force me to do, to carve into material reality, many of the things I want to do, anyway.

Certainly, I should keep up my studies, revitalized practices, and dynamic new disciplines I have started. But I'll should, and will, also add sales to the mix.

Thursday, April 30, 2009

### Tours! Ha Kol Beseder

After a day, slightly down in the dumps, Susan's call last night with its possibility of three new ones for Turkey, raised my spirits. This, plus my final decision to put all my sales efforts into tours. It's the "original" plan. Tours have the potential to make mucho money. Even though the economy is down, this is nevertheless true. Long range, there are many growth possibilities. Plus I have a good reputation and tour record. I'm known in this field. Lots of good things.

So that decision has been made. My side things, folk dancing and teaching, bookings, concerts, guitar lessons, even potential book and boutique sales will all remain "on the side." Whatever dribbles in from these areas will continue to dribble in. I'll keep their ball bouncing with my left hand. Meanwhile, my right will consciously push ahead selling and promoting tours.

As for my studies, Hebrew and Arabic, violin, gym and training, computer programs both for folk dance teaching and video, they will continue as usual. No changes here.

Next step, for the next five months, is to get on the phone and start selling!

### Guilt as an Attempt to Elevate One's Self-Power

The old guilt trip has returned. She is not happy. Therefore and somehow, it is my fault; it is up to me to fix her, it, and the situation. Somehow it is my job to remove her sadness, frustrations, fears, unhappiness. It is my job to make her happy.

This goes straight back to childhood, to my mother as a sad sack, a frustrated and unhappy (depressed) person, unable to raise herself up. During these times, instead of looking into herself and trying to fix her situation, she would, in particular, blame everyone around her, and then blame the world in general. It was also my father's job to take care of her, and do what she wanted, and make her happy. He accepted this "job."

Like my father, this morning I have also accepted this "job." (Temporarily, until

I am cured.) I see W's unhappy face. Straight back to childhood I go. Somehow, I've got to change her mood, make her happy. Guilt, guilt, guilt. It's all my fault. I can't face it; I don't want to deal with it. So, as a six-year old, I run out of the house, and go play in the park. Later, as a teenager, I run to my happy room and play the violin for glorious hours of escape and self-elevation.

Of course, my guilt trip is totally useless. In fact, it is totally ridiculous. An act of hubris, really. By feeling guilty, I am elevating my own importance and power. Imagine, I (and I alone) can change my mother's attitudes and moods! I am wonderful and amazing. What power and strength! But, of course, as you can see, this is totally ridiculous. Her happiness is totally beyond my power. Her changes of mood are totally up to her.

Thus, my guilt trip is a power trip in disguise. Guilt elevates my importance and power. In the process, I also diminish my mother's importance and power! She is not (no longer) responsible for her mood or situation. Thus she is weak and needs to be saved by powerful me. By imagining her as weak, I can imagine myself as strong, and even become her savior!

Guilt is a reverse form of empowering oneself.

Quite a revelation! Guilt as a subtle attempt to elevate one's strength. Guilt as a disguised form of power.

There is also the compassion factor. When I see an unhappy person, I feel bad for them. I don't feel bad. I want to free myself from this negative reaction. How? By doing something for that person to change their situation. In doing so, I think (hope) I can change their mood from bad to good. If I succeed, they will feel good, and so will I.

Thus, deeds of compassion make me feel better. And that is just fine. Mitzvahs are performed to make the mitzvah giver feel good. Hopefully, the mitzvah recipient will feel good, too. But there is no guarantee. Happiness cannot be imposed. Whether the object of the mitzvah, the mitzvah recipient chooses to receive your gift or not, is up to them.

Saturday, May 2, 2009

### Just

Better each day. This morning, I just feel so good about it all! My body is just about singing, my directions are just about in order, the tour business vision is just about in place.

Imagine, tours as an expression of creativity, tours as artistic inventions, tours as a “concert performance” in action. Hard to believe I’m thinking these things, but I am. It totally ends the conflict between business and art. Perhaps deep down, that was the conflict I’ve been wrestling with for the past few “success” years; perhaps this conflict was the root of my right shoulder and left knee pains.

