

"O Ye wretched of the Earth, *get down!*, verily thou hast nothing to lose but your lives, your fortunes, and a pound of flesh here and there..."
Bogosians 6:6, "The Song of the Stupid"

Do you think Rock'n'Roll is inherently stupid?



And I believe it's our patriotic duty to keep it that way! It wasn't *Ronnie* who knocked that Wall down; it wasn't *Gorbie*; it was *Elvis!* The *Pelvic Wave* he initiated in 1956 crawled slowly but inexorably around the world, and when it reached that Wall it washed over that sucker *like it wasn't even there!*

I've been making waves since 1969. As the drummer for *The Rockin'Blewz*, I pounded the time behind my elder brother Mental Mike's musical manifesto for a "New Wave" of 50's-style stupidity in rock. As a co-founder of the *Angry Samoans*, I wielded a *fully-automatic* Gibson SG as we stunned audiences and club owners into realizing that perhaps, liberal or no, there *is* such a thing as socially unredeeming obscenity. Little did I know, at the time, that these events would be *immoralized* on LP, tape, and CD. Some honor... I spent a whole year in the smog-drenched hell of the San Fernando Valley in 1978, and *did I get laid?*

Did I get laid? NO! And that's the kind of stupidity I'm talking about: being so far ahead of/behind/off-to-the-side of the times that you can't make any sense out of our "culture"—so you decide to make some "non-sense" of your own. If secret budgets are a crucial tool for spreading open government, if our two-party-monopoly form of "representative government" with *one* President/Emperor and 535 "representatives" for 240,000,000 "citizens" is "democratic," if a mostly-nationalized transportation system fueled by oil kept cheap with subsidies of American *blood* is our foremost emblem of "Free Market Capitalism," if all these are the truths we hold to be self-evident to human reason, then I must be **INSANE!** And if I'm **INSANE**, I might as well *have fun at it!*

"OK, OK, you're insane. I noticed. What about the MUSIC?" If you saw the local band *Auld I'Anxiety* before I was canned for insubordination, you'd know already. *It's the same! It's different!* I honestly don't know. I like most musical styles and genres, but mostly these days I tune in to WSKG. Classic Rock is a big OK, but *re-cycling* without *re-interpretation* is usually a *wash* -cycle as far as I'm concerned. Sometimes I write wimpy songs with sensitive lyrics; sometimes I write punkers filled with crass insults; sometimes I write parodies, sometimes I write political tirades; having written them, I want to play them; and I want to play covers too... Yes, I want to play in a band that will *play it all!* A band that could cover *Steely Dan*, *Jethro Tull*, the *Raspberries*, AND *Black Sabbath!* (And I'll extend the same courtesy to other people's material and tastes, I swear.) A band with NO COMMERCIAL POTENTIAL WHATSOEVER, just like Mr. Zappa's Mothers of Invention or the Bonzo Dog Band.

So call today! Together we can baffle the masses as we amuse ourselves. *Do it now!*

The Right Bonzo Kevin Eric Saunders – 607-273-6552

A singer-songwriter-guitarist-bassist-drummer-comic-actor-and-prophetaster *with hardly any pretensions at all!*...

Ten Things I Love About Susan

copyright Kevin Eric Saunders a/k/a bonze blayk 1996

There's the copper in the color of your hair...	D		A
The simple joy in little things you share;	E		G
The clothes you wear:	G		

Ten things I love about Susan	D	A	G
Ten things I love about Susan			

Subtle patterns in the workings of your mind;
Thoughtful presents that remind me that you're kind;
Your bump and grind:

Ten things I love about Susan
Ten things I love about Susan

It can be hard,	E		
to make a list of it....	G		
I'm just tryin',	D	A	
to find a phrase that fits;	G		
I only hope you get	E		
the jist of it:	G		

. . . I love Susan . . .	D	A	G
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Amour disaстрé in the scent of your perfume;
The funky shuffle in the workings of your loom;
Our living room...

Ten things I love about Susan
Ten things I love about Susan

I only hope that I am reaching near my goal:
Dear listener, I do believe that Love is Rock and Roll:
And mostly I just love her soul . . .

