

## Dive In

Friday, June 28, 2002

It's a New Leaf. I'm starting off deflated. It's all over the Croatian tour fiasco. It's just a shit and a misery. . . and ultimately not fair.

What can I do? Fight for the terms of the original contract.

Actually, this situation is a threat to Paul, our relationship and future business dealings. Even though he was not present during the negotiations, Tomi is still his employee. If I cannot "trust" what is in his written contract, and terms can be changed at the last minute, then how can I do future business with him? So this has to be straightened out.

The key word here is written. Written "contract" letter. Anyone can say "We spoke about it," or "I told you." But if it is not down on paper, how can it be proven? And of course, I based my prices on the written contract letter.

According to the original contract letter I would have made \$4,026 more profit. I counted this into the original price and expected to make it. Because they suddenly raised the final price, I have been "forced" to pay an addition \$4026. This is unjust and wrong.

Answer: I must fight for my original contract. . . and my \$4,026. To be fair, I should at least get close to it.

What is my bargaining chip with Paul? Our business relationship. That is my bargaining chip. Our future business is on the line. Future business with him. It is in his self interest to straighten this out. (Mine too, of course.)

Monday, July 1, 2002

Be Tough!

You've got to be tough in this world. Hold your ground, stand up for yourself

even though people and events continually try to walk all over you.

What does this mean for me?

In spite of debts, money problems, and some other people trying to push me around, I've got a wonderful schedule plan. When I follow it, I make my life satisfactory with squibbles of joy thrown in.

Recently, I have decided to spend mornings doing all those good things: language study, guitar practice, writing, and exercising – running and yoga and some calliyoga. The afternoons are spent dealing with the outside world, its events, and include sales and money making. These can be fun in themselves. . . but only if I follow, fulfill, and complete my salubrious morning miracle schedule routines.

Thus, follow my miracles schedule routines. . . at all cost!

Wednesday, July 3, 2002

Guitar, Villa-Lobos Prelude Number 4. I had it. I tried to make it better. In the process of trying to make it better, I ruined it. Now I'm back to the original, back to the way I used to play it, when I had it.

Why then did I (have to) go through a twenty-year period of "trying to improve" when I had it already?

Same with money: I had it. Then I tried to "improve" my situation: I wanted to become rich, a millionaire. In the "improvement" process, I lost my money and ruined it.

By trying to make things better, I made them worse.

Why did I bother trying to improve in the first place? What can I learn from these disasters and "wastes" of time?

Great question. It might have something to do with the growing feeling (which I must have had back then, too, but incipiently) that deep down I know I am absolutely right. And this because as an individual I am unique. Every individual has an absolute right within them. Only recognizing it and, even more difficult, learning to accept, go

with, and love it takes tremendous inner confidence.

That confidence I definitely did not have.

I've got it now. I had to lose all my money and go through twenty-five years of "running-in-circles" guitar practice to get it.

So, I am starting over, starting a new life. My positives are self-confidence in my artistic, organizational, and even business abilities. My negatives are: loss of time and money over the years.

Obviously I can't regain the time. Can I regain the money? We'll see.

But if I can regain the money, perhaps I can also regain the time. How would this be done? Make time stand still by contemplating the Eternal One.

Perhaps by contemplating infinity He will also give me money. Or at least wealth and riches. . . which He has already given me through acceptance of my talents and the blessings of self-confidence.

Thursday, July 4, 2002

### Screwed!

So this is what it feels like to get screwed.

A wrong has been committed on my person. Suddenly, Tomi raised the price of our tour \$400.00 per person. Without warning or consulting me. I looked at our contract. It says nothing about such a price. No matter how many times I read it, try to "understand" it, him, or how such a "misunderstanding" could take place, I can't find anything in this written document to support his new price. He says he "told" me about it. I don't remember being told. Besides, even if he did, what we discussed should have all been in writing. It wasn't. That is the problem.

This screw-up has been bothering me for days. I spoke to Paul about it. Although he is the boss, he said he wasn't present for my negotiations with Tomi. That is true, he wasn't. Nevertheless, as boss, he is responsible. A clear contract should have been written, stating the prices, then okayed by me. Well, I do have a "contract" letter.

