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Guil Parreiras

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Poetic Instructions
{on how to stretch brain muscles
& examine carnal desires}

by Guil Parreiras

Mentor: Professor Pamela Laskin

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Submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master
of Fine Arts of the City College of the City University of New York.

“The way you see yourself shapes your perspective on the world.”
Steve Vai

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Chronogram: “Disease”

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To Rogerio, Marilia, Otavio and Elisa

Disease

(for Miguel Gontijo)

Between blue and red,
lives a disease that burns.
It is addiction without water.
When it is water, it drowns
and returns to flame.
When it flames, it hurts.
When it names itself art,
it becomes salt water
that returns to flame.

PART I - MUSIC

Belle Époque

the mysterious spirit
of words, images, melodies
dance away
in bohemian ecstasy
tapping, swinging & resurging
night after night
as wars, cheap trends
& real estate raid
& incarcerate the ancestral art

but just as spring trumpets
the season of rebirth
year after year after year,
staggering in absinthe wintry frost,
blooming through the cracks of death,

the Belle Époque
shall flourish
from the anemic sun
into a luster
of rhythm

Take the A Train

the drumming metals
orchestrate a requiem
for the commuters

rusty faces peel off
with the day's worries
tomorrow's flurries

until the magical goliard
unplugs the drudging assembly line
strums chords of rapture

awakening the finite aging smiles
that reverberate like
trumpets of the underground

Miles in the Sky

All that jazz
cooling Harlem nights
& 52nd Street whites
drunken blues
Wall Street's pillage

Doo-bop, Hip-hop,
Acid Rock & Pop
In a silent way,
it's all here, Miles,
in the city

of pangaea, big fun,
sketches of Brooklyn
& the bitches' brew

Miles away,
how beautiful it still looks
a burst of light
just the way you left it

Wish I Could Party That Hard with a Poem

whammy-bar-book shrieking a harmonic sound
high on distortion, bop prosody

mosh pit in minds of the crowd
screaming for the power-chord stanza

humbucking scotch lick
of modernist grit

rimbaud lydian riffing
to the crotch-stained bukowski blues-wine-beats

reverberating to the panty-hose hysteria,
howling sweat, o'haring pentatonic scales

dissonant kenneth koch wailing,
harmonizing the destruction of language
so the eyes & ears of poetry
can stop thinking too much &
feel the freaky punk funk, groovy jiggy gyre

Bus Station in B flat minor

(inspired by Sebastian Bach's *Brandenburg Concerto no. 5* and Port Authority)

howling violins,
wailing cellos,
& chirping flutes
varnish the ear
as eyes witness
the scatological
fallen man
in tattered duds,
muddy windows,
gum-stained floors,
spit- & urine-marinated
restrooms reeking
of booze & coffee,
rat-filled restaurants
with fecal garnish
in a swarm of
buzzing tardies

yet,
the baroque flair persists
fawning ostentation
& finesse

but who are they kidding?
a shabby honky-tonk lick
or a blues joint riff
would've fit in just fine!

O Sandy

(inspired by Eddie Boyd's "Five Long Years")

We know we done your mother wrong
Radioactive cries, lead poison,

Haves and have-nots, genocidal lies,
Garbage lots – a laundry list longer

Than shame can bear
And she been more than forgivin'

We drillin' takin' eatin'
Without a thank-you

But Sandy,
In New York City,

We, of different skins,
Creed, looks, hoods,

Blood and sins,
Come together

To make Babel sing
Like it's never sung before

O Sandy, you had the nerve
To kick us out

Amused to Death

(inspired by Roger Waters' title track "Amused to Death")

reclining before plasma screens
on thrones of inanity,

the eyes stare
into spectacles of lobotomy

the dramatization of history
& the glorification of fools

remote controls anesthetize
a legalized high of commerce

slaughter of the mind ensues
the rupture of the imagination

the loss of reality
& the fear of poetry

yet, a selected few
keep on urging

bipeds to see beyond
the entrails of the cable box

Ubi Maior Minor Cessat

(inspired by Roger Waters' album *Amused to Death*)

under the blindfold,
the justice bitch sees
the hangman's knot,
myopic on the right,
astigmatic on the left

the wheel of fortune,
lifted off its axis,
runs over the lips
of the displaced –
their language reduced to
grunts of sorrow
echoing in the vaults
of silence