Ten things I love about Susan . . .
Ten things I love about Susan . . .
Ten things I love about Susan . . .
Ten things I love about Susan . . .

-- bonze blayk

Where Will I Get Off Tonight?

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Where will I get off tonight?
My destination's not in sight;
You picked me up along the way...
Where we're headed, I can't say...

Although...	I know...	that I'll want you...	forever...	
And so...	I'll go...	along with you...	wherever...	So...

Sweetheart, won't you take me down
Highways through New England towns—
Interstates goin' round and round
Muddy tracks near sacred grounds...

Hurtlin' down this windin' road,
The Red Lights flashin' OVERLOAD!
If only I knew where we're goin' ...
I wish you'd turn your headlights on...

Me...	to see...	your road ahead...	is broad and clear,
And we...	will be...	together when...	the dawn is nearing!

Take me down, Felicity,
Trails that I might never see—
High atop this cemetery...
We'll share this sweet philosophy...

*Oh my Felicity...
You make it hard on me;
You make it hard for you...
But I know we two
Are gonna make it through...
So here's to truckin' with you
Through this long and starless night...*

Someday we can build a home
With wings, where we can be alone...
Joined together at the hearth,
Balancing our separate parts

We'll strive...	to lie...	in loving trust...	together...	
There is...	no why...	there's just because...	we're in heather...	Now...

Show me how wild heather grows,
Exposing gardens lying low—
Sensing meanings no one knows,
And though it pricks, we'll grasp the Rose...

So won't you...

Roll me down, Felicity,
Your high plains drenched in mystery—
Barren waste and shrubbery,
And you,
I know,
Can satisfy me...

Wherever you may go ...
Whatever you may find ...
I hope you'll always know ...

That true Felicity is *just a state of mind*...

“Pondering”

the reflection of the trees

on the stillness of the pond

ripples in my consciousness

— bonze

Auld l'Anxiety

Sonic Images of the Artist as Aging Poseur

Auld l'Anxiety: Who are they? Where did they come from? Where are they going to? Don't ask: a waste of time: as well to try to buttonhole God, to interview the dinosaur, to parse the spoken sentences of Ronald Reagan. Why?—because they don't know the answer themselves—*they seek it!*

Yet they have manifested a sign: a tape, five songs, freighted with symbology beneath their own grasp, comprehensible perhaps only to such as Allan Bloom, who might penetrate the rude chords and vague phrases to discover the subterranean influence of Nietzsche. I am certain that they would categorically affirm such an accusation . . . "The tragic artist is no pessimist: he is precisely the one who says Yes to *everything questionable*," and indeed, their artistry *is* a tragi-something-or-other.

So WHY then *this*, yet another mediocre recording in the swelling raft of flotsam tossing upon the roiling sea of civilization? All I can say with certainty is that I'm happy about it. After all, I was *paid* to do these "Titanic" liner notes! In the cosmic scheme of things, surely there is even further justification—or at least an excuse or two. Perhaps . . . premature ejaculations make them feel better; or, possibly . . . they will save *sous* by promulgating their *ma-jest-ic* melodies. Could it be . . . that *aural damage* satiates their death-urge? . . . or maybe, *just maybe*, the KGB is paying them grand sums of money to undermine American culture. Take your pick; any answer is as plausible as the artifact which sits before you.

Sincerely, Your most trustworthy pal and spirit guide,
KeviniveK (The Multi-Channel Spirit Medium—TM)

The Players

Chris:	Bass
Dave:	Vocals, Guitar
Kevin:	Vocals, Guitar
Rand:	Drums

The Songs (Arrangements by Auld l'Anxiety)

End of The Universe Blues (Kevin) Vocals, Kevin; Lead, Kevin Life is like a bad sports metaphor.	3:07 (Intro :12)
Dave, Mad (Dave) Vocals, Dave; Lead, Kevin This one's about revolution—"Breaking up is hard to do."	3:28 (Outro :08)
TWO (Kevin) Vocals, Kevin; Leading Lady, Tara "And inside each of us is a beast, incomprehensible. . . ."	3:13
O.D.E.* to Iran (Kevin) Vocals, Kevin; Lead, Dave *Oil Drilling Equipment. Rant: Alfred Rosenberg, 1937.	5:54
King of Beasts (Kevin) Vocals, Kevin; Lead, Kevin "Coming soon to a MacDonald's near You! "	3:19 (Intro :)

Produced at Sub Terra Studios by Sub Rosa Records

Engineer: Kevin: "This almost sounds OK if you avoid the headphones!"
Asst. Engineer: Chris
Thanks to Risley Residential College of Cornell University
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Volvo van der Veggen

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I'm lookin' left,
I'm lookin' right,
Lookin' for a space--
Parkin' sure is tight!

