

## Iceland and Beyond

Saturday, August 2, 2003

### Let Fascination Win

This terrible fatigue, rumbling in my stomach, legs hardly able to move, even a vague dizziness, a feeling of heavy resistance. . . could be panic!

I feel overwhelmed by everything I'm doing, seeing, trying to absorb. Plus learning three languages and visiting three countries. Yes, it is panic. And this even though I love and am fascinated by it all.

Fear and fascination juxtaposed, struggling with one another. I think I'll let fascination win.

Realizing this, I broke down crying over the beauty of what I am doing. Imagine, I am now sitting in Stockholm, the original home of the Vandals!

Monday, August 4, 2003

### The Next Wild Step:

The Little Troll Within or Finding the Troll Within

Could wildness return?

How about in writing. . . or my exercises?

Could I "wild" a bit further?

Notice, I do not say "push." There is a difference between "push" and "wild."

What is it?

"Push" tries to improve. Part of it still tries to please the public world.

"Wild" tries to plug into the inner wild man who is crazy and, yes, divine. I need to be in touch with divinity. But I need a new, post-transitional term for it.

Can wildness return – in writing, exercises, and yes, even the rest of my miracle schedule? (I may even need a new term for "miracle schedule.")

Is that what this Scandinavian tour is all about – the rediscovery, on the next level, and return to wildness?

Well, the best way to return is to start today. Now.

Presently, I have writing, exercises, and study. All are members of the miracle schedule. Notice I have combined running and calliyoga into the term “exercise.” I don’t like that word. Maybe I can find a better one. But the development, the idea of combining them is good. It is another step towards unification and All-Is-One.

How does one, do I, write wild, exercise wild, study wild?

### Wild Word for Divinity

I can begin by ever remembering the little troll within.

What is a troll? Could such a mythological figure become my next wild word for divinity?

Could the search for wildness, the wild man within, open up my own personal study and connection to mythology?

Study mythology. . . start with Nordic mythology. Fairy tales and fables. Personal mythology expanded and going wild. I am searching for a new term for the wild man within.

One thing about the troll within: it is wild and scary; it lives and thrives in darkness. It retains its power in caves but turns to stone whenever sun light shines upon it. Just as light kills darkness, so it may turn my inner troll to stone. Evidently, great powers dwell within the kabbalistic darkness of fear, dread, and panic. These represent the black side of challenges living in caves or at the bottom of the wild abyss. The inner troll can ride my wildness into a fiery hell of laughing challenge.

What is the troll philosophy? Turn your living hell into a laughing challenge! Let your dark abyss feed a bottomless adventure!

Thursday, August 7, 2003

Bring Back the Miracle

Quite empty and down this a.m. Diminishment, through loss, of my stock market dream is the reason.

Where will I get my thrills if not from the market? Where will I get my more? Is there any replacement for such a drug?

Once it was the violin.

Then writing. . . and performance glory. . . or fame and immortality. As they disappeared the market became my last hope. Now that is gone.

My more, more, more, hope, creativity, and the more: Where will it come from? Is this the first stage of my graduation?

I've read all the philosophies, too. Which one can save me? None that I haven't studied and used already.

Creativity has always been a kicker. How about that? Well, it's true. There's nothing left but creativity. But the creativity I know and knew now feels old, used up, and worn out.

I need and want my drug high. Yet, simultaneously, believe it or not, part of me is happy about this death of my stock market dream. Part of me feels it will somehow lead to greater freedom.

Where can I turn for my thrills? Icelandic or horse mythology? Wouldn't that really knock me off the deep end?

Performance and Performing

By "showing off" I inspire others. (If he can do it, so can I.)

If this is so, then how can I "show off?" Guitar, song, yoga, dance, writing, etc.

Did I "help" Myra by doing yoga at the pool in front of her? Or did I make her jealous and envious? Maybe a bit of both.

What then is best for me? To display myself before others and let the chips fall

where they may.