It does state a price. It is the only written document that has passed between us. I based my tour price on it. Then suddenly, at the last minute, Tomi raises it by \$400 per person.

No matter how I twist and turn, trying to rationalize or understand Tomi's new price, I cannot accept it. It is simply not right.

At best Tomi was sloppy; at worse, amateurish. Actually, both. I don't believe he was trying to be dishonest or to put one over on me. I am too long term a customer; I've had good relations with Paul for almost twenty years. This is the first time I have ever worked directly with Tomi. It is also our first tour to Croatia and Slovenia. Nevertheless, whether it is the first time or last time, there should have been a written contract clearly stating the prices. There wasn't. That is the whole problem.

Paul must have realized something was wrong with this. Otherwise, why would he agree to give me \$500? But his check really doesn't right the wrong of it. Nor do see any middle ground here. I am either right or wrong; they are either right or wrong. If I am right, I should get the complete \$4000 back. If I am wrong, I should return the \$500 payment. Period.

Best for now is consulting a lawyer? Am I right? Am I wrong? Is there a middle ground? What, if anything, should be done? What are my options? These are the next questions. Jim Norman is a lawyer. I'm calling him tomorrow.

Friday, July 5, 2002

What an emptiness I face by giving up my obsession to get all the treble notes right in Alhambra, Leyenda, etc. But, of course, I've learned that the best way, the correct way, the easiest way is to focus on the base and forget the treble.

By following this, and realizing how easy it is to play Alhambra, Leyenda, etc., I'm less obsessed, and facing a subsequent emptiness.

Without my endless striving, what will I aim for? Trying to accomplish something, even if it is self-defeating and impossible, has been such a strong motivating

force. Without it, I feel a void.

What then did the obsession cover? What did it hide? By promoting it, what was I trying to avoid, to escape from?

No question, playing the guitar well. I was also avoiding joy and ease. But why? MacIsaacs would say to avoid my childhood non-recognition trauma. Joy, fun, ease, and its subsequent running wild on the lawn would not be recognized.

Well, the above explanation sounds right. I have reached the joy spot. But (at least for now) it still makes me feel empty: emptiness of accomplishment, success, and joy.

The struggle is over. How sad.

I need a new struggle.

A musical struggle? What can I now accomplish on my guitar? Play it in public? Record? Or simply peer into the none and the emptiness?

It makes me panic: claustrophobia, nothingness, nowhere to go.

Saturday, July 6, 2002

### I Know It Is True!

Whack, whack, whack! Smack, smack, smack! One day seems worse than the next. I'm descending into the maelstrom. My confidence is getting shot down; I'm feeling scared. Vicissitudes are killing me. One messy, miserable knock down after another. Yesterday morning it was swollen feet and the Tomi thing; by late morning I had added the Katz tour annoyances, which reminded me once again of the Tomi fuck-ups. Finally, Miki, I, and Bernice went to an Indian restaurant for lunch, and I fractured my tooth on a chicken bone. The whole incisor broke off in my mouth, leaving a gaping hole. I was "lucky" to find a dentist, Ben Kershenbaum, that very afternoon. He said I'd need a crown and post; the crown would cost \$900, the post \$300. Then I payed him his \$125 entrance fee. That Indian lunch cost over \$1,300. Plus there's the added

annoyance of spending time next week at the dentist's office getting this fucking tooth fixed. First, I "lose" \$4,000 over Tomi's fuck up, then another \$1,300 at the dentist. That's over \$5,000 down in ten days. Who knows what other expenses are going to come up. Add them, the Tomi fuck-up, to my usual pre-tour anxieties, and the result is a stunning fall of confidence and the "everything is suddenly going wrong" feeling. Intellectually, I know this is not true. Yet who's intellectual?

It seems everywhere I turn now there is a sudden added, unforeseen expense. They're piling on my head, pushing me down, adding to my debt, and slowly destroying my confidence.