no need for the *strappado*,
the iron maiden,
or straitjackets –
polite exclusion suffices

red carpets unfurl
the chosen ones
as the unnamed
remain
unnamed

Semel In Anno Licet Insanire

(inspired by Roger Waters' album *Amused to Death*)

godless nights inject
loud shots of stimulation

audio-visual gadgets
reign in *homo bardus*

obediently marching
to the next hungry fix

anti-virus software
defends self-deceit

hip trends & self-entitled
righteousness

sanitize fanaticism
amidst nihilism

I search for
the carnivalesque

leisurely waiting
to be decoded

so I can be myself
again

Maritime Lullaby

salty waters
tempest

my thirst
sweltering days

trawling waves
my limbs

in the deep trenches
mother-night pleads

my peace on a sea-bed
tomorrow's sharkless dreams

Ye Rustic

(a tribute to the LA pub)

darkness hides the scars n' clouded stars
in a whiff of carpeted vomit
 a lingering in the aftertaste
exile on main street
 jukebox brew riffing
 an ass on shady leather seats
 the beats of a cheap vine
guns n' roses up for grabs
 in a 99-cent basket
with crabs, eros arrowsmithed
 a dude who's not a dude
n' a lady who's not a lady
the last rocks-off gulp drowning
 the iris on the sun-baked street
 reminding us of time forgotten
 like a used condom

One Step at a Time

(inspired by The Rolling Stones' "Beast of Burden")

bare feet,
(bruised and flightless,
treading on brutish ground
abraded over time's wrinkles)
dragging bloody flesh, broken bones –
young beasts of aged burden
plowing, sowing
conception
into infertility

Slight Return

Hear your train a comin', magic boy?
You say it's time to go
From this lonesome town.
But don't ya forget
you're a voodoo child!
Yeah, you hear that train comin',
but don't ya dare get on it.
Don't ya dare put that guitar
between your legs.
Gotta populate this town,
chop it down and put it all in your shoe.
Gotta wail that hunger away,
wah-pedal them tears dry.
We know your mama found dead
in an alley with a ruptured spleen,
but don't ya dare get on that train.
Maybe a ride on that Dragonfly alright,
but better be back one of these days,
'cause the Lord knows
you're a voodoo child.

The Ostrich

(in memory of Lou Reed)

flapping wings
in courtship

black feathers
my best suit

serenade
with a rock n' roll band

my sharp claw
strikes the D chord

Sweet Jane runs away
on B minor

40 miles an hour
my avian self

smokes some grass
snacks on a grasshopper

& awaits
the next mating season

but until then
I will play that riff again

a flightless bird
shouldn't break

its own neck
or heart in convalescence

If Magritte Were to Listen to Alice in Chains

(inspired by René Magritte's "The Lovers" and Alice in Chains' "Down in a Hole")

lovers in close-up
lips sewn

draped cloth
two sacked

round limbs
fabric wet

from tongues
vena amoris

a union
in a tomb

sand raining
on a flower

portrait *manqué*
what's a soul

but a portrait
in bloom

PART II – PAINTINGS

The Wedding

(inspired by Chagall's "Bestiaire et Musique" and Led Zeppelin's "Misty Mountain Hop")

a bride, a fiddler, hippies
with flowers in their hair
animals hopping on their hooves

"they really don't care
where the pressure lies"
after all, it's celebration day

the notes A, G and E
LSD
a cyan-blue-green background

a bend on the G string
hips swinging
the misty mountain

the groom hides
behind the bush
swaying with the wind

and smoke
guests get in line for the show
theatrum mundi

Kant said
"the more civilized men become,
the more they become actors"

but the bride doesn't care
the Hippocratic mask
she refuses

her rigid face a goat's horn
her eyes dark sclera
her life a clown in disguise

Self-Portrait in a Concave Mirror

that kid,
carrying the world –
weight on shackled limbs –

licking wounds,
fighting for liberty
or simply a smile

that kid
with entrails of fear
gods tried to soothe

that kid, glad i ridded
to birth me again
wiser in deed

Romantic Until I Screw You

(inspired by Miguel Gontijo's eponymous painting)

giggles, kisses
on the oil-rich cheeks
of the grove
virgin, limpid, saintly

diplomatic courtship
showered with
flowers, chocolate, champagne
clad in guns, roses, bombs, cologne & catapults

body lotion
for the sexes,
rashes & axes
that spout into the "dark crack with tufted satin"

the sacred turns profane
in the sanctuary of faith
insanity
masked as furtive purity in pedophilic greed

bushes bleed, grieve
tears pelt
into the earth
deflowered, diseased

voyeurs
watch through the blinds
as a magical rite
fails to purify the sweat, spit, gizz whiz

who is god
& who is the devil?
propaganda says:
"doubt is a product"

it's got it right!
but heretics
at the corporate pyre
know better: every dog will have its day

