

My book of Commonplace begun on 5/5/00

Working Title

**AN IMPOSSIBLE CUCKOLD'S PENROSE TRIBAR FAINTLY
REDOLENT OF ARCHAEN SPIKENARD BALM IN GILEAD ALABASTER**

Commonplace \Com"mon*place`, n.

1. An idea or expression wanting originality or interest; a trite or customary remark; a platitude.
2. A memorandum; something to be frequently consulted or referred to.

Whatever, in my reading, occurs concerning this our fellow creature, I do never fail to set it down by way of commonplace. --**Swift**.

Commonplace book, *n.* a book in which records are made of things to be remembered

Commonplace book *n.* A personal journal in which quotable passages, literary excerpts, and comments are written.

First Corinthians 1:27 **But G-d hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty.**

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that's the stuff life is made of. -**Benjamin Franklin** (1706-1790)

"He's supposed to have a particularly high-class style:

'Feather-footed through the plashy fen passes the queesting vole' ... would that be it?"

"Yes," said the Managing Editor. "That must be good style."

-*Evelyn Arthur St. John Waugh* *Scoop* (1936)

"Punctuality is the virtue of the bored." - Waugh

"You learn two things in medical school. The first is 'always be late'. The second is 'be very late'" - Dr. Gillary, my neuroanatomy professor in medical school

In Broken Images by Robert Graves

He is quick, thinking in clear images;
I am slow, thinking in broken images.

He becomes dull, trusting to his clear images;
I become sharp, mistrusting my broken images.

Trusting his images, he assumes their relevance;
Mistrusting my images, I question their relevance.

Assuming their relevance, he assumes the fact;
Questioning their relevance, I question the fact.

When the fact fails him, he questions his senses;
When the fact fails me, I approve my senses.

He continues quick and dull in his clear images;
I continue slow and sharp in my broken images.

He in a new confusion of his understanding;
I in a new understanding of my confusion.

"To show resentment at a reproach is to acknowledge that one may have deserved it." - - **Tacitus**

"To do the useful thing, to say the courageous thing, to contemplate the beautiful thing: that is enough for one man's life."- - **T.S. Eliot**

"Nature does not bestow virtue; to be good is an art." - - **Seneca**

"Nothing will ever be attempted, if all possible objections must first be overcome."- - **Samuel Johnson**

"That's what it takes to be a hero, a little gem of innocence inside you that makes you want to believe that there still exists a right and wrong, that decency will somehow triumph in the end." - - **Lise Hand, describing Irish journalist Veronica Guerin, who was killed as a result of her investigations of Irish organized crime.**

"It's not what Calvin Coolidge doesn't know that bothers me. It's what he knows for sure that just ain't so"- **Will Rogers**

Desideratum \dih-sid-uh-RAY-tum; -RAH-\, *noun; plural desiderata*: Something desired or considered necessary.

"Determine never to be idle. No person will have occasion to complain of the want of time who never loses any. It is wonderful how much can be done if we are always doing." **Thomas Jefferson advising his daughter Martha, 1787.**

Hard things are put in our way, not to stop us, but to call out our courage and strength.- **Anonymous**

The aim of an argument or discussion should not be victory, but progress.- **Joseph Joubert**

"If you have to swallow a frog, try not to think about it. If you have to swallow two frogs, don't swallow the smaller one first. " **Anonymous**

Power corrupts. Absolute power is kind of neat.-**John Lehman, Secretary of the Navy 1981-1987**

We protest against unjust criticism but we accept unearned applause. -**Jose Narosky**

Robert Graves Call It a Good Marriage

Call it a good marriage -
For no one ever questioned
Her warmth, his masculinity,
Their interlocking views;
Except one stray graphologist
Who frowned in speculation
At her h's and her s's,
His p's and w's

Though few would still subscribe
To the monogamic axiom
That strife below the hip-bones
Need not estrange the heart,

Call it a good marriage:
More drew those two together,
Despite a lack of children,
Than pulled them apart.

Call it a good marriage:
They never fought in public,
They acted circumspectly
And faced the world with pride;
Thus the hazards of their love-bed
Were none of our damned business -
Till as jurymen we sat on
Two deaths by suicide.

Robert Frost
The Death of the Hired Man

MARY sat musing on the lamp-flame at the table
Waiting for Warren. When she heard his step,
She ran on tip-toe down the darkened passage
To meet him in the doorway with the news
And put him on his guard. "Silas is back." 5
She pushed him outward with her through the door
And shut it after her. "Be kind," she said.
She took the market things from Warren's arms
And set them on the porch, then drew him down
To sit beside her on the wooden steps. 10

"When was I ever anything but kind to him?
But I'll not have the fellow back," he said.
'I told him so last haying, didn't I?
'If he left then,' I said, 'that ended it.'
What good is he? Who else will harbour him 15
At his age for the little he can do?
What help he is there's no depending on.
Off he goes always when I need him most.
'He thinks he ought to earn a little pay,
Enough at least to buy tobacco with, 20
So he won't have to beg and be beholden.'
'All right,' I say, 'I can't afford to pay
Any fixed wages, though I wish I could.'
'Someone else can.' 'Then someone else will have to.'
I shouldn't mind his bettering himself 25
If that was what it was. You can be certain,
When he begins like that, there's someone at him
Trying to coax him off with pocket-money,-
In haying time, when any help is scarce.
In winter he comes back to us. I'm done." 30

"Sh! not so loud: he'll hear you," Mary said.

"I want him to: he'll have to soon or late."

"He's worn out. He's asleep beside the stove.
When I came up from Rowe's I found him here,
Huddled against the barn-door fast asleep, 35
A miserable sight, and frightening, too-
You needn't smile-I didn't recognise him-
I wasn't looking for him-and he's changed.
Wait till you see."

"Where did you say he'd been?" 40

"He didn't say. I dragged him to the house,
And gave him tea and tried to make him smoke.
I tried to make him talk about his travels.
Nothing would do: he just kept nodding off."

"What did he say? Did he say anything?" 45

"But little."

"Anything? Mary, confess
He said he'd come to ditch the meadow for me."

"Warren!"

"But did he? I just want to know." 50

"Of course he did. What would you have him say?
Surely you wouldn't grudge the poor old man
Some humble way to save his self-respect.
He added, if you really care to know,
He meant to clear the upper pasture, too. 55

That sounds like something you have heard before?
Warren, I wish you could have heard the way
He jumbled everything. I stopped to look
Two or three times-he made me feel so queer-
To see if he was talking in his sleep. 60

He ran on Harold Wilson-you remember-
The boy you had in haying four years since.
He's finished school, and teaching in his college.
Silas declares you'll have to get him back.
He says they two will make a team for work: 65
Between them they will lay this farm as smooth!
The way he mixed that in with other things.
He thinks young Wilson a likely lad, though daft
On education-you know how they fought
All through July under the blazing sun, 70
Silas up on the cart to build the load,
Harold along beside to pitch it on."

"Yes, I took care to keep well out of earshot."

"Well, those days trouble Silas like a dream.
You wouldn't think they would. How some things linger!
75

Harold's young college boy's assurance piqued him.
After so many years he still keeps finding
Good arguments he sees he might have used.
I sympathise. I know just how it feels
To think of the right thing to say too late. 80

Harold's associated in his mind with Latin.
He asked me what I thought of Harold's saying
He studied Latin like the violin
Because he liked it-that an argument!
He said he couldn't make the boy believe 85
He could find water with a hazel prong-
Which showed how much good school had ever done
him.

He wanted to go over that. But most of all
He thinks if he could have another chance
To teach him how to build a load of hay--" 90

"I know, that's Silas' one accomplishment.
He bundles every forkful in its place,
And tags and numbers it for future reference,
So he can find and easily dislodge it
In the unloading. Silas does that well. 95
He takes it out in bunches like big birds' nests.
You never see him standing on the hay
He's trying to lift, straining to lift himself."

"He thinks if he could teach him that, he'd be
Some good perhaps to someone in the world.
100
He hates to see a boy the fool of books.
Poor Silas, so concerned for other folk,
And nothing to look backward to with pride,
And nothing to look forward to with hope,
So now and never any different." 105

Part of a moon was falling down the west,
Dragging the whole sky with it to the hills.
Its light poured softly in her lap. She saw
And spread her apron to it. She put out her hand
Among the harp-like morning-glory strings, 110
Taut with the dew from garden bed to eaves,
As if she played unheard the tenderness
That wrought on him beside her in the night.
"Warren," she said, "he has come home to die:
You needn't be afraid he'll leave you this time."
115

"Home," he mocked gently.

"Yes, what else but home?
It all depends on what you mean by home.
Of course he's nothing to us, any more
Than was the hound that came a stranger to us 120
Out of the woods, worn out upon the trail."

**"Home is the place where, when you have to go there,
They have to take you in."**

**"I should have called it
Something you somehow haven't to deserve."**
125

Warren leaned out and took a step or two,
Picked up a little stick, and brought it back
And broke it in his hand and tossed it by.
"Silas has better claim on us you think 130
Than on his brother? Thirteen little miles
As the road winds would bring him to his door.
Silas has walked that far no doubt to-day.
Why didn't he go there? His brother's rich,
A somebody-director in the bank."

"He never told us that." 135

"We know it though."

"I think his brother ought to help, of course.
I'll see to that if there is need. He ought of right
To take him in, and might be willing to-
He may be better than appearances. 140
But have some pity on Silas. Do you think
If he'd had any pride in claiming kin
Or anything he looked for from his brother,
He'd keep so still about him all this time?"

"I wonder what's between them." 145

"I can tell you.
Silas is what he is-we wouldn't mind him-
But just the kind that kinsfolk can't abide.
He never did a thing so very bad. 150
He don't know why he isn't quite as good
As anyone. He won't be made ashamed
To please his brother, worthless though he is."

"I can't think Si ever hurt anyone."

"No, but he hurt my heart the way he lay
And rolled his old head on that sharp-edged chair-back.
155
He wouldn't let me put him on the lounge.
You must go in and see what you can do.
I made the bed up for him there to-night.
You'll be surprised at him-how much he's broken.
His working days are done; I'm sure of it." 160

"I'd not be in a hurry to say that."

"I haven't been. Go, look, see for yourself.
But, Warren, please remember how it is:
He's come to help you ditch the meadow.
He has a plan. You mustn't laugh at him. 165
He may not speak of it, and then he may.
I'll sit and see if that small sailing cloud
Will hit or miss the moon."

It hit the moon.
Then there were three there, making a dim row,
170
The moon, the little silver cloud, and she.

Warren returned-too soon, it seemed to her,
Slipped to her side, caught up her hand and waited.

"Warren," she questioned.

"Dead," was all he answered. 175

In a Station of the Metro

Ezra Pound -

The apparition of these faces in the crowd;
Petals on a wet, black bough.

Francis Scott Key. 1779-1843
The Star-Spangled Banner

O SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming;
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, 5
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes, 10
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner; O long may it wave 15
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution. 20
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of flight and the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand 25
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land,
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just.
And this be our motto-"In God is our trust;" 30
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

Robert Graves (1895-1985). Fairies and Fusiliers. 1918.

The Poet in the Nursery

THE YOUNGEST poet down the shelves was fumbling
In a dim library, just behind the chair
From which the ancient poet was mum-mumbling
A song about some Lovers at a Fair,
Pulling his long white beard and gently grumbling 5
That rhymes were beastly things and never there.

And as I groped, the whole time I was thinking
About the tragic poem I'd been writing,
An old man's life of beer and whisky drinking,
His years of kidnapping and wicked fighting; 10
And how at last, into a fever sinking,
Remorsefully he died, his bedclothes biting.

But suddenly I saw the bright green cover
Of a thin pretty book right down below;
I snatched it up and turned the pages over, 15
To find it full of poetry, and so
Put it down my neck with quick hands like a lover,
And turned to watch if the old man saw it go.

The book was full of funny muddling mazes,
Each rounded off into a lovely song, 20
And most extraordinary and monstrous phrases
Knotted with rhymes like a slave-driver's thong.
And metre twisting like a chain of daisies
With great big splendid words a sentence long.

I took the book to bed with me and gloated, 25
Learning the lines that seemed to sound most grand;
So soon the pretty emerald green was coated
With jam and greasy marks from my hot hand,
While round the nursery for long months there floated
Wonderful words no one could understand. 30

Not Dead

WALKING through trees to cool my heat and pain,
I know that David's with me here again.
All that is simple, happy, strong, he is.
Caressingly I stroke
Rough bark of the friendly oak. 5
A brook goes bubbling by: the voice is his.
Turf burns with pleasant smoke;
I laugh at chaffinch and at primroses.
All that is simple, happy, strong, he is.
Over the whole wood in a little while 10
Breaks his slow smile.

When I'm Killed

WHEN I'm killed, don't think of me
Buried there in Cambrin Wood,
Nor as in Zion think of me
With the Intolerable Good.
And there's one thing that I know well, 5
I'm damned if I'll be damned to Hell!

So when I'm killed, don't wait for me,
Walking the dim corridor;
In Heaven or Hell, don't wait for me,
Or you must wait for evermore. 10
You'll find me buried, living-dead
In these verses that you've read.

So when I'm killed, don't mourn for me,
Shot, poor lad, so bold and young,
Killed and gone-don't mourn for me. 15
On your lips my life is hung:
O friends and lovers, you can save
Your playfellow from the grave.

To an Ungentle Critic

THE GREAT sun sinks behind the town
Through a red mist of Volnay wine_
But what's the use of setting down
That glorious blaze behind the town?
You'll only skip the page, you'll look 5
For newer pictures in this book;
You've read of sunsets rich as mine.

A fresh wind fills the evening air
With horrid crying of night birds_
But what reads new or curious there 10
When cold winds fly across the air?
You'll only frown; you'll turn the page,
But find no glimpse of your "New Age
Of Poetry" in my worn-out words.

Must winds that cut like blades of steel 15
And sunsets swimming in Volnay,
The holiest, cruellest pains I feel,
Die stillborn, because old men squeal
For something new: "Write something new:
We've read this poem-that one too, 20
And twelve more like 'em yesterday"?