Lookin' for a space to park my car,
I found one in Florida, that's just too far!
Go around College one more time to see...
Did somebody move and leave a space for me?
I'm gonna find a space if it takes the rest of my life!

Turn up ahead--
Light's turnin' red.
Pedestrians crossin':
PILE UP THE DEAD!

Lookin' for a space to park my car,
I found one in Iowa, that's just too far!
Go around College one more time to see...
Did somebody move and leave a space for me?
I'm gonna find a space if it takes the rest of my life!

"My friends, when crossing the intersection of College and Dryden, have you ever noticed a white wind whipping just past your butt? JUST SO CLOSE, SO CLOSE to eternity... YOU and eternity, my friends, that's what I'm talking about!"

"That was no ordinary Porsche--that was the fabled GHOST PORSCHE OF COLLEGETOWN--driven by a man, condemned to drive until eternity, seeking a space, seeking a home, LOST! CONDEMNED for his blasphemies against the Gods of Traffic Planning! LOOK UPON HIS FATE! Sinners... REPENT!"

Losin' my bearings,
Looking for home...
You behold a man condemned,
Till eternity I'm bound to roam!

Lookin' for a space to park my car,
I found one in Hell, man, that's just too far!
Go around College one more time to see...
Did somebody move and leave a space for me?
I'm gonna find a space if it takes the rest of my life!

Hall of Mirrors

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(Em G AA Em G AA

D Ab)

Images... Shrapnel splintering within your mind...

Packages... Debits weighing on your credit line...

Hostage, you... Dangle sticky in a web of time...

Check your watch as you move down the line:

Remind yourself

That you're... on... time...

(Em G AA Em G—DDb C AbA)

But you're lost... Hall of Mirrors

(Em G AA Em G—DDb C)

(Intro riff -- E G AA# F etc. walking up to G)

Delusions... you've accepted as realities...

Deceptions... Truth exchanged for banalities...

Reflections... The state of your inner soul...

A useless packet of redundant data:

They synthesize

Your Rock and Roll

You're lost... Hall of Mirrors

You're lost... Hall of Mirrors

Diffacted... All the ways you can view the scene...

Refracted... Ghostly traces lead you through the dream (TV scan lines)

Didacted... Sublimazed by a deadly meme...

Crack head grillin' in a Solar Pit...

You're doomed...

You still... take... SHIT!

Refrain

Interlude

(Chords based on: Am G? F G#)

Guitar break

Drum interlude (jungle call)

(Intro riff repeats -- E G AA# F etc. walking up to G)

Hypnotized... Pink plastic's what you want to be...
Socialized... Your mind a creature of soci-e-ty!
Pauperized... For the sake of such a common weal...
AnaesTVized so your vision is small:
 Six Feet Under
 But you still... stand... tall...

Refrain

Face to face... With the truth when your courage Quayles
A Master Race... To rule the planet till the Xerox fails...
Pride of Place... A sterile desert of mobility...
Our saving Grace, we just don't care:
 We shake our bones
 But the soul's... not... there...

We're lost... Hall of Mirrors
We're lost... Hall of Mirrors

Interlude repeat

Plaint

Why me?

Why us?

Why now?

Why thus?

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11/19/90

"End of the Universe Blues"

(copyright 1982 Kevin Eric Saunders)

Workin' for a livin'
 Market's unforgivin'...
You go for your break—
You made your mistake!
You're checked and it's true,
Your sorrow's no fake!

Rushin' to the factory
 Work's unsatisfactory...
You work for a hack—
Your wages got rolled back!
Computer's so smart,
Your future looks black!

(Chorus)
Come on, don't you worry;
Take your time, don't you hurry;
Slack up, step outta line,
It's everyone's doom, so how can you worry?

