

**Goobajie ran into the hotel room after a concert in Santa Barbara, California in the Spring of 1984, barely squeezing in when the door was 98% closed. I exclaimed “A kitty!!!” She looked up at me, to say “You know what to do”, and I said “Of course I do!!” And her name, as usual with cats I meet, just popped out of her mouth. The front desk people said she was a stray and I knew her for eight years. She didn’t have a voice – whenever she occasionally meowed at me, no sound came out. I always say the being I learned the most from never said one word to me.**



**I have always loved cats more than anything, since the day I was born (if I had it to do over I would be a cat vet). I go into kind of an ecstatic state whenever I see a cat, or a picture of cat, and whenever I even think of a cat. I love the whole feline species, and all the big cats - and this spins off to realizing that all living beings are cats in another form, and then for the love of all life - and then that expands to realizing that every living being is struggling all the time with two things: defying gravity and death/ entropy. We all have two battles at all times, so why are we fighting each other?**

**Everything for me basically comes from cats. Cats for me S are the doorway to EVERYTHING. And for me everything good comes from Goobajie. Of all the huge multitude of serendipitous gifts the Earth has given me, she was the greatest one of all. How on earth did the Earth create cats??? How could that have happened???**

**She inspired me to think about things like: Where does the Earth end and I begin? – and ultimately where did Goobajie end and I begin? She taught me every day and especially at night.**

**I learned all of this from Goobajie. I never knew I could have a relationship with another being like that – the infinite love for and from - I didn’t even know it existed, or that I even wanted it. I have never experienced a consciousness like that,– she knew everything, she knew when I had to wake up, she knew when someone was suffering. She always tried to comfort anyone who was suffering in any way. She was loving, empathetic, healing, and protective. She**

would take a bullet for you, absorbing toxic energy, and I suspect she did for another person she dearly loved in her last days.

Cats do that, and I tried to take one for her, I tried to somehow take the illness from her, saying to her “Goobajie, give it to me, I will deal with it”, but it was too late.

She didn't care if I succeeded or failed at anything, or what I had done or not done, or about *anything* in my background. I learned from her that there's no such thing as evil – there are only two states: balance or imbalance (aka *entropy*, the thermodynamic law of the universe that everything gets more disorganized over time, so it is very easy to fall into entropy). Sociologically it is called destruction, so someone's not really evil, rather they are falling out of balance. I learned from her to try to help balance things in a bad situation for anyone, as she would have wanted to do, often asking to myself, “What can I do to help” and “What would Goobajie do here?” I learned from her to try to be forgiving, as hard as that might be sometimes. I learned from her that that's how I want to be, to be like her – and that is who I really am inside potentially, and to try to unfold myself to get to the level she was at.

From that first night on she slept on my chest every night. That was her spot (and Gobajie's spot was between my knees or firmly against my shin). Often I would wake up and she would just be staring at me. I would always say these three things to her out loud: “Goobajie, how did you get like this? How can you love me this much? I want to be like you.” I learned that if something, anything, any situation is not “like Goobajie”, then try to help get it more like her, more balanced, more benign, more loving, more forgiving. So many lessons and realizations that keep unfolding on and on (“What would she do here?”).

She was here to give love to everyone she encountered, and to try to comfort

anyone who was in need. Constant acts of love and compassion.

There are cats that are cats, and there are cats that are not cats (and when you get to know someone of any species so deeply, then *any* “category” disappears – there are *only* individuals). I didn't know

**what she was, but occasionally she would revert to being a cat, which was always so endearing and made me smile (like when she saw a mouse, or very occasionally would chase her tail). She would often somehow quietly materialize by me, without seeming to walk up to me, and then later when she departed from me that would be slowly. Somehow the Earth knew that if she was in the form of a cat she would get the love and the most important lessons through to me. Cats do more for me than anything else – more than music, more than anything. Through cats, I realize the love for all life forms (everything is a cat in another form, with a different genetic structure), and cats unlock that level of consciousness for me. New Orleans pianist Professor Longhair (1918-1980) is also way, way down inside me where Gobajie is, as far down inside me that is possible to get to, right down where I myself am.**

**Besides, I realize if i try to “define” something, then I am sealing off my connection to it. The trick for me is to get to a general “in the ballpark” cognition. Categories are useful in the huge ocean of experiences to show what something is *not*.**

**The gift from the Earth to me is the life form of cats, and from them is the way to get these realizations through to me like nothing else could, to unlock and unfold them. It’s not something I could have really “tried” to do – I needed a teacher, a mentor to show me the most important thing, with constant acts of love. She loved to show me that she loved me in many ways, like when I would sometimes wake up and see her on my chest just staring at me, often purring extremely loudly (as she did the first night I met her). When I was home she was the last thing I saw before falling asleep and she the was the first thing I saw when I woke up in the morning (and Gobajie was the second thing I saw) – she made sure of that. Often she felt so much love for me that she had to just stand up and touch my face. Sometimes she jumped on my back and sometimes even climbed up me to get on my shoulders.**

**Being with her led to being with another huge inspiration and influence, her adopted sister Gobajie (aka “Pixie”, the silver fox kitty in the first photo below and in the photos below that – and see the “Pixie” songs on the albums GULF COAST BLUES & IMPRESSIONS 1 & 2, SPRING CAROUSEL, & RESTLESS WIND), whose chirpy meow is**

one of my five main influences on my right hand playing on the piano (along with Professor Longhair, James Booker (1939-1983), Henry Butler (1948-2018), and Jim Morrison (1943-1971), for the levels of expressions he had).

