

### [Musical Dump](#)

(Wednesday, 21 January 2009)

I am packing...packing my gear for an historic trip. I am gently gift wrapping and placing delicate chords and swirling words together for a back road ride to the musical dump. The musical dump is at the end of a long and winding one way road uphill both ways. The dump is where ideas and western musical notes can stew, break down, and recombine into unknown compounds and something called "folk music." My particular house of musical cards I found at this dump, also my musical furniture and musical friends. These friends are lugging gear back and forth between the gorgeous landfillthe lowly dump. If a small profit is made along the way who can say? Only that the words and notes are above the financial fray, that the sidewalk boys are heaving to, that the dogs are in on it and are dragging their own dog music to the musical dump.

Views: 168

### [Bag of Chips and a Beer](#)

(Friday, 23 January 2009)

The Sidewalk Boys were picking at the landfill last night. Many old discarded riffs and phrases were gathered into an old bucket of beer. Sixteenth notes were routinely thrown into the bucket in a sink or swim situation. Buster seemed oblivious to the whole process being a dog and all. Old Sidewalk proclaimed that Chunk and Dumpster, being the relative youngsters, must stretch out and bend their backs to the gathering notes. Old Sidewalk would continue his decline by dumbing down the muse. This year the music seems heavier having been soaked in beer. Back in the woodshed the rest of the swirling ideas went up in smoke as the Boys sang out for another bag of chips and a beer.

### [Crack of Musical Dawn](#)

(Saturday, 31 January 2009)

The Sidewalk Boys awoke fresh and early to camp out at the gate to the musical dump. At the crack of dawn the gates rolled back and the Boys, the dogs, and the Muse rushed in to where all fools tend to go; going where Reasonable Man has never gone before for good reason. The Boys, buckets of beer in hand, are searching for trinkets in the trash, grundles in the garbage of lost love and souls, old shoe leather and other ballads born of February. Old ballads are beckoning to be reborn. Dumpster found an old bag of chips while Chunk strummed on a stick. Old Sidewalk still searches for the musical hot dogs preserved around here somewhere. The Sidewalk Boys are searching for a new song, one not previously recorded in the forties, but a metaphoric piece of noisy trash; one that will open willy nilly the gate to the musical dump at the crack of musical dawn.

### [Gates of February](#)

(Wednesday, 04 February 2009)

The Sidewalk Boys are standing on the corner of Landfill Lane and Lost Dump Drive contemplating their arrival here at the gates of February. Complete with swirling ideas, dogs, and beer the Boys tune their axes and shovels. The Limberjack made a brief appearance at the Chunk Café. Old Sidewalk began welding a steering wheel on the train while Congress was raiding the treasury. The track must be taken up from behind and put down in front if our retirement funds are to be at all rescued. Dumpster agreed that larger surf boards are needed for bigger waves. Rosie would have agreed had Dumpster allowed her to come. Also she would have alerted us that the Muse was waiting at the gate. The Boys begin turning the wheel that grinds one day into the next until it all ends up as ballads and blues, as shovelfuls of sixteenth notes bound for the musical dump.

### [The Sidewalk Boys have shovels](#)

(Friday, 06 February 2009)

The Sidewalk Boys have shovels, will travel to local dumps and sift through detritus and debris from past experiences to find old hot dogs and newspapers from the forties. There's a cookout tonight somewhere for sure. Using musical shovels the Boys fling western notes into the air with the rest of the swirling ideas. Some of the words were changed for reasons of employment security, some let loose into the permanent record. The songs have been written even though the actual words and notes were only enjoying a connubial visit. The digits of the evening were excited about being ones and zeroes, otherwise railroad business went on as usual. Old Sidewalk's childhood dog dropped by to remind him of a time before pain in hands and foot, this was before they opened the new interstate, before folksingers used shovels to mold destiny. Ballads are simply not enough anymore; construction tools are necessary to achieve actual physical manipulations these days. The Sidewalk Boys have shovels...

### [Dragging the Drill Rig](#)

(Saturday, 07 February 2009)

The Sidewalk Boys spent the evening dragging a drill rig through the gates of February to drive pile through the various landfill strata. Old beer bottles were unearthed from yesterday's hangover. Reverence was given as Old Sidewalk drilled baby drilled through the original copy of the constitution. The piles sunk deep through the ages; the layer including the folk scare of the nineteen sixties, the early plastic age, a lush layer of green representing the salad days so to speak. The steel piles will be used to support each ballad as they reach refusal in each compressed genre. The layer containing Congress was encountered at the lowest level. Additional piles were welded and driven straight through to China looking for our lost Federal

Reserve. Mostly the piles will be used to support the new path for the train once the new steering wheel wrenches the engine off the tracks. The supports are all in place at the musical dump. The Sidewalk Boys drag the drill rig back through the gate.