I Didn't Promise You a Bed of Roses
(inspired by Miguel Gontijo's eponymous painting)

hellbent on penetrating flesh,
perfumed with caustic fallout,

emulsified in a blood bath,
the clanking of armor

surrenders to the unlocked
chastity belt revealing

epidermis, penis,
lubricants & fluids

engrossed in a hand-shake,
genital-shake,

battling for carnal territory
in latex pleasure

rapture subsides,
the manly spear hides,

the war scythe bristles
hawking for that orgasmic thrill

of slashing, moaning,
screaming & thrusting

swords & crests
hold their horses

bodies know not whether
foreplay or foul play will ensue

as fortuna
spins the wheel

It Will Be a Boy

(inspired by Miguel Gontijo's eponymous painting)

the haloed monkey of evolution
blesses fornication –

the indebted gift
that awaits reciprocity

sanctified in the *venatio*,
a human *bestiarius* battles another

to ensure the survival of the fittest,
to appease the christian

& muslim gods of the arena,
to subdue & punish savagery

in a prime-time sacrificial ritual
with multi-million-dollar beer commercials

the victor wins victoria's secret's pussy
& manna from heaven

the r-rated cinema of excess
euphemizes the consumption

of saints, satans, satyrs, sports & snuff stars
but wait! the boy must pay his debt:

his body
at the mercy of *pollice verso*

in the pursuit of fame, country,
religion & happiness

No Exit

(inspired by Miguel Gontijo's eponymous painting)

oblation in consumption!
peddlers of sex, holy water, hollywood, drugs & heaven
consume to possess the plethora of totemic bliss,
sacrifice to placate the missing divinity
infanta margarita has a sacred heart
because she has a dollar bill
& a wittelsbach diamond
another human just purchased
the virgin mary
that came with soccer shoes and baby jesus
picasso's *guernica* lives
in the absurdity of self-indulgence,
in the dickish dick of the anatomical man
the mayans for the sun-god,
the romans for their ancestors
sacrificed lives as we sacrifice
for gold, iphones, petroleum,
nice asses & fake tits
we all want consecration,
the apotheosis of movie-stars
to be seen is to be loved & canonized
the modern cannibal eats the filet mignon
of his buddy's wife & country to conquer the (w)hole
mired in guilt,
chained to the broken covenant,
desperate for atonement,
he crawls to the surrogate deity
whether it's john lennon
subbing for krishna
ginsberg for buddha
& if not, he's got
jim jones, lady gaga or reverend moon
but when the wizard of oz pops up instead,
he buys lavender soap to expiate his dogma
& as procreation sows its offspring
the ouroboros creeps in
so the cycle can begin
again & again

Backdrop

(inspired by Miguel Gontijo's eponymous painting)

religion & industry
cavorting in sensationalist frenzy,
converting every truth into a lie
in a smoke screen of brand names
dreams mirror truth
better than blackcoats in monkey suits
& businessmen who drink my wine
chained to the booze or to the cult
in the burger/cola temple of doom,
the weak worship celebrities
to escape nihilistic lives
in the supermarket of life,
jesus, tom cruise, allah
& the flavor of the month are for sale
the ad says:
“twenty-percent discount on all bad guys:
free-thinkers, truth-seekers & bullshit-detectives”
the tragedies in haiti & japan
no longer the buzz in town
washout best-sellers
in the assembly line
of the devious media
extra! extra!
“saint michael to face the beast
batman versus the joker
only on paper-view”
live on wikileaks:
“the vatican forbade condoms in an aids-ridden continent,
& just made another deal with *la cosa nostra*”
maybe superman or mithras oughta save us, or maybe not
the trouble is:
we know not if
we are *homo erectus*, hyperboreans,
baking power, or a passing cloud