No, no! my chicken, I shall scrawl
Just what I fancy as I strike it,
Fairies and Fusiliers, and all
Old broken knock-kneed thought will crawl 25
Across my verse in the classic way.
And, sir, be careful what you say;
There are old-fashioned folk still like it.

farrago \fuh-RAH-go; fuh-RAY-go\, noun; plural **farragoes**: A confused mixture; an assortment; a medley.

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp, Or what's a heaven for? - **Robert Browning**

desuetude \DES-wih-tood, -tyood\, noun:
The cessation of use; discontinuance of practice or custom;
disuse.

“Babe Ruth hit more home runs than anyone; he also struck out more often than anyone.” - **Anonymous**

“So, then, to every man his chance -- to every man, regardless of his birth,
his shining golden opportunity -- to every man his right to live, to work,
to be himself, to become whatever his manhood and his vision can combine to
make him -- this, seeker, is the promise of America.”

- **Thomas Wolfe**

“War is like love- it always finds a way”--**Bertold Brecht**

“Hold yourself responsible for a higher standard than anybody else expects of you. Never excuse yourself. Never pity yourself. Be a hard master to yourself - and be lenient to everybody else.”- **Henry Ward Beecher**

“One day in retrospect the years of struggle will strike you as the most beautiful.”- **Sigmund Freud**

“The most important thing I have learned over the years is the difference between taking one's work seriously and taking one's self seriously. The first is imperative, and the second disastrous.”- **Margaret Fontey**

“Life is an opportunity, benefit from it. Life is a beauty, admire it. Life is a dream, realize it. Life is a challenge, meet it. Life is a duty, complete it. Life is a game, play it. Life is a promise, fulfill it. Life is sorrow, overcome it. Life is a song, sing it. Life is a struggle, accept it. Life is a tragedy, confront it. Life is an adventure, dare it. Life is luck, make it. Life is life, fight for it!” - **Mother Teresa**

Hope sees the invisible, feels the intangible, and achieves the impossible.- **Anonymous**

Ragtime Cowboy Joe

He always sings
Raggedy music to the cattle....
And he swingsback and forth on his saddle
on a horse...
that is syncopated gaited ...
that is such a funny meter
to the roar of his repeater....
how they run...
when they hear this
fellas gun...
because the western folks all know
he's a high fallutin
rootin shootin son of a gun
from arizona
Ragtime Cowboy Joe
Out in Arizona where the bad men are...
well the only thing that guides you
is an evening star...

the roughest
toughest
man by far ...is
Ragtime Cowboy Joe....
singing to the cows and sheep
everynight he sings his herd to sleep
in his (can't figure out the word)
rich and deep
rude and soft
and low

Repeat first verse only add call and response (for example)
.....on a horse ///// response pretty good horse...
.....the western folks all know he's a high fallootin
rootin
shootin cowboy ///// what a cowboy!

Gentlemen, why don't you laugh? With the fearful strain that is upon me night and day, if I did not laugh, I should die. - **Abraham Lincoln**

A13 Trunk Road To The Sea

by Billy Bragg

If you ever have to go to Shoeburyness
Take the A road, the okay road that's the best
Go motorin' on the A13

If you're looking for a thrill that's new
Take in Fords, Dartford Tunnel and the river too
Go motorin' on the A13

It starts down in Wapping
There ain't no stopping
By-pass Barking and straight through Dagenham
Down to Grays Thurrock
And rather near Basildon
Pitsea, Thundersley, Hadleigh, Leigh-On-Sea,
Chalkwell, Prittlewell
Southend's the end

If you ever have to go to Shoeburyness
Take the A road, the okay road that's the best
Go motorin' on the A13

perspicacity \pur-spuh-KAS-uh-tee\, noun:
Clearness of understanding or insight; penetration,
discernment.

aesthete \ES-theet\, noun:
One having or affecting great sensitivity to beauty, as in art
or nature.

Laughter is the language of the Gods.- **Buddhist saying**

persiflage \PUR-suh-flahzh\, noun:
Frivolous or bantering talk; a frivolous manner of treating
any subject, whether serious or otherwise; light raillery.

If one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live a life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours.- **Henry David Thoreau**

“Misery’s the river of the world...
Misery’s the river of the world...
Misery’s the river of the world...
Everybody row”

-**Tom Waits**

The conditions of conquest are always easy. We have but to toil awhile, endure awhile, believe always, and never turn back. - **Marcus Annaeus Seneca**

facetious \fuh-SEE-shuhs\, adjective:
1. Given to jesting; playfully jocular.
2. Amusing; intended to be humorous; not serious.

wastrel \WAY-struhl\, noun:
1. A person who wastes, especially one who squanders money; a spendthrift.
2. An idler; a loafer; a good-for-nothing.

A gem cannot be polished without friction, nor a man perfected without trials. -**Lucius Annaeus Seneca**

afflatus \uh-FLAY-tuhs\, noun:

A divine imparting of knowledge; inspiration.

cupidity \kyoo-PID-uh-tee\, noun:

Eager or excessive desire, especially for wealth; greed; avarice.

What you can do, or dream you can do, begin it; boldness has genius, power and magic in it. - **Johann von Goethe**

Quotes from Seneca:

1. Human nature is so constituted that insults sink deeper than kindnesses; the remembrance of the later soon passes away, while that of the former is treasured in the memory.

2. The man who while he gives thinks of what he will get in return, deserves to be deceived.

3. If a man does not bestow benefits because he has not received any, he must have bestowed them in order to receive them in return, and he justifies ingratitude, whose disgrace lies in not returning benefits when able to do so. How many are there who are unworthy of the light of day? and nevertheless the sun rises.

4. The book-keeping of benefits is simple: it is all expenditure; if any one returns it, that is clear gain; if he does not return it, it is not lost, I gave it for the sake of giving. No one writes down his gifts in a ledger, or like a grasping creditor demands repayment to the day and hour. A good man never thinks of such matters, unless reminded of them by some one returning his gifts; otherwise they become like debts owing to him. It is a base usury to regard a benefit as an investment.

cynosure \SY-nuh-shoor; SIN-uh-shoor\, noun:

1. Anything to which attention is strongly turned; a center of attraction.

2. That which serves to guide or direct.

3. [Capitalized]. The northern constellation Ursa Minor, which contains the North Star; also, the North Star itself.

The height of your accomplishments will equal the depth of your convictions. - **William F. Scollavino**

Slight not what is near though aiming at what is far. - **Euripides**

sesquipedalian \ses-kwuh-puh-DAYL-yuhn\, adjective:

1. Given to or characterized by the use of long words.

2. Long and ponderous; having many syllables.

noun:
A long word.

Patience is passion tamed. - **Lyman Abbott**

bumptious \BUMP-shuhs\, adjective:

Crudely, presumptuously, or loudly self-assertive.

importunate \im-POR-chuh-nit\, adjective:

Troublesomely urgent; overly persistent in request or demand; unreasonably solicitous.

We come into this world crying while all around us are smiling. May we so live that we go out of this world smiling while everybody around us is weeping. - **Persian proverb**

" . . . I hold that no man knows about the gods more than another . . ." [Herodotus, 484-430 BC, 2.3]

"A people gets the gods which it deserves." [Sir Cecil Maurice Bowra, 1898-1971: The Greek Experience]

Agnostic

No matter how much I probe and Prod,
I cannot quite believe in God;
But oh, I hope to God that He
Unswervingly believes in me

Atheist

Poems are made by fool like me,
But only God can make a tree;

And only God who makes the tree
Also makes the fools like me

But only fool like me, you see,
Can make a God, who makes a tree.

Realist

"For what we are about to receive,
Oh Lord, 'tis Thee we thank,"
Said the Cannibal as he cut a slice
Of the missionary's shank.
- EY Harburg from "Rhymes for the Irreverent"

peregrination \pehr-uh-gruh-NAY-shun\, noun:

A traveling from place to place; a wandering.

finikin

\Fin"i*kin\, a. [Fine, a. + -kin.] Precise in trifles; idly busy. [Colloq.] --Smart.

fanfaronade \fan-fair-uh-NAYD; -NOD\, noun:

1. Swaggering; empty boasting; blustering manner or behavior; ostentatious display.
2. Fanfare.

camarilla \kam-uh-RIL-uh; -REE-yuh\, noun:

A group of secret and often scheming advisers, as of a king; a cabal or clique.

prepotency \pree-POTE-n-see\, noun:

1. The quality or condition of having superior power, influence, or force; predominance.
2. (Biology) The capacity, on the part of one of the parents, as compared with the other, to transmit more than his or her own share of characteristics to their offspring.

I will make love my greatest weapon and none on who I call can defend against its force....My love will melt all hearts liken to the sun whose rays soften the coldest day - **Og Mandino**

They are ill discoverers who think there is no land, when they can see nothing but sea. - **Francis Bacon**

Far and away the best prize that life offers is the chance to work hard at work worth doing.-- **Theodore Roosevelt**

If you press me to say why I loved him, I can say no more than because he was he, and I was I. -- **Montaigne**

Knowing sorrow well, I learn to succor the distressed.-- **Virgil**

Perhaps love is the process of my leading you gently back to yourself.-- **Antoine De Saint-Exupery**

O that you would bless me indeed
And enlarge my territory
That your hand would be with me
And that you would keep me from evil
That I may not cause pain
- - **Prayer of Jabez** book - Old Testament prayer, Book of Genesis)

Ace In The Hole Lyric:James Dempsey Music:George Mitchell 1909

Note: This is a song my grandfather new - I think it summed the way the world works to him..as he was preparing to die he sang me this and told me about his life

This town is full of guys
Who think they're mighty wise,
Just because they know a thing or two...
You see them every day
Walkin' up and down Broadway,
Telling of the wonders they can do.
There's con men and there's boosters...
Card sharks and crap-shooters,
They congregate around the Metropole,
They wear fancy ties and laces...
But where do they get their aces..
They all have got an ace down in the hole!

Some of them write to the old folks for coin
And that is their old ace in the hole,
And others have friends on the old Tenderloin..
That's their old ace in the hole..
They'll tell you of trips that they're going to
take..
From Florida to the North Pole...
The fact is their name would be mud
Like a chump playing stud...
If they lost that old ace down in the hole!

The more you go around
In Good Old New York Town
You'll find that what I say to you is true
They'll meet you with a smile,
But you know all the while,
That they're trying to spring something new
The things they're always telling
Of lemons that they're selling
And hundreds that they spend in buying clothes
Everyone knows that they're lying
It's the aces do the buying
That dress them from their heads down to their
toes

Some of them send to their old folks for coin
That's their old ace in the hole
Others have friends in the old tenderloin That's
their old ace in the hole
They tell you of money that they may have spent
And then they will flash a big bankroll
They'd be in the breadline
Without clothes or a dime
If they lost that old ace in the hole.

The Ballad of Mary O'Connor

Music and lyric by Mark Hollmann and Greg Kotis
Additional Lyrics by Rich Krueger Copyright 2002

By the mid-afternoon of September eleven,
Mary O'Connor had emptied her draw'r.
She was saying goodbye to her office in midtown,
Four-sixty lex, on the fortieth floor.

Ride, ride, Mary O'Connor,
Down to the street, to the sirens and cries.
The fortieth floor ain't no place for you, Mary,
The air's filled with paper and ash chokes the skies.

So for months she stayed home; she was taking no chances.
Her city still smoldered with fire and fear.
But she found an old photo of her as a child,
Her hair lit with sunshine, her eyes brave and clear.

So high, Mary O'Connor,
Up on the top of the Empire State.
Your mother would take you 'cause that's what you wanted.
From up there you'd dream of the life you'd create.

So twelve months, and a line winds along Thirty-Third Street.
The mood, it is quiet, the faces are grave.
When a guy makes some joke about bombs and bad timing,
His wife twists his arm and says, "can't you behave".

Ride again, ride, Mary O'Connor,
Back to the top of the Empire State.
The wind up there whispers of all that you'd hoped for.
It's waiting for you on the eighty-sixth floor.
So ride, ride, Mary O'Connor,
Up to the deck on the eighty-sixth floor.
Remember, this city still has hopes for you, Mary,
And you'll see 'em all from the eighty-sixth floor.

True Love

Music and lyric by Rich Krueger. Copyright 2002

To Vernon Tonges and Stacey Earley on their wedding

Gather all ye myrtles brown
Watch all the queer town folk dance round and round
There's confetti in the air
Loosen up your underwear
Put on some Uncle Peter. Plant your lawn chair near the sound.

Listen to a few delightful lies
As the hummingbirds and the horseflies try and guess each others size
The dried flowers and fresh weeds in that bouquet you tossed into the trees
What kind of shadows do you throw when you're under moon and stars

I've never seen this man so happy
Or this woman brought so near to tears
She can't stop laughing. Can you blame her? It's been years.

Tell me, where do you think your life begins?
Listen up young feller can't you feel it on your skin
The strongest, the strangest smell in all the world that I've heard tell
Is True True Love
Is True True Love

He will be her sword and she his shield
They'll sew Queen's Anne lace together along the Elysian Fields
They'll take the time to watch it grow
From down here it looks alot like snow
They'll stare into each other's eyes until this winter dies

She'll lay down with him and make angels
He will piss a heart into the snow
Children learn to doubt there's springtime if desert winter's all they know

You can take your stupid little smirk
You can shove it up your ass, you lost and lonely cynical jerk
For the sweetest , the deepest smell
The purest water from the well
Is True True Love
Is True True, True True Love

“For there must also be heresies that those who are approved may be made manifest among the weak”

-Confessions of St. Augustine Chapter 19

se-mi-ot-ics also **se-mei-ot-ics** Pronunciation Key (sm-tks, sm-, sm-)n. (*used with a sing. verb*) The theory and study of signs and symbols, especially as elements of language or other systems of communication, and comprising semantics, syntactics, and pragmatics.

semi-otician (--tshn) n.n : a specialist in the study of linguistic meaning [syn: semanticist]

"And it never failed that during the dry years the people forgot about the Rich years, and during the wet years they lost all memory of the dry years. It was always that way."

