

The Tikkun Olam Life

Birth of a New Purpose

Why send out my Dance of the Week?

Do it for the widows and lonely people; do it “silently,” for others, for Ellen, for the orphans of happiness, for those who want, like, and need my creations.

It will make them feel good.

Do it for tikkun olam.

I don't “need” others in the same way I did in the past. I don't need them to make money or even soak up their approval. (Although that's always nice.) I'm in a new place. My ego and purse have been satisfied. I'm okay. Now we are One.

Of course, since I am part of the world, at one with the world, when I heal the world, I heal myself as well.

Yesterday I had big left shoulder pain. How does it relate to healing to world?

Somehow I felt this personal shoulder pain was irrelevant, besides the point, an unnecessary obstacle, annoyance, blockage having nothing to do with the tikkun olam purpose.

Then why do I have it? What, if any, is the grander purpose?

Well, everything has a purpose. In some strange way, is pain created to help clarify my purpose?

If pain has a tikkun olam purpose, what is it?

To open the gate;

Friday, October 22, 2021

Tikkun Olam Means Pride and Glory

Okay, I'm connecting “virtually.”

But I also want to connect physically, through an actual concert or connection with a live, physical audience. But somehow, I keep putting it off into the “future.”

Somehow this imagining of the future creates an imaginary goal. (And its always good to have goals.)

Now I'm imagining these next three months are to "prepare" for this Jim Gold Show concert.

This imaginary one-man show, will include: guitar, songs, readings, bits, and even exercise (dance.)

I'm playing "Alhambra." and my thumb is wide open throwing out a clear, wide, round, resonant, wild bass, while my tremolo is flying.

"Look, Ma, how great this is! Look Ma, how smart I am!"

Total child-like wonder, pride, and glory. A new feeling!

And of course, my pride and glory brings pride and glory to the whole world. It 'pokes.' upgrades, tikkun olamizes the world a notch.

Monday, October 25, 2021

During the past 18 months, since all my businesses have been closed down by corona, I've been wondering, exploring, and floating in the spaces of the afterlife.

Now somehow I am ready to return to terrestrial existence, re-enter the earthly spaces, or as they say in the business, "go back to work."

What's different?

Now I am concentrating on in-the-moment stuff, here-and-now things. I am aiming for specific skills, narrow focus, to do one thing well.

Wednesday, October 27, 2021

The Beauty of Old Age

It takes many months, many years to be reborn into the Beauty of Old Age, and its wise, uniting vibrational wisdom.

I like everything I'm doing. Deepening.

But daily, I need new reasons, fresh motivations, to do it.

My reasons are no longer to please others or make money from them.

If I know I am vibrationally connected to everyone. And I can remember it, do I still need to be physically in their presence?

Thursday, October 28, 2021

Rebelling Against Sales?

Am I rebelling against sales?

Am I pushing myself from fifty-five years of post-marriage money concerns so I can experience and live in the monastic land of mental and emotional liberty?

Maybe.

And since I am now free from these constraints, I ask: Is the sales process itself good for me?

I'm not sure.

Since Covid, I've been able to dive into my monastic side. I always wanted to live in this place. Now is my chance. And since Covid, I've had no choice but to do it.

Do I like it? Partly.

It has given me an opportunity to deepen my approach to guitar, and perhaps more.

But am I now deep enough? Wasn't my ultimate goal to bring such deepening to the public?

Yes.

Is that still my goal?

I'm not sure.

Plus, I've learned and believe that, during my monastic existence, my vibrations go out to everyone in this All-Is-One world. I believe everything I do, in private or public, goes out, is ex-pressed in vibrationl form, and does affect and effect things in the

tikkun olam world.

So what's the problem?

Do I need a physical sales presence in this world?

Or can I get by on vibrations?

Do I need to go deeper into monastic existence and find out where it leads?

Or must I share these deep discoveries, such as my "Alhambra presence," with the outside world?

And if I do, must I bring them the news through sales?

Or can I continue on the monastic path?

Which is better for me and the world?

During the upcoming three-month hiatus, I have a chance to go deep into the quiet, meditative, and creative aspects of the monastery.

to Living in a New Place

I don't want the old money pressures and financial worries.