(It turns out by doing yoga in front of Myra I inspired her to start yoga classes in the fall.)

Thus I should return to performing— and inspire others through my daring to display my talents, laugh at my foibles, and basically, stand my ground.

(These “thrills” might even replace (or at least stand side by side with) the stock market.

Performing and selling my books are part of the same displaying myself and getting myself out there.

### Money!

Up or down—the stock market takes (took up) too much of my time and effort. Plus, I hardly make any money at it. In fact, up to now I’ve mostly lost. If I do make money, I usually put it back into the market where. . . up to now, I lose it again.

So ultimately, I “waste my time” in the market. Yet, deep down, still resides the old hope: If I have money I’ll be secure and safe. . . and then I can “safely” be and become an artist! This old hope, and means of achieving it through Mother Market, never seems to die.

But I’m getting closer.

1. I realize I cannot. . . and should not. . . give up the market. But I can cut back so that it does not occupy so much of my mental and physical time and space. And, I can use that free mental time I space to become an artist!

But I have discovered over the past few years that I am already an artist! This has been enhanced with post-transformational confidence. Now I am ready. The only thing “stopping me” is my stock market hope.

That hope is, thankfully, fading.

I will have to, and I want to, make money with and in my arts. I will have to, and I want to, make money as an artist. My art skills will lead the way.

And, the funny thing is, I know I can make money as an artist! I have the full belief and confidence. I also know I can make more money as an artist than in the stock market.

(Unless I become an artist of the stock market. Is this a possibility or rationalization? Good question.)

Next question: What do I mean by an artist? What skills and talents will I, and can I, use to make money?

I have:

1. Artistic sales skills: I am an artist on the phone and with people.
2. I also have and sell artistic products. All the products Jim Gold International sells are artistic products. These consist of tours, weekends, folk dance classes, guitar and song concerts, booking, and my books. Promoting and selling these could be, can be, and are an incredible way of making money! By putting all of my efforts into selling and promoting what I already do and have done, I can make mucho money. It would dwarf any stock market earnings

### Adjustments

Could I have made a mistake? Four-words a day sounds good. But is it? Can I do it? Is it really my way?

Or is the real meaning of this commitment to study language every day, say, a half-hour or an hour or so in the morning. Part of this study is learning the words, the "four-words-a-day."

But study is open and fluid. A fixed goal may be too tight, rigid, and fixed. . . and will thus die on the vine.

I have returned to America. Some adjustments will (no doubt) have to be made on my Icelandic ideas.

### Stock Market

### The Heroism and Glory in Fulfilling Commitments

What do I have going for me?

The heroism and glory that I fulfilled my commitments both the myself and others.

1. Commitments to myself: Following the dictates of my miracle schedule. Specifically, on a physical level this now includes the daily doing of my four-part exercise program (for at least six-weeks to two months.) The program's order is:

- a. Warm-ups: callisthenics and salutations, etc.
- b. Singing
- c. Running
- d. Yoga stretches and "warm-downs" including shoulder stand, head stands, leg stretches etc.

Commitments to others:

- a. Going through with my tours, etc.....

I set myself a challenge on a daily basis. If I fulfill my commitments, what is my reward at the end of the day? What can I say?

I can say: "Yes! I did it!"

I become my own hero. Then I can revel in the glory!

### The "Stop Here!" Point

At this point, does practicing Alhambra, arpeggios, etc. create diminishing returns? In other words, have I perfected these areas as much as I can? Have I really gone as far as I can go? At this point, if I keep pushing, trying, tinkering with the system, will I start going backwards instead of forwards?

Is there a certain point where you've "got it," a point where it is best to stop, to say, This is the pinnacle I can reach? At this point, would not wisdom dictate that the thing to do is realize you have been realized. . . and stop? Stop there?

Is there a point where you have to "Stop there?" Isn't this the point where one

must move into other fields in order to grow, change, and develop. Is there a time where one must accept success, even “total success” . . . leave it alone, and get ready to move on.