- John Steinbeck, "East of Eden" page 6 of the 1992 Penguin Edition

chthonic (THONE-ik), adjective:
dwelling in or under the earth; also, pertaining to the underworld

"Driven by dæmonic, chthonic Powers." --T.S. Eliot

Love Without Hope

Love without hope, as when the young bird-catcher
Swept off his tall hat to the Squire's own daughter,
So let the imprisoned larks escape and fly
Singing about her head, as she rode by.
--Robert Graves (1895-1985)

What you can do, or think you can, begin it.
-- Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

21 weeker haiku

three hundred twenty-
one gram boy left the womb, so
birth, comfort care, death

my wee strange poem
i t i s i a m
sings "It is. I am."

"I came to the conclusion many years ago that almost all crime is due to the repressed desire for aesthetic expression." - EW *Decline and Fall* (1928)

Some quotes from **Brideshead Revisited** by **Waugh**

“When I reached 'C' Company lines, which were at the top of the hill, I paused and looked back at the camp, just coming into full view below me through the grey mist of early morning. We were leaving that day. When we marched in, three months before, the place was under snow; now the first leaves of spring were unfolding. I had reflected then that, whatever scenes of desolation lay ahead of us, I never feared one more brutal than this, and I reflected now that it had no single happy memory for me. Here love had died between me and the Army.”

”And drink - No one mind s a man getting tight once or twice a term. In fact, he ought to, on certain occasions. But I hear you're constantly seen drunk in the middle of the afternoon.”

"I could tell him, too, that to know and love one other human being is the root of all wisdom. But I felt no need for these sophistries as I sat before my cousin, saw him, freed from his inconclusive struggle with Pindar, in his grey dark suit, his white tie, his scholar's gown; heard his grave tones and, all the time, savoured the gilly flowers in full bloom under my window. I had my secret and sure defense, like a talisman worn in the bosom, felt for in the moment of danger, found and firmly grasped. So I told him what was infact not the truth, that I usually had a glass of champagne about that time, and asked him to join me."

"Ought we to be drunk every night?
Yes. I think so."

"On a sheep cropped knoll, under a clump of elms, we ate the strawberries and drank the wine.... we lit fat, turkish cigarettes and lay on our backs, Sebastian's eyes on the leaves above him, mine on his profile.....the sweet scent of the tobacco merged with the sweet summer scents around us and the fumes of the sweet, golden wine seemed to lift us a fingers breadth above the earth and hold us suspended. "Just the place to bury a crock of gold" Sebastian said. "I should like to bury something precious in every place that I've been happy and then, when I'm old and ugly and miserable, I could come back and dig it up and remember."

"And we gonna make what we believe manifest cause if you ain't ready
now, you ain't never gonna be ready . . .I'm always ready." - **The Fugees**

"Fake bullets can't scar me
I can smell the weak out like safari
Play you out like Atari
Sacrifice you Hari Kari
And I'm sorry,
To every single rapper, Dick and Harry
Saying they want to spar me
Cause how thick my repertoire
And my memoir be
Reminding me of eating Calamari in the Khalahari with a band of Rhastafari
So Ha , Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha "- **The Fugees**

nugatory \NOO-guh-tor-ee; NYOO-\, adjective:

1. Trifling; insignificant; inconsequential.
2. Having no force; inoperative; ineffectual.

Whatever you do, you need courage. Whatever course you decide upon, there is always someone to tell you you are wrong. There are always difficulties arising which tempt you to believe that your critics are right. To map out a course of action and follow it to the end, requires some of the same courage which a soldier needs. Peace has its victories, but it takes brave men to win them. -- **Emerson**

In Flanders Fields by John McCrae

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved, and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields

Little Arrows - Leapy Lee

There's a boy, a little boy
Shootin' arrows in the blue
And he's aiming them at someone
But the question is at who?
Is it me or is it you?
It's hard to tell until you're hit
But you'll know it when they hit you
Cos' they hurt a little bit
Here they come falling out of the blue
Little arrows for me and for you
You're falling in love again, falling in love again
Little arrows in your clothing
Little arrows in your hair
When you're in love you'll find those little arrows everywhere
Little arrows that will hit you once
And hit you once again
Little arrows that hit ev'rybody, ev'ry now and then
Wow oh oh the pain
Some folk a'run and others hide
But there is nothing they can do
And some folk put on armour
But the arrows go straight through
So you see, there's no escape
So why not face it and admit
That you love those little arrows
When they hurt a little bit
Here they come falling out of the blue...

YOU STUPID JERK by Pete Stampfel

Your wife is loyal and your kids are cool
You've had more than your share of luck
Your house is paid for.
Your doggie doesn't drool.
How come you're such a resentful guy.
The world is a singular place for which I am so grateful
So unlike you, you stupid jerk
I've turned my back on all those mind-degrading poisons
So unlike you, YOU STUPID JERK
Some people dress like you because they're retro
You dressed that way since people dressed that way
You embrace atrophy like a leg-humping doggie
You silly goddamn STUPID JERK
I am compassionate and full of understanding
So unlike you, YOU STUPID JERK
I am so tolerant of people and their failings
So unlike you, YOU STUPID JERK
You are the kind of guy who needs support groups
But you're the kind of guy who hates support groups
That is so typical of those who need support groups
So unlike you, YOU STUPID JERK
I'm in the front seat making out with joy
You're in the backseat getting screwed by sorrow
I am serenely in the here and now
You're regretting yesterday and afraid of tomorrow
A quintessential doom and gloomer baby boomer
That what you are, you stupid, you mega-ultra stupid,
YOU REALLY ARE A STUPID JERK.

THREE-LEGGED MAN - Shel Silverstein

Well now friends you'll never guess it so I really must confess it --
I just met the sweetest woman of my long dismal life.
But a friend of mine said, "Buddy, just in case your mind is muddy,
Don't you know that girl you're fooling with is Peg-Leg Johnson's wife.
And that man is big and rough and mean and grim,
And he'll brain you with his artificial limb.
But next morning bright and early I stole old Peg-Leg's girlie,
And I also took his wooden leg just to play it safe.
But there weren't no time for laughter 'cause he started hopping after,
And I keep on running faster but he won't give up the chase.
And I'm running through the mountain with his bride,
And I got his wooden leg here by my side.

I'm a three-legged man with a two-legged woman
Being chased cross country by a one-legged fool.
Though he's huffing and he's puffing and he shows no sign of stopping,
I tell you, boys, this life is hard and cruel.

'Cross the deserts and the valleys and the dark Chicago alleys --
'Cross the mighty Mississippi to the hills of Caroline.
Through the mountains of Montana and the swamps of Louisiana --
Everytime that I look back he's JUST one foot behind.
And I know he must be cold and wet and sick,
But in spite of all his woes he can kick.
Now he's ragged and he's filthy, and I'm feeling mighty guilty
'Specially in the evenings when I hear him plead and beg.
He says "In spite of all your stealing friend, I bear you no hard feelings.
You can keep that darned old woman but please give me back my leg."
'Cause although the one you meant to take was wooden
In the dark by mistake you took my good'un.

The Swamp Girl (Brown) copyright 1950 - recorded *twice* by Frankie Laine

Where the cranes fly through the marshes
And the turtles sun their shells
Where the water rat goes swimmin'
That's where my swamp girl dwells

Where the sunlight never wanders
And the moonlight never falls
Where the waters' black with the devil's track
That's where my swamp girl calls

What did she say there
The girl with the golden hair
To make me follow her down there!

How did she look when she took me by the hand
Tonight her hair will float in the water
And the gold will no longer shine
It will spread like a fan in the water
While she makes a mysterious sign

I have seen that sign before....

Her eyes aren't like a whiperwill
Her eyes aren't like a fawn
Her eyes are just like a diamondback
Stretchin' in the dawn

I have seen her face in the water
And the chilling look in her eyes
And if you see her, then you must flee her.
Never Follow. Disallusion lies.

Or will you go to the girl with the golden hair
Down there where her work is done?
Will you embrace the night and turn you back on the sun?
She'll say it's better there in the water
Where it's cool and calm and serene.
She will call you to come to the water
To a world made of emerald green.

I have heard that call before...

I can hear it when I'm weary
I can hear it when I'm ill
I can hear it when the joy of living
Seems to have lost its thrill

For my swamp girl lives inside me
And she leaves me pale and worn
She dares me. She tears me
Like paperdolls are torn

Calling come to the deep
Where your sleep is without a dream....Calling....Calling....Calling

edacious \i-DAY-shus\, adjective:
Given to eating; voracious; devouring.

"People who fight may lose. People who do not fight have already lost." - **Bertolt Brecht**

"If they can get you to ask the wrong questions, they don't have to worry about the answers." - **Thomas Pynchon**

"People demand freedom of speech to make up for the freedom of thought which they avoid." - **Soren Kierkegaard**

"There is nothing more frightful than ignorance in action." - **Goethe**

"All bad precedents begin with justifiable measures." - **Julius Caesar**

"If fifty million people say a foolish thing, it is still a foolish thing." - **Anatole France**

"The power of accurate observation is commonly called cynicism by those who have not got it." - **George Bernard Shaw**

"We'll all make merry in bumb belly bodkins!" - **Mark Bowin**

"Cherish your visions and your dreams as they are the children of your soul; the blue prints of your ultimate accomplishments." - **Napoleon Hill**

"You can have anything you want -- if you want it badly enough. You can be anything you want to be, do anything you set out to accomplish if you hold to that desire with singleness of purpose." - **Abraham Lincoln**

Americanism means the virtues of courage, honor, justice, truth, sincerity, and hardihood -- the virtues that made America. - **Theodore Roosevelt, 1917**

The way to get things done is not to mind who gets the credit for doing them.
- **Benjamin Jowett (1817-1893), British theologian and classicist**

Unswerving loyalty to duty, constant devotion to truth, and a clear conscience will overcome every discouragement and surely lead the way to usefulness and high achievement. --**Grover Cleveland**

Life is not holding a good hand; Life is playing a poor hand well. - **Danish proverb**

I believe with all my heart that civilization has produced nothing finer than a man or woman who thinks and practices true tolerance. - **Frank Knox**

A smooth sea never made a skilled mariner. - **English proverb**

In order to discover new lands, one must be willing to lose sight of the shore for a very long time. - **Anonymous**

Progress in every age results only from the fact that there are some men and women who refuse to believe that what they know to be right cannot be done. - **Russell W. Davenport**

Dr Chumley, my mother used to say to me, "In this world, Elwood" - she always called me Elwood - she'd say "In this world, Elwood, you must be oh, so smart or oh, so pleasant." For years I was smart. I recommend pleasant. You may quote me. - Elwood P. Dowd, from Mary Chase's Play Harvey

"We all have to face reality, Dowd - sooner or later." Elwood responds, "Doctor, I wrestled with reality for forty years, and I am happy to state that I finally won out over it. . - Elwood P. Dowd, from Mary Chase's Play Harvey

They are ill discoverers that think there is no land, when they can see nothing but sea.

- **Francis Bacon**

Every man's work, whether it be literature or music or pictures or architecture or anything else, is always a portrait of himself.- **Samuel Butler (1835-1902) British writer.**

Conscience is the root of all true courage; if a man would be brave let him obey his conscience.

- **James Freeman Clarke**

Aspire, break bounds. Endeavor to be good, and better still, best.- **Robert Browning**

All the great things are simple, and many can be expressed in a single word: freedom; justice; honor; duty; mercy; hope.- **Sir Winston Churchill**

First say to yourself what you would be; and then do what you have to do.- **Epictetus**

Adversity is the trial of principle. Without it, a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not. -**Henry Fielding**

Our greatest happiness in life does not depend on the condition of life in which chance has placed us, but is always the result of good conscience, good health, occupation, and freedom in all just pursuits. - **Thomas Jefferson**

Who is the happiest of men? He who values the merits of others, and in their pleasure takes joy, even as though t'were his own. - **Johann von Goethe**

Gentlemen, why don't you laugh? With the fearful strain that is upon me night and day, if I did not laugh, I should die. - **Abraham Lincoln**

The true worth of a man is to be measured by the objects he pursues - **Marcus Aurelius**

What ought one to say then as each hardship comes? I was practicing for this, I was training for this? - **Epictitus**

Delmore Schwartz Quotes

Even paranoids have real enemies.

**Time is the school in which we learn,
time is the fire in which we burn.**

**In this our life there are no beginnings but
only departures entitled beginnings,
wreathed in the formal emotions thought
to be appropriate and often forced.**

**Love is the most difficult and
dangerous form of courage.**

In dreams begin responsibilities

Calmly We Walk Through This April's Day
by Delmore Schwartz Written in 1937

Calmly we walk through this April's day,
Metropolitan poetry here and there,
In the park sit pauper and rentier,
The screaming children, the motor-car
Fugitive about us, running away,
Between the worker and the millionaire
Number provides all distances,
It is Nineteen Thirty-Seven now,
Many great dears are taken away,
What will become of you and me
(This is the school in which we learn...)
Besides the photo and the memory?
(...that time is the fire in which we burn.)

(This is the school in which we learn...)
What is the self amid this blaze?
What am I now that I was then
Which I shall suffer and act again,
The theodicy I wrote in my high school days
Restored all life from infancy,
The children shouting are bright as they run
(This is the school in which they learn . . .)

A Dream Of Whitman Paraphrased, Recognized And Made More Vivid By Renoir
by Delmore Schwartz Written in 1962.

Twenty-eight naked young women bathed by the shore
Or near the bank of a woodland lake
Twenty-eight girls and all of them comely
Worthy of Mack Sennett's camera and Florenz
Ziegfield's
Foolish Follies.

They splashed and swam with the wondrous
unconsciousness
Of their youth and beauty
In the full spontaneity and summer of the fishes of
awareness
Heightened, intensified and softened
By the soft and the silk of the waters
Blooded made ready by the energy set afire by the
nakedness of the body,

Electrified: deified: undenied.