### [Pemigewasset Dump](#)

(Tuesday, 10 February 2009)

The Pemigewasset Dump is bounded on one side by stark reality and on the other by that sense of false hope we all vote for every four years. Monitoring wells collect the deep rich essence of unused life for the Sidewalk Boys' amusement and forensic study. This essence lives on the front porch swing, on the town gazebo of Chunkman's little life, also in Dumpster Dave's Da Heights. Meanwhile Old Sidewalk was squinting through the dim flask to quote yesterday's news that the creek had run dry despite the recent influx of congressional water. The Boys can sense a bailout a hundred miles away. In this case the water was diverted from the crops to the Wall Street hot tubs. Giant buildings were constructed to hide the waste generated. The only lesson learned was the higher the penthouse the faster the sewerage trickles down into the Pemigewasset Dump from the side bounded by stark reality.

### [Used Sixteenth notes and Old Words](#)

(Saturday, 14 February 2009)

The Sidewalk Boys are back picking at the dump. Songs are being fairly flung around like steering wheels. Ideas are being ripped out of the ground by the handful of used sixteenth notes and old words. Every day the dump offers up new song ideas from a vast archive neatly preserved for the musical archeologists. The Boys have a corner on this particular dump having invested heavily in the underlying strata. One can only own the dump by having consumed and discarded its contents first. I think Old Sidewalk said that. I'll let you be in my dump if I can be in yours, I think Chunkman said that. A toast of Big Rock Brew was proposed to give honorable mention to the piles driven to support the whole deal. The swirling songs appear to be a solid matrix able to support the crushing weight of its own imagined importance. Otherwise the Sidewalk Boys are still tossing up handfuls of used sixteenth notes and old words.

### [River of Old Wine](#)

(Saturday, 14 February 2009)

A river of old wine cuts through the Pemigewasset Dump and merges with trickling streams of whiskey and homebrew as the Sidewalk Boys trek through a wilderness of pristine waste. Microphones have been installed to capture the essence of the effluence. The Boys no longer dig with flimsy shovels, but have toughened their skins to penetrate the first order barriers that prevent true music. In the real world true music is rolled flat by ambition and greed. At the

Pemi Dump true music has been freed to be unwanted and ignored in the present tense, which is actual art, not the cover tunes of yesterday's flood. The electrical impulses, although captured and caged, seem free and easy. Old Sidewalk's preaching focused unwanted scrutiny on the limits of reality. The distance between neurons in the brain is the same distance between Plato and Plato's ideal. The steering wheel has been welded to the train. The Boys need only build a bridge across the river of old wine cutting through the Pemigewasset Dump.

### [The Dominant Paradigm](#)

(Monday, 23 February 2009)

The superstructure has been assembled at the Pemi Dump in accordance with the dominant paradigm. The sixteenth notes have been locked in local dump time. The words have been half spoken and half sung with half meanings in the denominator and all that that implies. Dogs are howling in the background as the Sidewalk Boys slog waist deep through fast moving fiddle tunes and slow banjo ballads. The magnetic trap caught several good renditions of the Ballad of Mabel Black Label although some arrangements escaped while opening the cage door. Chunkman unveiled his new fashion line of tie dye shirts and accessories guaranteed to make you feel better when the train leaves the track. The merchandise is sold at shows where the Sidewalk Boys wrench trains willy nilly from their tracks with nearly every song. Old Sidewalk reminisces about how, when he was a kid, trains tended to stay pretty much on the track. The Dulcimer on the wall gave a slight creak and a sway from side to side in total agreement with the dominant paradigm.

### [Steering Wheel](#)

(Friday, 27 February 2009)

The gigantic steering wheel is complete. It has been welded to the train and is turning slowly. Massive steel wheels crunch into rock and stone as the train carrying the entire month of February leaves the tracks. The Sidewalk Boys are committed now. Ever since the constitution was trampled in Federal Dollars Town the Sidewalk Boys are committed to giving everyone a banjo upon birth. Soon a class of banjo players will steer the train in new banjo directions. That's how it works. You are whatever banjo song you happen to be playing. The song dictates how the track shall be taken up from behind and laid down in front. There's no looking up. Without the tracks we will all have to pay attention to where we are going. Blind Boy Grunt once said, "to live outside the law you must be honest" but I'm not sure I always agree. Driving the train off the cliff is something I'd rather not repeat. The risk is real and high while the profit is low. Nevertheless the gigantic steering wheel is complete. It has been welded to the train and is turning slowly.