(Break, Solo over Verse & blank Chorus)

Got no luck with wimmin'
 On TV, they're all steamin'...
All you've got's a horn—
You waste it all on porn!
Is it any wonder...
 You regret that you were born?
Is it any wonder...
 You regret that you were born?

RIP OUT!

(Break)

O.D.E.¹ to Iran

(copyright 1989 Kevin Eric Saunders)

We're sendin' aid to our friends in Iran . . .
We'll do our best to lend
A Christian helpin' hand...
We broke our oaths, but that's OK;
It's all a part of the American Way!

"Hurray!

*We'll send an ODE to Iran...
We'll send an ODE to Iran..."*

We're sending some drillin' rigs to Iran;
We're piling the Prophets high
In the Holy Land;
Our means are evil, but our cause is good:
A common grave is a brotherhood!

"Very Good!

*We'll send an ODE to Iran...
We'll send an ODE to Iran..."*

We'll save this land from our enemies abroad . . .
No need to apologize
As we conspire... murder... and defraud!
We got our orders from "The Top":
Until we're victors, we won't stop!

"Over The Top!

*We'll send an ODE to Iran...
We'll send an ODE to Iran..."*

The Ayatollah's misunderstood;
He pitches in for a higher good!
Better keep it from the common man,
He's too stupid, yeah he won't understand,
Duty, Honor, and Country it's true...
These are ideals that are good...
We're selling out the Constitution;
Monarchy is our new solution!

"For You!"

We sold our souls to elect our man
And now we gotta send the goods to Iran!
They say we're sellin' to an enemy--
We'll sweep the Senate, and that's all we can see!

*"There's a lot of irresponsible talk,
that's endangering the hostages."*

*"I don't know anything about arms for hostages--
I'm as much in the dark as you are . . ."*

*"Actually, all you've really known about this
is what I've told you. . . ."*

"Well, actually, it was all my idea in the first place!..."

*"The German nation is just now about to find its style of life for good, a
style fundamentally different from what is called British liberalism..."*

*It is the style of the marching column, regardless of where, and for what
purpose, it is used. . . .*

*It is a mark of the German style of life that no German wants nowadays
to feel himself a private person...*

*That is the secret explanation... of why present-day Germany is
uniformed and marching in columns."*

—Alfred Rosenberg, 1937

We'll bake a cake, for our love fest with Iran...

**We'll go a-wooing, with...
some Peace Hawks in our hand;
"We'll send your 'TOW Trucks 'H.O.D.':
'Hostages on Delivery!'"**

"That's for me!

*We'll send an ODE to Iran...
We'll send an ODE to Iran..."*

**We'll take this planet for our race;
Failed cultures of the past
The future will erase!
None Dare Call It — "Genocide"!
Here's the Word: *God is On Our Side!***

"Let's Ride!

*We'll send an ODE to Iran...
We'll send an ODE to Iran...*

*We'll drop an ODE on Iran!...
We'll drop an ODE on Iran!..."*

¹ O.D.E.: Oil Drilling Equipment.

"I Need A Riff"

(copyright 1989 Kevin Eric Saunders)

Been waitin' for that certain song to come along...
Been far too long since that feeling has been strong;
Lately things are awful slow, no waves on my radio—
I want to know... how far I have to go?...

To find a riff that makes a difference
I may look wild but can't you hear me talkin' sense
I want a riff that makes a difference,
I

Sift through my bag of tricks: hope to find that lick so slick...
With luck I'll click, and satisfy my lust for kicks!
Emptiness on MTV, you can see that nothin's free...
There's gotta be... a sensibility...

I want a riff that makes a difference
I'm gettin' pissed at all this posin' and pretense...
I need a riff that makes a difference
I

Break

I need some overdrive... to lift my life...
Above this tedium of anguish, friendlessness, and strife...
I've got to reinvent... this kid reality has *bent*:
I am intent—THIS SOUL IS NOT FOR RENT!

