



# Lyrical Notations

Sam Martin

*A Down in the Dirt 2007 chapbook*

In this libretto, I hope to hit a few new notes, to sing a song of unity about men and women and other inclusions, to show that surely life includes death. Literally, this little book is about non-ghosts who haunt me anyway. Let the bells sound.

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## *Merely Men and Women*

The human male's sexual orientation is chromosomally-directed (XY, sometimes XYY, so there are no men or supermen, only genes and super genes.) His sexual behavior is a product of the Genome's yearning to reproduce yet diversify itself, utilizing the delicious trick of visual archetypature.

### EXAMPLE

Men: Tell and draw the story of the developing mountain scene ("Once there was a mountain...."), the mountain bare at first, then adorned with snow, then with snow and sun, then with haze overtopping the snow and sun. Still skeptical? Then sketch in, or imagine, nylon tops or pantie bottoms.

Women: Bask in the Sun of your Power over the Mountain.

"Get your eyes full!" the passing girls would command us 1950's adolescent boys. (The time-change in sexual mores hasn't altered the archetypes, I betcha.) And we'd obey—our genes. Our Genome lured us into the sweet lies of courting, drove us along the strong lines of coercion, and landed us in the marriage bed. Were the "supersexed" then triumphant? No. The resultant inevitable rematch rate further aided the unfeeling farce that drives the deflowering. Did then the "suprasexed" prevail? Except that the defining gene pair, XX, resisted sexual immolation, No. Push and pull, translated into love by self-deception, engendered surrender to the demands of the perverse natural, the Genome.

The most recent (at least, the most recently exposed) product of the hi-jinks of Genomic Tyranny, homosexuality, may spell Its doom, if the Genome fools around and ends in *cide* by *sui*. But then let us suppose that is the original intention of the Force behind the Farce. How does it feel to be fiddled with?

## *Almost Elvis*

The Plan prevails. Always. Elvis had to be, so The Plan provided. The seed was split, the birthing doubled, the unneeded discarded. Jesse Garon Presley fell victim to The Plan.

As did Eddie Cochran, the “Blonde Elvis.” His classic, “Summertime Blues,” was a singular triumph. An automobile accident stoppered his song early. His function as a “near Elvis” was fulfilled.

Charlie Grace was not allowed even one major hit before The Plan discarded him. Of course, his renditions were well-received, but that, as well as his rescission, was due to the backup needs of The Plan.

Ral Donner may have been the “Elvis sound-alike,” but Ral sang his own song, quite successfully in many cases. Still, he is remembered as an “approximate Elvis.” The Plan, don’t you see.

The list could continue, but the boredom would begin, so let’s reveal the reason for (really, The Source of) this perplexity of near-history. It’s simple: Father Time and Mother Space decreed it, as a reminder: “Don’t question us! We might answer!”

### AFTERWORD

As I walked down a dusty road in south Texas in the summer of 1957, my guitar up under my arm, somebody yelled from a passing car: “Elvis!”

Who is buried in Elvis’s tomb? We all are.

## *The Ins and Outs of Doors*

“In or out!” his Mom used to tell him, as though she cared more for the door than for little Willie.

Willie loved the door, too, if he could go in and out it, and slam it at will. When he couldn't, he hated Mama, never the door. But adults enjoy a love-hate relationship with doors, and I can prove it. Listen! I mean, Read!

We can feel secure or insecure behind doors: secure if they are protecting us; insecure if they are impeding us. On a cold, rainy evening, we appreciate their protection; let a fire occur, we curse their stuck birth.

When the wind slams them open, we double-slam them shut, and we blame them, not the God-wind! We often talk rough to them, and grab them to prevent their movement, not unlike disciplining a recalcitrant child (and equally effective?). Meanwhile, doors obey Door Laws, but enjoy scant justice.

### IMAGINARY SIGN ON IMAGINARY DOOR

- Swinging Door-
- Goes Both Ways-
- Seeks Same System-
- Law And Justice-

### *Postem Scriptem*

(Third Declension of the Fourth Estate)

Doors close parts of the mind, behind which lurk lies and self-deception and other effluvia. Ironically, closed doors that restrict thinking freeze the freed portions of the mind in the on-guard position, thereby imprisoning it. Upon petitioning the Judge for, and being granted, a *habeas mentum*, it condemns itself to a life sentence of warranted pessimism.

