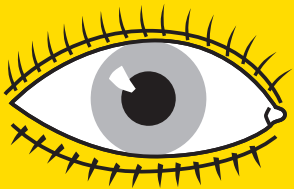


Scraping Chunks from
the roof of my skull



To Scrape

It is lonely at the imaginary top.

www.sledbag.com > Splooft > Scrape



The rise and fall of your chest as you take a breath. A rock in your shoe. The world refuses to come to an end, so we go on for another day, one more day.

Brendan deVallance, brendan@sledbag.com
An End All production. © 2011, Issue No.10
129 Ogden Ave, Jersey City, NJ 07307



I know why
the birdcage
sings



Un-hear this

Here lies the thing. Thing that finds
the reason. Thing lands in the field.
Sky relays the message. Arriving at
a different conclusion with my own
and separate fender. Pulled from the
wreckage all praise the jaws of life.



Scraping Chunks from the Roof of My Skull
December 2011

CARD NO. 2

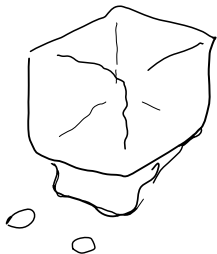
How Hi

The stairs fell down me, I was fine



Stand down story

It is my journey that you are on. Get there? Not likely, No where Fast: my epitaph. All things in moderation. If I have my way I will bore you to death (boar?) And that, my friend, is winning.



Scraping Chunks from the Roof of My Skull
December 2011

CARD NO. 3



Ladder Test

Stand on the ladder of annihilated
thoughts. Shunted to the sidelines,
the wings, fly away on the wings of
the stage. Crushed blows, pill in half.
Writing the book is a chance well
took. Cigarette notions compile me.
Cliff divers united, crumpled spines
and lost lines. Speak to me more
clearly please. It is hard to understand
you with all that in your mouth.

Nails of Driving Rain

My day is going well despite being held in high regard. Events to my left and right attempt to disrupt my moments peace. Fortunes appear and then seem to evaporate immediately; the sun is always shining somewhere. I am filled with the forthright platitudes that come with a life that is full of adventures and panel discussions. A serious examination of how the world works. I attend to the particles of my universe with the telescope, the periscope, and the microscope. Channels will not change me. I have the skills to rise to the top of the class. Like a glass of water on a long voyage. The thirsty will not resemble me. Take apart the last vestiges of time and all its ticking (curb kicking). The sand paper of time marches on against my soul. Your Mobius strip smile

punching my face with left hooks. Let the confounding begin. I don't want to be your Waco sweetheart, I want to be your Titanic going down. My history according to ice and all that comes with it. It tells a tale of simple steps on complicated ground. Life and things to avoid: sticky handles. Grand fires lit in abominable places is a recipe for disaster. So I'll keep my fires out for now. The shadows and fists that I battle are mostly of the made up kind. All held in check by anonymous forces of the universe (the internet?). Color my world with a fine mist of RGB and never look too closely. Junk as it flies across the world and hits no one (not counting mortars and cars) comes to rest in unsuspecting places. And junk is where stuff comes from, another mystery solved.

Scraping Chunks from the Roof of My Skull
December 2011

CARD NO. 5

Mondrian

all the colors, straight lines.

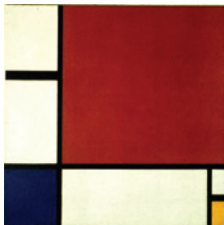


Mondrian

Born 1899-Died 1944

Piet Mondrian

The New Plastic in Painting. Once you see it you will never be the same. Perfection hand rendered and clearly defined. Clinging to the walls.



Scraping Chunks from the Roof of My Skull
December 2011

CARD NO. 6



Flail

Here's to flailing in the face of uncertain times. This picture was taken in 1988 in Chicago at a show organized by Dani K.

Drums against cymbals and the un-nerving noises.

From *This is the High Point of My Day*
by Brendan deVallance

March 5, 12, 19 & 26, 1988

Lifeline Theater

6912 N. Glenwood, Chicago, Illinois

Drum song with cymbal hat

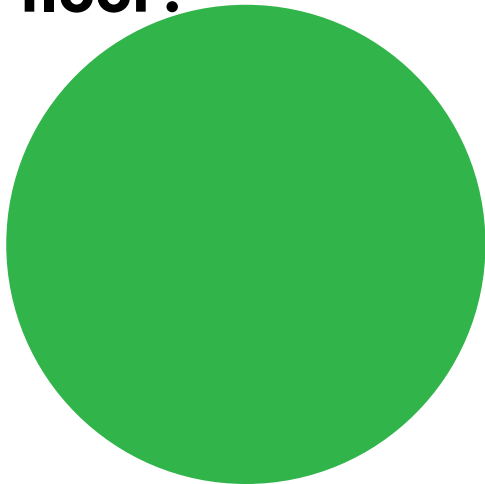
Photo: Nancy Martell

Scraping Chunks from the Roof of My Skull

December 2011

CARD NO. 7

**Why does the
ceiling hate the
floor?**



7 of the nine bands you **NEED** to know about.

older
↑
↓
newer

John Stewart

Beginning his career with the Kingston Trio he found a voice on the edges of Folk music and Rock & Roll. Beautiful songs: yes.

The Mekons

Punk beginnings in the UK crashed into Mid-west Americana. A beautiful mess.

The Cars

Back from the (cr)ashes with a great new album with Ric Ocasek in tow—*Move Like This*

Crooked Fingers

Song writer extraordinary, heavy on the mope

Spiral Stairs

AKA Preston School of Industry late of Pavement, but not run over. This (his) music is underrated.

One Hundred Dollars

Band from Canada-Drunk Americana (is that a thing?). Many fantastic songs, down and out and folk.

Wavves

Humorous punktastic attitude with grating sounds for lost souls.

Scraping Chunks from the Roof of My Skull

December 2011

CARD NO. 8