Have I reached this point in guitar playing, in Alhambra, Villa-Lobos Prelude Number 4, Leyenda, five-finger tremolo, and etc., where it is never going to get any better? Or am I simply giving up?

I'd like to experiment with the original idea of reaching the “stop here!” point, a spot, a place, I have never been to or even considered.

### Making Money to Impress, Please, and Make Her Happy

How much of my stock market interest is so that I can make money to impress my wife and make her happy?

Why do I want to make money in the first place? How much of it do I need? How much of it is merely to make her happy? Ironically, making money in the stock market only seems to worry her and make her unhappy.

At this point, if I were out of the market, she would be thrilled.

Before I got married, I needed (and wanted) very little money. I wanted mostly fame, recognition, and immortality; money was obviously necessary. . . but very secondary. When I got married, everything changed. And I've been on a frenzied make- money trip ever since. But most of it may have been to please and impress my wife!

How about pleasing and impressing myself? Well, that was the become-an-artist part.

Becoming an artist was to please myself. Making (most of my) money was to please my wife. Oh sure, I have to support myself. But I could always do that in a minimal fashion. I've always supported myself, gotten along.

Dealing with this new recognition of the role of money will take me months to deal with. But it is a stunning revelation, a wow thought.

I also have to ask: Is this money idea something she actually wanted? Or is it something I wanted?

Maybe it may belong to the financial trauma of marriage. A residue, a left over, a post-transitional recognition.

Perhaps it is time to take another look at money, my relationship to it, and my desire to be an artist.

Would this revelation diminish the importance of the stock market?

Truth is, I don't need the stock market in order to make money. Although it is a fun, even challenging game, I can make more by promoting my own businesses.

So why do I need the stock market?

Do I need it?

Sure it's "fun" to play it, but do I really need it? And to play it with such fervor and intensity?

Suppose the answer is "no." What a let down. But it could be true, nevertheless.

Without the hope of her potentially cheering for me and my victories in the market, will I still maintain the same interest? "Doing it alone" may take a lot of the fun out.

Without the woman, the girl, and the hope of getting and pleasing the girl, will I lose interest?

Could I earn an extra \$40,000 this year in my business? Good question.

The answer is: Why not?

How? Through tours and bookings, of course. With some folk dancing on the side for "daily expenses." Also the folk dance base does feed the tours. . . and a few bookings, too. Nevertheless, my main emphasis must be on tours and bookings.



This means advertising, mailings, and mucho sales calls. WE know I am good at this stuff. Now it a matter of doing it.

We can keep the stock market interest “bouncing on the side.” Most of my learning in it has been done. The “art of stop-loss” is the main learning. I can do the market on a smaller and less mental time, space, and effort basis.

This is a new year, a post-transformational “Icelandic” year: I must spend it totally promoting and pushing my tour and booking businesses.

Sunday, August 31, 2003

### Work and Vacation

I love work, and I love to work. Without it, I fall into a funk; my inner self becomes lost, energyless, discouraged, and slowly then rapidly frizzles away.

Thus, I need work at all times. . . even on “vacation.” For me there really is no such thing as a vacation in the traditional sense of the word. I hate the idea of stopping work; I hate the vacuum and emptiness that the so-called traditional idea of “vacation” creates. Getting away from it all? Who wants to get away from something I love, namely, the work I love to do?

Not I, indeed. Change yes, vacation, no. That’s my motto.

So, in the light of these “love of work” ideas, what should I do and how should I think about this trip to Canada, this so-called “vacation?”

First, do not think of it as a vacation. As of today, totally give up all noxious ideas of vacation, cutting back, getting away, etc. These notions are terrible for my brain. The best I can do is think of the upcoming trip to Canada as a “working vacation.”

What is a working vacation? It boils down to simply working in another location. I’ve built my life around having my own personal vacation twenty-four hours a day. Canada will be no different.