But I don't have them anymore!

How do sales look in this new environment?

First, I have to believe, accept, get used to the fact I am actually living in a new place.

And accept that: I am really no longer thinking about money. Hard to believe, but true.

A new environment.

Friday, October 29, 2021

Revel in the glory of new muscle connections (guitar), the creation of my new company, Tremolo United, and the joy of stock trading.

And an added attraction: The glory of my new sales hobby. Fun and funny it shall be!

Saturday, October 30, 2021

The Jim Gold Folk Dance Show

I'm not quite sure what the above means. But I'm writing it anyway, just to find out.

Get back into life.

Get back into sales.

My body will be cured in the process.

Whenever I have no purpose, my body hurts: aches and pains pull it apart. But whenever I have a purpose, it unites my disparate energies, draws them into one stream, makes me one and whole again. And when I am whole, my pains disappear!

Some stray, but uniting thoughts:

My folk dance business is now my Jim Gold Folk Dance Show.

It is also the Tikkun Olam Show. It cures me while it cures my audience, and vice versa.

The folk dance show will now somehow combine book sales, body exercises, languages, and, folk songs, classical guitar, and ad libs.

This is my opportunity, my chance. I have the situation standing right in front of me. Here is something I not only believe in, it is something I can actually do to improve the world.

Truth is, it is something I've been doing all along but I never considered the ramifications. And, in attitude, style, even substance, I've expanded my folk dance evenings it to include all my talents, everything I can do.

Sunday, October 31, 2021

Poetic and Metaphoric Entries

Guitar: The Hypothenar Bridge

The connection and separation between thumb and index.

Their brotherhood in individuality.

Their togetherness in a tikkun olam/ All-is-One Complete Alhambra.

In any case, that's where I am today: rebelling against service, and serving others.

I don't know. It is a grand puzzle. But that is the truth of where I am.

I am rebelling against serving others. Why?

What is wrong with me?

Or is there secretly something right with me?

I know what I like, even love with a passion. But somehow I refuse to do it. Or rather, refuse to sell and promote it, refuse to put in the effort to bring it to others.

Yes, I am rebelling against service.

How long this will last, I do not know. But at least, I can acknowledge it.

I'd rather hide it, develop it in monkish retreat and separation.

Of course, an answer is to dive into my service objections with renewed vigor, put my new attitude and skills to work. That's the right and "healthy" thing to do.

How to break out of this self-destructive mode?

Maybe simply give in. Do nothing. See how long it lasts.

Follow my rebellion until it runs out of gas.

Tuesday, November 2, 2021

Love My Anxiety

A New (Old) Source of Motivation

As I re-enter the world, I need a new source of motivation. Fear of financial failure no longer works.

I need some fear. And I have it!

It is my endless pre-performance anxiety! It never goes away, no matter how much money I make.

And although it always make me very uncomfortable, sometimes even terrifies me, I never give in to it. (When I do, self-disgust rears its beautiful head and corrects my next behavior.)

And when I dive in and do the job, it forces me to grow, expand, and be my best.
And I end up feeling victorious and absolutely great!

So what can I say about pre=performance anxiety in particular, and perhaps anxiety in general?

Learn to love my anxiety.

Recognize that it is my new source of motivation. Actually, it is an old source, but I never thought of it that way. Now I do.

Anxiety is forever. So is Love.

It is my teacher and friend.

Love of anxiety easily replaces love of money.

As I say, the former is forever, while the latter is transient and “curable.”

How to love and use it, is the only question.

Last night I used it before leading our folk dance class. Just before it, I had terrible pains in my legs and right foot (the callous under my right big toe.) I could hardly walk. And the class was starting in ten minutes!

What to do?

I meditated hard on my pain, thought about Nestinarsko horo, the Bulgaria fire walker dance, where dancers walk barefoot across hot coals. Due to their powerful pre-walk meditations—which sometimes last a day or more—they feel no pain. And miraculously, the coals do not burn their feet!

Last night I did something similar.

I thought about them as I meditated upon my foot by putting focus on the upcoming class foremost in my mind.

