

A Memoir by Tim, Fred, Wiley, Izzy, whatever. It really doesn't matter because

You Won't Remember My Name

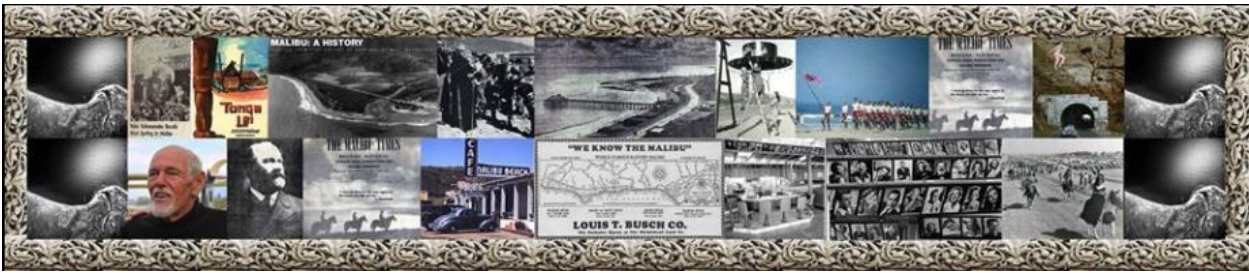
Prelude to Amuse-meant

The Hero's Journey, an archetypal human story, finds an ordinary person, gives (in this case *him*) a task he is not equal to, and forces him to undertake it. In the course of his journey the task becomes more difficult, and the man loses every advantage and guide he started with. He must learn to rely on himself, and to accept the aid of those he encounters. The essential task does not change, but his means for accomplishing it are so different from when he began, that it is only his loyalty to its completion that sustains him. The man able to meet the challenge is thereby transformed into a Hero. ***But for every hero there are countless people who fail.***

I keep an index of these failed heroes in a Fools Row Lineup I'd like to share with you. Most of the usual suspects are there - **Character List (Fools Row Lineup)**

I&I (Ishmael Israel)
 Standup Funny Man
 Captain Comic
 Mr. Guy
 Guitar Jones (voyager)
 KnottingHam (jugknot)
 Sensei Humor (JoKen)
 Shackleton & Whiskey
 Black Cat Moan
 SmashMouth
 Headshrinker
 Dataman
 T-Bone
 MoB (MobilityB)
 Wiley Timmons
 Fred
 Marigold
 Ralph Underwood Fit (RU Fit)
 Harry Whodunit
 Lord of the Flies
 S. Cargot
 Queen of Ice Cream
 Daddy-O & Sonny Boy
 Bakery Boys
 Flatpicklers

Damaged Goods
 Las Criadas (Gloria, Maria, Lupe, Felipa, Consuelo)
 Sister Artistas (jessica, joan, barbara, cydette, toni, kathryn, fetchin' gretchen)
 Soul Sister
 Lou Hulk
 Uncle Buzzard
 Troop33
 Bob the Judge
 Bob the Father (BtF)
 Bob the Son
 Heinz & Ernesto (aka Lou-Dog & Le Page)
 Carol the Mom (CtM)
 Meg LoMania
 Darrell Licht (Homeless Joe)
 Wander Woman
 Yevgeny
 Boss / Otto Job
 Takoma Desperate Man
 Mile Wit
 Dr. Hed Krash
 Free Lunch
 Rhett Butler & Mrs. Snipes
 Rucksack Jack
 Madre Della Pace



And so we supplicate to the Muse of our story with a benediction and prayer

THE FOOL'S PRAYER

by: Edward Rowland Sill (1841-1887)

THE royal feast was done; the King
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the Monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin: but Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"'T is not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'T is by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept--
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say--
Who knows how grandly it had rung!

"Our faults no tenderness should ask.
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders -- oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the fool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The King, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

**"The Fool's Prayer" is reprinted from The Little Book of American Poets: 1787-1900.
Ed. Jessie B. Rittenhouse. Cambridge: Riverside Press, 1915.**



ACCIDENTAL JOURNEY

Accidental Writing

I started writing these ‘Walter Mitty’ daydreams and flights of fancy when I first met the Hulk Halloween night, 1977. Jay, the body-building manager of Main Street’s Wildflour Pizza Parlour, announces to us, pizza-slinging doughboys, that his friend from the gym will be stopping by later this evening. It seems that this guy from Joe Gold’s World Gym, named Lou, was looking to get out with the spooks and the crazies. To thicken the plot, Jay’s tip is overheard by the drag queen manager of a neighborhood cabaret, a fellow decked out in a wig, brassiere and fishnet stockings, who had just stopped by the Wildflour to make change from our cash drawer. On the lookout for excitement, this fairy tale barfly exhorts Jay to bring Lou by the club. So, as time slides by into the late goblin hours, this guy, Lou, appears in his extra-gantageous self and asks for dinner in ‘the usual way’ (antipasto salad, no olives). He turns one ear to the dining room crowd and chats to Jay and us cooks.