But a sudden idea just arrived: I wonder if, suppose, these financial miseries, plus my aches and pains of yesterday (and today) are better than facing the anxiety of success? Ha, what a thought! I certainly can't see any success in the \$5,000 worth of expenses I've just incurred, or the sudden mounting of my debt, or in cracking my tooth. Yet I know that success anxiety, the ancient childhood non-response trauma, is my bottom-line crusher. Sure I get transient physical, mental, and financial pains. But non-response trauma is worst of all. It crushes my entire being, pushing my spirit into the grave. Miserable as they are, I can "handle" vicissitudes as long as I maintain my spirit. But without spirit, not only do vicissitudes fall by the wayside, I fall with them. A totally crushed spirit equals zero. Crushed finances, body, physical pains, mental aches, woes, and tour torments, although awful in their meanness, can be "handled" as long as my spirit lasts and is willing.

Thus spirit-crushing is worse than all the other crushes. The whacking of mind and body is a terrible thing; but the whacking of the spirit is worst of all. Painful as it is, one can remain alive when the body is crushed: witness the maimed, blind, paraplegics, etc.; one can remain alive when the mind is crushed: witness the schizophrenics in mental asylums walking around with delusional minds but with the life spirit still coursing through their veins.

But when the spirit is crushed death follows.

Has mine been? Partly. But why? Am I not “simply” falling backwards? Blow after blow is “reminding me” of the old neighborhood; whack after whack is, once again, drawing me into the habits of its ancient streets.

This “old explanation” feels a bit trite. Yet just because it is old doesn’t mean it isn’t true.

Financial blows are knocking and pushing me down. But. . . so what? What else is new here? Problem or challenge come up daily. They are usually “unexpected.” I’ve always been able to handle them and move on. Why should today be any different?

Sure, I’m fuming, impatient, and having a minor temper tantrum over their frustrations. But why a “loss of confidence”? Indeed, it is “simply” a return to the old neighborhood. It is compounded by pre-tour jitters of my upcoming Slovenia/Croatia tour.

Another thought: Do I really have pre-tour jitters? Sure I have pre-tour annoyances. But jitters? Strangely, I think not. Suppose I only have pre-tour annoyances and no pre-tour jitters. This would be a first. I would have to view such an attitude as a success! How do I react to success? I run, retreat, fold, collapse, hide from the non-response trauma.

Suppose I looked at all these vicissitudes in a different light: one of success. Could I stand it? Would it feel worse than looking at them with fear, trepidation, physical pains, and mental financial fears? Is the emptiness I feel in success really worse than all other pains? Do I “create” and focus on the other pains in order to avoid the biggest pain: the spirit crushing emptiness of the non-response trauma?

Is the above analysis mere rationalization? Or is it true? Dare I have the confidence to believe it? I know I want to believe it. Should I? Can I?

Well, only I can know if it’s true or not. And, deep down, I’m sure it is. Such a truth fills me with self-confidence.

I want it. Does wanting it make it true? Suppose I answered: yes! That is some answer! It means the inner of my desires partially creates my vision of the outside

world.

Notice, too, how the writing process has helped me discover this, unravel the mess, and work it out as well.

### I'd Better Work

#### If I Don't Work The Genie Will Eat Me Up!

I wonder if the money problem is similar to the Alhambra problem. The inability to play Alhambra motivated me to practice guitar. If I succeeded playing it, I'd lose my motivation to practice.

Could it be the same with money? Having no money stimulates and motivates me to get it. If I had money, would I lose my motivation to work?

Could that have been what's holding me back?

I'll assume it's true.

Now I can play Alhambra. And true, I now need a new motivation, a new reason to play guitar.

I want to make money. When I succeed will it take away my motivation to work?

In the light of today's new self-acceptance, a new perspective has arisen. By accepting "my nature," the fact that I'll always have certain fears, nay "annoyances" (I am simply that type of personality), I realize I need to work (and make money) in order to fulfill the dictates of my body and mental type. I need to "keep busy." I hate "vacation." Frankly, I don't even know what the word means.

I may simply be a type of personality who has to work most of the time in order to keep happy. It has nothing to do with Alhambra or money. I just need to keep active. It is good for me. When I'm so busy, I don't have time to worry. But with time, idle on my "vacation" hands, the genie will devour me.