# *A Walk on the Right Side*

We willingly drive on the right (the correct) side of the street, albeit usually in the middle lane, because, avenue, boulevard, or alley, the right-side lane is invariably cluttered with parked cars, walkers, runners, and trotters (dogs), bicyclists, motorcyclists, and motorists gone mad, cross-walking without a crosswalk, but at least we hold to the right (as possible), we seldom drive on the wrong side of the street (except for the terminally-stupid, who make aggressiveness, violence, and destruction their habit, and except for the wheelchair-bound, who are bound for glory sooner than later, anyway), **SO WHY DO WE INSIST ON AND PERSIST IN WALKING ON THE LEFT (THE WRONG) SIDE? WE HAVE A MODEL TO MIMIC!**

Take the mall walkers (and don't tell me what you did with them). Long, wide spaces on either side of the kiosks remind me of a divided street. Why don't they the mall walkers? Why do they mill about, and jostle, and impede progress, then peer to the left through a throng to scope out a store window intermittently blocked, nearly obscured, by passing shadows? Then cross against traffic? Aha! The truth rears its beautiful head—the irretrievably stupid again, without, usually, any accompanying aggressiveness. Besides, the truly aggressive here can be run down, so, ironically, they're afraid to be, but end up being, their true selves: cowards who hide their fear by running in packs, pushing drugs, and beating up defenseless women.

Of course, the same lack of order exists on sidewalks, in hallways and aisles, up and down stairways, in and out doors, caused by overcrowding, you say? Depends on the makeup of the crowd.

## FORMULA

Overpopulation = overcrowding = disorder = functioning on the wrong God-doomed side of just about everything!

## REASON

The human race daily grows more average.

## RELIEF?

We need another flood.

## *Death at the Top*

Death is acceptable, dying is bearable despite the pain and discomfort, but ill timing in either case is criminal.

People delay dying, the worst instance of which is the lingering in bed, not due to physical decline, but to mental. Some people (so-called) corrupt their brain matter overusing alcohol, abusing tobacco products, and sucking illicit drugs up their hoggish noses, while others encourage their bodies through proper diets, sleep, and exercise. The former is the worst offender, of course, but the latter is at least self-offensive. To the former, I insist—Blow your brains out! Now! To the latter I advise—Don't become so healthy your body outlives your mind.

The goal then is twofold, to pursue a normal existence, and to wear out evenly. There have been notable, even noble, human beings who were producing positive results on the day they died, at a reasonably advanced age. They simply expressed a weariness, then retired to their final sleep.

Ironically, the supreme transcendence of death occurs when one dies (ostensibly prematurely) at the top of his game, in some instances by his own hand, and through his own wisdom.

So, don't be the boxer who lingers, and loses. Die a champion, a fighter ready for the ring.

## *Dishonest Giving*

The varied forms of “reciprocation” are all evil (and indicative of the human tendency toward manipulation): nothing for something, something for nothing, nothing for nothing; but the most revered, something for something, is a lie from the pit of Hell, because, not only is it coated with deception, it masquerades as good will and proper manners.

Nobody’s giving anybody anything; they are merely mutually exchanging (*i. e.*, reciprocating), on a basis designed to undo the other by out-doing him.

So what then is honest giving? Helping when it hurts (oneself) without advertising the pain, without expecting, much less accepting, ought in return (including “Thank You,” given in whatever spirit). AS I AM DOING FOR YOU NOW, DEAR READER!—giving wisdom, but receiving (small) money (for the book). Dam’n! I intended to ciprocate but only reciprocated. Pardon me while I sharpen my razor and lather my neck.

Note Bene—Dear Benny, and all other readers, you’ll be happy to learn that he followed through, and shaved himself clean.

Signed,  
The New Narrator



# Locks and Keys

## Scene One

A male buddy who's coming over to "go get somep'n to eat" bangs on your door just as you're about to open it to "go take out the trash." You both say, "Hey!", he comes in, you go out, you come back in, and you're soon going down on hamburgers and fries.