Well, that conflict is just about over. Just about resolved and done. All fused into one giant JGI tour. The tour of life as expressed in and through the tour of Hungary. . . and all other countries I visit. Carrying the JGI creation on my back, JGI walking stick in hand, along with JGI directional map and mind set, I travel the lands, crossing desserts, valleys, high mountains, forests, and streams like the Jordan with the children, sons, and daughters of JGI Israel not far behind.

### On Competition

Competition with others ruins my soul. It creates a sickening feeling of jealousy. This competitive focus on the acts and deeds of others distracts and weakens me.

But competition with myself, expressed and revealed by fostering new directions of development, inventing new paths of growth, finding new roads of self-improvement, totally focuses me. Self-competition is the competition I absolutely love!

Yet jealousy pops up. I can’t get rid of it.

Since I occasionally invent its sickening feeling, create and toss it around in my brain, I am thus responsible for it.

Maybe a part of me wants its nausea, even needs it.

Why would I want or need jealousy?

Could this sickening feeling have any positive value?

Jealousy of others is a complete denial of self worth.

What good could that be? Does denying my self worth have any value?

Maybe in some weird way, denying my self worth protects me, has protective value. By preventing me from getting out there and giving my best, it protects me from poisoned arrows, the critical darts of public opinion.

Focusing on jealousy is thus the cowards way out.

Wednesday, May 6, 2009

### New Priorities for a New Life

Darien Friday night teaching, and Saturday Bat mitzvah jobs are hovering over me like a gray cloud. The old pressure of work and performance has returned.

What to think? The money for teaching folk dancing. And the money is excellent for bat and bar mitzvahs, which somewhat made up for the pain in the neck that they are.

So what's new now? Why do these old-time jobs now annoy me?

Partly it's because I love my new life. It feels like the life of retirement, perpetual vacation, relaxation, and growth through beloved disciplines. My fear and hesitation is that these jobs will distract me from this new existence, pull me off the path.

Well, there is no question that I have to do them. But something also has to change. Do them with a new attitude. What is that? Perhaps my new life is one of new priorities.

In my new priority life, work, jobs, even money making, although obviously important, slide to a lower place. Exercise, gym training, running, (and someday, even yoga) now take top position. Music practice is a close second. Writing falls back a bit. Language remains in place.

Turning my priorities upside down is my biggest change and challenge.



Where do jobs, teaching, and money making fit in? They now take an important, but lower place.

The exercises kick in and free all the endorphins. Doing them just makes me feel great! For the past miserable post-Greece year, I lost this high. I don't want to lose it again.

I want a Cape Cod vacation mode. During this Eastham, Cape Cod mode, I spent three hours every morning thoroughly immersed in the exercise routines of running, yoga, and swimming. It made me feel marvelous!

Give myself the gift of make this mode my top priority.

My first question and challenge then will be: How will I continue these routines even on the days, during the times, that I work? Namely, this Friday and Saturday?

Friday I plan to spend morning time in the gym. This will be followed by afternoon drive to Darien, and evening folk dance teaching.

Saturday my only free time will be morning. What can I, dare I, do before a bat mitzvah? Dare I do minimum running, push-ups and chins? Mild. Perhaps I could also do a minimum them after the job.

So: Mild pre-job and post-job exercise routine. This might work, might be the answer. Especially if I grab it after the job when my mind and body, although tired, will be relaxed and free.

This after-job approach may be a good answer to mixing work and exercise. It has a precedent, too. I follow such a routine on Wednesdays, taking a session with Rick after my morning dance class at the Center.

Mild pre-job, strong post-job. It might be (will be) a good way to relax and refocus after a job. Add a bit of violin, too.

As for writing, too early to do it. I'm still in New Life transition stage. (First time I've used this "t" word.)

Two parts to Transition: First came Post-Greece, the tear-down, old life, negative part. Second came Post-Israel, the New Life, positive, build-up part.

Interesting: As I go very fast, increase my speed, on first position scales, part of me feels like I should be missing the notes. Another part of me feels I could play them very fast. The could part argues with the part that says I shouldn't. Hmm.

