



Bhubaneswar, India

NEPOPO® SEMINAR - the last one

Bart Bellon



# Marahadja, GuruBartBellon®NePoPo®Cha meleon®GhandiTheFirst

The 13th of Dec, at 0400 am... Ring ring, wake up call..... Wash. Shave. Coffee. And then packing luggage. (After 24 years of traveling weekly, you become damned efficient at that!) At 6 am , I get picked up by a specialised taxi company to drive me to Schiphol Amsterdam. (This is two hours driving without traffic jam.) Soon I am kissing my wife, Michael, goodbye. (Never leave home without saying goodbye because you never know what can happen).

After being at Brussels Airport during the terrorist attack by ISIS in March, I prefer to fly out of Schiphol, Amsterdam. In 2017, we will try again via Brussels for traveling to the NePoPo® School locations. In Amsterdam, where I see not one sniff dog, everything going goes smoothly for my flight to Frankfurt Airport. To Frankfurt from Amsterdam it is 30 minutes. To catch my connection flight to New Delhi in Frankfurt, there is only two hours of time. Run, run , run, run, run. (There again, in Frankfurt as in Amsterdam, I did not see one sniff dog; it looks like everyone does still believe that the world is filled only with wonderful people. If my information is correct, Brussels Airport learned a valuable lesson and now has alert surveillance and sniff dogs.) We did make it on time and flew to New Delhi with an Airbus 800, a huge machine packed with people, most of them Asians and Indians. For the European people on board, half of them look like followers of Hare Krishna: very thin due to vegan diet, looks like they have no energy, hair washed with the white of eggs and mixed with flour to look "dirt-ish".



*After the seminar festivities...*

After a comfortable 8 hour flight in tourist class, packed like cattle, we do arrive in New Delhi. The next connection to Bhubaneswar will be seven hours later. (Who says it is fun to fly?) At border patrol in New Delhi airport, I pass with my work visa which is more expensive and harder to get, but the work visa provides the closest thing to a certainty that I will be allowed into the country without problem. Then I have to pick up my cargo luggage and put it on the transfer flight to Bhubaneswar. After a local flight (2,5 hours), I finally arrive at Bhubaneswar. Picking up my cargo luggage is a special experience again: people are rushing to the luggage belt and park their trolleys as close as possible to the belt to ensure that they can pick up their luggage easily. Everybody does like this. Result? You must crawl over the trolleys to pick up your bags that circle on the belt. Chaos! Anyway, this organised chaos also works out fine at the end.

Who is picking me up? Guess? Guess? Guess? I always have names and contact addresses with me — some that I cannot even pronounce — in the case that no one picks me

up. Will they recognize me now that I have shaved the “goat” and look like 12 years younger. I wanted to stop my seminar career like I started it: shaved. Yes, they see me, and here is the arrival committee: Mr. Prusti, Santosh Rout, and our driver. We call the driver “Senna” because in order to drive in Bhubaneswar, you must be one hell of a driver. You must have no fear and act like a bull. We have a nice little chat in the car and listen to about 20 minutes of beep beep and toot toot toot (It seems that the drivers speak with their horn, a type of morse code with horns). Cars, rickshaws, buses, bicycles: everyone fights for pole position.

Around 11 o'clock in the morning, they drop me off in a nice hotel. After 15 minutes, I check in at the desk and they bring me to room 201. (This is a magic figure. Room 201 was the room number where I did meet Michael for the first time.) Wifi works... and in the room!!! Hip hip hooray! Mr. Prusti will pick me up at 5pm for a little dinner and the briefing. Let's unpack, freshen up, and sleep a little bit! Bloody air conditioning is ice cold! Let's switch it off! Over the years, I have remarked that in cold countries you need a warm jacket to go