“What’s up?” he asks. “How’s it going?”

“Fine,” I say. “Just fine Lou.”

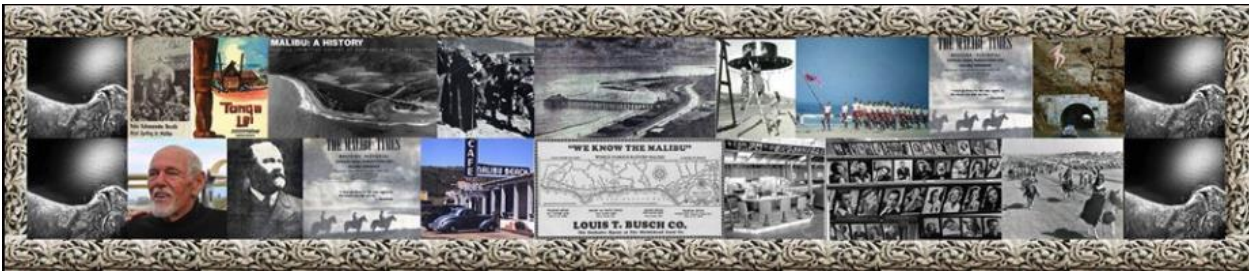
While Jay and Lou discuss the night’s misadventures with the bizarre ambience of the gay crowd across the street, I hang up my apron, wash, and get ready to leave.

“Hey guy,” the big boys call. “Are you looking for a wild time. Want to join as for this Halloween party?”

“Not tonight, thanks,” I say. “Maybe I’ll see you later.”

Maybe I see you later, Lou – in the car I drive, the fan mags I collect, or event in person, Lou.

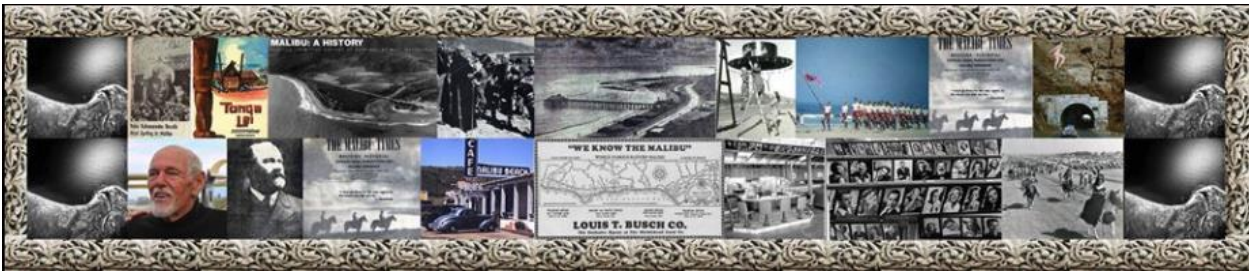
Maybe I’ll see you later.



A few years later I encounter the Hulk again (2nd time) at a Close Encounters of the Safeway Kind. Right here, in Boulder, CO. Well if that don't beat all! There you are, Lou, in the Sunday newspaper, looking good as ever and making a local appearance right here in town – “Come out and meet Lou (The Hulk) Ferrigno and sample his new nutritional snack bars – next Tuesday at the Boulder Safeway.”

After work, on the day of this promotional event, my buddy David and I hop into my Dodge Dart Swinger (named Lou) and head over to the Safeway to meet the spirit of my car in person. Hey big guy – I see you in the crowd signing autographs and looking massive as ever. Your bicep bursting body sits poised at the display table surrounded by candy bars, body-building books and a couple of two-bit, polyester types hovering suspiciously behind, monitoring for crowd control I think. Who are deez guys – Superfly hustlers trying to pay the rent with your name? Lou don't need no bodyguards!

In my car, in my mind and in my words, Lou is something bigger than life. That's why I'm here today with the admiring public and children chasing autographs. Your persona, Lou, rides with me on the highways like a modern Saint Christopher, protecting this wayward driver from another fender bender. Your presence inspires the quiet strength of imagination, which guards me daily ever since that thread of conversation in a pizza parlour, on Halloween many years ago. Whether he knows it or not, Lou occupies that place in me where the strength of imagination, the power of the creative will, tempers all that revolves around this crazy world in the chaos of my own mundane existence. And here you are now, in the supermarket, selling health food bars. Wow! In a flash, I intrude this promotional stunt and say, “Excuse me, Mr. Ferrigno, remember me? I used to make pizzas at the Wildflour.”