A young man of thirty years beholds them from a
distance.
He lives in the dungeon of ten million dollars.
He is rich, handsome and empty standing behind the
linen curtains
Beholding them.
Which girl does he think most desirable, most beautiful?
They are all equally beautiful and desirable from the gold
distance.

Ravished entirely in their passing play!
(...that time is the fire in which they burn.)

Avid its rush, that reeling blaze!
Where is my father and Eleanor?
Not where are they now, dead seven years,
But what they were then?
No more? No more?
From Nineteen-Fourteen to the present day,
Bert Spira and Rhoda consume, consume
Not where they are now (where are they now?)
But what they were then, both beautiful;

Each minute bursts in the burning room,
The great globe reels in the solar fire,
Spinning the trivial and unique away.
(How all things flash! How all things flare!)
What am I now that I was then?
May memory restore again and again
The smallest color of the smallest day:
Time is the school in which we learn,
Time is the fire in which we burn.

For if poverty darkens discrimination and makes
perception too vivid,
The gold of wealth is also a form of blindness.
For has not a Frenchman said, Although this is
America...

What he has said is not entirely relevant,
That a naked woman is a proof of the existence of God.

Where is he going?
Is he going to be among them to splash and to laugh with
them?
They did not see him although he saw them and was
there among them.
He saw them as he would not have seen them had they
been conscious
Of him or conscious of men in complete deprecation:
This is his enchantment and impoverishment
As he possesses them in gaze only.

. . .He felt the wood secrecy, he knew the June softness
The warmth surrounding him crackled
Held in by the mansard roof mansion
He glimpsed the shadowy light on last year's brittle
leaves fallen,
Looked over and overlooked, glimpsed by the fall of
death,
Winter's mourning and the May's renewal.

Apollo Musagete, Poetry, And The Leader Of The Muses by Delmore Schwartz

Nothing is given which is not taken.

Little or nothing is taken which is not freely desired,
freely, truly and fully.

"You would not seek me if you had not found me": this is
true of all that is supremely desired and admired...

"An enigma is an animal," said the hurried, harried
schoolboy:

And a horse divided against itself cannot stand;

And a moron is a man who believes in having too many
wives: what harm is there in that?

O the endless fecundity of poetry is equaled
By its endless inexhaustible freshness, as in the discovery
of America and of poetry.

Hence it is clear that the truth is not strait and narrow but
infinite:

All roads lead to Rome and to poetry
and to poem, sweet poem
and from, away and towards are the same typography.

Hence the poet must be, in a way, stupid and naive and a
little child;

Unless ye be as a little child ye cannot enter the kingdom
of poetry.

Hence the poet must be able to become a tiger like Blake; a
carousel like Rilke.

Hence he must be all things to be free, for all
impersonations
a doormat and a monument
to all situations possible or actual
The cuckold, the cuckoo, the conqueror, and the coxcomb.

It is to him in the zoo that the zoo cries out and the hyena:
"Hello, take off your hat, king of the beasts, and be seated,
Mr. Bones."

And hence the poet must seek to be essentially anonymous.
He must die a little death each morning.
He must swallow his toad and study his vomit
as Baudelaire studied la charogne of Jeanne Duval.

The poet must be or become both Keats and Renoir and
Keats as Renoir.
Mozart as Figaro and Edgar Allan Poe as Ophelia, stoned
out of her mind
drowning in the river called forever river and ever...

Keats as Mimi, Camille, and an aging gourmet.
He must also refuse the favors of the unattainable lady
(As Baudelaire refused Madame Sabatier when the fair
blonde summoned him,

For Jeanne Duval was enough and more than enough,
although she cuckolded him
With errand boys, servants, waiters; reality was Jeanne
Duval.
Had he permitted Madame Sabatier to teach the poet a
greater whiteness,
His devotion and conception of the divinity of Beauty
would have suffered an absolute diminution.)

The poet must be both Casanova and St. Anthony,

He must be Adonis, Nero, Hippolytus, Heathcliff, and
Phaedre,
Genghis Kahn, Genghis Cohen, and Gordon Martini
Dandy Ghandi and St. Francis,

Professor Tenure, and Dizzy the dean and Disraeli of
Death.

He would have worn the horns of existence upon his head,
He would have perceived them regarding the looking-glass,
He would have needed them the way a moose needs a
hatrack;
Above his heavy head and in his loaded eyes, black and
scorched,
He would have seen the meaning of the hat-rack, above the
glass
Looking in the dark foyer.

For the poet must become nothing but poetry,
He must be nothing but a poem when he is writing
Until he is absent-minded as the dead are
Forgetful as the nymphs of Lethe and a lobotomy...
("the fat weed that rots on Lethe wharf").

When one door of happiness closes, another opens; but often we look so long at the closed door that we do not see
the one which has been opened for us. - **Helen Keller**

"And always let your conscience be your guide" -**Jiminy Cricket voice by Cliff Edwards, better known as
Ukulele Ike**

Ayenbite of Inwyt (Or Joyce's translation, Agen of Inwit) - The Prick of Conscience

The Minstrel Boy (Thomas Moore, 1779-1852)

The minstrel boy to the war is gone
In the ranks of death you'll find him
His father's sword he has girded on
And his wild harp slung behind him
"Land of song!", said the warrior bard,
"Tho' all the world betrays thee
One sword at least thy rights shall guard
One faithful harp shall praise thee"

The minstrel fell but the foeman's chains
Could not bring his proud soul under
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again
For he tore its cords asunder
And said, "No chains shall sully thee
Thou soul of love and bravery
Thy songs were made for the pure and free
They shall never sound in slavery!"

The simplest and shortest ethical precept is to be served as little as possible ... and to serve others as much as possible. - **Leo Tolstoy**

Genius is eternal patience. -- **Michelangelo**

"Manners are especially the need of the plain. The pretty can get away with anything."--**Evelyn Waugh**

If you would be a real seeker after truth, it is necessary that at least once in your life you doubt, as far as possible, all things. - **Descartes**

In an age of universal deceit, telling the truth is a revolutionary act. - **George Orwell**

The real glory is being knocked to your knees and then coming back. That's real glory. That's the essence of it. --
Vince Lombardi

The future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams. - **Eleanor Roosevelt**

The more virtuous any man is, the less easily does he suspect others to be vicious. --- **Cicero**

The road to happiness lies in two simple principles: find what it is that interests you and that you can do well, and when you find it, put your whole soul into it -- every bit of energy and ambition and natural ability you have.
- **John D. Rockefeller III**

"Somebody has to do something, and it's just incredibly pathetic that it has to be us."- **Jerry Garcia**

He is a man of sense who does not grieve for what he has not, but rejoices in what he has. - **Epictetus**

Faith that the thing can be done is essential to any great achievement. - **Thomas N. Carruther**

Courage is what it takes to stand up and speak; courage is also what it takes to sit down and listen. - **Sir Winston Churchill**

Nature does not bestow virtue; to be good is an art.- **Seneca**

There is only one happiness in life, to love and be loved. - **George Sand**

Failure is the opportunity to begin again more intelligently. - **Henry Ford**

Nothing will ever be attempted, if all possible objections must first be overcome. - **Samuel Johnson**

Progress in every age results only from the fact that there are some men and women who refuse to believe that what they know to be right cannot be done. - **Russell W. Davenport**

Are there not two points in the adventure of the diver: One -- when a beggar, he prepares to plunge? Two -- when a prince, he rises with his pearl? I plunge! - **Robert Browning**

The world of achievement has always belonged to the optimist. - **J. Harold Wilkins**

IN YOUR EASTER VOMIT by Peter Stampfel, Betsy Wollheim & Antonia, written during a cab ride in 1976 or '77.

In your Easter Vomit with all the flies upon it
You'll be the drunkest wino in the Easter Parade
You'll be all hung over and when they roll you over
You'll be the rankest wino in the Easter Parade

On the avenue ... Tenth avenue
The photographer will snap us
And he'll say that you're like a pile of manure

Fifty pounds of comet
Could not remove the vomit
And all the flies you're wearing
To the Easter Parade

Tom O' Bedlam's Song (Anonymous Ballad, circa 1620)

From the hag and hungry goblin
That unto rags would rend ye,
The spirit that stands by the naked man
In the Book of Moons, defend ye.
That of your five sound senses
You never be forsaken,
Nor wander from your selves with Tom
Abroad to beg your bacon,
While I do sing, Any food, any feeding,
Feeding, drink or clothing;
Come dame or maid, be not afraid,
Poor Tom will injure nothing.

The palsy plagues my pulses
When I prig your pigs or pullen
Your culvers take, or matchless make
Your Chanticleer or Sullen.
When I want provant, with Humphry
I sup, and when benighted,
I repose in Paul's with waking souls,
Yet never am affrighted.
But I do sing, Any food, any feeding,
Feeding, drink or clothing;
Come dame or maid, be not afraid,
Poor Tom will injure nothing.

Of thirty bare years have I
Twice twenty been enragèd,
And of forty been three times fifteen
In durance soundly cagèd.
On the lordly lofts of Bedlam
With stubble soft and dainty,
Brave bracelets strong, sweet whips, ding-dong,
With wholesome hunger plenty,
And now I sing, Any food, any feeding,
Feeding, drink or clothing;
Come dame or maid, be not afraid,
Poor Tom will injure nothing.

I know more than Apollo,
For oft when he lies sleeping
I see the stars at mortal wars
In the wounded welkin weeping.
The moon embrace her shepherd,
And the Queen of Love her warrior,
While the first doth horn the star of morn,
And the next the heavenly Farrier.
While I do sing, Any food, any feeding,
Feeding, drink or clothing;
Come dame or maid, be not afraid,
Poor Tom will injure nothing.

With a thought I took for Maudlin,
And a cruse of cockle pottage,
With a thing thus tall, sky bless you all,
I befell into this dotage.
I slept not since the Conquest,
Till then I never wakèd,
Till the roguish boy of love where I lay
Me found and stript me nakèd.
While I do sing, Any food, any feeding,
Feeding, drink or clothing;
Come dame or maid, be not afraid,
Poor Tom will injure nothing.

The Gypsies, Snap and Pedro,
Are none of Tom's comrades,
The punk I scorn, and the cutpurse sworn
And the roaring boy's bravadoes.
The meek, the white, the gentle,
Me handle not nor spare not;
But those that cross Tom Rynosseross
Do what the panther dare not.
Although I sing, Any food, any feeding,
Feeding, drink or clothing;
Come dame or maid, be not afraid,
Poor Tom will injure nothing.

When I short have shorn my sow's face
And swigged my horny barrel,
In an oaken inn, I pound my skin
As a suit of gilt apparel;
The moon's my constant mistress,
And the lovely owl my marrow;
The flaming drake and the night crow make
Me music to my sorrow.
While I do sing, Any food, any feeding,
Feeding, drink or clothing;
Come dame or maid, be not afraid,
Poor Tom will injure nothing.

With an host of furious fancies,
Whereof I am commander,
With a burning spear and a horse of air
To the wilderness I wander.
By a knight of ghosts and shadows
I summoned am to tourney
Ten leagues beyond the wide world's end:
Methinks it is no journey.
Yet I will sing, Any food, any feeding,
Feeding, drink or clothing;
Come dame or maid, be not afraid,
Poor Tom will injure nothing.

"Tom O'Bedlam" (alternate)

From the hag and hungry goblin
That into rags would rend ye
The spirit that stands by the naked man
In the Book of Moons defend ye,
That of your five sound senses
You never be forsaken,
Nor wander from yourself, with Tom,
Abroad to beg your bacon,
While I do sing, any food, any feeding,
Feeding, Drink, or clothing,
Come Dame or maid, be not afraid,
Poor Tom will injure nothing.

Of thirty bare years have I
Twice twenty been enrag'ed
And of forty have been three times fifteen
In durance soundly cag'ed
On the lordly lofts of Bedlam
With stubble soft and dainty,
Brave bracelets strong, sweet whips ding dong
With wholesome hunger plenty.
And now I sing, any food, any feeding
Feeding, Drink, or Clothing,
Come Dame or Maid, be not afraid,
Poor Tom will injure nothing.

With a thought I took for Maudlin (Magdelene
or prostitute)
And a cruse of cockle pottage
With a thing thus tall, God Bless You All,
I befell into this dotage.
I slept not since the Conquest,
'Til then I never wak'ed
'Til the roguish boy of love where I lay
Me found and stripp'd me naked.
And now I sing, any food, any feeding
Feeding, Drink, or Clothing
Come Dame or Maid, be not afraid,
Poor Tom will injure nothing.

When I short have shorn my sow's face
And swigged my horny barrel
In an oaken Inn, I 'pound my skin
(impound or pawn)
As a suit of gilt apparel;
The moon's my constant mistress,
And the lovely owl my marrow (mate)
The flaming drake, and the night crow make
(dragon)
Me music to my sorrow.
While I do sing, any food, any feeding
Feeding, Drink, or Clothing,
Come Dame or Maid, be not afraid
Poor Tom will injure nothing.

The palsy plagues my pulses
When I prig your pigs or pullen, (steal..poultry)
Your culvers take, or matchless make (doves)
Your Chanticleer or sullen.
When I want provant, with Humphry (food)
I sup, and when benighted,
I repose in Paul's, with waking soul's (St. Paul's
Church graveyard)
Yet never am affrighted.
But I do sing, any food, any feeding
Feeding, Drink, or Clothing,
Come Dame or Maid, be not afraid,
Poor Tom will injure nothing.

I know more than Apollo
For oft when he lies sleeping
I see the stars at bloody wars
In the wounded welkin weeping;
The moon embrace her shepherd,
And the Queen of Love her warrior,
While the first doth horn the star of morn,
And the next, the heavenly farrier.
While I doo sing, any food, any feeding
Feeding, Drink, or Clothing,
Come Dame or Maid, be not afraid,
Poor Tom will injure nothing.

