

## Run Wild on Freedom Road

Thursday, December 16, 2021

### Moving into Dance and Performance

Yesterday I took videos of my Wednesday folk dance class, and my latest choreographies. First videos I've taken in almost two years, first since the advent of the corona virus disaster.

Strangely, after months of Covid attitude cleansing, I feel very different.

And now I know why.

I am moving into dance and performance.

How cool is that!

Cold chills, a mixture of disgust and enthusiasm, pass through my corpus. That's a good sign!

Cleansed and hopeful, my body aches, but in a new way.

Friday, December 17, 2021

The businessman's approach is to look outward, find a need, and fulfill it. The artist's approach is: Although I want and need to serve others, I cannot find my answers by looking outward. Finding what others need, then trying to fulfill it by serving them simply does not work for me. In fact, it turns me off, deadens my nerves, distracts my soul, makes me sick, and destroys any possibility of inner vision.

Evidently, I have therefore to look within to find answers. What the audience or public wants or needs is nice to know but simply beside the point. It doesn't help me find my vision.

### The Miracle of Transformation

Suddenly, my body full of aches and pains; I feel like I'm falling apart. And I am. This after two weeks of great body building, gym, and feeling fantastic.

Falling apart is so typical of mental changes.

When my mind changes, my body changes with it. As the old brain cells die, I experience feelings of pain and falling apart. This burning transformation continues as I flounder and fiddle, trying to find new directions, levels, and goals. Once I do, my disparate energies suddenly bind together and mobilize; then, just as suddenly, all my aches and pains disappear! Stunning and miraculous.

### The Joys of Stock Trading

When Covid started, I thought my folk dance and tour careers were over, and that I'd better find a new way of making a living. I also thought this is my chance to give trading stocks a complete and thorough try. See how good I could be at it since I could now devote all of my time to it. Maybe I could even make it my new profession!

So I spent almost the last two years trading stocks. The first year it was just first full time. The second year, as folk dance classes open up a bit, I cut back on the full time a bit.

During this almost two year "apprentice" period, I at first broke even, but eventually ended up losing money. Very discouraging. So discouraging in fact, that I decided to give it up. This giving up has often taken place in the past, especially, actually only, during losing periods. But I have always come back to it.

This time the same thing happens. I gave up trading for a few days, but now I'm back to it.

What are the results of this up-and-down, back-and-forth, zig-zag trading adventure so far?

Here they are:

Stock trading is not to make money, earn a living, or to become my new profession. Rather, trading stocks is my great entertainment, distraction, and hobby. In a strange way, its up- and-down excitement and distraction also relaxes me.

It has no purpose beyond that.

Saturday, December 18, 2021

### Embrace My Depressions

Rather than hide or deny depression, why not embrace it?

Yes, embrace your depressions!

Although it rarely brings joy, it often brings health.

Depression is the black hole where comfort and misery meet.

Strangely, I often climb in after a success.

Upon achieving a big goal, direction, purpose, and meaning dissolve, and my ego falls into the very uncomfortable abyss of Lost. Down, down, down, the descent feels endless.

The fall itself is the depression.

However, once I hit the soft, muddy soil of Bottom, I begin sucking on the disgusting creatures I find there, imbibing their bitter juices, gobbling up their fertilizing nutrients. Soon my belly is full. Then, nourished with new energy and ideas, I begin my next climb. Not bad. And once I start to climb, depression dissolves, dribbles away, and seems to disappear.

But depression never disappears.

Rather, it is transformed into ascension.

At the bottom of the feeding abyss, a new direction is born. The butterfly creates new wings.

### Excitement

Here's a great question: Are my present impediments and discouragements another type of excuse to avoid excitement? After all, this has been my psychological problem in the old neighborhood past. Am I bringing this old habit into my new neighborhood?

In other words, now that I've succeeded in conquering my old demons, am I creating new ones to take their place? Moving forward, do I still want or need demons to challenge me so I can overcome them?

I doubt it.

I'm leaning toward the idea it's just another excuse for me to hold back, restrain myself, limit freedom, not seize the moment, not dive into the here-and-now.