Leviathan

(inspired by Miguel Gontijo's eponymous painting)

superman falls from grace
as the right-wing virgin mary
watches complacently,
“he was just another batshit immigrant
with funny clothes, high on kryptonite!”
the headlines gush:
“saint paul's hairdo is fugly”
“the sanctification of michael jackson”
“season ten of the real housewives
of butt-hole county”
“the prudish self-important theatrical
wedding of the royal brits”
dreaming to be a star, the child reads on,
but his aura won't light up,
so he hangs himself
his friend, unable to be captain marvel,
finds a way out: he becomes a gangsta
craigslist announces:
“hot-woman-on-filth-avenue-but-really-just-a-floozy
gives head for a cosmopolitan,
a balenciaga bag & jimmy choo shoes”
the daily bugle reads:
“pussy just went up in the stock market as dick plummet”
“beyonce's and jlo's asses skyrocketed to thirty percent”
“teachers, the disposable bastards of education, just got sacked –
they didn't teach kids how to consume right”
“models just got another million-dollar raise”
it must be really tough to look at a fucking camera

Three Musicians

(inspired by Léger's "Three Musicians" on display at the Museum of Modern Art)

to and fro, visitors flock
to more desirable grounds –
large rooms, countless riches,

walls that lure gaping eyes
but there they stand, lonely
musicians, across from the elevator,

away from a priceless friend
in a remote corner
there they stand, proudly

unknown – a trimmed mustache,
a sailor's sweater, hair slicked
to perfection, hats, tailored suits,

an accordion, an upright bass,
and a tuba – ready to perform,
unflinching in their conviction

The ABC of French-Tahitian Lust

ample breasts

canvas-drifting eyes

fauvist gaughin hues

infusing, juxtaposing

kaleidoscopic lines

mangoes nipples offerings

perpetual quaking rite

savory tahitian umbra

vas deferens

walloping

x-chromosomes

yawping

zenith

Those Modigliani Eyes

no uncomfortable seashell
drenched in salt

no third-wheel cupid
larking in sight

no chamber maids
sauntering in & out

on a red blanket,
on a white pillow, she rests

in her armpit, some bristles
(I can live with that!)

unsentimental eyes
denying nostalgia

& obvious signs of romance
(forget the flowers!)

two-dimensional lines
silhouetting flesh & brush strokes

The Italian Woman

(inspired by Le Corbusier's eponymous painting)

Your blue eyes,
the orange light
on your face
strike me –
gallons of paint
erupting from Vesuvius.

You stand behind
ancient fluted columns
of yellow and gray,
majestic like Nero's golden house.

Your eyes cry out *omertà*,
shooting lava of disdain
at your own red lips
that lust to speak to me
through a kiss.

Senescence

(inspired by the Roschach ink-blot test, Robert Motherwell's "Frontier #6," Shakespeare's Sonnet 62, and Reservoir Bar on University Place)

Neon beer signs
reflect a Roschach

on a tavern's dusty window –
particles depicting

a Motherwell of myself
(abstract "tanned antiquity").

My fingers rub off the grit
to reveal crevices

on the epidermic pores
and show "me myself indeed."

"Self-love," that being my sin
reflected on the tainted glass?

Or, self-preservation,
my need to perpetuate?

"Iniquity," it may seem,
Or vanitas in ubiquity.

And to mourn,
I do,

the "painted age"
and the "chopp'd" carcass.

PART III – WRITERS, FILM and THEATRE

Theatrical Face

My image distorted in running water –
water that goes through my tears;
water that reveals my nakedness;
water that separates my limbs

until I shut the faucet
and place on my face
the mask of comedy and tragedy.

Morpheus and Juliet

When he did not disarm
the panoply of dreams,
he found her

in a solitary corner
between walls of love.
When she morphed into a dream

and ran to touch him,
he had already turned into
reality to kiss her.

And so love ceased to be
dream or reality.

Spaghetti Western

On a platform of questions,
a woman waits

for a poem, for the train.
She holds a notebook. So does he.

Their eyes meet in a close-up,
threatening to write each other off.

In a wide shot, a standoff,
deserted tracks, subway tiles.

Eyes meet again.
Shot, reserve shot.

Extreme close-up.
No six shooters,

but the power in paper
and ink.

She draws her pen first,
but he is faster and writes

one line, then another.
Her poem slips,

falls on the tracks.
The train cuts it in half.