The gypsies, Snap and Pedro,
Are none of Tom's comrades,
The punk I scorn, and the cut-purse sworn
(whore.... pickpocket)
And the roaring boy's bravadoes.
(street gangster)
The meek, the white, the gentle,
Me handle, touch, and spare not;
But those that cross Tom Rhynossers
Do what the Panther dare not.
Although I sing, any food, any feeding
Feeding, Drink, or Clothing,
Come Dame or Maid, be not afraid
Poor Tom will injure nothing.

With an host of furious fancies
Wherof I am Commander,
With a burning spear, and a horse of air,
To the wilderness I wander
By a knight of Ghosts and shadows
I am summoned to a tourney
Ten leagues beyond the wide world's end:
Me thinks it is no journey.
Yet I will sing, any food, any feeding
Feeding, Drink, or Clothing
Come Dame or Maid, be not afraid,
Poor Tom will injure nothing.

This poem is a brilliant "mad song"... told by a former inmate of Bedlam (Bethlehem Hospital, London). The song swings back and forth from personal history told with a somewhat bitter irony ("The lordly lofts of Bedlam... the brave bracelets... the 'sweet' whips) to passages of visionary splendor. Tom is either unclear of time... he's spent more years in Bedlam than he's been alive) or he's of no time and place ("I slept not since the Conquest..."). The stanza beginning, "I know more than Apollo..." is of an exquisite visionary beauty worthy of Blake. Tom here suggests that he... the "Mad"... the outsider... may know more than Apollo, the sun... and the sun-god supposed to know all of logic and reason. To Tom, the Constellations are more than mere stars with symbolic allusions to Classical mythology... they are active, fantastical visions.

Bloom suggests that "Tom O' Bedlam" might have been a perfect song for insertion into many of Shakespeare's plays... especially "King Lear" and the scene of the madness of Lear. Bloom is so struck by the power of this poem that he suggests he would not be surprised were it to be discovered that the author was indeed Shakespeare (the time period is right for such a supposition). Bloom is especially interesting in his recognition that the poem's final stanza seemingly merges the two greatest fictive personages of the era: Hamlet and Don Quixote.

nolens volens \NO-lenz-VO-lenz\: Whether unwilling or willing.

excursus \ik-SKUR-sus\, noun:

1. A dissertation that is appended to a work and that contains a more extended exposition of some important point or topic.
2. A digression.

None will improve your lot If you yourself do not.-- **Bertolt Brecht, 1933**

Life's about friendships, the way you love your partner, the way you care for your children. That is what life is about. Not anything about earning a hundred zillion dollars because you toured America more than anyone else. I want life to be about creativity. -- **Joe Strummer, former lead singer for the Clash rock band**

Physical courage, which despises all danger, will make a man brave in one way; and moral courage, which despises all opinion, will make a man brave in another.- **Charles Caleb Colton**

Excerpts from an article published in "The Gentlemen's Magazine" about **Charles Caleb Colton** in London in 1832

Mr. Colton was educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge, and probably related, how nearly, we know not, to Rev Barfoot Colton, who was elected from Eton to the same college in 1755, and afterwards, in 1788, became a Canon Residentiary of Salisbury. Mr. Caleb Colton was elected from Eton in 1796, and was after chosen Fellow of King's. He graduated B.A. 1801, M.A. 1804. In 1801 he was presented by the college to the perpetual curacy of Iverton Prior's Quarter in Devonshire which may be held together with a Fellowship, and where he continued to reside for many years; we presume until presented by his college to the vicarage of Kew and Petersham in 1812."

"The eccentricities, and it may be added, irregularities, by which he was afterwards distinguished, were not entirely unknown there. On one occasion he was sent to read the "Visitation of the Sick" to a dying parishioner, who had amassed great wealth in the Indies. This visit occupied him till the instant when another clergyman had concluded the afternoon prayers in the great church at Tiverton. Colton rushed from the dying man's bedside into the pulpit, and for above an hour poured forth an extemporaneous flood of no ordinary eloquence in favor of strict morals, to the no small surprise to a numerous congregation, closing at length with 'You wonder to hear such things from me! But if you had been where I was just now, and heard and seen what I did, you would have been convinced it is high time to reform our courses and I, for my part, am determined to begin.' Alas, the next Sunday, he hurried over the reading of a fifteen-minute' discourse, and immediately after, the writer saw him placing his pointers in the basket behind, and his guns beside him in his gig and driving off toward a distant manor, to be ready for the next day's partridge-shooting."

A writer who gave an account of him (Colton), in a defunct periodical, 'The Literary Magazine', was introduced to Mr. Colton by an equally eccentric personage, the well-known Walking Stewart. 'The appearance of Mr. C. was,' he says, 'at once striking and peculiar. There was an indefinable something in the general character of his features, which, without being prepossessing, fixed the attention of a stranger in no ordinary degree. His keen grey eye was occasionally overshadowed by a scowl or inflexion of the brow, indicative rather of a habitual intensity of reflection than of any cynical severity of disposition. His nose was aquiline, or (to speak more correctly, if less

elegantly) hooked; his cheek bones were high and protruding, and his forehead by no means remarkable either for its expansiveness, or phrenological beauty of development. There was a singular variability of expression around his mouth, and his chin was precisely what Laveter would have called an intellectual chin. Perhaps the shrewdness of his glance was indicative rather of extraordinary cunning, than of high mental intelligence.”

“His usual costume was a frock coat, sometimes richly braided and a black velvet stock: in short, his general appearance was quite military; so much so, that he was often asked if he were not in the army. I am half inclined to believe that he courted this kind of misconception; as his reply was invariably the same; ‘No, Sir, but I am an officer of the church militant.’ Before they parted, Mr. Colton gave his new acquaintance a pressing invitation to breakfast next morning, and put a card into his hand, in which the name of the street and the number of the house were explicitly mentioned. The describer went and found--a marine-store shop! And thinking that after all there must be some mistake, he walked off. On again meeting Mr. Colton, the too fastidious stranger was reproached for his breach of appointment, and invited anew. ‘The most exaggerated description of the garrets of the poets of fifty years ago,’ says the visitor, ‘would not libel Mr. Colton’s apartment. Such of the panes as were entire were begrimed with dirt. As to the only two chairs in the room, while one, apparently the property of the poet, was easy and cushioned, and differing essentially in character from the rest of the furniture, the other one, a miserable rush-bottomed one, was awfully afflicted with the rickets. On the deal table at which the host was seated, stood a broken wine-glass half filled with ink, with a steel pen, which had seen some service, laid transversely on its edge which raised him to fame. Mr. Colton insisted that he should taste his wine, and going to the piece of furniture which contained his bed, opened a large drawer near the floor, which was filled with bottles of wine ranged in saw-dust, as in a bin. His hock and white hermitage were delicious, and the poet and auditor parted faster friends than ever.”

“Toward the end of 1820 appeared “Lacon, or Many Things in Few Words”, addressed to those who think”, a thin, ill-printed seven-shilling octavo. It attracted much attention and praise. The name of Colton was thenceforth known to all, and when we find that the sixth edition of “Lacon” appeared in 1821, we need not wonder that “Lacon, Vol. II” appeared in 1822. The merits of this work are undeniable. It may be alleged, indeed, that the use of antithesis is too frequent, and that some of his ideas may be traced to “Bardon’s Materials for Thinking” (a favorite work with Mr. Colton) others are taken from a work supposed to be known to all--“Bacon’s Essays”, but still, when all deductions are made, enough will remain to place the author of Lacon far above all his contemporaries in the art of making his readers ‘think’.”

“In 1822 Mr. C. re-published his ‘Napoleon’, with extensive additions, under the title of “The Conflagration of Moscow’. The next that the public heard of him was at the time of the great sensation respecting Thurtell’s murder of Weare. The Vicar of Kew had disappeared, he was known to be a regular gamester, and to have been frequently in the company of the murderer and the murdered. It was thought that he had fallen a victim to some of those he had selected for his habitual associates, but Thurtell denied this fact. Some time elapsed before it transpired, to the public at least, that Mr. Colton’s disappearance had been voluntary, and that he had fled from his creditors, who struck a docket against him, and gazetted him as a wine-merchant.

“In November, 1827, on the latest day allowed by law, he appeared to take possession of his living; but in 1828 he finally lost it, by lapse, and the college appointed a successor. For the next two years, he was in America, traveling through the United States; from thence he transferred his residence to the Palais Royal, ‘which is to Paris,’ says Galignani’s Guide, ‘what Paris is to Europe, the centre of pleasure and vice!’ He there expended considerable sums in forming a picture gallery, and every nook of his apartment was filled with valuable paintings. He then became known in the gaming salons of the Palais Royal and so successful was he that in a year or two he acquired the equivalent of 25,000 English pounds. But inveterate attachment to the gaming table again rendered him a beggar, and his excesses brought on a disease, to remove which a surgical operation became indispensable. The dread of this operation produced such an effect upon Mr. Colton’s mind that he became almost insane, and finally blew out his brains, in order to avoid the pain of the operation.”

“During his residence at Paris his mode of dress continued unchanged. He had only one room, kept no servant (unless a boy to take charge of his horse and cabriolet), he lighted his own fire, and performed all his other domestic offices himself. He printed at Paris, for private circulation, ‘An Ode on the Death of Lord Byron’ and continued to occupy himself in literary composition; and he has left a poem of 600 lines called ‘Modern Antiquity’ which will probably be published.”

“Colton was in many respects a most singular character; but the distinguishing feature of his mind was promptitude. Well-read to intimacy, with the ancient classics,--after dinner, his Greek and Roman lore would flow as freely as his wine, affording a delicious feast to scholars. Nor was he less an admirer of what was excellent in morals. After hearing the present occupier of the late Robert Hall’s pulpit in Cambridge, Colton introduced himself to spend the evening with the preacher;--then ‘Greek met Greek’ and brought out the stories of ancient literature and heathen and Christian ethics till after morning. “We held a sober festival--that E---ds is a worthy fellow; sound in principle as erudite in learning’. It was erroneously stated, at the moment of Mr. Colton’s death that he was in a state

bordering on poverty: such was not the truth. He had been for a long time substantially assisted by his family, which is confirmed by a letter he wrote to his aged mother only a few days before the awful moment of his decease, in which he thanked her for her ample remittances.”

A sample of aphorisms by Charles Caleb Colton

Adversity as a teacher:

He that has never suffered adversity is but half acquainted with others, or with himself.
Constant success shows us but side of the world. For, as it surrounds us with friends, who will tell us only our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom alone we can learn our defects.

Anger and Revenge:

The sun should not set upon our anger; neither should he rise upon our confidence. We should forgive freely, but forget rarely. I will not be revenged, and this I owe to my enemy; but I will remember, and this I owe to myself.

Death; as a liberator:

Death is the liberator of him whom freedom cannot release, the physician of him whom medicine cannot cure, and the comforter of him whom time cannot console.

Deliberate with caution, but act with decision:

Deliberate with caution, but act with decision, and yield with graciousness, or oppose with firmness.

Dining with the great:

He that likes a hot dinner, a warm welcome, new ideas and *old* wine, will not often dine with the great.

Drunkenness; a vice of good constitutions:

Drunkenness is the vice of a good constitution or a bad memory; of a constitution so treacherously good that it never bends until it break; or of a memory that recollects the pleasure of getting drunk, but forgets the pains of getting sober.

Enemies; who are to be pitied:

There are some men whose enemies are to be pitied much and their friends more.

Friends vs. Enemies:

An act, by which we make one friend, and one enemy, is a losing game, because revenge is a much stronger principle than gratitude.

Good and Evil; choosing between:

The clashing interests of society, and the double, yet equal and contrary demands arising out of them, where duty and justice are constantly opposed to gratitude and inclination, these things must make the profession of a statesman, an office neither easy nor enviable. It often happens that such men have only a choice of evils, and that in adopting either, the discontent will be certain and the benefit precarious. It is seldom that statesmen have the option of choosing between a good and an evil; and still more seldom that they can boast of that fortunate situation, where, like the great Duke of Marlborough, they are permitted to choose between two things that are good. His Grace was hesitating whether he should take a prescription recommended by the duchess; "I will be hanged," said she, "If it does not cure you." Dr. Garth, who was present, instantly exclaimed, "Take it then, Your Grace, *it is sure to good, one way or the other!*"

Happiness, anticipation of:

Men spend their lives in anticipations, in determining to be vastly happy at some period or other *when they have time*. But the present time has one advantage over every other: it is our own. Past opportunities are gone, future have not come. We may lay in a stock of pleasures, as we would lay in a stock of wine; but if we defer the tasting of them too long, we shall find that both are soured by age!

Hate; the kind we can all bear:

The hate we can all bear with the most Christian patience is the hate of those who envy us.

Impotence of the rich:

It is only when the rich are sick, that they fully feel the impotence of wealth.

Innovation; beware of:

We ought not to be over anxious to encourage innovation, in cases of *doubtful* improvement, for an old system must ever have two advantages over a new one; it is established, and it is understood.

Law and Equity:

Law and equity are two things which God hath joined, but which man hath put asunder.

Life; enjoyment of:

How small a portion of our life is that we really enjoy. In youth we are looking forward to things that are to come; in old age, we are looking backwards to things that have gone past. In things that are present, even that is too often absorbed in vague determination to be vastly happy on some future day, when we have time.

Little Men and Mischief;

To know exactly how much mischief may be ventured upon with impunity is knowledge sufficient for a *little* great man.

Living alone; benefits of:

Those who have resources within themselves, who can dare to live alone, want friends the least, but, at the same time, best knows how to prize them the most. But no company is far preferable to bad, because we are more apt to catch the vices of others rather than their virtues, as disease is far more contagious than health.

Love without jealousy:

Love may exist without jealousy, although this is rare; but jealousy can exist without love, and this is common, for jealousy can feed on that which is bitter, no less than that which is sweet, and is sustained by pride, as often as by affection.

Ministers; upright and corrupt:

An upright minister asks, *what* recommends a man, a corrupt minister asks *who*?

Misfortunes; pity from others:

For one man who sincerely pities our misfortunes, there are a thousand who sincerely hates our successes.

Nothing to say? Say Nothing!

When you have nothing to say; say nothing, a weak defense strengthens your opponent, and silence is less injurious than a bad reply.