Nervously I pause, fearful that he may have forgotten our meaningful encounter. The Polyester Man casts a baleful look in my direction, as if he were about to disassemble my frame in a moment's notice. Lou gazed up from his work, blinked an eye and said, "You mean Jay, Steve and his wife uh ..."

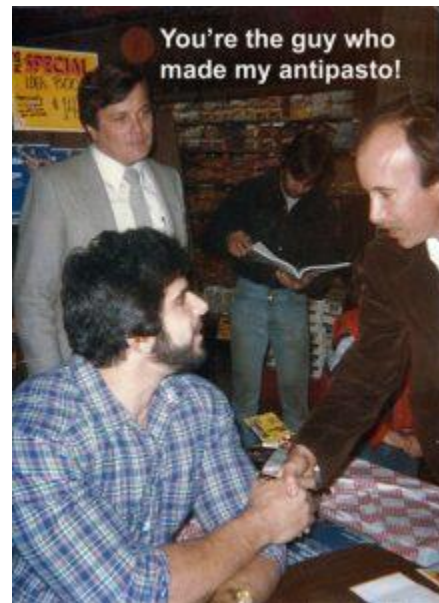
"Wendy," I say, prompting his memory at last.

"Yeah, I remember you. What are you doing here?" he asks as if he does not perceive the chrono-synclastic nature of this reunion.

"I live here, Lou. I'm married and live outside of town."

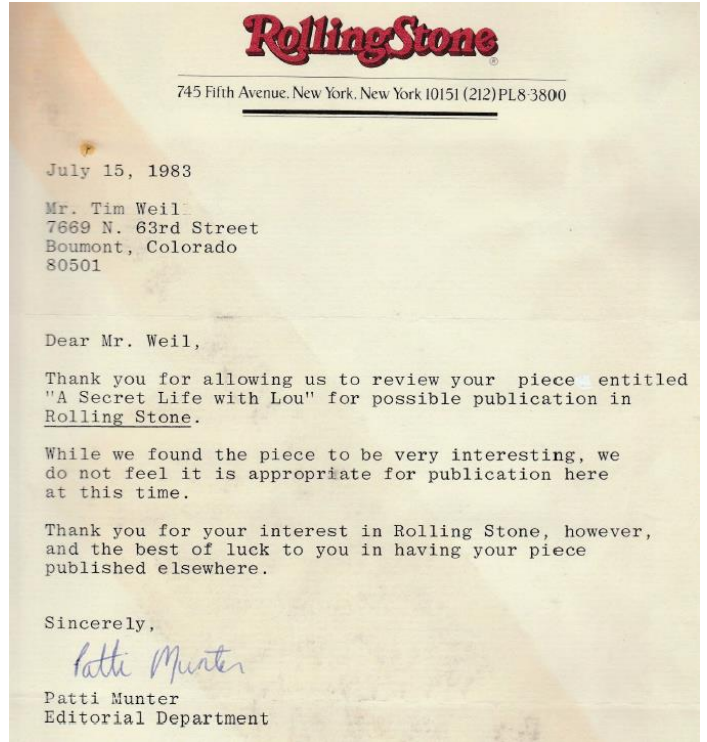
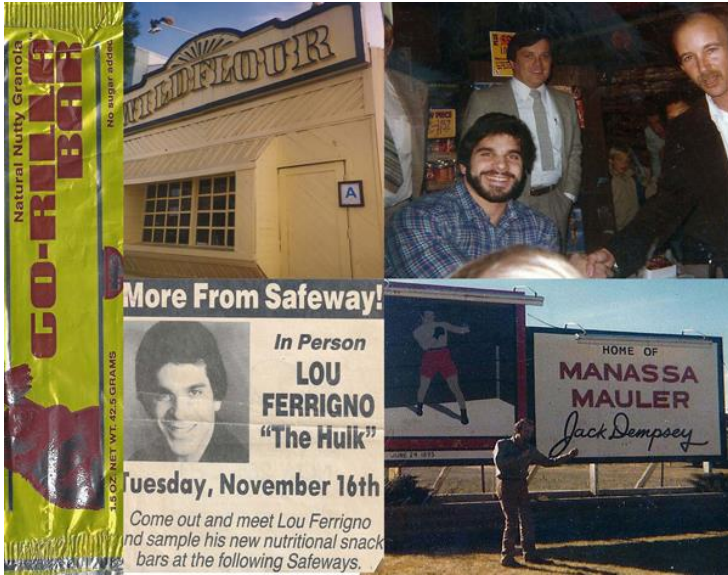
And now, in a flash, he begins to understand. "Hey, ***you're the guy that used to make the antipasto, right?***"