Yes, money is a motivator. But it is only one of them. Alhambra is a motivator. It too, is only one of them. But deep within, my engine burns. It needs to be fed



activity, activity, activity to burn off its excess energy and “worry” fuel. For that reason alone, I’d better work. . . or else the genie will eat me up!

Sunday, July 7, 2002

### Going From Why To How

Accepting myself as high-strung and achy with pre-tour worries, fears about financial failure, no money, and a body that feels like it is falling apart, realizing I’ll always have pre-stage, pre-teach, pre-appearance, pre-performance anxiety – hey, that’s just the way I am.

I’m moving from “Why?” to “How?”

Instead of constantly asking: “Why I am like that? hoping to dispel pain, worry, and discomfort through the analytical, psychological process of self-discovery, I’ll now ask: “How can I deal with this? What can I do about it?”

It’s a “given” that I have conflicting emotions. I’m just accepting them. But since they hurt so much I cannot simply sit there and say, Well, that’s the way I am. No, I must do something about them. Even if what I do doesn’t work, at least I must try. Actually, I am forced to try: Pain is my pusher.

So, what do I do about pre-tour anxiety, body pains, folk dance foot pains, swollen feet worries, left elbow guitar pains, financial worries, bills, etc.? What do I do about assorted miseries punctuating the vicissitudes of life?

Big question. But at least I am accepting the fact, the idea, that, although they may change, they will never go away! Worry, fear, and doubt are evidently part of my constitutional nature. They are also, no doubt, very ancient. I am the “type.” They may even come from past lives. I may have a thousand – or many-thousand-year history of fear, worry, bodily pains, and financial problems. I may also have a thousand – or more – year history of struggling to become an artist.

At age forty, I began a twenty-five-year long quest. Results are in; the fruits are being harvested.

What are they?

One of the quests was: practice guitar in order to become free of performance anxiety. Well, that was a failure, a fool's errant search. Although I've become much more confident, I'm just as fearful before a performance; I still tremble before the unknown. Call it the awe-and-wonder phenomenon; call it whatever you like. But call it. Because it won't go away. Ever!

Another one of my quests was to become rich. Actually, a millionaire. I'd do it through the stock market and tour growth of Jim Gold International company. Well, both of these have been failures. I lost most of my money in the stock market. Tours, although improved, have certainly not grown into the large international company I anticipated. I consider the stock market a failure, and the lack of tour growth a disappointment. But, no matter how I consider them, in their financial sense, they have been failures.

That's two-and-a-half failures. Or is it three? Performance anxiety, stock market, tour expansion. They are actually related. How? I started these roads in order to gain confidence in myself. Confidence in performing and confidence as an artist: those were my primary goals. The money part, stock market and even international tours (as part of money making) were simply to "support myself while I became an artist." Their reason: to remove financial fears so my mind would be "free" to become an artist.

I reiterate: the bottom line of my twenty-five-year quest was to gain self-confidence in my artistic abilities and my self.

In both I succeeded. I have the confidence now.

I won some, lost some. But in the fundamental goal, the achievement of artistic and self-confidence desire, I won.

The price for winning: most of my money. (Plus body pains, although I'm not sure how or where they are related.)

How am I discovering all this? Through the writing process. Again, God bless my journal! Perhaps it is the basic "How?" in my self-acceptance, what-to-do, cure

program.

Tuesday, July 16, 2002

Stock Market As A Personal Energizer

What about the energizing aspects of the stock market?

These energizing aspects are fear and greed, or rather, fear and hope.

Is greed really hope in another form?

Should I own some stocks, not necessarily to make money – although that would be nice, but rather for their personal energizing properties?

I'm looking for a way, a reason, to get back into the market without losing my shirt. How about limiting myself: putting one or two thousand dollars in?

Isn't it false hope?

But isn't all hope "false?"

It's all about hope. From where shall I get it?

Do I have a right to hope? Look at all the money I've lost through "hoping." Is it stupid, dangerous, unrealistic? Will I always lose in the stock market? Can I ever learn to play it?