It worked. I felt no foot or leg pain during the class. And I gave great class! A great evening ensued!

And note: The moment my class ended, all my foot and leg pain returned! Suddenly, I could hardly walk again!

What does this say about the power of mind?

And the power that pre-performance anxiety gives me? It forced me to rise above my imagined limitations, perform, and create a great class!

Hero Worship

Proud of my Fear

I've always been secretly proud of my fear.

I take pride in being afraid, in owning and dealing with my fears. It makes me my own hero.

I take pride in it.

I like heroes.

And I like being my own hero.

Wednesday, November 3, 2021

Glory of Success

I cannot fool myself any longer in my profession. I now know am good, confident, and skilled as a folk dance teacher, tour leader, writer, and even as a guitarist. Professionally, what is here left to fail in? Not much.

But I also know the glory of success is strange, unnatural, uncomfortable, and "boring." (Is it really boring? Another distraction word.)

So perhaps I chose trading in order to lose. Here, in this "hobby" game, I am an amateur. And I can lose with impunity. And thus indulge my fantasies of old neighborhood down-time relaxation.

Interesting. Fascinating.

But as this desire to lose reveals itself more deeply, as I see it more clearly, staring me right in the face, undeniable and powerful, do I, will I, still want to remain there?

Will I still want to chose pain over glory? The wild fire wahoos of success.

Choosing trading in order to lose?

Choosing leg pains and more in order to avoid the glory of folk dance success?

Choosing left shoulder pain in order to avoid the glory of guitar success?

The Pleasures of Losing

Is it true that the only reason and purpose for my stock trading is to relax by losing money?

Maybe.

If it is true, then if I really wanted to make money in the stock market, I wouldn't trade. I'd stop trading. And simply "invest," the way I do in my non-trading individual account.

Should I dive into endorphins of joy in order to meet, encounter, and love the Glory of Success?

Maybe.

Where does love of anxiety fit in?

Are love of anxiety and the glory of success twins?

And are annoying aches and pains all besides the point?

Maybe.

Truth is I do feel trading stocks is a waste of time. And I'd like to, I want to, get out of my trading addiction.

But I do not want to get out of my artistic folk dance, guitar, and writing, and other artistic addictions. I know they are good for me and humanity. I want to spend more time with them.

We'll see where this wanting leads.

Re-Entry

Do I Still Need Trading?

(Do I Still Want It?)

For me, stock trading is (in itself) a losing game.

Did I want to lose?

Maybe.

Do I still want to?

I don't know.

If stock trading really is a losing game (over the last 20 or more I've proven that it is, at least for me), then the only way I can win financially and stop losing is to stop trading.

Do I want to do this?

Do I want to give up my old neighborhood form of relaxation through depression?

No question, it is not pleasant. But that doesn't mean I did not (or do not) need it.

But as I now re-enter the world with new and different attitudes, do I still need it now?

We'll see.

Friday, November 5, 2021

Guitar: Sor Etude Number 12

Getting Used to the New Neighborhood.

Speed is glorious.

Expression is glorious.

Can I combine them? Meld and melt them together in one grand and glorious
Glorious?

I have to get used to this new neighborhood, get comfortable, live in and live with the land of speed. Express myself with speed as one of my skills.

Yes, getting used to living in the new neighborhood. It may take a few months.

Oh, God, I stand nauseous before my greatness

My greatness is Your Greatness

We are together
I am a piece of your Oneness
And knowing this brings me peace.

Separation makes me nauseous
Alone and empty
I drift and sink
Apart from your Oneness
But melting, melding, coming together,
I am no longer separate
Becoming a piece of it
I am at peace
IN your tikkun olam universe

My Angel

Is all my guitar playing, and singing
Only to win her
And express my love
For her, my angel.

Always

Many planes
She is always with me
Flying together
But on another plane
Always is now
Live in the moment

Know and remember this
So optimistic, un-fearful, soothing
And nice to know.

Saturday, November 6, 2021

On Study

The Thrill of Learning

I started off my morning reading/studying Yanshuf In Hebrew.
How to do it?
How to study?
Do it, study, until the thrill of learning hits, then floods your being.
Same with guitar, exercise, writing, all.
But you:
1. Have to start. Jump start the beginning.
2. Stick with the program until the thrill of learning hits.
Start and stick with it is the key.
If you do, it works every time.