Obligations to Many; prudence in repayment:

If you are under obligations to many, it is prudent to postpone the recompensing of one, until it be in your power to remunerate all; otherwise you will make more enemies by what you give, than by what you withhold.

Our Reputation and our Life:

The two most precious things on this side of the grave are our reputation and our life. But it is to be lamented that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of the one, and the weakest weapon of the other. A wise man, therefore, will be the more anxious to deserve a fair name than to possess it, and this will teach so to live, as not to be afraid to die.

Pedantry; effects of:

Pedantry crams our heads with learned lumber, and takes out our brains to make room for it.

Pleasing the Mob:

It is an easy and a vulgar thing to please the mob, and not a very arduous task to astonish them, but, essentially, to benefit and to improve them is a work fraught with difficulty, and teeming with danger.

Professions; differences among them:

Of the professions it may be said that the soldiers are becoming too popular, parsons too lazy, physicians too mercenary, and lawyers too powerful.

Rats and Conquerors:

Rats and conquerors must expect no mercy in misfortune.

Repentance; the seeds of:

The seeds of repentance are sown in youth by pleasure, but the harvest is reaped in age by pain

Religion; what men will do for it:

Men will wrangle for religion, write for it, fight for it, die for it; anything but live for it.

Royal Favorites; their obligations to their masters:

Royal favorites are often obliged to carry their complaisance farther than they meant. They live for their master's pleasure and they die for his convenience.

Saints and Sinners; intolerance of those saved:

No roads are so rough as those that have just been mended, so no sinners are so intolerant as those that have just turned saints,

Shakespeare Stands Alone:

All the poets are indebted more or less to those who have gone before them, even Homer's originality has been questioned, and Virgil owes almost as much to Theocritus in his Pastorals, but Shakespeare stands alone. His want of erudition was a most happy and productive ignorance; it forced him back upon his own resources, which were exhaustless. If his literary qualifications made it impossible for him to borrow from the ancients, he was more than repaid by the powers of his invention, which made borrowing unnecessary.

Soldiers; reasons for fighting:

An Irishman fights before he reasons, a Scotsman reasons before he fights. An Englishman is not particular to the order of precedence, but will do either to accommodate his customers. A modern general has said that the best troops would be as follows: An Irishman half drunk, a Scotsman half starved, and an Englishman with his belly full.

True Friendship; its value:

True friendship is like sound health; the value of it is seldom known until it is lost.

Trumping the King:

King James held convocation at Perth and demanded of the Scotch barons that they should produce the charters by which they held their lands; they all with one simultaneous movement, rose up and drew their swords.

Happy is he who dares courageously to defend what he loves - **Ovid**

**STEP RIGHT UP
TOM WAITS**

Step right up, step right up, step right up,
Everyone's a winner, bargains galore
That's right, you too can be the proud owner
Of the quality goes in before the name goes on
One-tenth of a dollar, one-tenth of a dollar, we got service
after sales
You need perfume? We got perfume,
How 'bout an engagement ring?
Something for the little lady, something for the little lady,
something for the little lady, hmm
Three for a dollar
We got a year-end clearance, we got a white sale
And a smoke-damaged furniture
You can drive it away today
Act now, act now, and receive as our gift, our gift to you
They come in all colors, one size fits all
No muss, no fuss, no spills, you're tired of kitchen drudgery
Everything must go, going out of business, going out of
business
Going out of business sale
Fifty percent off original retail price, skip the middle man
Don't settle for less
How do we do it? how do we do it? volume, volume, turn up
the volume
Now you've heard it advertised, don't hesitate
Don't be caught with your drawers down,
Don't be caught with your drawers down
You can step right up, step right up

That's right, it filets, it chops, it dices, slices,
Never stops, lasts a lifetime, mows your lawn
And it mows your lawn and it picks up the kids from school
It gets rid of unwanted facial hair, it gets rid of embarrassing
age spots,
It delivers a pizza, and it lengthens, and it strengthens
And it finds that slipper that's been at large
under the chaise lounge for several weeks
And it plays a mean Rhythm Master,
It makes excuses for unwanted lipstick on your collar
And it's only a dollar, step right up,
It's only a dollar, step right up

'Cause it forges your signature
If not completely satisfied, mail back unused portion of
product
For complete refund of price of purchase
Step right up
Please allow thirty days for delivery, don't be fooled by cheap
imitations
You can live in it, live in it, laugh in it, love in it
Swim in it, sleep in it,
Live in it, swim in it, laugh in it, love in it
Removes embarrassing stains from contour sheets, that's right

And it entertains visiting relatives,
It turns a sandwich into a banquet
Tired of being the life of the party?
Change your shorts, change your life, change your life
Change into a nine-year-old Hindu boy, get rid of your wife,
And it walks your dog, and it doubles on sax
Doubles on sax, you can jump back Jack,
See you later alligator See you later alligator
And it steals your car
It gets rid of your gambling debts, it quits smoking
It's a friend, and it's a companion,
And it's the only product you will ever need
Follow these easy assembly instructions it never needs ironing
Well it takes weights off hips, bust, thighs, chin, midriff,
Gives you dandruff, and it finds you a job, it is a job
And it strips the phone company
free take ten for five exchange,
And it gives you denture breath
And you know it's a friend, and it's a companion
And it gets rid of your traveler's checks
It's new, it's improved, it's old-fashioned
Well it takes care of business, never needs winding,
Never needs winding, never needs winding
Gets rid of blackheads, the heartbreak of psoriasis,
Christ, you don't know the meaning of heartbreak, buddy,

C'mon, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon
'Cause it's effective, it's defective, it creates household odors,
It disinfects, it sanitizes for your protection
It gives you an erection, it wins the election
Why put up with painful corns any longer?
It's a redeemable coupon, no obligation,
No salesman will visit your home
We got a jackpot, jackpot, jackpot,
Prizes, prizes, prizes, all work guaranteed
How do we do it? How do we do it?
How do we do I? How do we do it?
We need your business, we're going out of business
We'll give you the business
Get on the business end of our going-out-of-business sale
Receive our free brochure, free brochure
Read the easy-to-follow assembly instructions,
Batteries not included
Send before midnight tomorrow, terms available,
Step right up, step right up, step right up
You got it buddy: the large print giveth,
And the small print taketh away
Step right up, you can step right up, you can step right up
C'mon step right up
(Get away from me kid, you bother me...)
Step right up, step right up, step right up,
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon
Step right up, you can step right up, c'mon and step right up,
C'mon and step right up

The State of Red

Mandana Zandian / Trans by Sholeh Wolpé

The stairway of our house was narrow
the stairway of our house was supposed to be
a place for hide and seek, for running up and down.
It was supposed to be white,
gleaming like the Milky Way.

The stairway of our house
was supposed to always laugh.

The air raid siren was red.
The siren cursed our stairway,
sullied it with darkness, dirt, and stench.
The siren smelled of hate.

The stairway of our house
in its fear of the siren collapsed
into itself and became a deep well,
dark, empty and dry,
and inside it my dreams birthed headless nightmares
wrapped in layers of sounds -- howls of jets and wolves.
My mother would press her head
against the stairway roof
her pulse pounding in her eyes
fearing if the earth should open
trample her beneath our neighbor's pious feet --
the same neighbor who praised God incessantly
for the war's boundless bounties.

And my father would shoot my hands
with the bullets of his eyes
all the way from the war at the border
so that he would not forget how young
I was dying beside my dolls.

And Tehran ...
never imagined it would become this red.
Its red sky and red earth
rumbled and quaked like thunder,
attacked our stairway in fury.

But tomorrow was always another day!
Another day where the earth was once again pregnant
with my classmates' dismembered parts.
A day filled with new lies I could slurp up in our history class--
and the school believed it could look for shelter
during the geography lesson
and God...
God always yawned.

Les Six were Darius Milhaud, Francis Poulenc, Arthur Honegger, Georges Auric, Louis Durey, and Germaine Tailleferre

[The Mighty Five or Mighty Handful](#)

[Balakirev, Mily A.](#)

[Borodin, Alexander](#)

[Cui, Cesar](#)

[Mussorgsky, Modest](#)

[Rimsky-Korsakov, N](#)

The best mask for demoralization is daring. - **Lucan**

Man does not live by a turkey in every oven or a color TV set in every home. Man lives by faith and hope and love, by the star on the horizon, by the trumpet that will not call retreat.- **E. Merrill Root**

"I Hate the Dutch" John Dowie [1977, EP "Another Close Shave"].

[Lalalala - Dick van Dyke]
I'm a British Tourist and I'm very, very rude.
I hate the stinking foreigners
hate their stinking food

I don't like French or Germans
I don't care for Belgians much
But worst of all worst of all
I hate the Dutch

The Dutch, the Dutch
I hate them worse than dogs.
They live in windmills
and mince around in clogs.

They don't have any manners
They don't say 'thanks' or 'please'
all they eat is tulips
and stinking gouda cheese...

I'm a British tourist with a countenance severe
I love to strike the foreign type
And box their poxied ears

But there's one woggy dago
I cannot bear to touch
The slimy crawling
stench appalling
snotty grotty Dutch

The Dutch are mad
Their fingers stuck in dikes
They use the wrong side of the road
And ride around on bikes

They don't have any manners,
don't have any brains.
There's only one race worse than them
and that's... THE DANES!

JOHN DOWIE, Born in Birmingham in 1950. Wildly humorous poet, song sketcher and on-stage comedy antics. Form comedy/rock band Mr John Dowie & The Big Girl's Blouse in mid-70s. Perform ear-splitting gigs in Britain and abroad, Release e.p. on Virgin Records, Another Close Shave, six tracks including British Tourist (I Hate The Dutch). Release Acne, Idiot, Hitler's Liver on Factory Record's debut A Factory Sampler. Still at it. VERY underrated.

“Trying to provide one's readers with advice on life may be a rather puerile inclination” **A quote from an essay on Martin Amis**

If I have ever made any valuable discoveries, it has been owing more to patient attention than to any other talent. - **Isaac Newton**

Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus

In rough order, the first half of the book sets forth the following theses:

- * The world consists of independent **atomic facts** — existing states of affairs — out of which larger facts are built.
- * Language consists of atomic, and then larger-scale **propositions** that correspond to these facts by sharing the same "**logical form**".
- * Thought, expressed in language, "pictures" these facts.
- * We can analyse our thoughts and sentences to express ("express" as in *show*, not *say*) their true logical form.
- * Those we cannot so analyse cannot be meaningfully discussed.
- * Philosophy consists of no more than this form of analysis: "*Wovon man nicht sprechen kann, darüber muß man schweigen*" ("Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must be silent").

Some commentators [*citation needed*] believe that, although no other type of discourse is, properly speaking, philosophy, Wittgenstein does imply that those things to be passed over "in silence" may be important or useful, according to some of his more cryptic propositions in the last sections of the *Tractatus*; indeed, that they may be the most important and most useful. He himself wrote about the *Tractatus* in a letter to his publisher Ficker:

...the point of the book is ethical. I once wanted to give a few words in the foreword which now actually are not in it, which, however, I'll write to you now because they might be a key for you: I wanted to write that my work consists of two parts: of the one which is here, and of everything I have *not* written. And precisely this second part is the important one. For the Ethical is delimited from within, as it were by my book; and I'm convinced that, *strictly speaking*, it can ONLY be delimited in this way. In brief, I think: All of that which *many* are *babbling* I have defined in my book by remaining silent about it.

—Wittgenstein, *Letter to Ludwig von Ficker, October or November 1919, translated by Ray Monk*

- The world is everything that is the case. *

There are many ways to measure success; not the least of which is the way your child describes you when talking to a friend. - **Unknown**

<i>Czech:</i>	kunda
<i>Danish:</i>	kusse; fisse
<i>Estonian:</i>	tuss
<i>Greek:</i>	moun?
<i>Hungarian:</i>	pina, picsa
<i>Indonesian:</i>	kemaluan wanita
<i>Italian:</i>	figa
<i>Latvian:</i>	(sievietes) maksts
<i>Lithuanian:</i>	moters lyties organas
<i>Norwegian:</i>	fitte
<i>Slovak:</i>	kunda, pic~a
<i>Slovenian:</i>	pizda
<i>Spanish:</i>	coño, chocho
<i>Swedish:</i>	fitta
<i>Turkish:</i>	am

kick against the pricks, to resist incontestable facts or authority; protest uselessly: In appealing the case again, you will just be kicking against the pricks.

MCMXIV

Those long uneven lines
Standing as patiently
As if they were stretched outside
The Oval or Villa Park,
The crowns of hats, the sun
On moustached archaic faces
Grinning as if it were all
An August Bank Holiday lark;
And the shut shops, the bleached
Established names on the sunblinds,
The farthings and sovereigns,
And dark-clothed children at play
Called after kings and queens,
The tin advertisements
For cocoa and twist, and the pubs
Wide open all day;
And the countryside not caring
The place-names all hazed over
With flowering grasses, and fields
Shadowing Domesday lines
Under wheats' restless silence;
The differently-dressed servants
With tiny rooms in huge houses,
The dust behind limousines;
Never such innocence,
Never before or since,
As changed itself to past
Without a word--the men
Leaving the gardens tidy,
The thousands of marriages
Lasting a little while longer:
Never such innocence again.

Philip Larkin

This Be the Verse

They fuck you up, your mum and dad.
They may not mean to, but they do.
They fill you with the faults they had
And add some extra, just for you.

But they were fucked up in their turn
By fools in old-style hats and coats,
Who half the time were soppy-stern
And half at one another's throats.

Man hands on misery to man.
It deepens like a costal shelf.
Get out as early as you can,
And don't have any kids yourself.

-Philip Larkin *High Windows* (1974)

"At the end of the day it's about the work...we managed to offend everyone we were fucking fed up with." **John Lydon** in the introduction to "the filth and the Fury", the documentary film about the career of the Sex Pistols.

Don't Stop

So you're down
So it's hard
Don't stop
Don't stop now

Stop an' you're negating
Ev'rything that you've been
Waiting for so long;
Stop an' you're denying
Ev'rything that you've been
Trying for so long.

