

*Scraping
Chunks
from the
Roof of
My Skull*

Well, well, well, all is well

In the past I have been known to be here, just standing around like a lamppost waiting to go on. For now this will have to do, as I am doing my best not to spring a leak of light on to an unprepared world:

www.sledbag.com > Splooft > Scrape



Editorial
Comment

Important
person



Words

Performance
History



Information

Ideas



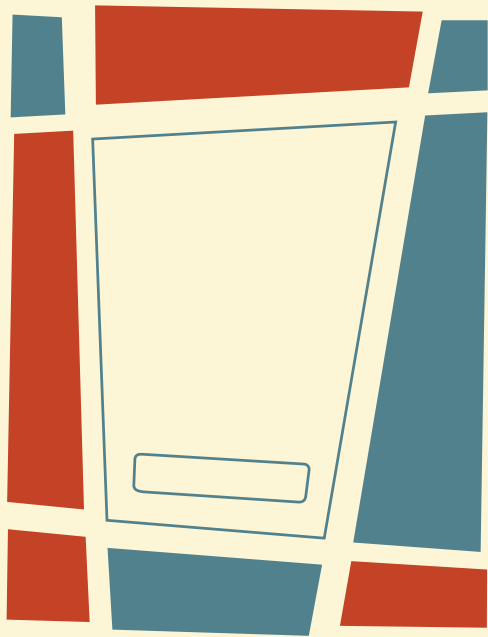
Pretty Picture

Brendan deVallance, brendan@sledbag.com

An End All production. © 2007

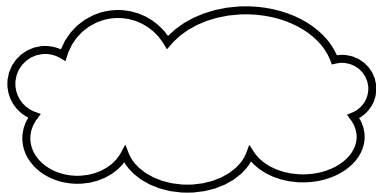
129 Ogden Ave, Jersey City, NJ 07307





A = Art

And art equals forward to March.
The progress is not to be found
in the good, good, good.
Could it be cloud?



Scraping Chunks from the Roof of My Skull
February, 2007

CARD NO. 1



Duchamp



Marcel Duchamp

Born 1887-Died 1968

This is my favorite artist of all time.

He did it all. Painted a few cubist knockout punches (*Nude descending a Staircase*, 1912). Helped form the Dada movement, invented Readymades and generally threw a monkey wrench into the workings of art. His art is about ideas but he also made beautiful objects in its pursuit. He gave up art making for chess playing in 1923. *Bicycle Wheel*, the *Fountain*, *LHOOQ* are among a few of his works that never cease to amaze me.



Scraping Chunks from the Roof of My Skull
February, 2007

CARD NO. 2



The Forgetters

All is forgotten but not all forgiven with a drip dry eye and deep dish wink, I'd like to think. Like a dock with no boat or a scream with no throat, team me up with the likes of 'U' and I will let bygones be bygones. Crack back in the shallow attack to the mostly unmotivated. I see the things I see and walk along the beat down path. As it echoes against the pylons, and it rubs against your nylons and then it goes away. Don't let it stay that way. (f f f ffade it down).

The B. Bygones

Take your machines and go!

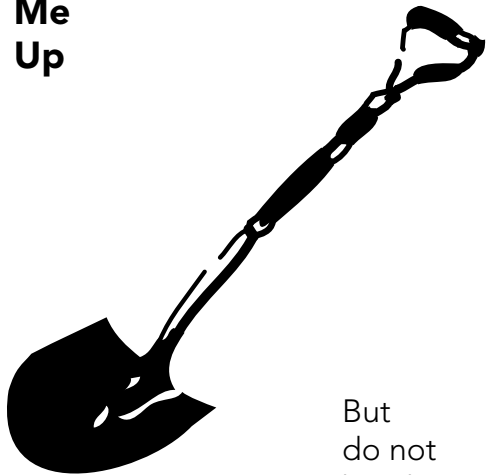


Scraping Chunks from the Roof of My Skull
February, 2007

CARD NO. 3



Dig Me Up



But
do not
break my
heart

Dig me up

Dig me up good fellows, like a dog
digs for a bone. Lone dog bone on
a short leash walk, which was and is
on or half off. South for the winner.
Down, down, down, like magic tricks
and a solemn vow to the ends of the
earth (there are none now).

Scraping Chunks from the Roof of My Skull
February, 2007

CARD NO. 4





Death will be the death of me

With my back to the wall of basic things.
Here I am in 1988 with the electrick party
coffin junction box.

I don't want a grave, but I do want a coffin.

Thanks to Susan Anderson for taking this Photo.

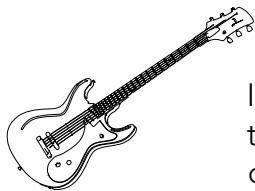
Scraping Chunks from the Roof of My Skull
February, 2007

CARD NO. 5

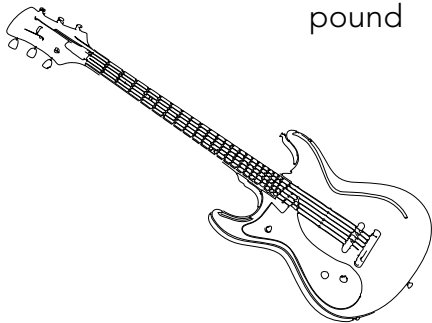


Oh, I love the sound of

Jackhammer Chords



I love to hear
the sound
of the pound
pound
pound



8 of the Ten bands you NEED to know about.

older
↑
↓
newer

Young Marble Giants

Pop like rocks

X-Ray Spex

With saxophone, vocals: none better

BeBop Deluxe

also see Bil Nelson & Red Noise

Ultravox

Electrick Pop, full on future (1st 3 LPs)

Cowboys International

Pointed Shoes, Kick 'em in the Head

Minutemen

Double Nickels on the Dime, solid

Crooked Fingers

Every album a home run

Deadboy And Elephantmen

How long the night was

Scraping Chunks from the Roof of My Skull
February, 2007

CARD NO. 6



Gray Matter strain

My brain, my brain
I strain, I strain
to see the fine print
that reduces us all to
this end of day



The Sorter:

And what amounts to murder

Make a good living and a drop
kick lunch

A small bucket that leaves no trail

A lost lunch that tells no tale

Do I lose my clutch on the waiting
and thrill?

The monsters that claw at me
become more real.

"I'm all for dirt"

My mirror shines, my shill cries,
and I'm in dirt, I'm in dirt

Scraping Chunks from the Roof of My Skull
February, 2007

CARD NO. 7



Saving the end for last



End

Well the end comes next, always next,
always hovering over me like a cloud
as I walk. And I do walk along. Find
music in the sidewalk, find poetry in
the taxicab maneuver. The manhole
cover blues and the skyscraper shines
my shoes. I will find my way to the
subway and I will come home to you
at
the
days
end.



Scraping Chunks from the Roof of My Skull
February, 2007

CARD NO. 8