Friday, May 8, 2009

### Disbelief in my Fears. . . .

I hurt my left wrist slightly by playing the violin (without warm-up, I believe.) I know it is minor; I've even experienced it before.

Nevertheless, every pain, no matter how slight, creates a minor panic. I envision myself incapacitated, unable to work or play. It starts a downhill pattern in my imagination which quickly leads to helplessness, an inability to function.

Should I fight this feeling? Avoid it? Or dive straight in to see where it leads?

I've been through this feeling so often, is it even worth the bother to deal with it again? Does this last question mean I'm reaching the exhaustion and saturation point, a place where I won't even bother to believe the feeling anymore, where I've dealt with these fears so much I'm sick of them.

That, in itself, would be a good place.

Disbelief in my fears: A giant first step.

### Weight of Responsibility

No question my upcoming responsibility, teaching folk dancing in Darien tonight, and leading folk dancing tomorrow at the Bat Mitzvah, weighs wet and heavy in the back closet of my mind; it throws a grey cloud over all present thoughts and activities.

There is nothing more I can do to prepare for these events. I am as prepared as I

can be. Therefore, what is there to worry about? Ha. Rationally, nothing. Irrationally, probably nothing too.

Since I am totally prepared, do I need to let the weight of responsibility worry me? Do I need it? No.

Why let it bother me? Good question.

The only good and useful function of fear is to focus my mind on total preparation for the event. Well, I've done that. Naturally, I'm not prepared for contingencies, serendipities, and unexpected events. But by their very nature, one cannot prepare for them. I can only "be on my toes" when the unknown appears, summon my energy to welcome, serve, and deal with this unexpected guest.

Maybe my next struggle is to try not let it bother me! To raise myself up by fighting against domination by such old, irrational, and unnecessary fears.

Perhaps the worries, concerns, and fears I create are really invented barriers constructed to avoid the greatest of all fear: Fear of my potential!

No question I feel pain. But why? Where does it come from? Why do I "need" it?

Each pain I create throws up a quick new wall, hiding potential within a fear, disguising power in a pain.

### Let's Talk About Darien

Let's talk about Darien. Attendance-wise, it was the best night ever! That is a happy vicissitude of business which I can enjoy but not take credit for. However, I did have an excellent, new, and positive thought about fifteen minutes before the class, a thought which I will take credit for: As I warmed-up and felt the usual concern about my left knee, I thought, "Wait a minute, I've been training at the gym for two months,

my body is actually becoming stronger, my legs are actually building muscle and getting better. This is actual and concrete proof that I can handle my left knee tonight. I am getting stronger; I am getting better. I've been putting in the time and effort and some results are right here, under my nose, at both hand and foot."

These pre-dance thoughts gave me both strength and confidence before the dance class. And I led/taught it with more verve and power than usual.

This was my first realization, acceptance, and admission that all my post-Israel tour work was coming to some kind of fruition. It was actual proof that my efforts were beginning to pay off. . . in a new attitude, one of renewed physical strength and increased mental confidence!

This is good!

When the Darien evening ended, I felt "Wow!" even as I limped towards my car. I knew I still had one bat mitzvah to go. Next day, I did what turned out to be a sensational job at the bat mitzvah. Mentally and spiritually high, with knee killing me, and the Hudson River flowing in the background, I limped to my car, drove away, meditated and had a turkey sandwich before some condominiums overlooking the river, then bought and ice cream and some chocolates at a local deli. I parked in an empty hospital parking lot, at my sweets, and read parts of my book on Bris Milah. Then, partially recovered, I drove home.

After a good night's sleep, I woke up to write down these thoughts.

Was the pre-Darien glimpse of new attitude, along with its vision of physical strength and concomitant mental confidence, true? Am I now at the border of a new place? Seems I am. There are concrete reasons to consider it a growing fact, to admit it into my developing brain. After all, I am in training. It is reasonable to believe in and expect results. I am standing at the doorway, ready to step from reason into belief.

### From Burden to Blessing

Rather than seeing work as a burden which I must constantly do "merely" to

support myself and family, and “make a living,” perhaps bringing, offering, presenting my work to others is a visceral need! Perhaps it is a central motivating force, an energy source I cannot live without it.