It dies, or maybe
it just needs another take.

The Last Days of Nietzsche in Turin

(inspired by Bélla Tarr's *The Turin Horse* and Júlio Bressane's *Days of Nietzsche in Turin*)

the mustache gently guides

steps onto cobblestones

antlers defying gods

“all truly great thoughts are conceived by walking”

stalling to weep

for the screaming horse

he could no longer gestate in thought

“if you gaze long enough into an abyss,

the abyss will gaze back into you”

reviled for rejecting

menstrual conformity

& heavenly morals

zonked thoughtless mammals

scoffed at wisdom,

while he, bedridden,

swollen, stark, stared

at his own inertia

fatal dementia

Mother and Son

Memories dissolve and jump-cut:
in saturated Technicolor,
in 8mm black and white.

But one survives the outtakes of time:
your gift, my first VCR, now a defunct novelty
that reeled out Patricia Franchini and Michel Poiccard:
an American girl breathlessly in love with a French rogue;
Antoine Doinel, orphaned to a troubled past,
the freeze-frame of a blurry future;
Fritz Lang and Jeremy Prokosch,
both contemptuous:
a director with a monocle,
a producer with a pen
and a checkbook.

Ma chère mère, as you walk
near the Invalides,
your absence, I dread
like timecode breaks,
so I resign to a flashforward of you
tracing celluloid characters,
my first trip in 30 frames per second.

Prescription

the pills must be working,
maybe the wailing guitar,

the tits behind the bar,
the melon de bourgogne –

my only trip to france – in a glass,
a film by theo angelopolous,

my only greek sunshine,
orff's opus, or

the pills must be working
a new poem, a good night's sleep,

weather talk, cooler talk,
vitamin c or a kiss,

a lullaby tearing up anhedonia
something must be working

a god of sorts, iconic beard
or otherwise, atheist pride,

or the rival's demise
if not working, something

must be plucking
at my searching heart

Hallow Eve

the feast of samhain,
 drum beats for the dead,
 cheap whiskey for the living,
 sugar for the suckling,
 no boundaries,
 oneness & otherness as one,
wardrobe panacea, trickster hipster, gory films,
 diagnostic eruptions for repressive minds,
candy, sex, fake blood, more booze, ooze
 just being silly for a day: *semel in anno licet insanire*

as roethke once inquired
 “what's madness but nobility of soul
 at odds with circumstance?”

& as all hallows day creeps in,
 i search for my body in the woods,
 on subway tracks
 among the rats,
 on mirrored masks,
 in gods i don't believe in,
 in celtic faces i'm yet to meet,
 in la santa muerte i deeply fear

but my body, i cannot find,
 so i embrace madness
at odds with circumstance
 as it creeps in

Nocturnal Daze

I flank books
without reading them,
seeing their diaphanous covers,
dreaming of their placid landscapes
with pronouns and adverbs.
Facing the pentathlon
of my imagination,
I fail.

What remains is a desire
to write a candid poem
without having anything to say.

Fortune Cookie Poetics

paper & ink oxidize,
but, instinct –
that's your little bard
speaking in tongues of truth

and if in doubt, look up!

the neon sign
above that cheap motel
flickers to jack kerouac's
fourth essential belief:
"be in love with yr life"

Prosaic Mixology

ice cubes
one and a half ounces of high-proof nouns
a three-quarter ounce of adjectives (top shelf)
a splash of prepositions
a squeeze of citric adverbs

shake, shake...shake it all
verbatim
and sip

but something is missing!
ah, two ounces of fortified verbs
shake again
slug it down

the alcohol
burns down
warms up the sentences
trails up in verbose vomit
forming alphabet soup
on a clean counter

a poem that spells out:
READ ME

Tom Waits and Lord Byron Hanging Out at a Bar

Waits sits on a stained-leather stool,
punctured holes, bourbon watermark.

Byron, a swordfishtrombone out of water,
a silk scarf on the stool,
a bottle of wine with a corkage fee.

Waits carves on the counter
“mad, bad and dangerous to know,”
growls to a boy on a binge,
“The piano has been drinking.”

The boy picks up his guitar.

Byron raises his glass,
“Music walks in beauty, let not excess beguile you.”

“I don’t need no old men telling me nothin’,”
the boy spits out.

Byron declares, “Glory, the grape, love, gold
– in these are sunk the hopes of all men
and of every nation.”

