

Metaphysical thoughts from bathtub

Intro

Coffee-bean candle, little shot of grappa, piccolo espresso, pipe in the hot bath. Doesn't sound like ideal setting for meditation. For me, however, a perfect relaxation.

Came back from festival in Denmark and started catching up with all the work I left behind. Dozens of e-mails, meeting people I was supposed to meet long ago, phone calls, composing, practicing the violin, writing articles and working hard on reconstruction of my new studio. A huge brick of 5kg dropped on my backhand from height of 65cm and that was when I realized I need a little break.

**Everything gets better if you only let it to.
Videlicet - You don't have to suffer if you don't want to.**

I had a little accident in Denmark where I hurt my right hand little finger. It's been two weeks now and it still hurts. Luckily, I can play with that. When the brick dropped on my hand few days ago, I thought all the little bones were broken. Terrible pain! But after few seconds of pain, I simply said to myself NO! I'm not going to let myself get crippled like this. Clapsed my hand in firm fist, 3 seconds later the pain was gone. All that remains is but a scar hard to see. You don't have to suffer if you really don't want to. That's what I realized that moment.

Coffee-beans the candle consist of start to burn and I start thinking. Yes, I do thing sometimes. Looking in the flames reminds me of the happiest times in my life, when me and my father were sitting by the fireplace in El Paso - a huge, yet absolutely cosy log cabin my father had bilt with his own hands. My father was my best friend. Though he passed away four years ago, I still talk to him every day. And he does replay, giving me answers and advices.

Behind the scenes. What have you put in that coffe?

I enjoy looking at life as if I was watching a movie.

An example of boring situation:

serious meeting of group of people trying to sort out every day's schedule of festival. Artists, organisers, researchers all in one room, every morning during the festival. I'll do that, you'll do this, he'll manage that, etc. Everyone's serious, focussed. In the corner, one of them is holding cup of coffe. We all know he does enjoy coffe very much, he had said that before. But no one see what he's doing now. His cup is half empty and guy is shaking his hand like crazy. I'm loosing my focus on conversation and can't take my eyes off him. I ask my friend who made the coffe: "what the hell have you put in that coffe?" My friend looks at the guy with coffe and laughters. "Come on, let's give him another one!" I say. No one else noticed this comic situation. Later on, the guy told me he was actually just melting lump of suger...

Can we eat now?

Another example of watching a wrong movie:

Final reception. Artists and organizers meet locals and every one who helped during the festival. It's an evening after another hectic day. Last supper. Plates distributed on the tables, everyone hungry like a dog but before we eat, a nice speech has to be presented, thanks to be addressed, hands to be clapped. So we put the cutlery aside and listen. So much for initial titles and my movie can start.

Slowly, as if by accident, one of the listeners drops his cutlery in the plate and, as if by accident, piece of beef got stuck on his fork. All right, once it's there, why not to eat it. But slowly, silently, carefully! Oops, misbehaved potato leapt into nothing expecting mouth of another listener. My imaginary camera's rolling and I'm losing contact with the parade again. One by one gradually start jingle with their forks and knives and in few minutes speaker can't be heard over gormandizing crowd.

"Thank you for everything!" Clap, clap, clap.

Don't you smoke that sh.. anymore!

On the way back home from Mandoe, somewhere in Germany, I was driving our van. Roughly 3 o'clock in the morning. Everyone in the car asleep. Highway's lines shrunk for the road construction. Surprisingly, no car around. Neither behind me nor in the opposite way. And there, just behind the bridge, I see the car with all four indicators on. I'm doing hardly 80Km/h and slowing down. A man in long white cloak walks along the car. I'm slowing down even more to pass him carefully, to see whether he needs some assistance and then, a trick of the brain, there is no car, no man around... He was there a second ago and now he's gone with no sign of the car either. I had to make stop on the very next parking. What the hell was that? One of the passengers in my van was beautiful young girl. She commented with no emotion: "don't you smoke that sh.. anymore!"