This reverses my entire life (certainly post-married life) pattern and attitude towards work. Rather than dreading, even hating, the discomfort and responsibility fears that come with an upcoming performance, I might now see them as a blessing!

Folk dance teaching, leading a tour, (once upon a time) giving a concert, even promoting and advertising, are now transformed from burden to blessing.

From the burden of work to the blessing of work: Not a bad conclusion to a down morning!

You take care of your parents because they are your national, family, and personal traditions, the national treasures in your midst.

Wednesday, May 13, 2009

### The Present-is-Forever Illusion

One illusion that I experience from stock market movements to exercise highs, from business cycle ups to personal aches and pains, is that the present is forever.

I am constantly hit on the head by this illusion. Intellectually, of course, I know it is not true. But emotionally, the hotter the moment gets, the more I believe in it.

Indeed, I suffer from this illusion and human failing.

I thought MU would be up forever. Now it's going down.

I thought tour registration ended. Now some trickle in.

I thought my right shoulder would hurt forever. Now, through my gym training, it's pains are subsiding, becoming handleable, even fading away and sometimes disappearing!

As for left knee, that remains somewhat the same. However, there is the word “somewhat,” and Monday, for a short period of time at the gym the pain was

completely gone! So, as for knee, we'll see. . . .

### Merging (Reverse) Goals

My reason to play guitar is becoming (has to become?) the same as my reason to play violin. And gaida. Merging goals.

Why play violin? And/or gaida? Pleasure.

Why play guitar? Professional reasons and goals are gone. Why play it? Pleasure is all that's left.

What about service, professionalism, and helping others?

What benefits (if any) does my pleasure give or bring to others? Good question. Touching meaning and purpose of life.

In some innate way, personal, mysterious, and strange way, by radiating outward, my pleasure has to somehow affect and effect the world. (Otherwise it feels meaningless.)

Can the mystical power of personal vibrations affect and effect the world?

Deep in my heart, I believe it does. Thus, a person thinking alone in his or her room, sends out thought vibrations that, subtly and significantly, affects and effects the world.

Fun, pleasure, world-healing are all part of the same coin.

Is this a rationalization for what I'm doing?

Yes.

But in spite of its ("selfish") veneer, it's still true!

(The word "selfish" is really an expression of doubt, even disbelief, in the power of my own vibrations. Thus it has a "selfish" veneer, but is selfless in essence.)

New Life Style Reflected in Left Knee?Courage Engaging in Playful Pursuits

I wonder if the area behind my left knee represents resistance to a new life style.

What new life style is that? On the “negative” side, it is a distancing from an ancient but lifetime fear of poverty, an evening out through a slow focus away from money. My left knee might be asking, “Dare I take this leap? What about your fear of such letting loose? What will happen to you if you take your mind’s eye off the financial security ball? Do you really have the luxury to focus on such ‘trivial, playful, unserious’ things as athletics, music playing, even languages, none of which have, as their goal, a future financial reward? At least your study of computers, transferring your folk dance teaching to computer, and learning how to do video relates in some way to the folk dance business!” But I never expect to make money from violin playing, running, gym studies, yoga, swimming, or sitting in the jacuzzi or steam room. These are pure pleasures. Sure they’ll keep me in shape for folk dancing, and other jobs, but truly I see these as secondary benefits. The primary benefit is these playful pursuits make me feel great! Can I take it? Do I deserve such wonders? Can I handle such a “goal?” Can I live so far beyond the grip of ever-present entrepreneurial and financial fears?

Well, that is the path of my new life style. Certainly, it is a new turn on the path of adventure.

A big change in life style, big scary shift in priorities!

It has been preparing itself, growing, coming, developing for a year. Grand changes can be expressed through physical maladjustments. Indeed, I could be right about my left knee.

All these various forms of leg pains started last summer, last June. First came vague pains in my legs: These actually during the Raleigh preparation tarding last January. Then came my June sciatica bout. This was followed by my then new and

now present left knee pain. This was coupled with right shoulder “violin playing” pain. (But I see that as a separate issue. Or was it? Nothing is really “separate.”) All this had to do with a general folk dance teacher identity crisis which had its origins on the Greek tours with L and continued through and beyond the Raleigh period.

