

July 16, 14
Letter 1: The Truth in Crazy

Dear Don Quixote,

I am writing to you from July 16th, 2014. Two Thousand and Fourteen! Crazy. It took me until my thirtieth year, but I finally read of your adventures and I have to say, I wish I had been by your side, and the side of Sancho Panza, what a trusty steed! I feel I was made for that journey. Your traverse across the Spanish plains in search of adventure has not lost its luster in the 600 years since. I wonder if I was born in the wrong time. I admire your willingness to ride out, free of affect and certain with mission. Yes, it is your certainty that I admire more than anything else.

I am writing this letter to you in the hopes that you can pass me some knightly wisdom, during this difficult moment in my life. For I, like you, *know* my life's work but I am not certain the world is ready for me. And that rejection from the world is leading me into a terrible tangle of uncertainty and depression—not unlike the depression you felt when your niece hauled you back to bed and kept you home for the year between your major adventures. In fact, your life ended at home, under the loving vigil of your niece. Cervantes said that you came out of your fantasy—that your ambitious adventures were in fact fantasies and a symptom of illness—and that you came to your “senses,” as it were, before passing away.

Tell me, is this really how it happened? It was not believable by me. It seemed the saddest close to the story of your life.

But I do understand it. I understand that the loss of the ability to play and create and, in your case, chase adventure and live the life of a KNIGHT ERRANT, must result only in death. I assert that your adventures were as real as any. They have given me wind under my sails in the past and I suspect, with a little patience, will continue to do so in the future. And, in their real-ness, you have lived forever. It's amazing in fact. You have left a wake of broad strokes of genius and creativity.

Did you feel crazy? Lately, I continue to believe that the only truth is found in the crazy. That it is often in only in our wildest moments that the deepest honesty can arise. But one has to let oneself go into those depths in order to find anything worthwhile—and that is the root of my current quandary.

You see, I live in a particularly disintegrated time and place. I wonder if you can relate to this. I read recently that Einstein said that technology's job is to shrink time and space, no matter the technology. He was speaking of the railroad. Before the railroad, people moved at the speed of nature: by water, by horse, and messages traveled by carrier pigeon. The railroad came in and all of a sudden people were able to move faster than even a horse. This collapsed both physical space and time.

Now, *now*, you wouldn't believe it!!!!!!! I am typing on a computer, a computer is a machine that processes information and spits it back out again—I can communicate around the world at the speed of thought. I have messages popping up with photographs (captured images from life) and videos (moving images!) and sounds from multiple directions. Everything moves so fast. This is a time when people grow up through a constant stream of pictures and jibber jabber—so fast, cultivating self-images through external input. It's so strange. I am not doing a great job explaining it to you.

I know most of the human part is universal and infinite. Our struggles stretch across centuries—it is why your story is so important. But do you remember when Cervantes first introduced himself to you? When you learned that your life was being written about *even as* you were living it, maybe even anticipating you? How did that feel for you? Did that negate your existence somehow? Did that diminish your experience? I think that is somewhat what I feel—like all my actions must be recorded and processed in order to be real.

Yet I know in my heart that is not true.

I am a person who, for the most part, relates most to a rock. I am solid. I come from the earth. Well from the sea—the sea peeled me off the mountain and pushed me to shore. I know who I am and don't need the approval of others. Sometimes I roll, find a new place to call home, and continue to live life as a rock. My friends tell me I am their rock. I am called in to be a grounding source in times of uncertainty. Yet now, I have found myself in the predicament of so many others. Who do I call? Where do I roll? I feel like I am trying on all kinds of different costumes—a rock with a pair of legs, a rock with a funny coat on, a rock singing in a bad rock voice—I am not happy being naked. I am trying to be myself and am finding I don't fit in.

I don't fit into this form of living right now. I am stuck outside the box and am being turned away by those in it. How, dear Knight, do I drop off the side of the ledge and let myself fall into the abyss?

Free fall.

A wonderful poet after your time wrote: all you have to do is let the soft animal of your body love what it loves. Yes.

You would almost definitely be considered crazy now. The world has become further narrow minded, diagnosis oriented, and outsider wary. It's called psychotic, your diagnosis. In fact I work with psychotics now. They are not crazy. They are busy. But in this culture, busy is good, so it seems like a double standard. I don't feel any different. Maybe I have a stronger filter—I don't respond as directly to my experience as some of the people I work with, but I wish I did. It seems courageous and unabashed. I feel cultured and coached. I want to scream sometimes. I wish I knew how to be more wild. I want to play wildly.

Oh, I live in a place called California. Maybe I will write to you about it in the next letter.

I want to leave you with one idea for now, it is something you probably already know, it is that:

IT IS ALL ILLUSION and IT IS ALL CREATION.

Sincerely,
your grand-daughter,

Cara