What work shall I bring to Canada?

All work: Writing (my computer), running and yoga, of course. Language study: French (and Greek).

New career work books. New career? Now there's a new one. Stock market books.

I am redefining work and vacation.

For me, work and vacation are synonymous. Thus when I run I am going to work; when I do yoga I am going to work.

Running and yoga are part of my work.

Studying languages, or anything else, is part of my work.

Playing guitar and singing are part of my work.

Sales calls, running tours, writing and sending out ads are all part of my work.

All my work blends together into one great Work. And that Work is called vacation. Or better, Vacation. Capital letters say it all.

Monday, September 1, 2003

I can't stand lack of structure. But I also hate it when others try to impose their structure upon me.

Best is for me to impose my own structure upon myself.

I ran beautifully yesterday. An hour and a half, much of it in fast mode. I also added a phenomenal meditation: I turned each physical pain in my body into a miniature stimulus packet. Instead of mentally avoiding pains, denying them, trying to get past them, I looked directly into their face, saw them as hidden, kabbalistic energy packages, stimulants delivered to me in the form of pain. Slowly, mentally, by visualizing the thinking of them thusly, they did indeed not only go away, disappear, but did indeed turn into stimulants! What a wonderful way to view pain!

Also by seeing running as part of my work, I turned it into a job, my job, my calling. It rose in importance and slowly became part of All-Is-One.

This is such an important idea for me. It may, indeed, be part of the post-

Icelandic, post-transformational life. My miracle schedule activities are no longer separate from so-called outside life. They now belong to All Is One. Miracle schedule vacation time has turned into work time. . . and vice versa.

Now to start applying the work idea to study. Begin today. . . with French. . . and guitar.

Bodily (and perhaps also mental) pains are caused by energy shifts. When too much energy gets locked up in one area, it causes pain by creating a “blocked,” pain-filled, energy packet. The pain dissolves and disappears when the blockage is released. Then energy, once again, flows regularly and evenly through and throughout the body.

#### New Views of Pain

A pain appears under my left knee cap during the slow squat. Reinterpret the pain as a hidden center of energy, an energy packet located now under my knee cap.

Focus on this pain center as an energy packet. See how the pain slowly dissolves. Soon it actually does turn into energy. As it does, the pain (or my “interpretation” of it as pain) disappears.

Thursday, September 4, 2003

The history of nasalization in the French language: Now there’s an unknown (to me) story.

The history of phonetics is the history of the mouth and its uses as a linguistic instrument.

I read in the morning until my sense of wonder is awakened.

#### Visceral Linguistics?

I'm trying to memorize the French word "blafard" (pale, wan, livid). I realize as I search for synonyms, memory devices, etc. part of me is saying: Why bother? Why make the effort? After all, how important is learning an insignificant word like this? In fact, how important is learning French or any foreign language for that matter? Truly, I can "get along" without it. I can function and survive without French. Maybe my life will be "richer" with it, but truly, bottom line, who needs it?

If part of me is thinking these killer, deadening thoughts then no wonder it is difficult for me to memorize words, learn foreign languages, and, in general, make a total effort, give it my all.

Why should I bother?

Well, what's the answer? I still don't have one. But until I get it I will always study languages "half-way" and half-assed. I don't like to study that way; I don't like to be divided. But I will remain that way until I can heal my internal linguistic "Why bother?" division.

I don't feel a visceral need to learn languages. The effort is not like music or the arts, or even the study of money. Or is it? Perhaps it is quite visceral, only I don't see it yet.

### Thoughts on a Good Stock Market Week

Most of my buys are through limit orders put in at the end of the day. (Hoping for a dip in the overnight trading.) But not all. Sometimes I buy when I see one of my listed stocks is down; sometimes, though rarely, I buy when I see it moving up (buying on momentum.)

I seem to be getting a "sense" of the market; and particularly of the five to ten stocks I work with. I'm beginning to develop an instinct, timing, and "feel." Again, I hope this is right.