Do I really love playing so much that I can't – nay, refuse – to stop? Is it bad for me? Stopping is giving up. Isn't it generally bad for me to give up?

When I give up, do I give up hope? Yes.

Can I live without it? Should I even try? Henry Miller said that because he had no hope or hopes he was the happiest man in the world.

Can I invest in a "hopeless" fashion? Should I?

I have really been stung by my lover, the stock market. Should I give her up? Or try again?

Suppose I started "from scratch." With 2 G's.

What is, or would be, different this time? Can I play the game? A good Dr.

McIsaac question.

After so many failures, am I worthy of still playing the game? What lessons, if any, have I learned?

Do I simply love the market the way I love the tour business? When I gave up the headache and frustrations of the tour business, its downs, losses, efforts, etc., I became depressed. Bad, painful, and difficult as it was, they were simply too exciting to give up!

Will I gingerly re-enter the market when I return to America? Is that what this tour is all about? Spain was the sadness of giving up the market. Could Slovenia and Croatia be the beginning of my return, initiate the excitement, happiness, fun, and joy of reentering it?

I guess so. Somehow I must get back in. Deep in my heart I know this is true. Giving up is never (maybe rarely) the best route for me.

Perhaps now, the only question is when and how.

Some differences:

1. Use stop losses
2. Put in very little money. (1G or 2G at most)
3. Only my Fidelity account. No Joel.
4. Trading: aim for \$100 gains.

Stock market is my only "hobby." A fascinating and one.

Wednesday, July 17, 2002

As I get older, I am slowly exchanging passion for wisdom. . . whatever that means.

I hate to "lose" my passion.

But I do like gaining wisdom.

Is there a way to combine the two? A paradox?

Can one have a passionate wisdom?

Why not?

I am succeeding in running this tour. It is an “accepted fact”; I hardly have to even write about it.

Light is easy. But with constant work, of course.

Korcula trip: verbally agreed with Tomi. But left out of final contract. An expensive mess.

How to avoid such a mess in the future?

Exact written contracts.

Don't work with Tomi. Or, if I do, run everything past Paul first. Light and easy.  
Fun, fun, fun!

Nevertheless, I am running this tour beautifully. I am on top of everything at every moment. Each problem and potential mess I am handling with gusto and enthusiasm! Not only do my tourists love me, but I love me! A great job! I am even taking this new “great job” feeling “for granted.” I am just getting better and better at running tours. And enjoying all challenges and problems, too! “Light and easy, and fun, fun, fun!” does not quite express it. Well, the “light and easy” part is accurate. But “fun” is not quite the right word. Better is gusto and enthusiasm!

Gusto and enthusiasm – yes! This goes beyond “satisfaction” in handling and dealing with challenges and problems that come up on tour. It is really relishing them! It is mad shoes, deep in my gut; it is running wild on the lawn as part of my public and private tour-leading being. Thus I have truly made it – for today.

Of course, it is one day at a time. Every problem and challenge is a New Leaf.

New Leaf is the Mad Shoe me, the running wild on the lawn me. It is I in Crusader Tour form. The ideas laid out in my books are merging together with my daily life; they are becoming one.

Amazing how the process works: I had the ideas first, wrote them down as a “blue print” in my books. Then slowly, over many years, my life is following the blue print.

Sunday, July 21, 2002

### New Dimensions

Look at the pleasure I am giving people on this tour. Somehow I am going to have to deal with that.

I have managed to accept and even expect dis-pleasure. . . and deal with it. But looking, at, accepting, and even expecting that my customers love the pleasure I give them is a new dimension.

Last night in Dubrovnik I practically fell asleep at the Lado concert. I was simply too tired to enjoy it; in my opinion the dancers were “okay.” Yet my people loved it—and me for bringing them there. Same with dinners. They thanked me for bringing them to each restaurant (except one). “But it’s a surprise to me, too,” I said. “I didn’t do anything. Tomi arranged the restaurants, after all.” But they thanked me anyway. Well, I take the blame if it is a bad restaurant; why not take the credit if it is a good one?