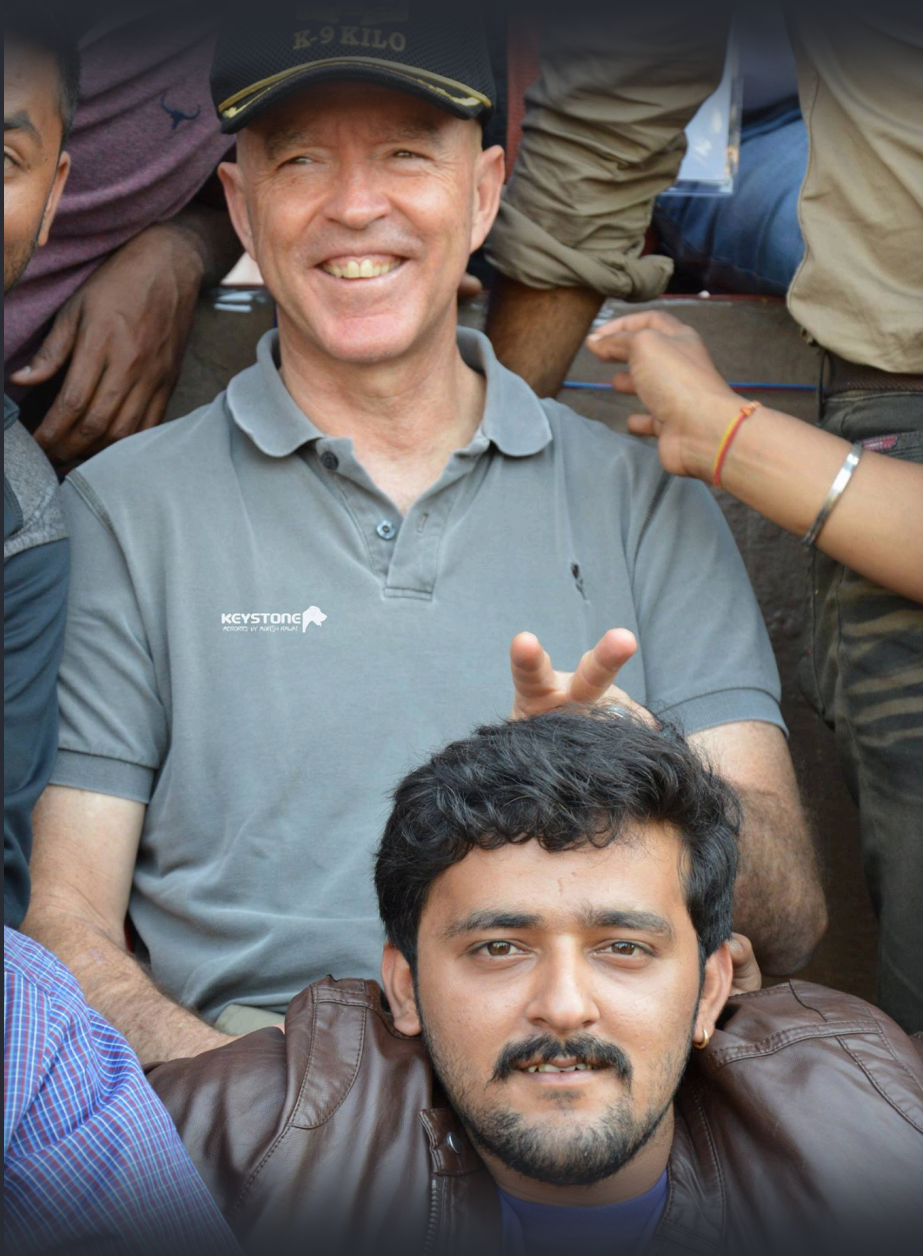
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Thursday morning after a night of 100s of waking up and sleeping moments, Mr. Prusti picks me up at 10 am. We drove around a little bit , more beep beep and toot toot toot: organised chaos between cars, rickshaws, buses, bicycles, holy cows and street dogs. With a little education I learned that the holy cows were not holy cows but were actually holy bulls. As a calf, they are donated to the local temples to increase prosperity for the person who donates the bull. In any case, folks, the morality is that the male (the bull and the man) is holy. I like that! The female (the cow and the woman) is not holy. Freedom of speech is a purported in India, but it look like due to cultural past that the man still has more privileges that the woman.

We arrive at the place where the NePoPo® seminar will be hosted (next to a hospital), and yes, there is a nice grass field. Construction workers are building a shadow tent, Indian style, and we test the PA system. There is even a plan B system for sound, and this was quite lucky because we ended up needing to use plan B at the seminar. In my experience, the PA system is the most important part of the seminar. Soon it is time for lunch, followed by a nap. I eat my dinner privately and relaxed in the hotel. Thank you, Mr. Prusti, for respecting the quiet quality time that is needed for the Apocalypse the next day !

On Friday morning, we start at 9 am. Experience tells me that the first day is always a little bit late to start. Friday morning, there are more than 50 people from all over the Indian side of the world. There was even one person from Iran. By looking closer, there is only one woman attending. Remember my comment about privilege .

There are 1.3 billion Indian people, and we have managed to bring about 50 people together. High entrance fees, traveling, hotel, etc. In Europe, where dogsport started, it was a poor man's game. Now in 2016 in Europe, you must have a little bit of money to have a dog and to train him, even in the classic dog countries for working dogs: France, Germany, Holland and Belgium. The same phenomenon we do see in upcoming countries of dogsport: the countries in South America and North America and Asia and the East. My nose tells me that Asia, the East of Europe, and South America will have the biggest future for dog training due to their interpretation of animal welfare.