The Divine Purpose and Plan

It's not only thumb (in the Alhambra, and arpeggio, tremolo) that I now recognize as the melody, but also, that for the past forty or so years I have been practicing too slowly. My piece technical were out of the womb years ago. In fact, a couple of years after I started classical guitar lessons with Alberto Valdes Blaine, as I recall, I could easily play Alhambra, Leyenda, my flamencan pieces, and more. And in fact, I did perform them publically. No problem beyond the usual pre-performance anxiety. It's only when I decided I wanted to improve, which meant, I wanted to dispel, get rid of my pre-performance nervousness by improving my guitar playing, that I stopped being able to play these pieces. Mine was a self-induced paralysis. And it lasted over forty years.

But now I see, or at least am thinking, it was all part of the divine plan. I have to suffocate my performing talent in order to grow or rather gain self-confidence by going in other directions.

Thus, the divine purpose and plan was (through the excuse of not being a good enough guitar player) to somehow to re-engineer my performing talents by stuffing them back in the womb, to suffocate and delay them, hold them back, close the valve in order to grow in other directions.

And I did by developing my leadership and organizing skills and confidence in tours, folk dancing, and weekends. And all the while thinking that “some day I’ll get it right; some day I’ll be able to play guitar and give a confident concert.”

Well, those days are here.

What has changed?

Regarding performance anxiety: I love my anxiety, my pre-performance fear. I see it as necessary grand motivator, needed to energize and focus my mind.

Also, I now have more confidence. I know how to lead a tour, folk dance class, and more. I know how to write, too. I’m ready to revisit my past, straighten it out, do it better, come back stronger.

And, as for writing and my books, maybe some day they will be read and I will become famous. But since All-Is-One and time doesn’t matter, it may be posthumously. Or never. But it doesn’t matter. I will always be known, recognized, and famous on the astral plane. Plus what’s important is the inner personal development. And, since All-Is-One, this is always happening in all places. on all planes, in the here-and-now, forever.

Love My Anxiety: The Gift of Fear

Sunday, November 7, 2021

Yesterday day I ran “somewhat well.” It was the first time I’d run in over four months! How wonderful!

As the day progressed, I realized I was “afraid” to get back into running. But this time, I thought differently: that perhaps this fear (and even fear in general) was a good thing.

After my long absence from running, what’s new?

1. Seeing fear as a good thing.
2. I’m starting over – from scratch.

A. Caution and slow abide.

But I'm bringing lots of new attitudes to the table.

One biggie is: Seeing fear as a good thing.

Thus I name this New Leaf: Love My Anxiety. And this as I read a great book: The Gift of Fear by Gavin de Becker.

I'm ready for it. As I re-enter the world, I'm facing, accepting, loving, and using my fear and anxiety (a lesser form of fear) as a powerful, positive energy and motivation source to propel me into the tikkunm olam world.

This along with love.

If love and fear are the grand motivators, then Love My Fear, or Love my Anxiety are perfect titles for this New Leaf.

Guitar, Running, Folk Dancing

Things happen in speed that don't happen in slow.

Practicing fast is a totally different mode from practicing slow. As they use the twitch nerves and muscles of the body, both reveal aspects of the self.

I've practiced in slow mode for years. Time to add fast.

Fast is a new world. Get used to it.

Guitar: Alhambra, Tremolo:

Relaxed and beautiful thumb. Get used to it.

Take control of this deep relaxation.

Can one control caution and wonder?

Control, in this new way, does not involve ego. Rather it is a release of self into the flow. A "letting go," a dropping or melt down of self into the Blend, Melding, Melting, Grand Flow.

Thus, so-called "control" becomes (is) a release, a letting go.

"Control" (contra-roll comes from Latin: Against, opposed to the roll of the wheel) is perhaps not the right word.

"Guidance" may be better.

Love my Anxiety is part of Tikkun Olam. It is not a New Leaf.

Tuesday, November 9, 2021

Free Choice

The answer is simple: If I don't jump into it, dive into life (the activity at hand that represents life) completely, I get depressed.