What did I “do” to create the restaurant and dinner experience? I created the tour! Thus, even though I cannot know every detail will work out in advance, I am still responsible for what happens. “The buck stops here.”

The key words here are: I created the tour. It is my creation. People will either enjoy or not enjoy my creation; and they may comment on it privately or publically. I love it when they appreciate my writing or concert. Why not love it when they appreciate the fruits of my other labors, my other “creations,” my tours (and weekends, classes. . . whatever)?

Tours are business expressions of my creative life. Ha! That’s it! That’s the business connection, and how business connects to my miracle schedule and creative life! Thus do business and creative life merge into one. Business is the public expression, the going public aspect of my creative life.

Some of its rewards are appreciation from others. A hearty “Thank you!”, “I love it!” or “What a great experience!” And more subtly and indirectly: “I’m having so

much fun.” Or non-verbal appreciation like a laugh or a smile.

Truth is I know when people are having fun and enjoying themselves because of what I’m giving them. I just have to start looking at it and accepting it. Loving it would be even better.

Yes, why not love it! With gusto, excitement, enthusiasm, and verve!

### Loving My Business Self!

I should also recognize and accept that I am a people person. I love the play of meeting others. The verbal games, the excitement and enthusiasm.

Into the public arena – with gusto, excitement, and enthusiasm I go! Business me is gone public me. I now recognize and accept it; I even love it!

My business self is my people-person self, the fly-with-the-excitement-of-meeting-others self.

Sure I love the money I get through business. But money, at its highest level, is simply excitement and enthusiasm in green form.

I will show my New Leaf to tour members and others as a public expression of my business self. And I will do this everywhere and constantly.

This all comes from the new dimension of loving their pleasure.

### Mitzvah Magic: Good Feelings From Helping Others

Joe got sick. I called him in his room. “How are you?” I asked. “I’m so glad you called,” he said.

I looked up the bus schedule to Orobic for his wife, Sue. I helped them. How happy and appreciative they were.

Check out these good feelings I get from helping others. Accept and honor them. Sure there is a feeling of self-importance I get from helping others, but best of all: What a kick it is! I just fly along after I do a good deed! It’s mitzvah magic. . . the ultimate kick!

Business, at its best, is helping others. And what a kick it is! Anyone can do it. But you rarely consider how much fun it is!

The personal fun aspect of helping others is often disparaged. Selflessness, or self-less action, is considered best. "I'm doing it for you, etc." But, truth is, I'm doing it for me – and you! (I couldn't do it without you, and you couldn't have it without me. A perfect duet.)

Yes, mitzvah magic creates the ultimate us, giver and receiver, helper and helped. What can you do but glory in this equation!

Tuesday, July 23, 2002

Making the Right Decision Under Pressure:

Proud of Myself!

We had the Gene and Nina fiasco. I say fiasco but it really wasn't. Mostly an annoyance. A leadership annoyance.

Time was tight. We had a restaurant appointment at 8:00 p.m. Gene and Nina wanted to go back to the hotel. But time would not allow it. Then I found out they merely wanted to change clothes and take a shower! Too long. And to inconvenience the whole group for such a thing? Forget it. Everyone else in the group had no problem with going directly to the restaurant. I had to make a decision. Actually, it was easy: I decided we should go straight to the restaurant. I certainly couldn't inconvenience the whole group for one person (Nina), who merely wanted to change clothes and take a shower. Certainly she could change in a local bathroom if she wanted, just like April and Diane. In any case, I made the decision to go straight to the restaurant.

Gene and Nina were furious. Gene commented: "It's not right. We're paying a lot of money for this tour. We should be able to have dinner comfortably." Even though I felt ugh, ugh!, I agreed with him. But because of prior commitments and time constraints, I couldn't accommodate him. Actually, his impatience and comments were childish, peevish, and disgusting. But I passed over these personal feelings, saying to



myself, I can understand why they're pissed off. I am, too. But what can you do? I "had to do what I had to do." Gene agreed. He even gave me the phrase.

Nevertheless, my decision got them mad as hell.