So you're down
So it's hard
Don't stop
Don't stop now
What you gonna do when
You're not in there tryin t' do
What can you do?
I know you can do it
If you'll only just stick to
It's up to you.

There comes a time when things
Look so uncertain,
Seems like fate just won't allow
Reason's rhyme, but you set
Sail for something
And I'm on that dreamboat now.

So you're down
So it's hard
Don't stop
Don't stop now

Don't say you don't care about
The whereabouts or why
It's not insane;
Don't say it don't matter,
Go climb that broken ladder in the rain.

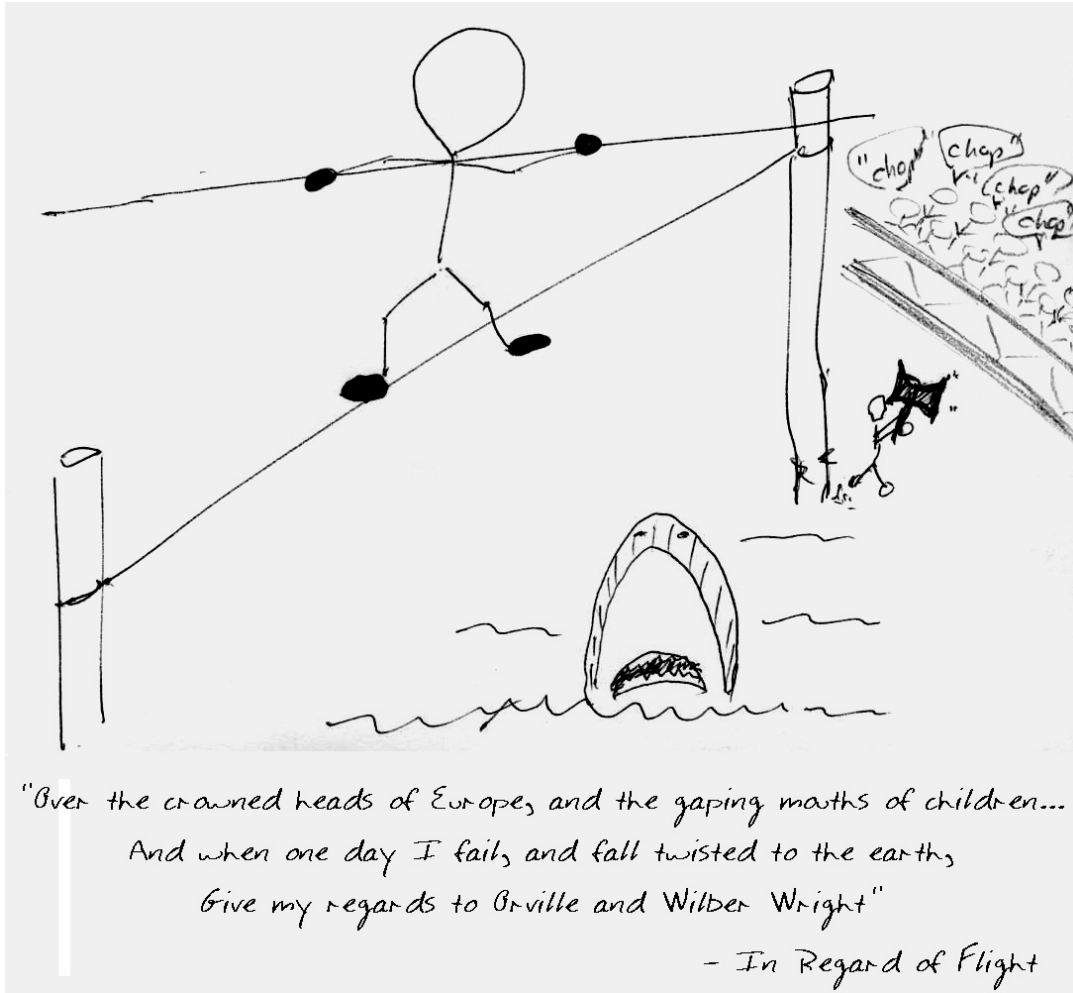
In your eyes I look to find the person
That I've always found before,
If she's gone, I just can't say for certain
I belong here anymore

So you're down
So it's hard
Don't stop
Don't crash boom

The world don't owe you nothing
An' the world don't show you nothing
But the door,
But when you surrender,
All your hopes an' dreams will end there,
That's for sure.

So you're down
So it's hard
Don't stop
Don't stop now

- Steve Forbert
- from "Rockin' Horse Head" 1996



Blackie the Big Dog

Blackie the big dog howls a legato baritone lament
 It echoes down the boulevards and the apple groves, over the shabby tenements
 Shiny-eyed and drooling behind his four foot high silver cyclone fence
 Sorrow and boredom and dirt
 is good enough for Blackie the big dog

His fur's matted. He limps. His right eye was left in a fight
 Chasin' dream rabbits up a column of dust in the light
 Parish bells usherin' in the early summer night
 His world ain't so much,
 but its ample for Blackie the big dog

Blackie sniffs the dried grass around the circumference of his domain.
 The range of his baileywicke measured by radius of chain
 And he whizzes on the oak stump gentle as the misty March rain
 Filthy bones and crunchy turds strewn about,
 but its heaven for Blackie the big dog -

Vernon Tonges Circa 1992

subjunctive - A grammatical form of [verbs](#) implying hypothetical action or condition. Subjunctives are italicized in these sentences: "If Mr. Stafford *were* [not "was"] fluent in French, he could communicate with his employees more effectively"; "If Sheila *had been* here, she would have helped us with our math."

Subjunctive - Sub*junc"tive\, a. [L. subjunctivus, fr. subjungere, subjunctum, to subjoin: cf. F. subjunctif. See [Subjoin](#).] Subjoined or added to something before said or written.

Subjunctive mood (Gram.), that form of a verb which express the action or state not as a fact, but only as a conception of the mind still contingent and dependent. It is commonly subjoined, or added as subordinate, to some other verb, and in English is often connected with it by if, that, though, lest, unless, except, until, etc., as in the following sentence: "If there were no honey, they [bees] would have no object in visiting the flower." --Lubbock.

Conjunctive

adjective

1. serving or tending to connect [ant: [disjunctive](#)]
2. involving the joint activity of two or more; "concerted action"; "the conjunct influence of fire and strong wind"; "the conjunctive focus of political opposition"; "a cooperative effort"; "a united effort"; "joint military activities" [syn: [concerted](#)]

noun

1. an uninflected function word that serves to conjoin words or phrases or clauses or sentences [syn: [conjunction](#)]

dis·junc·tive adj.

1. Serving to separate or divide.
2. *Grammar* Serving to establish a relationship of contrast or opposition. The conjunction *but* in the phrase *poor but comfortable* is disjunctive.
3. *Logic*
 - a. Of a proposition that presents two or more alternative terms.
 - b. Of a syllogism that contains a disjunction as one premise.

dis·junc·tive noun. *Grammar* A disjunctive conjunction.

con·di·tion·al

-adjective

1. imposing, containing, subject to, or depending on a condition or conditions; not absolute; made or allowed on certain terms: *conditional acceptance*.
2. *Grammar*. (of a sentence, clause, mood, or word) involving or expressing a condition, as the first clause in the sentence *If it rains, he won't go*.
3. *Logic*.
 - a. (of a proposition) asserting that the existence or occurrence of one thing or event depends on the existence or occurrence of another thing or event; hypothetical.
 - b. (of a syllogism) containing at least one conditional proposition as a premise.
4. *Mathematics*. (of an inequality) true for only certain values of the variable, as $x + 3 > 0$ is only true for real numbers greater than 3. Compare [ABSOLUTE](#) (def. 12).

-noun

5. *Grammar*. (in some languages) a mood, tense, or other category used in expressing conditions, often corresponding to an English verb phrase beginning with *would*, as Spanish *comería* "he would eat."

dis·tich

–*noun* *Prosody*.

1. a unit of two lines of verse, usually a self-contained statement; couplet.
2. a rhyming couplet.

Origin:

1545–55; < L *distichon*, n. use of neut. of Gk *dístichos* having two lines, equiv. to *di-* DI-¹ + *stíchos* row

dis·tichal

Pros. Pertaining to, or of the form of, a distich; consisting of two lines of verse.

dis·ti·chous

adj. *Botany*

Arranged in two vertical rows on opposite sides of an axis: *distichous leaves*.

[From Latin *distichus*, *having two rows*, from Greek *distikhos*; see **distich**.]

dis'ti·chous·ly *adv.*

subdi·titious 1. Placed underneath; used as a suppository.

1657 **TOMLINSON** *Renou's Disp.* 182 These subditiuous medicaments conduce much to the execution of small wormes. *Ibid.* 672 Laurel-berries..expressed..into a subditiuous vessel.

2. Surreptitiously or fraudulently substituted, suppositious. Put secretly in the place of something else; foisted in

[1625: implied in *subditiuously* below.] 1656 **BLOUNT** *Glossogr.*, *Subditiuous*, that is not properly ones whose it is feigned to be, that is put or laid in the place or room of another. 1668 **WILKINS** *Real Char.* II. i. 31 Stead, as substitute, subditiuous, serve for, succedaneous, Deputy, Surrogate, Vicar, Delegate [etc.].

Hence **subdi'titiously** *adv.*, by surreptitious substitution.

Hence **suppositiously** *adv.*, spuriously; hypothetically.

sub'distich Consisting of almost two rows. So **sub'distichous**

ad ho·mi·nem æd □h□m ənəm-□n□m, □d-[ad hom-uh-nuh m-nem, ahd-]

–adjective

1. appealing to one's prejudices, emotions, or special interests rather than to one's intellect or reason.
2. attacking an opponent's character rather than answering his argument.

Compare AD FEMINAM. [Origin: < L: lit, to the man]

ad fem·i·nam æd □f□m ə□nəm, -nəm, □d[ad fem-uh-nam, -nuh m, ahd]

–adjective appealing to one's personal considerations or feelings about women, esp. one's prejudices against them.

Compare AD HOMINEM. [Origin: < L: lit., to the woman]

me·ton·y·my m□□t□n əmi[mi-ton-uh-mee]

–noun Rhetoric.

1. a figure of speech that consists of the use of the name of one object or concept for that of another to which it is related, or of which it is a part, as “scepter” for “sovereignty,” or “the bottle” for “strong drink,” or “count heads (or noses)” for “count people.”

2. A figure of speech in which one word or phrase is substituted for another with which it is closely associated, as in the use of Washington for the United States government or of the sword for military power.

1562, from Gk. *metonymia*, lit. "a change of name," from *meta-* "change" (see *meta-*) + *onyma*, dial. of *onoma* "name" (see *name*). Figure in which an attribute or adjunct is substituted for the thing meant ("head" for "cattle," etc.).

[Origin: 1540–50; < LL metōnymia < Gk metōnymía change of name; see MET-, -ONYM, -Y³]

Deck Us All With Boston Charlie - Lyrics by Walt Kelly

Deck us all with Boston Charlie,
Walla Walla, Wash., an' Kalamazoo!
Nora's freezin' on the trolley,
Swaller dollar cauliflower alley-garoo!

Don't we know archaic barrel,
Lullaby Lilla boy, Louisville Lou?
Trolley Molly don't love Harold,
Boola boola Pensacoola hullabaloo!

Bark us all bow-wows of folly,
Polly wolly cracker n' too-da-loo!
Hunky Dory's pop is lolly gaggin' on the wagon,
Willy, folly go through!

Donkey Bonny brays a carol,
Antelope Cantaloup, 'lope with you!
Chollie's collie barks at Barrow,
Harum scarum five alarum bung-a-loo!

(NOTE: Diligent researchers, including the esteemedfolk-lorist, Professor Jiggs Potlook, have also unearthed the following partial verses. We make no guarantee for their authenticity.

For further research, kindly consult Walt Kelly ; Deck Us All With Boston Charlie, Simon and Schuster, 1963.)

Duck us all in bowls of barley,
Hinky dinky dink an' Polly Voo!
Chilly Filly's name is Chollie,
Chollie Filly's jolly chilly view halloo!

Bark us all bow-wows of folly,
Double-bubble, toyland trouble! Woof, Woof, Woof!
Tizzy seas on melon collie!
Dibble-dabble, scribble-scrabble! Goof, Goof, Goof!

Tickle salty boss anchovie
Wash a wash a wall Anna Kangaroo
Ducky allus bows to Polly,
Prolly Wally would but har'ly do!

Dock us all a bowsprit, Solly --
Golly, Solly's cold and so's ol' Lou!

'Ce qui compte dans une vie, c'est l'intensité d'une vie, pas la durée d'une vie.'

The photo shows what Jacques Brel meant when he said 'What counts in a life is its intensity, not its duration'.