## *Scenario Deux*

A female "acquaintance," due soon to arrive, to be escorted by you to an expensive dinner you're to treat her to, taps on your front door just as you are exiting the back door, to deposit the trash in "*Le Dumpster*." (She has parked with easy access to your (more convenient) rear entrance but would never consider approaching "there." ("*Quelle Gauche!*") You immediately insert the refuse back into the trash container and seal it (to avoid her "Ooh!"), wash your hands as thoroughly and rapidly as possible with perfumed soap purchased especially for such occasions, rush to the front door so she doesn't injure her delicate knuckles, greet her profusely, kiss the air near her cheek (to avoid smearing her "perfect" makeup), unsparingly compliment her incomparable beauty (utilizing verbal combinations heretofore unknown, therefore highly refreshing, to her pink, delicate, shell-like ears), escort her in (without touching her person), gently inform her of your need to remove the discardables from the premises so as not to offend her "perfectly lovely little nose," double-lock her in, after engaging the fire/smoke/criminal alarm system, then adumbrating all the procedures she must memorize in order to conserve her precious self, in case you're crass enough to let yourself be attacked and/or killed by external threats—men and other animals—and therefore not be able to return to function as her protector. In case you survive your foray, you must remember not to frighten her on your return (you might even jump slightly, so as to shake the bells on your shorts), and you mustn't forget to apologize for (ever so briefly) deserting her, to comfort her, to vow never to repeat the experience, to apologize for your tardiness, and on and on and on.

Well, has your serviability be expended in vain? No, but not for the reason you're probably allowing to enter your consciousness!SHAMELESS [MALE] READER!, but because, absent the distaff side of the house, males would grow unbalanced from a surfeit of "mind" and a deficiency of "heart."

## Narrator's Note

I'm only grateful that the Great God of Philology saw fit to endow our language with two mothers, actually one mother (*Latimica*) and one father (*Germanicus*), so that I might more readily "express the ponderousness of the situation." ("Shoot the bull." guys.)

## *Perchance Not*

In genuine sleep, dreams retreat into, or haven't yet emerged from, the "unconscious." In effect, when you're dreaming, you're not sleeping: dreams are not part of sleep; they're an interruption of it.

Dreams are merely thoughts, no different (in kind or quality) from those that rear their disfigured physiognomies during "awake" blocks of time and space. These dreams, these thoughts, more accurately characterized as diarrhea of the brain, are beginning to plunge us deep into the doo-doo and disease of the "popular" ("of the people") culture, including the previously respectable, if not wholly legitimate, disciplines of art, science, theology, business, and politics, a singular though not exhaustive listing.

It may be that the dreams ("unconscious") generate the thoughts ("conscious"); it more likely happens that the remnants of the thoughts degenerate into dreams, struggling to survive, and that the sleep state functions as a dismantling and disposal station, but two conclusions emerge unchallengeable, one erasing (or at least clarifying) a long-standing set of misperceptions, the other the last best hope of mankind in this (most current) corruption of creation.

The one? There is no subconscious; there is not even an unconscious; there are only variations of consciousness, the "awake" state and the "dream" state, two we label and pretend to understand. So where then do these dreams and thoughts originate? Well, when they appear to "pop into our head," they are coming from, that is, being generated, or de-or-re-generated, by each other. (Don't expect me to know their supernatural origin. Do you?) Then where do they go after their host's death, indeed, even when the host disappears under anesthetic? I don't know, either, but "we" don't disappear (in either case, I'll bet), and even when we seem to, in at least the one case we reappear from a state that we call "unconscious," but that is unconscious only to us limited-consciousness inhibitors.

The other? Hope reigns. The cut-off mechanism still functions, so think God thoughts—and—Pleasant Dreams!

## *Earth, Wind, or Fire?*

You may wonder: “Is there life after death?” Me, I’m preoccupied with death after life, that is, how the living should dispose of the dead, even though, to the latter it shouldn’t matter. Oddly, it does matter to the future dead, namely, me. (As a close reading of this paragraph reveals, this essay is mostly about me, but it is written to you, Dear Reader.)

So, should we bury? Or cremate and scatter? Which, I mean who, is more important? Must we newly-still provide a monument-for-visitation to the still-quick? Or may one keep only in the mind? I choose cremation, with the ashes scattered over my un-dug grave, and a monument declaring: “I’m Not In!”

### *Agony’s Prayer*

“Dissolve me in oblivion and  
Erase me from your memory.”

## *Exit the Prism*

Fake them out. Pretend to approach a door that everyone in sight wants, somehow at the same time, to enter or exit. Then turn aside at the last moment like a rhinoceros that has lost his aim. Stand apart and notice: not only will you soon be able to enter or exit unmolested, you'll observe, if you've a mind to, the Four Forces in action—Gravity, Magnetism, Electricity, the Weak Force—that have brought us to the precipice.