### Summation

I used to be afraid I'd have no money, afraid I couldn't play classical guitar, and thus afraid to fully perform. Through the Covid period, those fears have evaporated.

Could I live without fears?

Probably not.

So I've replaced them with new fears – of frailty and death.

Of course, they existed when I was younger. Only they were covered up by financial and performance fears. Now, here they are.

Whether old or new though, the constant is fear.

And, I do need realistic fears, yes.

Realistic fears, yes.

Unrealistic, anxiety fears, no.

Were financial and performing fears real? Partly.

Are frailty and death fears real? Partly.

Indeed, most fears are partly real. And due to monkey mind, they keep coming, appearing, never stopping as monkey mind jumps from one tree to another.

So where does that leave me?

Seems that only "diving in" stops monkey mind by focusing on the present. This alleviates fears by forgetting about them.

So once again the answer is: Dive in. Just do it! Turn off your mind and move!  
Just shut up and do it!

### The World of Faster

It's easier playing faster now because I'm beyond the dam. No walls are holding

me back; the waters are flowing freely.

Faster means looser, opening side, flowing, relaxed.

It loosens muscles, opens them up, lengthens the fibers, lets them flow.

If it's easier playing the guitar faster, I wonder if it's also easier folk dancing faster. Fast dances, after all, loosen up the muscles.

Perhaps I've been holding myself back all these years. When the dam opens, body, soul, and spirit are free to flow on Freedom Road.

Monday, December 20, 2021

Great Thumb Worlds

Alhambra and Leyenda

Alhambra: Let the thumb rock, rocket, and roll, and let loose. Limpid, lively, and liquid, it flows, sending first bass notes, then all notes, flying through the universe.

And of course, the Great Thumb World of Leyenda.

Grateful

Played "Soleares" and "Gavotte en Rondeau."

It's so easy now.

I've crossed the line.

Who and where am I?

Dizzy with confusion, and happiness as I enter my new home. Or is it the confusion of happiness?

Well, does it really matter?

There's no stopping the flow.

Grateful am I.

"Grateful" has vicerally and organically entered my vocabulary and journal.

Thank you for this blessing.

Thank outside sources? Grateful to them?

Or to myself? Or both?

This raises the old question: "What is the self?" Especially my self.

Real self is not my ego. Real is the All-Is-One Self.

No problem thanking and being grateful to All of them.

### No Credit

I don't want credit for any of this. The flow is too great.

I'd rather remain small, a lump of clay, anonymous and insignificant, ready to be molded for a higher purpose by a Higher Power. Better to merge and disappear into it. Who could I be without this Force? I'd not even exist.

So no credit for my victories. Nor do I want any. Best to be transformed by the Power, dropped into the illuminating grand flow.

### Exchange Program

I like this exchange: I give up my ego, merge, and disappear. In return I get a surge of flow, strength, competence, and power.

I can see a flow of gratefulness coming.

Tuesday, December 21, 2021

Once again, fantastic and beautiful guitar playing. I'm in a new land, a new place.

Can I bring my blessings to others? Can I, should I, must I share them?

Or is sharing automatic? Is sharing the very nature of a blessing? No effort from me is necessary. It automatically goes out to others because that is the nature of the blessing process. All is One. And higher vibrations, although they may come to visit

me, are, by their very nature, automatically shared and bestowed upon all.

I'm blessed to have them, and grateful to accept them.

But this new land of blessing and gratefulness is also quite uncomfortable. I'm not used to it.

I'm looking for a way to diminish myself, so I'll feel comfortable again. I'm trying to sneak into the old neighborhood again. But it won't work. Yes, I can make a brief visit, offer a quick hello. But there's no going backward. Heraclitus said, "No man ever steps in the same river twice, for it's not the same river and he's not the same man."

Wednesday, December 22, 2021

### Knowledge and/or Wisdom

What's the difference between knowledge and wisdom?

Knowledge (or smartness): The more you know, the more complicated it gets. Knowledge divides.

Wisdom: The wiser you are, the simpler it gets: All is One. Wisdom unites.

How will I play the guitar. Smartly or wisely?

I'd like to play it wisely.

I want to unite my audience. And with it, all the disparate parts of my monkey mind.

