

five six pick up sticks / I'm always nervous when playing games.
maybe because, as a kid, i was quite fat. five six seven lets all go to
heaven. what was that song, by psychedelic furs? she says, come
on, take the ball, and then... go that way, no... the other - gosh,
there's a lot to remember here. it's really raining... rain always ruins
the game, but still, it offers so much more: a chance to... notice the
unexpected. tap tap tap / like a metronome... or footsteps... no, put
it over here, there, that's better. it reminds me, when i was a kid,
we lived in boston, and in the neighborhood there was a whole
swarm of bats that would circle around at night, like shadows
against the sky - and one evening, a bat got into my brother's room,
and my mother had to go in there with a tennis racket, a towel over
her head, and get that bat. it was like searching for a leak in the
roof, those drops that come flooding down when you least expect it
- well, that bat, i tell you, we never found it! but it always felt like

it was getting closer... and closer... and for about a year after, I had nightmares... sleeping in my small bed, thinking that bat was still there - and soon, the whole roof would come falling in, to release a whole swarm of bats into the room. and my sister would play the piano, in the living room - she was quite good, we all thought. i tried as well - i sucked. but i did enjoy playing one note for hours... just over and over again, tapping tapping tapping that one single note, like rain falling from the ceiling, or tapping against the window, late at night, or early in the morning, when i was trying to avoid going to school or daydreaming into the window. my piano teacher said i played like a baseball player - hitting the keys like i was trying to hit the ball out of the park. but like i said, i was never good at games. or maybe secretly i always thought i was too smart for games? or it could be that one day, when i was much younger, a bumble bee got caught inside my baseball cap - buzzing around

up there, while i was waiting for the ball to come, waiting to hit the ball and then suddenly, this buzzing under my cap - bzzzzzzzzz... and i'm like, 'shit!' what the hell is that, there under my cap! and i go dancing off like a wild banshee, like a crazy nutter, and of course i missed the ball. that probably ended my involvement in sports, and maybe also, the piano. but still, sometimes at night i can still hear that buzzing... that bee... kind of like the bat, still flying around in my dreams, making noise up there, in the night of my thoughts, in the ceiling of my dreams... a swarm of sound, a danger. very very dangerous, but also, at the same time, and probably because of this, special. a horizon of possibility, a smooth space, a radical buzz, no, a magic, a continual tapping, or puttering, from the mouth, yes, from the mouth, a radical and chaotic harmony - that's what i tried to explain to my teacher, that morning when i was late from school because i was still searching

for the bat. and my friend kevin, he said, in my modest point of view, school is a waste of time. this made me laugh. and it made the teacher confused - she just looked at him, and thought, well... to be honest, i don't know what she thought, probably something like, these kids today, such imbeciles, such juveniles, and we're thinking of those bats and those bees, and all this waste of time. but its just such things, these sudden appearances of the most minute of sounds, which can do everything to change the view, to stimulate the chance, can open up and close down in the very same instant. from here, we might say, the performance begins: one two three four. you put your left foot in you put your right foot out - and then you shake it all about. the teacher tried to teach us that in school, but like i said, i was too fat for games then. just falling over myself, tumbling tumbling tumbling down and then over, and then back again - through the fennel bushes along the cliffs, my

innocent ears touched by the quiet softness of other voices. what was his name again? Cliff? No, Bob - yeah, Bob, he was an old hippie in the neighborhood, and he would take me and my friends for rides listening to the grateful dead, and talking about the 60s, and when he used to ride with the hells angels. and then, especially those days when he lived in jamaica - yeah, bob was cool. he inspired us, made us think. told us about economics, about capitalism and how crap it was. he lived on a farm, we helped him plant his tomatos. always the music... it was always there, around everything bob and us did - a kind of shadow, no, a kind of sun. boom boom boom one two three four boom boom boom boom one two three four boom boom boom boom one two three four boom boom boom boom one two three four / close the door, tie your shoes, do the dishes, clean the floor, put away the laundry, wash the dishes, fold the blankets, dust the shelves, yes, all these things

bob never did, but he did a lot, and that was what made him special, important. he had the answers. no, he had the right questions. like when he'd take us into the store, to buy socks, and he'd take up a pair of socks and ask the attendant where these socks came from? and the attendant didn't know, and bob would say, how can you sell these socks when you don't even know who made them? but that was before 1995. falling falling falling... from the sky no from the tree, a cascade of leaves, no, a trail of thoughts, no, a trace of words. a house of notes that remain unsure, unstable, precious. small sounds. ok. sure. we're not really sure if this is ever going to find a solution. its never so black and white. of course, it requires some figuring out.