Today, I believe I have made my peace with, resolved my folk dance teacher identity crisis. With my final acceptance of computer folk dance teaching, and learning how to take videos of my choreographies, I now feel comfortable in a new folk dance teacher identity; I know where I stand as a folk dance teacher.

One crisis has been resolved. (But this is very new.)

The second “crisis” has to do with the new life style described above.

Friday, May 22, 2009

The book Talent is Overrated by Geoff Colvin is fabulous, excellent, and important.

He asks, “What is talent?” and goes on from there.

Suppose, as opposed to my previous views, I have “talent” in certain areas in which I never considered myself to have it? What then?

Suppose I have “talent” in computers? Just because it’s difficult to learn Pinnacle, doesn’t mean I don’t have computer talent. It just means I have to work hard to bring it out.

Suppose I have “talent” in computers. Suppose I have “talent” in other areas: writing, even violin, classical guitar, and more. What does this mean for my drive, ambition, desire, and fulfillment?

It turns old views and self-concept blockages on their head.

### Self-Punishment Through Guitar Practice

I wonder if I’m not just beating myself over the head with my arpeggio guitar pieces in order to punish myself for not being as good a musician (teenage violinist,



later guitarist) as I should be. ARD: Arpeggio (Alhambra) Repetition Disorder.

A daily (punishment) repetition practiced for years.

Punishing myself, over and over again, because I'm not good enough. (Is that why I've made no arpeggio progress during all these years? It's because I don't want to. If I succeed, I won't be punishing myself anymore.)

How did I get the notion I wasn't good enough? Mother? Graffman? Both? Other?

Was I competing with Miki for her love? Ever working and practicing to be the goodest, the best? My means: music; my instrument, violin.

Are my modern day guitar practice sessions partially self-punishment and flagellation sessions?

That's why I will never be able to play perfectly good arpeggios because, if I do, I will no longer be able to "achieve" my real, deep-seated, psychological goal of punishing myself.

### Chai Months

Rivalry and the fight for absolute and total love.

Are my left knee and right shoulder pains really about unrequited love and sibling rivalry? Although there may be physical explanations, are they really, in essence, psychological pains disguised as physical, mental pains hidden in physical manifestations?

Mother in Graffman form, Miki in Lee form. Indeed, it makes psychological and family history "sense."

Post 2008 Greek tour, when these pains started, I sensed they were about competition and love. But I may have needed one year and a half, eighteen months, chai months, to face such deep wounds, to work out these resurfaced childhood traumas.

### Brilliance!

Brilliance has nothing to do with speed, fast, or slow. There is no such thing as slow brilliance, fast brilliance, or medium brilliance. Brilliance is brilliance. Adjectives have little or nothing to do with its shining.

Brilliant guitar playing, and brilliance in general, is based on my own unique brand!

Personal brilliance is the way to go.

Tuesday, May 26, 2009

#### My Bach Prelude in D Minor

#### The Jewel of Truth Within the Stone

My Bach Prelude in D minor moves up and down, fast and slow, rises and falls. Parts are slow, parts are fast, parts rise and fall differently from others I've heard.

I can't say my playing of it is better or worse than others. But what I can say is, indeed, mine is different. And it is mine!

The Jim Gold version: First of its kind!

And it's the first of its kind every time I play it!

This is the jewel of truth within the stone.

Wednesday, May 27, 2009

#### Birth of a New Video Purpose

I watched Larry Marcus's videotape of my Raleigh folk dance workshop. Strangely, depressing. Why? I was not that happy with the way I looked, the way I danced. The video pointed out many areas in which I could improve.

But that's a good reason to learn video! Rather than learning it to promote my dances (although it can and will do that), it's much better and more exciting to learn it

for self-improvement!

Watching the video turned my priorities on their head. And that's a good thing!

Birth of a new video purpose!

1. First priority: Self-improvement. In folk dancing, guitar, violin, gaida, other.
2. Second priority: Promotion of my choreographies.

Sunday, May 31, 2009

Knocked on my head and ass by this sickness. What the hell is it? Or hopefully, what the hell was it? I sure hope it's over, and has run its course.