### Wide Open

With a clear slate, where would I go?

This is the next level of non-performance, which is an everywhere and always performance.

Comedy? Other? Nowhere?

Would I even bother pursuing a "performance?" Find a job, a venue, a place to perform, or an organization to perform for? Would I even bother?

Maybe I should, will make every day, with ordinary people, a performance, my

one-man forever Jim Gold Show.

Friday, December 24, 2021

Floating with the Dinosaurs  
in the (Tyrannosaurus) Tyrannobyte Universe

I am, or have been, practicing guitar for a concert that will never be.

How strange is that?

Maybe not so strange. After all, no compulsory concert or compulsions of any kind, may be the essence of the new neighborhood I'm entering.

The idea of composing music came up. It seemed like a good one but soon fizzled out. In fact, all my former ideas about wanting, needing direction and having a purpose keep fizzling out. I'm ending up with no goal, purpose, or direction. I'm simply floating in space, high above the abyss, wandering aimlessly here and there, light on purpose, causes, and goals. Light on everything.

Just floating along.

Not bad. But not good either. Just drifting over and above the Golden Mean, floating up the middle.

My left wrist hurts. Somehow I hurt it yesterday playing guitar, perhaps barring "Leyenda" without warming up enough. But perhaps not. I haven't injured myself playing guitar for years, and certainly not during the Covid period. So why now? Why suddenly does this minor impediment appear?

Is it a new challenge? An introduction to the new vibrational mode of the floating in freedom life as I drift over the abyss?

Pause on the Ladder

I've succeeded at something, gotten somewhere. My guitar goal has been reached, my purpose and direction fulfilled. I'm temporarily happy, but also lost.

I'm in a resting spot, pausing to look around, waiting at on a high rung of Jacob's



ladder. All is quite, peaceful, and still.

But long range, I'm really waiting until the next rung on the ladder is revealed. Once I see it, up I go. And the journey begins again.

Saturday, December 25, 2021

### Parables of Gustav

Gustav sat down to play his first piece: "The Magic of A Minor."

"Ah, to improve and compose on the vine," he sighed.

"You mean On the Di-vine," his schizophrenic incubator added, placing one toe in the Atlas Ocean, the other in the Celestial Sea.

Sunday, December 26, 2021

### No Calling

Why was I put on the earth?

To create art.

Is that a good thing?

Probably.

Is it a higher calling?

Probably.

What kind of art?

Perhaps it doesn't matter.

Any creating might be enough.

### Infinite Dissatisfaction and Eternal Motivation

#### The Path Goes On Forever

A combination of arrogance and fatigue makes me believe I've reached the end, succeeded, and stand on the highest rung.

Intellectually, I know this cannot be true. But physically and emotionally, I'm

exhausted. So I claim victory. That way I can take a break. After all, I've conquered "Alhambra." Now I'll take that much needed vacation.

Well, I may need a rest. But that doesn't mean I've reached the end.

There is no end.

Infinity and eternity are endless.

And that's where I am.

I just hesitate to admit it.

Breaks and stops along the way. But otherwise, no rest for the weary. Strangely, I like it that way!

The path goes on forever.

Yes, the body will die. It will be painful and disorienting. But there's no escaping the ladder. Climbing is forever on the terrestrial plane; and perhaps other planes as well.

So as an earth dweller, make the most of it.

Can I go deeper? Of course.

Could it be a goal? Of course.

Is there a depth beyond death? Probably.

But if there is, I seem to make any excuse to avoid it.

Nevertheless, I flourish best with a long term goal.

My present contentment and satisfaction are temporary resting places.

Time to move on.

Tuesday, December 28, 2021

The "Love It!" New Neighborhood

Terrible pain in my folk dance body after last night's folk dancing. I don't remember it every being that bad. And all this aching after I rested all day.

I almost gave up.

But what did I give up?

My old folk dance body died. Painful indeed, as I watched it step, or rather plop, into the casket.

But what comes after death?

Birth.

The birth of a new folk dance body.

It's strange, mysterious, and miraculous.

I'm playing the best guitar ever!

I'm dancing the best dancing ever!