Diving in avoids depression.

It also leads to elation!

Why choose to be unhappy, when I can, just as easily, choose to be happy? And beyond happy, choose the road to elation!

I've also answered the "Why bother?" question. I've been asking it subtly, quietly, relentlessly, in the background, all of my adult life. (AIO)

The division between the (L and D) planes has been healed, sealed, resolved. There is none.

So why not dive in and chose happiness?

Why not practice diving?

It's just more fun.

The Hatching of Newself

Corona and clotting smashed my old self image. Transition and change have been the mode of the past months.

Today I stand at the precipice of inner peace and wisdom.

But what happened to daring and wild? Have they been drained out of me?

I'm, not sure.

I'd like to bring daring and wild onto this precipice.

Inner peace, wisdom, daring and wild: A nice combination for my next life.

Wednesday, November 10, 2021

Continuing the Re-Entry Process

I woke up with the first headache I've had in years.

It means I am mad. Mad at what?

I've given up. What?

As a start: Daring and wildness.

Do I want to find it again?

Where an I find it? How is it expressed?

First: What have I given up? Concerts, videos, promoting and advertising, tours,

depth diving.

A new re-entry idea and goal suddenly emerged:

Start with folk dance sales:

Aim for twenty people Monday night.

1. Call dancers. Sell and promote

2. Use my books, concerts, readings as advertising and promotion. Give them away

free. All to promote Monday night folk dancing – as a start.

I need to sell and promote folk dancing.

I like to sell and promote folk dancing.

I love to sell and promote folk dancing.

My new goal and hope:

To resolve my (sixty-year) sales conflict.

Learn to love sales.

The Push-Engine Within

I need and like people.

Sales motivates me to connect to people. (It gives me a reason, an excuse, to exercise my (dormant) sales talent (and love?).

It pushes me out of the house. (External force). I want to find and love this force. I need to discover my internal love force, the push-engine within.

Actionable Love

During the months of Covid, I satisfied my monk side.

I'm ready to leave the monastery.

I've discovered new internal sources, namely Love. (Which now includes love of performance anxiety!)

With this new love force, I want to resolve my sales conflict, find the people and action love with, and move it out and onto sales. I'd start with folk dance sales.

Sales would become my first acts of actionable love.

Loving sales: What a major leap this would be.

Actionable love: It starts today – with people.

Family (Suzie), next plane, language, guitar, folk dancing.

Sales as its playful expression.

Note: My headaches continues. The baby is not out yet. Only the head of my new baby is peeking through. Still angry that I have to sell. I'm still in the old neighborhood (ON).

Stepping into the new neighborhood (NN)

In ON, I focused only on the voice of criticism, worry, and fear. I never focused on the voice of pride and love. (I wonder why.)

I'm getting ready to enter the new neighborhood. I'm taking my first steps. Strange, new, and different. Making progress, but not totally in it yet. Almost, but not quite. (When my headache disappears, which will be soon, I'll know I'm there.)

How will I know? Because once I step through the new neighborhood door, there is no return. Yes, I may visit the ON, but I can never go back, never take up residence as a full time member again.

Happily, I have been exiled from the ON.

Gladly and with hosannas, I enter my NN.

Freshness Starts in the Land of Failure

Note: Trading and book sales are losers, and, as such belong in the ON.

That's where losing serves its "useful" function and purpose. Namely, relaxing me, and keeping my hopes and dreams alive.

Yes, I need a place to lose, a place to fail! I need the Land of Failure. It's a place where I can experiment, try new things, dream, hope, fall on my face, humiliate myself with pleasures, make as many mistakes as I want, all with impunity, laughter, and love.

Yes, I love my old neighborhood as much as my new one.

I love my failures, along with my success.

I love the place where I can fail, again and again, and as much as I want or need to. As such, it is a totally healthy place, a health resort of the first order. (Low prices, too.) I just love it differently and for different reasons. But I love it just the same.

Freshness starts in the land of failure.

I can start failing today, even this morning in my folk dance class! Approach it with the dynamic, new and fresh Thomas Edison failure attitude. Wide open with wonder.

