Now It’s a Party

Lots to say this week, but no time to get it down on whatever it is that passes for paper these days.

I blame that lovely beast pictured above.

I have been unable to play since October. Because reasons:

Two weeks ago I had a witch doctor inject a load of Lance Armstrong-ish stuff in my wrist. And lo and behold, the brace is gone and I can play guitar again.

I should qualify that. I can pick up, hold, and coax some noise out of a guitar. After five months of not playing, it sounds like shit. Just terrible. Damn, it makes me happy.

Naturally, the return to “playing” the guitar spurs all kinds of thoughts about what it means, about the significance of a 46 year, 6 month, and 21 day<fn>My first guitar lesson was on Sept 9, 1969.</fn> love affair with this *thing.* And as I was scraping and buzzing notes left and right, I thought of all

kinds of deep observations and critical theories about art and aesthetics and how the pursuit of same can lead us into preposterous excess and obsession. Also, too, there arose a flood of jocular *bon mots* guaranteed to elicit chuckles and knowing nods of recognition.

But I couldn’t be bothered to write any of it down. There was a guitar to tickle, don’t you see.

Perhaps next week. In the meantime, here’s some minimal evidence of what I used to be as a musician.

I’m coming back. Look out world. Now it’s a party.