In that instant, he stands up, putting aside this supermarket scene for the candy bar firm. He turns to the passers-by to announce, once again, "Hey everybody – ***this is the guy who used to make me antipasto!***"



No one seems to notice, but I stand in Lou's shadow, too humble for words. My friend, davidmack, snaps a few photos. I thank Lou and we leave, taking with me an autograph, a box of health food bars and a taste of that indestructible presence of Mind Out of Time. That evening, I ate a half-dozen of the Go-rilla protein bars and in my dream, I am transported to some new power spot of the universe. I am wretched sick for the next few days and in my enfeebled state, arrive at the moral conclusions to this story ([My Secret Life with Lou](#)) –

Taste the power of imagination but
Don't bite off more than Lou can chew.
It's not easy being **Green!**



Accidental Leap Year

STARSHIP LOG – 1st entry

PLANET EARTH (Blue Marble, 3rd Rock From the Sun)

Century-Year – 21st , 2020

Everybody (I mean everybody) is BUMMED OUT

COVID-19 Pandemic Alert. Code Red

COVID-19 Pandemic Alert. Code Red

Do you copy? I repeat – do you copy?

Mayday, Mayday. We are having a Leap Year this year. There’s an extra day on the calendar (Feb 29th) throwing our world off its 22-degree axis. Babies born on that day, will only celebrate birthdays every four years. They shall age so much slower than all of us. Slower, but



wiser. For God's sake it's an Election Year (every Leap Year is a national Presidential Election). Planetary, pandemic pandemonium prevails in populations around the world. We are seized with CoronaVirus Fear, Uncertainty and Doubt (FUD). This a Leap Year alert (can't we skip this one and go to the next)? Unfortunately, that will take an act of God or Congress, neither of whom have the will act. A profound indifference casts a pall over Life as we know it.

Knock knock. Hello. A voice calls to me through Time and the decades of my life. I was born in a Leap Year (1952). Post World War II prime vintage Baby Boomer stock. Eric Burdon and the Animals wrote a song in the '60s about my arrival here – blue-eyed, blond-haired, cute as a button second baby boy to Bob the Father (BtF) and Carol the Mother (CtM)

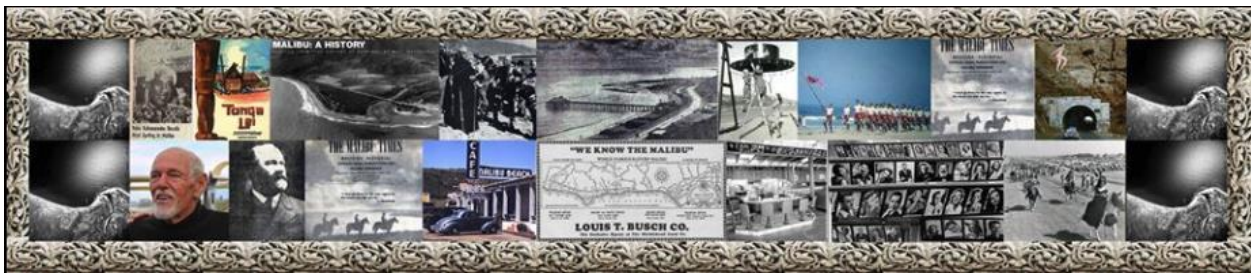
BOOM BOOM (Eric Burdon)

Boom boom boom boom
 Gonna shoot you right down
 Take you in my arms
 I'm in love with you
 Love that is true

Boom boom boom boom
 I like the way you walk
 I like the way you talk
 When you walk that walk
 And you talk that talk
 You knock me out

BOOM (there was this war - WWII)

BOOM BOOM -My parents saw themselves in a mirror. And they fell in love with the mirror. A couple of innocents. Carol the Mother (CtM) was the beautiful blond-haired 1st daughter of the Mayor of flipping Beverly Hills. A popular, sociable, 'most likely to succeed' handsome ingenue of her day. Bob the Father (BtF) was an intellectual diamond, 1st and only son of his widowed mother Esther who came West from New York in the early 1930s to live with her



the shimmering Christmas tree. Mom's maiden name was Tannenbaum and she loved the Christmas season. We were a Jewish family (or sorts) but holidays were always interchangeable for us.