Only now as I am writing do I realize how ridiculously childish they acted. But at the time, and now too, I hate having people mad at me. But there was truly nothing I could do about it. Certainly they should have, as adults, realized the situation and been more gracious. But they were not.

Well, for me, the buck stops here. I felt bad even though I made the right decision.

In retrospect, instead of feeling bad I should have felt mad.

In any case, I also had another feeling: I was proud of myself! Why? Because in spite of their pressure on me I made the right decision!

That is the balance which leans towards increasing self worth. On one side is the frustration and disappointment of not being able to please them; on the other is pride in my handling of the situation, making the right decision, doing the right thing, and best of all, pride of effort in trying to do the right thing.

Being proud of your efforts, actions, and accomplishments is a very high form of self worth.

Saturday, July 27, 2002

### All A's

I paid for Katz's supper to smooth the waters.

The power of money is: I can always pay!

At our farewell dinner in Split, he said, "You said you would ask for fish. That was the choice."

I answered. "Not true. I did it once. The voucher said kosher. . .or vegetarian, not fish."

I said, you said, said, said, said, even Tomi said. Everyone uses said to support

themselves in arguments of right and wrong. Tomi also “said” . . . and I lost thousands.

It must be written down; it must be exact. Contracts.

But there are grey areas on tour. Every detail and event cannot be written down or included in a contract. It must be handled on the spot using judgement.

True, I never thought of asking for fish, nor was I supposed to. It was “not my responsibility.” Still the pain of Katz’s demands falls on my shoulders. It may not be my responsibility but somehow I am the one who has to handle it.

Or do I?

Maybe in retrospect, I should have left it alone and let him pay for it. But I wanted, needed, and deserved peace on our last night’s supper. I partially bought some peace, inner peace, by paying for their meal as a “good will” gesture. Plus, I may be able to get money back through Livak’s four missed Split meals.

So financially, I may end up partially or even totally right.

The question is: if I had it to do all over again, what would I do?

1. I would never have asked the restaurant for fish. It would never have entered my mind.

2. I handled their tantrum appropriately and in place.

3. Only the payment question remains. Even there, the idea of switching finances was a good one. However, they should have paid and given me the receipt. Instead they balked at the payment, so I ended up paying for them and handling it.

This has two parts to it:

It was a good financial switch idea. It may succeed on a no loss or minor-loss basis.

The fact that I ended up paying rather than they. This is the part in which I feel slightly bullied. I wanted to smooth Katz’s ruffled waters. (Do I detect old neighborhood thinking?) Perhaps even this was a good idea! Aha. Why?

1. I created good will.

2. There might have been no other choice. Gene might have resisted paying anyway, which he did. I sensed his resistance . . . and more trouble ahead, so I headed him off at the pass by paying myself. More good intuitive thinking.

I'm coming out all pluses here. New neighborhood thinking is coming in strong. Can I accept all A's? Why not? I've been doing tours a long time. I'm good at it. I deserve it. All A's!

Another question: Do I even want to create good will with the Katzs? Do I even want them to go on tour with me ever again? Or are they just too difficult?

The answer is yes, I'd like to try one more time. I like them in spite of the trouble they are giving me. Plus dealing with them is a challenge both tourwise and personally. Look at all the pages I just wrote!

Through writing I just figured the whole Katz thing out. And, at every turn, I came out all A's!

Results: through mere money I created good will. (By buying wine, too.)

Through "mere money" I handled resistance and broke it at the pass.

For "mere money" I bought instant good will. What a good, wise (long term) use of money!

Good will lasts for days, months, even years. "Mere money" payments are forgotten almost instantly.

Monday, July 29, 2002

### I'll Solve My Problems. . . One At A Time

Returned from Slovenia and Croatia. Wow! I really put this one together.

Big result today. . . after handling the frustrations in the upgrade of Eudora 4 to Eudora 5.1: Through time and effort I'll solve my problems. . . one at a time. I did it in Slovenia and Croatia, and I did it beautifully. If I did it there, I can do it here. And I will.

Patience, fortitude, and slow stick to-itness eventually bring solutions. I can do

it. And I will.