I'm generally much more cautious. . . and calm.

Am I getting better? I hope so. And why not?

But I do not want to push this “getting better” idea. I want whatever pride and confidence I am developing in the market, to be based on my new found caution; and the deep, pain-learned realization that I can lose money awfully fast. Remember my fear, nay, my terror! Remember my trembling and pit of the stomach nausea! It is ever alive and well and lurking in the background ready to pounce. No more pie-in-the-sky, quick riches schemes or ideas for me.

The stock market is a daily adventure. It is ever changing; moment to moment, day to day, it is always different. Although I may develop a feel for it, I can never truly know it. A sudden fall or rise, a momentary panic or elation, like running a tour or giving a concert, the opposites on the emotional and outer-reality spectrum are ever possible and present. The element of the unknown is ever present.

My twin dangers and illusions are hubris and discouragement. When things are going well, I must watch out for hubris; when things are going badly, I must watch out for discouragement.

### On Healing

In the long run, even the short run, does diving into pain, focusing on it, and using it as an energy packet, make the pain worse, better, or have no effect at all?

Some answers:

1. In the short run, it “seems to” make it better. (Is “seems to” real? If yes, or even no, doesn’t this raise the question of what is reality?)

Also “seems to” may be hesitant way of saying yes, a way of avoiding the power and strength of a yes!

But suppose it is a yes! That means I’m on the right track, I’m able to cure myself, to heal myself through my own energy packet imagery. This is indeed an amazing discovery, an amazing power and strength.

Maybe one of the reasons you have more pains as you get older is to make you

aware of this energy source – your personal energy packets which are, in essence, personalized message centers from the higher power.

The apparent disparities of life move towards spiritual oneness. Spiritual evolution, maturity, and expansion means a growing awareness of this higher power residing, in its varied forms, within yourself.

Energy packets, often delivered in their disguised form of pain, or individualized illusion, are really celestial messenger notes, personalized letters delivered by the Higher Power Delivery Service.

Friday, September 12, 2003

#### Learn Something

Somewhat down and out this morning. We're flying out of Montreal today and leaving Canada.

I'm also somewhat disgusted with the market. Don't understand what's happening with the currency and my stop losses. They seem to immediately turn into sells. What am I doing wrong? What's going on here? Yes, I'm totally disgusted this morning. Because of these market "mistakes" (whatever they are) I "accidentally" sold out of my positions and lost about a grand and a half.

That's probably the real reason I'm down this morning: total disgust. . . and I'm somewhat sick from my loss! (Of course, the market could have moved the other way and I would have been accidentally saved.) But basically, I just hate the loss of control and not knowing what I'm doing.

What can I do about it? Learn something. Find out what I was doing wrong.

Call Fidelity. Ask about currency in Canada, and how to put in a stop loss through the traditional Fidelity screen (not Active Trader Pro).

Tuesday, September 16, 2003

#### Making the Adjustment

I feel this terrible down, sock in the stomach, depression upon re-entry. And this, even though I am in good, nay excellent mental shape and I can think of absolutely nothing I have to be depressed about.

Could one cause of this down be that I am, for the first time, in good mental shape? It would be a “typical” explanation for my downs: Why am I down? Because I am up. Why am I depressed? Because I am elated. Why do I feel squeezed and pushed into a corner? Because I feel so free.

Positives are hitting me on the head, creating negativity; they are forcing me to kneel and eat dirt.

Well, part of me likes the taste of dirt. It feeds and nourishes the roots of my tree. But it’s also part of an old illusion.

Yes, I have returned. Perhaps the first step is getting used to this newest of new neighborhoods. I have yet to make the adjustment. . . . But I’m working at it.

### Trying to Accept, Learn About, Incorporate, and Adjust to Post-Transitional Life

Maybe I am down and feeling slightly “angry” because the old feelings: the old neighborhood, September-school-return, worries, fears, will-I-make-it, etc. feelings, are really gone. I have lost them. They have vanished, along with my pre-transitional self.