The New Year

A fragmented verse
tunnels behind

crimson staring eyes.
Carbon monoxide,

bumper to bumper.
Beats and brassy horns

silence my searching word.
There is no light

at the end of the tunnel,
but a crevice in vernacular.

Notes

Ubi Maior Minor Cessat

Ubi Maior Minor Cessat - The weak (minor) capitulates before the strong (major), or in the presence of the greater the lesser loses importance.

Strappado – A form of torture in which the victim is lifted off the ground by a rope attached to the wrists, which have been tied behind the back, and then is dropped partway to the ground with a jerk.

Semel In Anno Licet Insanire

Semel In Anno Licet Insanire – Once a year, one is allowed to go crazy.

Homo Bardus – Stupid man.

Slight Return

Dragonfly – An old green Plymouth Fury that one of the bands Jimi Hendrix played with drove.

The Ostrich

Ostrich tuning – a tuning that assigns one note to all guitar strings. It was coined by Lou Reed after the song "The Ostrich" – the first he recorded using this tuning.

If Magritte Were to Listen to Alice in Chains

Vena Amoris – Literally means "vein of love" in Latin. Traditional belief established that this vein ran directly from the heart to the fourth finger of the left hand. This is one of the reasons why the wedding ring was placed on the fourth finger, or "ring finger".

Portrait *Manqué* – A portrait in which the face is hidden.

The Wedding

Theatrum Mundi – World Stage.

Hippocratic Face – The sallow facial expression, with listless staring eyes, often regarded as denoting approaching death.

Sclera – The firm white fibrous membrane that forms the outer covering of the eyeball.

Romantic Until I Screw You

"dark crack with tufted satin" – from Arthur Rimbaud's Scatological Sonnet "Our Assholes Are Different" – "[...] for girls, the most enchanting lurk / in a dark crack where tufted satin grows."

It Will Be a Boy

Venatio – Wild-beast hunt.

Bestiarius – Gladiator who fought wild animals.

Pollice verso – A Latin phrase, meaning "with a turned thumb", that is used in the context of gladiatorial combat. It refers to the hand gesture or thumbs signal to pass judgment on a defeated gladiator.

No Exit

Ouroboros – A circular symbol depicting a snake, or less commonly a dragon, swallowing its tail, as an emblem of wholeness or infinity.

Backdrop

Homo Erectus – An extinct large-brained hominid of the genus *Homo* (*H. erectus*) that is known from fossil remains in Africa, Europe, and Asia, is estimated to have flourished from 1.6 million years ago to 250,000 years ago, is thought to be the first hominid to master fire and inhabit caves, and is believed to be the immediate ancestor of modern man.

Hyperborean – A member of a people of ancient Greek legend reputed to live in a land of perpetual sunshine and abundance beyond the north wind.

The Italian Woman

Omertà – A rule or code that prohibits speaking or divulging information about certain activities, especially the activities of a criminal organization.

Senescence

Senescence – (from Latin: *senescere*, meaning “to grow old,” from *senex*) biological aging.

Roschach ink-blot test – A test in which a subject interprets inkblot designs in terms that reveal intellectual and emotional factors.

Vanitas – A still-life painting of a 17th-century Dutch genre containing symbols of death or change as a reminder of their inevitability.

Mother and Son

Patricia Franchini and Michel Poiccard – Characters played by Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo in Jean-Luc Godard’s *Breathless*.

Antoine Doinel – Character played by Jean-Pierre Léaud in François Truffaut’s *The 400 Blows*.

Fritz Lang and Jeremy Prokosch – Characters played by Fritz Lang (himself) and Jack Palance in Jean-Luc Godard’s *Contempt*.

Ma chère mère – My dear mother in French.

Les Invalides – A complex of buildings in the 7th arrondissement of Paris, containing museums and monuments, all relating to the military history of France, as well as a hospital and a retirement home for war veterans, the building's original purpose.

Timecode Break – An interruption in timecode on a tape which can cause problems when the tape is captured to a computer.

Hallow Eve

Samhain – An ancient Celtic festival held on Nov. 1 to mark the beginning of winter and the beginning of a new year.

Semel In Anno Licet Insanire – Once a year, one is allowed to go crazy.

Tom Waits and Lord Byron Hanging Out at a Bar

Swordfishtrombones – An album by Tom Waits released in 1983.