This should be lots of fun.

What about stock trading? No question I've been failing, losing money. And I'm good at it, too!

But I would love to win some as well. (To keep a healthy balance. Is such a balance healthy? Maybe.)

Thursday, November 11, 2021

The Video Life

Next steps to re-entry:

Guitar leadership.

Concerts could now be virtual – and videotaped.

1. No in-person audience means no pre-performance anxiety. fears. (Although, for extra energy, I may want some, may have to imagine and manufacture some. We'll see.)
2. No group energy. Is this a conflict? Or are Video Concerts just "different?"
3. Zoom comes to town, but my way.

4. No sales pressure. No need to book outside performances. (Although some, through no effort of my own, come my way.)

5. The “What do I really love?” approach. These videos must be done for my satisfaction (Self-improvement or whatever.)

6. Reading my fiction may become a part of this.

7. House concerts, living room shows. An “easy” way to perform and give concerts again.

8. Study the video (and photography) process. Improve my videoing, photography, and editing techniques.

9. Add folk dance videos. Bring camera and stand to every class. Make video camera an appendage, a part of my life. (Take a course?)

An End to Old Time Trading?

Will the above replace trading? Can it? Should it? No promises. We’ll see if it can be done? We’ll see what happens.

“Long-term trade:” Means I can leave them in, not watch them every hour or day. Use three stocks: RSP, Z, DWAC.

Reward my promise: (Put in 5 or even 10G) The “reward” is my vow, my “promise” to stick to the 3 stock stability.

Friday, November 12, 2021

Thank You Mr. Boredom for Lighting The Way

This morning there is nothing I have to do.

I really don’t have to play guitar, write, study, or even exercise. I don’t even have to teach folk dance teaching. But I know I want to do that.

The only thing I had to do was support myself and family; I had to make a living. But presently, with enough funds to retire, I no longer even have to do that.

So I ask again: What do I want to do?

I’m reading The Gift of Fear by Gavin de Becker. I want to read it. Beyond reading, I don’t know.

I’m starting over.

With nothing I am obligated to do, I end up with tons of free time. I could spend it sleeping or “resting.” But how long can I rest? Eventually, even after hours, days, or

weeks of rest, I'll stop being tired. Eventually, I'll want to wake up.

What then?

There are the negatives to living life with no "have to's". The main one is boredom. Knowing this, means that eventually I'll want to fill up my free time.

Acting out of mere boredom give me at least a survival level purpose. And I know I want to survive.

So even acting out of "lowly" boredom is a good thing.

So when boredom starts – which is almost now – and it ends – which may be in a few minutes – my next re-entry questions will be:

How to avoid boredom? How to fill up my time?

This question brings me back to miracle schedule. Next chapter is:

The Return of Miracle Schedule

As I re-enter. I'm in a new freedom place.

As I return to my Miracle Schedule, I'm free to focus more on the miracle than the schedule. Which means, of course, focus on the tikkun olam, All-Is-One, God connection.

This fills my life with the highest and mightiest of purpose.

Not bad, indeed.

Thank you Boredom for lighting the way.

Gestation

I'm not really resting or sleeping.

I'm gestating.

Monastery life has ended. My meditations, transitions, and new directions have succeeded and are taking hold.

New and different.

Gestation taking place. Thinking it through. The cells of my body are preparing to create a new body to fit my new mind set.

How will I now re-enter the world?

Rest, sleep, and time are hand-maidens of the gestation process.

There's no rushing. It takes as long as it takes.

Waking Up

What will wake me from my slumber?

Curiosity. (Note its' "curing" root.)

a. Sor Etude Number 12: How to play the legatos in the 5th line, measures 4 and 5 clearly.

How to sustain curiosity, and not let it bleed into only pleasing the audience.

Video

Interesting video: Instead of perfection, speed, and trying to wow the audience, a curiosity and exploration video: Me practicing guitar very slowly. Curiosity and exploration on display. (I would learn, too.) Truly, no one does it. Shows how to practice.

Going back to the slow, tiny seeds of Alhambra.

Or use the Big Thumb approach.

Start totally over. Curiosity and exploration on display.

So ends a New Leaf