I handled Slovenia/Croatia; I handled Katz; I handled Eudora. I can handle debt and money problems, too. The same way. Slowly, patiently, one at a time, and over time.

Some problems can be solved immediately. I come up with immediate solutions. Some problems take hours or days. Witness the ones I handled and handle on tour.

Some problems take weeks, months, even years to solve. Witness the Alhambra.

Debt (and money) problems belong in the “it takes years to solve” category. I’ll work on it. Eventually it will get solved. It will just take a long time. I will not get instant satisfaction or instant relief here. Only Mommy and Daddy could give me that. How? Why they would give me the money, of course. They just wouldn’t allow, couldn’t tolerate frustration, or seeing me, their little Jimmy boy suffer or be frustrated. One temper tantrum or sulking fit would usually do it. They’d give in and give me whatever I wanted.

What did I learn? That temper tantrums bring results. I have been having a daily temper tantrum over money and debt. And this, most of my married life. When the tantrum doesn’t work. . . and it rarely does, I become frightened. My tools are no longer useful. I retreat into self-doubt, nightmares, and fear.

But those days are ending too. During the Slovenia/Croatia tour I’ve realized a major learning: I’ll handle the problem and the problems. I’ll solve them . . . one at a time.

In this tour, the Slovenia/Croatia tour, I moved beyond confidence to the “it’s taken for granted” state.

It’s taken for granted that I can and will handle each problem. As it comes up, the solvable ones I will solve; the resolvable ones I will resolve. The impossible ones I will accept, watch, release, leave alone and let them go their way.

The secret of power is being in touch with infinity. Thus its essence can never be completely revealed.

Tuesday, July 30, 2002

Beauty and Unity

(Making Money Is A "Sideline")

What will help me rise above financial (and other) worries? Realizing the beauty of the Slovenia/Croatia adventure I created, the beauty of the human relations I improved, the beauty of welding people together in a unified group.

Realizing the beauty and unity I have created all around me.

I was put in the world to create beauty and unity. That is my talent. Making money is a "sideline."

Saturday, August 3, 2002

I Love My Tours!

It's Saturday morning and I feel slightly down. Why? It's because I've come to the end of my first week tour-ending energy cycle and I have to recognize that I love my tours and I love my tour business! I am feeling a love down!

Recognize it. Then keep loving!

The down is about denying, pushing down, my intense love.

I even love the pain-in-the-ass people on my tours. They are all part of the glorious challenge!

Thus what is the "answer" to this down? How can I respond to it?

Recognize my love: then create more tours with a vengeance, perfect the ones I've got, and use my enthusiasm to hunt for new customers. Even some potential pain-in-the-ass ones.

This intense love, even for pain-in-the-ass tourists, is something new I have brought back from my Slovenia/Croatia tour.

Perhaps it has to do with a recognition of my intense love of the experience of dealing with people.

A total acceptance of going public with the real me.

Which means I refuse to let any problem, worry, or pain-in-the-ass tourist spoil my fun, enthusiasm, inspiration, and joy.

The truth is that dealing with all the problems on tour was just so much fun! Exhilarating, exciting, challenging, just plain fun!

What a great attitude. I'm so lucky to have it, to have developed it.

Can I apply such an attitude to debt and finance here in America? Why not?

Wednesday, August 7, 2002

#### On Rereading Years of New Leaf

Maybe my tightness and "waiting depression" is due to taking a new look at all my writing. I am rereading years of New Leaf; I am facing the overwhelmed feeling, finally tackling all those pages I wrote. This is a new place for me.

Perhaps I am somewhat stunned. It's the "What now?" feeling.

#### How To Actually Improve!

How much guitar practicing would I have to do not to maintain what I already know, but to actually improve! Maybe my lack of improvement in Alhambra etc. is because I am not putting in enough time.

I thought I was working hard.

But maybe, in reality, I am not working hard enough! I am not putting in enough time. I can do more!

I have been working at a "maintenance" level. But not at the level of improvement.

Putting in more time, effort, and energy may not only help me improve, it will turn on the “running wild” faucet within.

This so-called “improvement” mode may be a fancy way of blocking off the expansion in process.

It’s time to end this New Leaf.