La Dame Patronnesse by Jacques Brel

Pour faire une bonne dame patronnesse
Il faut avoir l'œil vigilant
Car comme le prouvent les événements
Quatre-vingt-neuf tue la noblesse
Car comme le prouvent les événements
Quatre-vingt-neuf tue la noblesse

Et un point à l'envers et un point à l'endroit
Un point pour saint Joseph, un point pour saint Thomas

Pour faire une bonne dame patronnesse
Il faut organiser ses largesses
Car comme disait le duc d'Elbeuf :
"C't avec du vieux qu'on fait du neuf"
Car comme disait le duc d'Elbeuf :
"C't avec du vieux qu'on fait du neuf"

Et un point à l'envers et un point à l'endroit
Un point pour saint Joseph, un point pour saint Thomas

[Pour faire une bonne dame patronnesse
C'est qu'il faut faire très attention
A ne pas se laisser voler ses pauvresses
C'est qu'on serait sans situation
A ne pas se laisser voler ses pauvresses
C'est qu'on serait sans situation]

Et un point à l'envers et un point à l'endroit
Un point pour saint Joseph, un point pour saint Thomas

Pour faire une bonne dame patronnesse
Il faut être bonne mais sans faiblesse
Ainsi j'ai dû rayer de ma liste
Une pauvre qui fréquentait un socialiste
Ainsi j'ai dû rayer de ma liste
Une pauvre qui fréquentait... un rouge

Et un point à l'envers et un point à l'endroit
Un point pour saint Joseph, un point pour saint Thomas

Pour faire une bonne dame patronnesse, Mesdames
Tricotez tout en couleur caca d'oie
Ce qui permet le dimanche à la grand-messe
De reconnaître ses pauvres à soi
Ce qui permet le dimanche à la grand-messe
De reconnaître ses pauvres à soi

Et un point à l'envers et un point à l'endroit
Un point pour saint Joseph, un point pour saint Thomas

Translation by Rich Krueger

To be a great lady who is kind to the poor
One must have keen and careful eye
Because you see in 1789
They murdered nobility...even those who were kind
Because history showed in '89
They'll slit all of our throats us if we are too kind

Knit one purl two
A stitch for St. Joseph, a stitch for St. Thomas

To be a great lady who cares for the poor
You must organize your largess
Because as the Duke of Beef Wellington said;
Out of old things we make new ones
Because as the Duke of Beef Wellington said;
Out of old things we make new ones

Knit one purl two
Something for St. Joseph, something for St. Thomas

To be a great lady who gives to the poor
You must be extremely careful
Not to lift too many out of poverty
Or then what would we have left to do
Not to lift too many out of poverty
Or then what would we have left to do

Knit one purl two
A place for St. Joseph, a place for St. Thomas

A great lady who has her eyes on the poor
Must be good hearted but not soft headed
Which is why I had to turn away
One poor woman who fraternized with Socialists
Which is why I had to turn in
That poor woman who fraternized

I mean really ...
Socialists for St. Thomas?

And remember my dears, a great patroness
Always crochets the world the color of goose shit
So that at Sunday mass she can see
Just who is there beneath her feet
So that at Sunday mass she can see
Just who is there beneath her feet

Knit one purl two
A stitch for St. Joseph, a stitch for St. Thomas

"If you leave things up to some folks, they would crochet the world the color of goose shit."
- Jacques Brel a *paraphrase from his song La Grande Dame Patronnesse*

A student of Wittgenstein once said something to the effect, "How stupid people must have been to look at a sunrise and think the sun moves around the earth." Wittgenstein thought and then said, "Yes, but what would have looked like if the sun did move around the earth?"

Maureen O'Hara: "Faith means believing in things when commonsense tells you not to."
Natalie Wood: "But Mommy..that makes no sense" – Miracle on 34th Street

"Faith means believing in stuff that no one in their right mind would believe" – Archie Bunker

"There is one fact that is universally held in common by all peoples on the earth and always has been and always will be. That fact is that some part of what any individual holds to be true, isn't. And virtually all of the inhumanity man shows his fellow men in some part stems from the great diversity of opinions on that first point. The goal must be equipoise." – Rich Krueger

Charlie Holley and The Cripples – A HIPPA Violation

Sunday August 9, 2009

So I was in Clovis New Mexico yesterday doing another disability clinic. I took this job because I am unemployed currently as a neonatologist and neuroscientist having been relieved of my responsibilities at the major University in this state. But that is another story all together.

It turns out any licensed MD or DO can do this job, even if like me they haven't examined an adult since medical school. My job here is to examine people who need to show me that they are disabled. This is so that I can tell the State of New Mexico that they are disabled. And this is so the State of New Mexico can give them just enough money so they can pay some of their bills and maybe see a proper doctor to help them with their disabilities. Sometimes the conversation is generally.

"Look see, doc, I have no legs."

"Yes...your legs are certainly missing."

"I lost them in Vietnam. I stepped on a mine. I was the first person to serve in 'Nam from New Mexico."

"You must be very proud."

The State requires that a bona fide doctor sees these patients, or in the SSI language, the claimant, in every case to assure the state said claimant in fact has no legs, or rather, to make sure they are not surreptitiously hiding their legs on or about their person, along with their vision, their hearing, a functioning musculoskeletal or cardiovascular or central nervous system, their soul and self-worth, their mind and memory, a reason to keep living, or any reasonable hope for a survivable future. Grifters all no doubt. Almost nobody has a doctor any more. They all have no insurance and can't be seen anymore. That's why they are here to get the SSI. Many can't afford their medicines anymore. And everybody smokes. I get well paid for this job.

Clovis is about a 3-4 hour drive south southeast of Albuquerque. My wife Liz had driven to LA to pick up the kids from a brief end-of-summer back-home-in-Culver-City-see their-friends-vacation-bible-camp holiday. I'm stag in Clovis.

It was a busy clinic day...maybe 18-19 patients from 8 to 6:30. The first one was a young woman who had just started to develop symptoms of Huntington's Chorea...she had watched her dad die of it. Huntington's is what killed Woody Guthrie. She and her ex-husband shared custody of their four kids..."He's a good dad." She tells me left her last year after an affair with her best friend. My heart ached so bad for this women I nearly cried. The rest of the day was lots of the same kind of stories. Another guy told me his problem was that his doctor had told him that his teeth had traveled to his heart and made it go bad. I told another lady with a leg brace about the Shel Silverstein song, "I'm a Three legged man with a two legged woman begin chased around the country by a one-legged fool"...she said she loved Shel but didn't know he wrote songs.

"Oh yeah 'Boy named Sue'...'Cover of the Rolling Stone'...lots more"

"I only knew about his children's books"

"In the sixties he also wrote a lot for Playboy"

"That figures"

At the end of the day on my way out of town I stopped by 1313 East 7th Street in Clovis New Mexico. You need to take 7th Street to get to US84 to get back to Albuquerque, so I had to go right past it.

<http://www.superoldies.com/pettystudios/pettytour.html>



Apparently locked out of the gated Norman Petty Recording Compound, the shadowy cell-phone photographer with his trusty blue sienna at his side will not be deterred, even if it means semi-illegal entry.

In 1956, a frustrated Lubbock singer-songwriter guitar player named Charles Hardin Holley, known to his friends as Buddy Holley, locked into an unsatisfying recording situation with Decca in Nashville, was looking for a place where he could record his songs his way. Decca was only interested in making Buddy into a rock-a-billy singer. They did release one single which went no where, and to boot had misspelled his name on the 45s label as "Buddy Holly".

Through the advice of a local Lubbock DJ, Hi-Pockets Duncan, Buddy heard about this place 100 miles west in Clovis, NM that had just recorded a hit called "Party Doll" by Buddy Knox. By 1957, Buddy had signed with Norman Petty. The first 45 released Buddy had released out of Norman's studio was "That'll Be The Day". Buddy got the title from a line in the 1956 John Ford-John Wayne movie "The Searchers". Buddy had recorded a version of it back in Nashville; the Nashville producer in told Buddy that it was the worst song he had ever heard. "That'll Be The Day" was the B side of that single. Buddy recorded almost all his greatest songs in that small studio in Clovis. The rest is history.

I stopped at the "compound", the Petty studio and an neighboring building, Nor Va Jak Music Inc, above which Norman had built his experimental reverb sound chambers, that he used to make those records sound soooo great.

The whole complex was surrounded by cyclone fencing, and looked fairly deserted. No one came to the doors when I knocked. I walked around the perimeter. One of the gates wasn't locked, so I walked into the compound. I just couldn't help myself. I tried knocking on a few doors and windows on both buildings but no one answered. As I made to leave I noticed through a window a lady sitting in her living room in the back part of the Nor Va Jak building. I waved hoping she would open the door, and she and her husband did.

I told her I was a big Buddy Holly and Roy Orbison fan (Roy also recorded at Petty Studios) and just had to drive by the studio as I had never been to Clovis before. I told them their gate was open so I just couldn't help coming in...but not to worry 'cause I'm just a fan and I'm a doctor too (nothing to worry about with me...honest). I asked her husband if he was associated with the studio, and he smiled shyly and said "Yes". His name was Dan Bigham, one of the two surviving members of the vocal group "The Roses" who sang back up on Orbison and Holly records, and toured with both of them too.

<http://www.buddyhollyandthecrickets.com/related/roses.html>

Dan offered to give me a brief private tour of the Petty Recording Studio. It was all there man...an original recording console (not the original...actually a stereo upgraded one from the early sixties) THE original tape decks, THE original studio monitors. Dan turned on a reel-to-reel tape player and through the monitors came "Think it Over"...The tape was a dub off the original master...the sound was immaculate...I felt like I was in the immediate presence of an enormous force...it was really quite overwhelming. I saw the old microphones, THE original Celeste that Vi Petty (Norman's wife) played on Buddy's "Everyday"....the place still had the original curtains, Norman Petty's first microwave oven, it was very cool.



Dan Bigham shows me the ORIGINAL studio monitors...while playing through them REAL LOUD a reel-to-reel tape copy of the master tape of "Think it Over" - amazing! Like being in heaven!



The trusty cell phone shaking in my mitts, Dan shows me the recording console...



The back wall of the recording booth at the studio...the reel to reel recorder which Dan played for me... the 45s and sheet music of music recorded here...Dan Bigham to the right



THE CELESTE that Vi Petty played on Buddy's recording of "Everyday" - still works and is still in tune!



THE ROSES

Management
NORMAN PETTY

The vocal trio, The Roses, in the day. Dan Bigham is down front along with his kind words for me. Robert Linville (back) passed in 11/01. Ray Rush (right) is still with us somewhere in southern Texas.

I bought me a tee-shirt...Dan gave me a signed 8 X 10 of The Roses from back in the day. Handsome men. I asked Dan one last thing when I left.

"So Buddy... he was a great guy, right? Or was he a difficult man?"

"No...Buddy was great...he was great. Buddy was older than me. I was 19. He was 20. I mean, we were just kids who were messing around and wanted to hear ourselves on the radio."

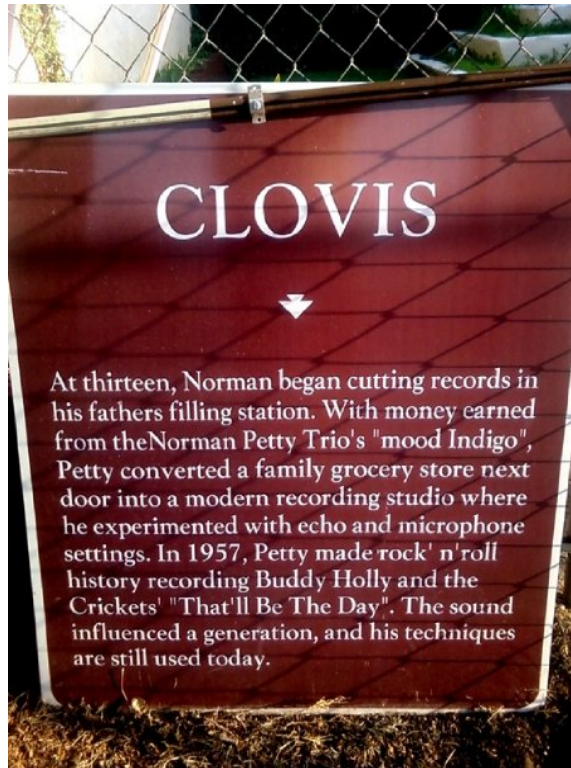
Then I drove home to Albuquerque. Next Friday I drive the 4-5 hours to do a disability clinic in Roswell NM on Saturday. No doubt the claimants their will spin their tales about how they haven't felt up to being able to work since their last alien abduction and probing.

Love, Rich

A souvenir with a young smiling Norman Petty



The historical marker...on the other side I wrote in sharpie "Rockin'K was here"



PS

Here is the final version (?) of the lyric for my newest song, probably first of many to come out of this disability clinic experience. Gonna try to record it in the next two days if I get my clinic dictations done... it is a light pop sounding song...think Jason Mraz meets Paul Simon's Graceland meets McFerrin's "Don't Worry ...Be Happy". That's to add to the banality...just like the banality of all our human sufferings...all the medical stories are pretty much verbatim from multiple different...honest...

Ain't It So Nice Outside Today

Ain't it so nice outside today?
Ain't it so nice outside today?
There's so much I still got to do.
Ain't it so nice outside today?

My back's been broke a couple times.
My neck just won't bend quite right.
Lost my left eye somewhere on the way.
My shoulder's froze up tight.

I can't mount a flight of stairs.
I can't climb out of a chair.
They said my head got busted by a 2 X 4,
And since that day it's like I got no soul no more.

And it hurts so bad,
And it's hurt for so damn long now.
The pain won't ever go away.
But I gotta live another day.
I've got to live another day.
'Cause there's just so much I've gotta do
And it's so nice outside today.

Sister been deaf since she was born.
Brother been blind since he was two
From something he got from mamma when he got born.
Whatever it was took mamma, too.

My good hand keeps dropping things.
My foot feels like it's made of wood.
Can't walk. Can't talk. Can't stand. Can't sit.
There's blood everytime I take a shit.

And it hurts so bad,
And I ain't worked for so damn long now.
Boss won't risk me comin' back.
And if you don't work, well you don't get paid
So you can't live to work another day.
And there's so much I still can do.
And ain't it nice outside today?

Where my left hand meets my arm
Is fused by a few screws.
The pills they give me they just don't see me through.
It seems like hopeless is just another word for nothing left
to lose.

The meth ran out
So I crashed real hard
February. The cops found me down
Outside an E/R that'd been shut down.

Seems I'd slept too long...
I slept too hard on my right arm.
Doctor said weren't nothin' he could do.
He told me he had to cut it off before time I'd come to.

And it hurts sometimes more than I can stand.
And it's hurt too damn long now.
I can't even feed myself.
Didn't Jesus even ask G-d himself?
Didn't Jesus ask
Why can't I live another day?
You know that there's so much I still have to do
And G-d ain't it so nice outside today.
Ain't it so nice outside today

Helpless
Hopeless
Aimless
Homeless
Pointless
Tooth-less
Limb-less
Useless
Friend-less
Worthless
Lifeless
Lifeless

But don't cry
Just don't cry
Don't cry
-July 2009

Last edit on 18 August 2009