I'll make a riff that makes a difference!
I'll make my music rise across the fence of common sense;
I'll raise a riff to make a difference
I

Let's make a riff that makes a difference...
Let's make this music sound abroad in self-defense
We'll find a riff that makes a difference...
Try

RED HIGHWAYS

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Proverbs 16:25—*A road may seem straightforward to a man yet may end as the way to death.*

E-Gggggggggggggggggggggggggggg...

I saw the Devil comin' down my street
The block was shakin' from the pound of his beat
(Buh-Chunk, Buh-Chunk, Buh ChuggaChugga)
He pulls over, yanks me inside
Hey baby now you're in for a ride!

He turned and told me that my soul had been saved
and now my neighborhood was gonna be paved

Red Highways
Here's your future fixed for free
Red Highways
Hell will provide your energy!

He says Man you are in for a treat
Radiator steamin' man I swayed from the heat
He punched the pedal and exclaimed
Aint it swell
Acceleratin' down my HIGHWAY TO HELL!

Red Highways
Here's your future fixed for free
Red Highways
Hell will provide your energy!

The street was meltin from the heat of his wheels;
It was a Hell of an Automobile!
Smoke was pouring from the engine exhaust
Blockin the sun so that the planet was lost

A deer lay broken cross the top of the hood—he says:
It's out of season, but it tastes pretty good!

Satan pulled off to the side for some gas
A black temple for his unmoly mass
He flicked a twenty then he flicked out out a match
It blows to hell as old Scratch lays a patch!

Red Highways
Temple to toxicity
Red Highways
Distilled animosity

A black highway in the dead of the night
We're running fast, cause we're running light
Another shot and we're blazing past
We'll exhaust this atmosphere fast
And we'll be somewhere else!

He hands me a contract and I'm readin the text
I'll be on top—but then Satan is next!
I beg ya Satan, please don't pester me!
"No! I am the end of your History!"

Red Highways Refrains:

Subsidized Sterility
Im-Mobile Imbecility

Rasterized libidity

Red highways—One big mobilized cock
Red highways—We found a way to squeeze oil from Iraq
Red highways—What did you think when you put your soul in hock?
Red highways—You're in for one Hell of a Future Shock!

Our maculate Reality...
Hell may not be easy to see

Red highways—suck you in for free
Red highways—Temple to Irresponsibility
Red highways—America under his thumb
Red highways—I can see that our end has begun

The Last Hobbit's Lament--and REVENGE!

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I feel no urge to make me wander far
You wind up lost, not knowing where you are;
I'd just as soon preserve my special case--
I guess I'll just cement myself in place
I love my space.

Chorus:

Though it take a thousand ages
I'll await our time's return
Hearken to the words of sages
All things do eternally recur
That's the word!

I guess it's true I don't amount to much
My hole's not much more than a rabbit's hutch
But still I'll cleave to my ancestral home
Here Peace and Comfort reign
Leave my world alone

Chorus:

Water flows beneath this surface
Hard as steel and now unyielding
Warming spring reveals my Purpose:
The Naiads powers soon I shall be wielding--

The waters sing!

Now Here's a Wizard knockin' at my door
I guess there's no surprises anymore
Good evening Wizard won't you please come in
Hospitality's my only sin...

Where to begin?

Though we drink from vats of sorrow
Hoist with me, and toast tomorrow
One deep quaff dispels all grieving
Hope inspires, while mountain air we're breathing

Echoes ring...

And now I don't know what I'm gonna do
You say you want my hole for your HQ!
Tomorrow morning then the clearing starts
But when you cut these trees you cut my heart!

Tear me apart!

Chorus:

Don't think I'll disdain the battle
I'll stand fast among the home boys
Soon ~~Then~~ we'll silence your fool prattle
You'll not order us about like Toys!
Curb your noise!

Shades of

You say I ought to think of other's needs ...
Why should I sacrifice to serve your greed?
And though I don't think I admire this--JOKE!
I'm sure impressed with how you blow that smoke
Ring clear across the room...

Shroud me in gloom!

Chorus:
When my heart is roused with anger
I'll stand short behind the foe--
To the hilt I'll plunge this dagger,
Screaming down to Hell the fool will go!
The last to know!

I feel no need to reinvent myself
I'm just as good as anybody else
Why do you, Wizard, come and waste your words (on me)
I ain't no scholar but I've often heard

These words:

That Life is somethin' like a Rodeo
They ring a bell and then it's off you go
except you're riding on a horse called Fate
The move you make in haste, may be too late

Don't hesitate!