The so-called “anger” and slight headache I felt may well be because part of me “misses” this old self. At least I knew what it was, was “uncomfortably comfortable” living in and with it.

Now I have returned in post-transitional mode. Part of me, perhaps most of me, feels completely, or at least somewhat lost.

Who am I? How should and does this new me react to these familiar September-return situations?

### New Freedom in Left Hand Guitar Fingerings

New freedom in left hand guitar fingerings: crossing of index (i finger) and middle (m finger) does not matter.

As seen and demonstrated in Matachin by the eighteenth century Spanish composer, Gaspar Sanz, edited by Emilio Pujol (my fingerings added) and in Six Lute Pieces of the Renaissance transcribed from the Lute tablature by Oscar Chilesotti (1848-1916) and edited by Albert Valdes Blain (also my fingerings added).

This should all lead to a new freedom in my own performing.

Friday, September 19, 2003

### The Future and the Stock Market

In world events, I feel it deeply: the tide is turning.

Which way will the stock market go? At the moment, I can only see it going up! Naturally, there will be dips of profit taking. But it's general direction is up. Where else can it go? Down has already been done.

But it will climb on a "wall of worry." That is good. As long as there is worry, there are buyers left.

My only question is: Is the worrying about to end? If it is, I'd better start selling short fast. But I don't think it has ended yet. Not even close. There is at least a year of worrying left.

How can I say such things? How can I be so "definite" in my views of the future? I don't know. I just "feel and sense" it.

### On the Quality and Meaning of the Right Hand Guitar Fingers

What is the difference in quality and meaning of the right hand guitar fingers? Should I use ring (a) or middle (m) finger on the note D of the second section, eighth measure of Andante, the first of the Six Lute Pieces of the Renaissance?

At the moment, I can't decide. I lean towards m because it has (can create) a sweeter tone; but I also like the naily sharper quality of the a finger.



Does it matter?

Yes!

Knowing which finger to use will make me more definite, certain, and sure in my playing. In other words, it will free me to play with more confidence!

A definite fingering is very important. I just can't decide yet which one to use. But eventually I must decide. Each note definitely belongs to a specific finger. There is a best choice. I just don't know what it is yet.

### The Role of Pain

Pain is an important character in my life. She visited my body in various forms during the past two weeks.

I was right about the pains in my body. They are really mental constructs used to block my entrance into the post-transitional life. "Block" may not be quite the right word. Perhaps "ease" is better. They slowed me down, "eased" me past the gates and into the city. Even though the pain type of "ease" hurts, it is nevertheless, an easing. It forces you to enter slowly, thus perhaps preventing too much speed before you are ready and adjusted, and, in a sense, even "protecting" you from moving too fast before you are ready.

This view sees pain as a strangely self-protective device. You're not ready to move fast, to go fast. . . yet. Pain, the mental pain created and projected into your body, helps protect you by slowing you down.

The truth about pain is: it goes away. . . when you are ready.

### Meditative Wisdom?

Maybe this so-called "sad deadness" I feel is really the meditative calm of wisdom. Indeed, it is a new feeling. It does not seem altogether bad. Only different.

I am very calm at my center. The world is swirling around me; all my old

activities are, visibly and from the outside, swirling around me. But at my center, I am calm.

Am I at the doorway of meditative wisdom? Have I indeed, passed through that doorway?

Is that what the upcoming year, the New Leaf, new life, and the new direction (really a directionless direction) is all about?

### An Hour a Day

An hour a day spent on anything is a lot. Especially if you do an hour a day for many day, months, and years. It adds up to a considerable skill.

Also, all I seem able to do is a hour a day. (And this not even on every day.) An hour a day is usually my limit (although some days there are more, some less, some none at all: the days of rest).