It is amazing to think about what I would not have experienced and learned had I shut that hotel room door one third of a second earlier. I realize that everything I had done in life prepared me for that moment – and she prepared me for everything that I was to experience after, I'm realizing things to this day, even just now with this sentence.

When she ran into my hotel room in 1984, in that instant everything changed – even more than from my other most profound pivotal moments such as: hearing the Doors first album on January 6, 1967, hearing Thomas “Fats” Waller’s recordings in 1971, hearing Teddy Wilson’s recordings in 1973, hearing Professor Longhair’s recordings in 1979, hearing James Booker’s recordings in 1982, and hearing Henry Butler live in 1985.

With every moment I had with her I fully knew what a privilege it was. Randy Newman’s soundtrack song from *Toy Story 2*, *When She Loved Me* exactly describes my relationship with her – and also as in eden ahbez’s 1947 song *Nature Boy*: “The greatest thing you’ll ever learn, is just to love and be loved in return.” She is in my consciousness at all times. It is a gift of a reverie and a love consciousness and much more that I can go to anytime. I will never get to her level of consciousness, but I will always be better for trying to get there, and she showed me that potential is in me to get closer to it. She inspired me to realize many other things, such as that half of my processes are within me, and half are what existence brings to me. Also paradoxical concepts that I live in (and when I am there I know I am as close to *it* that I can get), like that the odds were so slim that I could have met her the way I did, and yet the paradoxically the odds were one-to-one, since it happened. If (as in the time travel theoretical, “Butterfly Effect”) theory I had done something different 30 years before that I might have closed that hotel room door one second earlier and I would have never met her (but maybe I would have closed it one second later and thus would have met her – I can

theorize all day about those things, but in actuality *it just happened* – and is *both* and *neither* great odds and/or one-to-one odds ).

Also I learned, that it's not just what happens to me, it's what I do with it after it happens. The gift was that she ran into my hotel room, and it was up to me to decide to take her back home with me, which I instantly did after the front desk said she was a stray. I've realized that my real identity is, like hers, that my ability is not so much to try to change things, or to try to prevent things, but rather to try to help after something unfortunate happens. Also, I learned that the reason for anything that enters my field of observation or my consciousness, is to participate in some way, even if indirectly

There are so many hundreds of stories that it would take a book to tell them all. We all have wonderful stories of the cats and the beings we have known and loved so much. For example, when I was home, as I was always working late at night and when it got to a certain hour she would sit by the bottom of the stairs and stare at me until I noticed her and realized she was telling me it was time to snuggle and I couldn't resist and went upstairs with her. The story of her last days was so profound that had I not had a witness, I would not have believed it myself – I would have wondered if the whole thing was real, if it was just a dream. OF all the possibilities, *how* did she pick me ???

Goobajie loved people like I love cats.

She also helped me realize that every moment ( $10^{-43}$  seconds, the Planck Time, the smallest measurement obtained to far [as of 2021]) is equally significant to the moment I meet her, even though many of those moments might not be as spectacular to the senses and the feelings – and that every living being is her, like her in a different form, and unique and precious (even if there are moments that I forget that).

There have been 22 kitties that I have been very close to since the age of 5. I'm not with any now (in 2020) since I am rarely home. I have been adopted by cats three other times. When one loves something more than anything, there are ever-unfolding multi purposes and opportunities that can come out of I that.

**The Earth gave me cats, the Earth gave me sound to play with, the Earth gave me wood and metal for the instruments, the Earth gave me *me*.**

**A few months after Goobajie’s passing, one night I awoke to a sound coming from downstairs – one that I had never heard anything like it before. I quickly realized it was Gobajie deeply sobbing for our mutual dearest friend Goobajie. I went downstairs with the brush she loved so much and brushed her, saying to her repeatedly “I know, Sweetheart, I miss Goobajie too”, so she would know I understood. She had spent every day of her life with Goobajie since very soon after she was born. It worked, as she never moaned again and moved on.**

**Gobajie’s purr was silent and internal, but she was purring internally often so that when she meowed it came out very chirpy. Her meow became an influence on my right hand playing on the piano – I realized that sometimes instead of playing long choppy loud right hand licks on the piano in certain uptempo pieces, instead to just “chirp”, playing quick high phrases.**

**What an incredible incredible incredible gift it was to be with these two.**

**Goobajie [tortoise shell] ( ? – 1992) - Gobajie [silver fox kitty] (1984-1997**





Gôbajie (1984-1997)