STARSHIP LOG – 2nd entry

PLANET EARTH (Blue Marble, 3rd Rock From the Sun)

Century-Year – 21st , 2020

Everybody (I mean everybody) is BUMMED OUT

COVID-19 Pandemic Alert. Code Red

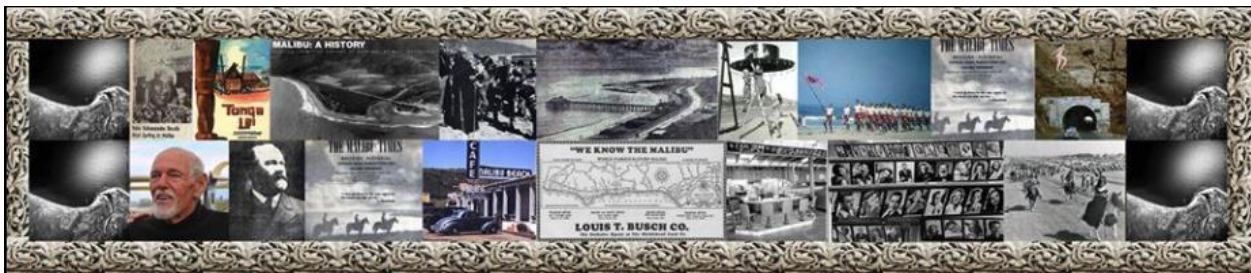
COVID-19 Pandemic Alert. Code Red

Let's circle the family and ZOOM into each other's predicament.

Let's turn this thing around. Let's get back on course.

In these archives of memory, word snippets and photo images, there are history books as well.

Lots of history books. I'm particularly fond of Stephen Ambrose and his vast work of Americana



ZOOM ZOOM ZOOM.

BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM (Missing the Picture)

STARSHIP LOG – 3rd entry

PLANET EARTH (Blue Marble, 3rd Rock From the Sun)

Century-Year – 21st , 2020

Everybody (I mean everybody) is BUMMED OUT

COVID-19 Pandemic Alert. Code Red

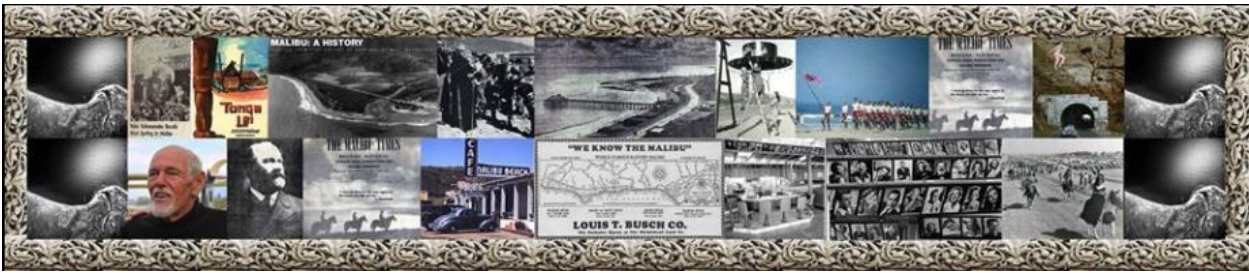
COVID-19 Pandemic Alert. Code Red

We are scanning for Black Holes in the Universe

We are scanning for Black Holes in our Lives

We are scanning for Black Holes in our Hearts

We have found evidence of life on Earth. It is a poem.



What is Being Forgotten (Eloise Klein Healy)

Quickly, What is being forgotten? Shirts
On a line with stiff arms. Dampening bottles
with cork-rimmed lids. Rain water heated
and sprinkled on white shirts. The wooden
legs of the ironing board and the iron heating.
air like hot bread. Shirts flattening
under the iron. That every shirt needed
ironing is being forgotten.

In my collection of musings, Fools Gallery, spun yarns, word pictures, memories and photographs I am still **Missing the Picture**. I'm missing the picture of my father's soul (BtF) when he received the letter from my mom saying – **'I'm leaving you and taking the boys with me'**. **BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM.** I can still feel the reverberations of Bob the Father's pain, collapse and yes, his breakdown echoing in time. Ironically, that was his gift to me. The 'hole in the heart' was passed to me many years later, in my early 20s when I found that 'I didn't have a leg to stand on'. Into this personal void came these words where life and family collapse, and stories and characters spun out from our generation – **BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM.** I am a proud survivor of the BOOMers generation.

STARSHIP LOG – 4th entry

PLANET EARTH (Blue Marble, 3rd Rock From the Sun)

Century-Year – 21st, 2020

Everybody (I mean everybody) is BUMMED OUT

COVID-19 Pandemic Alert. Code Red

COVID-19 Pandemic Alert. Code Red

We are all on an Accidental Journey, perhaps.
In my case, I was lucky enough to right the course
And find a safer landing.