Friday, Saturday and Sunday were very intensive and pleasant moments. My job is not to make champs out of the seminarists. My job is to give them the basic dog training alphabet (NePoPo®) so that they can dream of becoming the "engineers of their own building". For some, their dreams will come true. The role games are always the most fun part of the seminar. There you see that most people need visual learning. "Monkey see, monkey do" is the terminology for this. Sunday was my last seminar day ever but it did not feel different. Strange! No special angels were taking care of me. It was a routine day like one in many of the last 24 years. At the end of the course, there was a big honouring moment. They honoured me as a "guru". The Indians honoured and wished me salvation; they titled me:

GuruBartBellon®NePoPo®Chameleon®GhandiThe First. In Europe, it is the opposite : they want to whip me for my devilish propagation of complete dog training, NePoPo®. In the name of Michael and me, thank you for all the honour and respect you did show to us. In the evening there was a very nice farewell dinner for participants in a welcoming hotel. The socialisation part on seminars is 50% of the success. NePoPo® is the myelin — binding that makes connection faster — that brings the seminarists together.

In India, I am reminded again of the importance of reading your dog. Remember the joke about the professor of pathology. As a speaker and a teacher, I must also read my audience. In India, I would say, Do you guys understand??? And then they would shake their Indian heads left and right a few times and then they would say an unconvincing, "yes". What does this mean? No, yes? Yes, but? Or, as the Germans say, "Ja Ja", which really means "fuck off"?

Monday we have a whole day to hang around before take-off at 21:10. Mr Prusti brings me and the seminarist from Iran to the the Sun Temple at Konark in Odisha, India where the maharaja (King Narasimhadeva of Eastern Ganga Dynasty in 1255) did build a temple with all the Kama Sutra figures. There stands the Indian version of Playboy magazine which has been there for centuries. It looks like the Indian people did have a variable sex-life. Monogamy, polygamy, animal sex, orgies... Kama Sutra stands for "Kama" meaning

“work” and “Sutra” meaning “love”. After visiting the temple with a local guide , we went to a nice restaurant at the beach to have a long farewell lunch.

On the return flight during the stopover at Frankfurt Airport, I saw the news about the latest terroristic attack at the Berlin Christmas Market where a big truck was mowing people down , creating death and tragedy, killing more than 10 people. What a disaster again! At the end of the news, this message was sent out in big letters: “Let's pray for Berlin.” It seems very Popopo to me. I think we must stop being politically over correct and give things we don't like a name. I propose the following words: LET'S FIGHT THE EVIL IN BERLIN AND IN THE REST OF THE WORLD AND LET'S PRAY WE WIN THE BATTLE FAST. No more coca cola zero. It is coca cola whiskey on the rocks. There must be strong consequences for doing and strong consequences for not doing.

Our Indian organiser, Mr. Prusti, gave me an important marketing lesson after a discussion about the dog market in India. The lesson goes like this: A European shoe company did do a marketing prospective in India 50 years ago. They sent two salesman independently to make an analysis. One salesmand reported that India has more than 1 billion people, but that Indians wear no shoes and therefore there is no market. The other salesman reported that there were more than a billion potential customers! The moral is that it depends how you see it: with an optimistic view or a pessimistic view. Thank you, Mr. Prusti . Hey Rienk — Gappay, Deutschland— your glass (of Duvel) is always half full!

Thank you to Santosh Rout for being the bully and coming to Hassleben some five years ago and never forgetting what you saw.

Thank you to Mr. Prusti and the organisation for your impeccable hosting and professionalism. India needs more Mr. Prustis to clean up their chaos. Mr. Prusti is a pusher who can realise his dreams all the while staying very correct and respectful. I promised Mr. Prusti to come back to India for the NePoPo® School if there is enough interest or to come back if there are 1000 people for a NePoPo® appetizer event.

We have a proposal for India: Prusti for President. Well-spoken, charismatic, dares to take educated risks, moves mountains. And Rout for Prime Minister: bully, thinker, perfectionist, prefers staying in background.



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A man with a shaved head, wearing a light-colored button-down shirt over a green t-shirt, is speaking into a black microphone. He is wearing a black wristwatch on his left wrist and a silver ring on his left ring finger. The background is dark with some blurred text, including the word "ence" in white and "age" in orange.

Michael and I are thanking you guys all over the world for the support and the good work you did . We turn the page. It is not a farewell but it is time for a new chapter. Michael, you are a fantastic wife, business partner and training partner. I also like your Kama and your Sutra. Your cooking qualities are not on the same level as your Sutra qualities. With Michael, I see that two people who have the same ideas can affect the whole world with NePoPo® .

What is NePoPo®? Once a smart student did say that NePoPo® is leadership training. That is certainly true, but what does that really mean? NePoPo® is the Language of Modern Dog Training: NePoPo® is a dog training system where the dog always does, on command, with heart and soul. With eyes burning like cigarettes. This is Coca-cola with Whiskey on the Rocks!

As NePoPo® becomes more and more a worldwide sort of cult movement, I am reminded of the movie, Forest Gump. There is a scene where people are shouting, "Run, Forest, Run"! Forest Gump is running from the east to the west and from the north to the south and people start to follow him. Cults do not start on purpose, but they start from inspiration and "heart and soul".

To all of you, from East to West and from North to South: Happy NePoPo® and let eyes burn like cigarettes!

Bart and Michael