My wife, and other dancers, say I look great. (How an that be when my body hurts and I feel so awful? But nevertheless, it is true. And I know it!)

What does all this mean

It means I'm meeting my next challenge, which is being born.

It means giving up my doubts and inner divisions, tossing all of that.

It means:

Enjoy, luxuriate, love!

Wednesday, December 29, 2021

### Limitless and Grandiose

One of Irvin Yalom's characters in "Lying on the Couch" observes that ". . . grandiosity need not be abandoned. It's the ego's natural way of staving off the limitations, the dreariness and despair of everyday life."

I like it.

So keep practicing guitar .. for that concert in the sky.

Can you unite the limitless with the limited?

Can you be in two worlds at once?

Yes.

In fact, you're supposed to be!

It's called remembering who you are. (Who You are.)

Friday, December 31, 2021

Trading Stocks, Gambling, Risk, and God

Stock trading is not my dharma. But can it still give me joy? Or at least pleasure?

In the trading game, are pleasure and joy legal for me? Are such lofty emotions allowed, permissible?

What do I like about trading?

1. Light gambling. Risk wakes me up!
2. Constant action
3. Constant mental alertness, movement, decisions.

What about tikkun olam? None. Except, of course, for my own pleasure. But while such gambling brings me illicit pleasure, can it bring me "legal" pleasure? Is that allowed?

Maybe, no doubt, my attitude toward gambling, risk, and even God, is the problem. Change my attitude, change my world.

And my attitude toward gambling is pretty negative.

Or is it?

It could also have something to do with judging "base emotions" like greed and fear instead of the loftier ones like Higher Forces, Beauty, and God.

Is there any connection between the useless, non world-healing activities of stock trading and the Higher Forces? Is there anything worthy and worthwhile in stock trading?

Sickness

I've had a terrible cold the past few days. I've stopped all physical activities. Luckily, all work is on vacation as well.

What is the purpose of getting sick?

Sickness is a cleansing.

When I am clean, clarified, the sickness will have served its purpose, and I will be cured.

So what am I cleaning out?

Old attitudes.

Which ones?

My "Alhambra" attitude! And with it all of my classical guitar playing attitudes.

When my new attitude is firmly in place, I will get better.

What will my new attitude be?

I'll play a confident and powerful Alhambra.

But even more than that, I'll give a confident and powerful "Alhambra" performance!

So, until I can play the "Alhambra" before others, prove my power and confidence, using others as my witness, I will stay clogged up, unclear, unclean, and sick.

Talk about terror! The idea of actually performing the Alhambra before others absolutely terrifies me!

That's why I got sick; and that's why I remain sick.

But the terror is a ghost I have invented.

Nevertheless, I have to jump through the haunting, the mist, the cloud over the abyss.

To leave the power of who I am and what I can do in the hands of others! What terror! And what stupidity! Yes, to let others judge me? What stupidity, indeed. Indeed, what the fuck is the matter with me? Where the fuck did my judgement and courage go? Am I totally crazy? To leave who and what I am totally in the applause and clapping hands of others? This is madness. Off my rocker. Best to send this rocker cascading down into the abyss.

Why did I invent the ghost in the first place? Not to bow to the judgement of others, but to free myself from the judgement of others!

Maybe I've been misinterpreting this ghost.

Maybe he/she means something else.

What is lying in the abyss under the mist, cloud, and veil that the ghost of He/She has created?

Could it simply be self-confidence and power?

I can't wait for an audience to crown me king. I can't put that decision in their hands.

I have to crown myself king. (And this with the help of God, whoever and whatever he/she may be.)

Is that hubris?

Maybe it is. But I could use some grandiosity and oversized, overabundant dreams here.

And with mischievous, playful, malevolent help of Hermes, maybe I can succeed.

Can I use a polytheistic god in my climb out of the gutter? What will HaShem say? Maybe nothing. Maybe He agrees. His wife Martha says, Use whatever works.

### Hermes is the Exit Door

Hermes is the exit door out of the old neighborhood and into the new one.

Recognize and make peace with the new neighborhood attitude; then health and freedom will come.

Tie classical guitar playing to stock trading/playing.

So ends a New Leaf.