All my powers and futures drained out of me yesterday.

Will writing about it even help? Or is it better to denying it, try to forget about it, and move on? I don't know.

It started with an aching mandible. Caused, I believe, by my shoulder stand. But could have been aggravated by pressing too hard on the chin rest during the tough three-chord note bowing passage of the Introduction and Rondo Capriccio. The latter sounds "reasonable." It's my second violin injury. My right shoulder and bowing arm took months of physical therapy and gym training sessions to deal with and recover from. The violin may be a dangerous instrument.

Thinking it a tooth problem, I went to the dentist. No tooth problem. However, he said I injured a mandibular ligament; indeed it could have been from the shoulder stand, violin chin over-squeezing, or both.

Soon this mandible problem developed into a jaw ache, then headache, then ear ache, then finally a cold and sinus problem. What a sudden mess! After my workout on Friday, I fell asleep at six p.m. and didn't really wake up until seven the next morning. I woke up feeling better, but during the day, things got worse. I slept on and off all day, and by Saturday night, I was back in bed with ibuprofen, echinasia, and aspirin as my guides. Even as I speak about this I'm beginning to feel worse. My nose

is dripping again, and my head hurts. What a mess.

All my meaningful, wonderful routines, the glue that holds most of my life together and gives it purpose, fell apart.

Plus Frank came over to install my new computer. That was the final upset in my apple cart.

I don't know why I think this, but I sense that somehow this new computer is the "reason" behind all my sickness. All the unknowns and pressures of turning my folk dance teaching (which I was so satisfied and happy with) from CDs and boombox, to computer has somehow made me sick. This combined with having to learn both Windows Media Player to run the computer folk dance programs, and taking videos with my camera, and learning how to work the Pinnacle video program, is all creating lots of tensions in my brain. It's upsetting all my old routines and making me sick.

Is resentment, tension, and confusion, about all these computer changes the real reason I got sick? I sense that it is.

Part of me feels I have to make these changes and learn these programs; and another part of me resents the fact that I must put aside my true loves and my old and comfortable way of doing things, while I retrain myself to learn, work with, and deal with these new computer skills.

Could computer resentment, so-called useless, time consuming, and even the learning of these "unnecessary" new skills make me sick? Could be.

Thursday, June 4, 2009

### Weekly Computer Lesons

I'm sure computer pressure made me sick. Pressure to learn two (now three) new programs: Windows Media Player, Pinnacle Videos, and now Nero 9. I've had a slight headache for the past week or so.

Well, it was a crash-through week. Frank delivered my new Toshiba computer. I'll use it to teach my folk dance classes. I've also installed Pinnacle, played with it a bit,

taken folk dance videos of myself, and learned how to edit. I've generally, taken my first steps into video-land. Yesterday, I purchased Nero 9, installed it on the new Toshiba, and realized I have to at least learn how to create folk dance CDs in their new format.

In descending importance, the three programs are Windows Media Player, Pinnacle, and Nero 9.

How to do this? Find a teacher! I'll ask Barry W if he can give me weekly lessons.

Drifting back to real life.

Strangely, along with sickness has come a fantastic number of tour registrations. Even my stocks went up!

Moses started his travel business at age eighty. He went on for forty more years of adventures in the desert. Something to look forward to.

Monday, June 8, 2009

I'd like to drift back to writing something. But how and when, I'll never know.

Reverse "When I see it, I'll believe it," to "When I believe it, I will see it."

Practice this radical doctrine: Start with left knee, then move to Alhambra.

"I believe it; I know it."

Tuesday, June 9, 2009

On Becoming an "Official Folk Dance Teacer."

Daniel explained that playlists are folders.

A sudden light filled my eyes; exhilaration flooded my being. Finally, after weeks of computer program and windows media frustration, I understand!

Playlists are folders!

Now I can organize all my dances! With this understanding, I now became, in my eyes, an official folk dance teacher.

I'm so happy this phase of my writing career is over!

The fifteen-year, starting-in-1994, New Leaf Journal period, is over. Evidently, it has served its purpose and run out of gas. Thank God! I'm free!