The move you make too fast, may be your last
This die's been cast
"AND IT'S A NATURAL TWENTY!"

Chorus:
I'll bestride this mount beneath me,
We'll charge down the paths to glory
Break the ranks that now surround me
Strike the foe who now confounds me!
WAIT AND SEE!

BREAK

And then in a crash of light
My head resounding like a gong
(Reeling through eternal night)
This horse and I are swept swept along
And reel into the World of Forms:
Over there--the Ideal Chair;
There, the Ideal Hat;
And over there we see--the Ideal Welcome Mat!
But then
Abruptly wrenched from contemplation
As appears--
The DemiUrge, the Guardian of these Norms!
His left hands sweeps us to the right--
Which bears the Ideal Garbage Bag:
A Vast and Formless Void of Night!

And then vertigo, as we're falling
Clutching air as if we're crawling...
And sucked from me a scream of terror:
The night ABOVE,
Below A MIRROR!
Rushing up to meet us plain as fact
QED WE HAVE IMPACT!

Now struggling in the water's grip
Locked within an armored harness
My lungs implode, yet still disdain to sip
But even as my lungs are straining--
The River Lethe now is draining!
Horsey staggers up the bank;
Behold we now the faces blank
Of Gods and Heroes long forgotten
Flesh like Dust--Bones all rotten
I spur the Horse to flee this dreadful place
From durance freed--
THE GODS GIVE CHASE!

And now we to the surface fly
With Gods in tow
And scours our eyes a shattered wood
By the roadside sit
The Fates,
still spinning
They nod and wink at us,
all grinning...
But worse--the Earth is filled with cries
As humble creatures now arise
Clean-boned in death
Their chitters mass to raise a howl of might!
THE WRONGS LONG PAST THEY SHALL REQUITE!

We gallop down the ways
That they call high--
In this low place
That they call "civilized"
Our way is barred by robot cops
With flashing lights set on their tops

"Warning Will Robinson,
Warning!"

But Zeus, immortal once again
Blasts with his bolts these metal men
Hercules bursts through the rubble;
But yet we see no end to trouble!

A line of saints fills in a pass
With shining eyes above their masks
Beseeching, trusting, working good,
They promise healing, brotherhood--

"Let us help you in your
madness,
Pave the way to future
gladness..."

A screeching din sounds at my back
The saints, alarmed, now stumble back
And fast are buried in the throng
A tide of victims of their wrongs
Eyeless, cancered, wires protruding
Through human brains they now are rooting--
Closing in on the Heart of the Darkness

We surge across an adamantine plain
Bereft of sound and motion
But one dark figure stark and grim
Spearing the horizon
Upraised its hungry mouth sucks in
The Whirl Wind
Which from the 4 corners of the World does gather
The hapless throngs, along
With food and fuel and building matter
Looking down we see the thing emit
Cars, houses, shaven wood--
All manner of material good
EMBEDDED IN ENORMOUS LOADS OF SHIT!

Now Death Rays lance the sky across
I quiver thinking all is lost;
No sooner do I start to weep
Than Horsey takes a flying leap!
As wings extend, his legs retract
Acceleration throws me back
Towards the Monster we go screaming
I close my eyes and pray I'm dreaming!
You say I'm full of horsey hockey,
Yet I have been--A ROCKET JOCKEY!

We ride the maelstrom through the mouth
I wonder tensely where we'll out
But past the mouth the storm goes down,
Horsey spins his tail around
Decelerating toward a ledge
Skidding wild just past the edge...

deactivation verse goes here...

Verse

I offered Peace and you returned a Sword
I can't accept excuses anymore
It's not too late to rectify your case
First--strip those armored blinders from your face
Inhuman race...

Reflections on a /tpu

Here am I,
stuck in input mode.

When thinketh I,
upon editors of text,
sometimes I hotly wish,
this VAX5 was a NeXT.

/tpu? What to do?
How can I leave this mode?

.

?

[End of file]

Buffer: POST_NEWS_23E02F7D.TMP

| Write | Insert | Forward .