What I may be trying to say is that I can "fit in" some new studies and directions; indeed, I may be able to do, "fit in" lesson, practices, or both in computer, languages, gaida, and even accordion.

We'll see where these thoughts lead.

And there's always the idea that one skill helps, enhances, and feeds the other.

Wednesday, September 24, 2003

### Cosmic Sadness and the Creative Call

The cosmic sadness is the creative call.

It tells me I am not paying attention.

In the world of creativity nothing ever "goes well." Creativity is gutsy, heart-breaking, dynamic, wild, disorderly. It is full of storms and unruly passion. It is the call of the wild sounded from deep within the heart.

Give up ideas of order, calm, and even happiness. These pills of mildness can never quiet the inner cauldrons; they cannot stop the internal eruptions of volcanic

creativity. Nor should they. Staying in touch with the demonic power of the unruly mountain god, bursting through the “calm” crust of personal civilization, the soft-iron mask of habits, customs, schedules, and routines.

The steam-roller juggernaut marches out of the inner cauldron; wild fires and molten lava stream down from the mountain crater. There is no stopping the burst-through maniacal marching-mouth of Creativity.

The morning sadness I feel is the cry of Life bursting through my stagnant head. Thank God for the passion-reminding, life-giving, cosmic-enhancing sadness. Without it, I would be a dead-head, crushed-hearted, undulating corpse.

Thursday, September 25, 2003

### Defeats Create Resolve!

#### Two Defeats in a Row

Defeats create resolve.

The down in the stock market could (should, would. . . nay, will!) strengthen my resolve to get better at it.

I should have put an early stop on AMD; but more important, because of my past month’s successes, I was slowly forgetting how quickly I could lose.

Could forgetting my God connection with its subsequent cosmic depression be considered a defeat? Why not consider it to be?

If I do, then forgetting it would strengthen my resolve to remember. And remembering this, the Biggest Thing, would indeed be Good.

### A New Computer Program Ease

The most amazing thing to me is the ease with which I am moving about these five new computer programs. All the computer and web design lessons I had last year must have developed within in me, a skill, an ease in finding my way on and the computer. And this after I gave it a rest during the long gestation period from March

to September.

It must be part of a general post-transformational ease.

### Going Nowhere in Depth

I've reached the point where there are no more brand new paths for me. New paths, yes, but brand-new, no.

Maybe my new path will be to retrace old ones: reread old books, reexamine, replay, and redo the old ways, styles, methods, and schedules I have been following. Do them in depth.

Many years ago I reached this exploration in depth point in guitar playing. Then I started doing it on my miracle schedule. By adding business and the stock market—I call them “material miracles,” since they belong to the material world—I've completed the long first leg of my journey; I've traced out the path, delineated the boundaries of my road.

There is now nothing brand new under my sun.

But there will nevertheless be mucho new.

I'll find it in the old. I'll reread my bibles and find new truths. . . and perhaps deepen my views and understanding of old truths.

Where I am going? Since I am there already, where is there to go? The answer is: Nowhere.

This is, indeed, not a bad state to be in. Besides, whether I like it or not, that is where I am.

I'm playing all the old guitar pieces, singing all the old songs, teaching all the old folk dances. Now I'm getting ready to reread all the old books.

True, I'm learning brand new computer programs and brand new words in foreign languages. So indeed, there is a place for brand new in my life.

Yes, as I look for new paths on old roads, I also realize there will be a place for

the brilliance of brand-new as well: uplifting and illuminating moments of eye opening awe and wonder.

I will be looking at the old roads with a new eye. Passion, calm, wisdom, new visions will all coalesce.

I'm getting ready to step into my next leaf, to take my next step on the road, to slip out of my post-transformational skin. It has served its purpose. But now it is used up, ready to fall away.

I'll call the New Leaf: Now What?

I'll can call it the "Re Life."

I'll begin it with Rereading.

And I can begin the Rereading life by rereading and restudying the books on the stock market!