The first Three are considered observable through manifestation, though not fundamentally explainable; the latter One is yet a total mystery—except to me. I've observed It for years, and I can explain It. Simply put, the mass of humanity yearns to reunite. (Without gravity, mass is nothing.) It's legendary how most folks will endure any maltreatment of themselves or other loved ones, just to avoid exclusion, and will approve of the most perverse attitudes simply to gain unity with others.

### INSTEAD

Imagine two overlaying eccentric circles, and the two slightly offset center points, each with an outside pointing to it, each arrow bearing a legend:

(1.) You are here.

(2.) They are there.

### TRANSLATION

“As an outsider, what do you think of the human race?”

“Not much.”

## *Words and Worse*

Why do we apologize profusely for a slight jostle? (Other than the fact that it is wise to be wary of strangers.) Of course, we're not (terribly) sincere, only polite, but we do take pains not to offend, physically, people outside our emotional sphere.

We're even more careful not to probe a strange psyche, not to trade a pun for a punch. We don't look to engage in a purely psychological bout. Yet, we hardly hesitate to trade barbs and blows with, or, more likely, inflict them on, those held most "dear" by us. And why? Chicken-Order; also called Pecking-Order.

The world is not so crowded a pen as the home is. Still, one chicken too many in any coop is pecked and passed along until he pauses permanently. You may not notice his demise until you empty the enclosure around the muck he's resting in.

So what's the solution? Spread out. Live alone and love it. Fulfill your destiny: die with dignity—don't whimper.

## *Musical Fears*

Musical medleys muddle memories. A song learned is a circuit set, so a partial review, reiterated and cumulative, shorts the circuits. The set-sound, set-rhythm response is repeated dis-synchronized, thereby bypassing the soothing goal of sound-recall—evocation of sensations and associations, and resulting in a cacophonous nerve-jangling. Such is but one of a sewer-full of psychological pains inflicted by dismembers of the purported human race on the few remaining legitimate members. But take heart; we'll soon be gone.

## *Love*

The true one is mysterious,  
(The rest deleterious,  
Or, at best, delirious):  
God's love for man:  
Grab it while you can.

## *Rock 'N' Roll*

The kids feared it would fade. The adults feared it wouldn't. The Authorities pronounced it a fad, and predicted it would fade. And it was! And it did! Despite the stance of popular opinion.

HOWEVER, it didn't close the door behind itself, so to speak, so Rock, Hard Rock, Metal Rock, and Acid Rock rushed in, and stank up the place so bad, the subsequent sewer of song (?) and music (?) felt right at home. Since then, diarrhea of the brain has spilled over into the minds (?) of the masses, and exposed them as stupid jackasses.

James Thurber (1894-1961), American Humorist, agonized in his last writing, "Is there no good music on the radio anymore?" No, Mr. Thurber, there wasn't then, there isn't now, and there never will be again. Bad drives out good, and bad has taken total license. DEVINE MUSE, REDEEM US!



## *The Cause of it All*

Women are the cause of all the problems in the world, that is, their decisions are.

Let's face it: women choose the father(s) of their children (rape-babies, children of incest, even "unwanted," "unplanned" children are aborted), so women even choose the children of the father(s) they choose. Ultimately, women decide the quality/quantity of the world population. Doubt me? Read on.

An unwelcome suitor can be rebuffed by a father, a brother, an uncle, a neighbor, even a policeman (not to mention a boyfriend or a husband), so women have the final choice, in both the heredity and the environment shaping the future generations. A defective heredity rarely results in a constructive environment, and even those children of bad choices must admit that the progeny, the final product so to speak, result from the interaction of the heredity with the environment. Witness the furniture factory: the entering log becomes an exiting table leg, but of what level of quality? That depends on the quality of the wood and the shaping machinery. No, you say: What about the operator? Who? The mother? The father? The Society?

I admit it. Some few men (and even fewer women, if any) overcome the shaping process, prevail over the system, and become what might be termed "acceptable" (in the eyes of an outsider to the human race, like me) but they wisely choose not to reproduce!

My solution? Put the women over here, the men over there, then blow up the bridge.

## *The Process is the Thing*

You can do anything you don't know how to do, if you know how to do it. Simply, pick a stupid, stubborn (two manifestations of the same phenomenon) person you know, then (mentally) explain your actions to him/her. It clarifies and reassures, and each successful step reinforces your choice(s). Soon you're through.

(Lord! I've become a technical writer!)

*N.B.*-Will sell this hint to all inclusions of instructions in boxes.



# Lyrical Notations

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