







# Hug The Wind

A COLLECTION of GRAPHIC POEMS, SONG LYRICS, funny  
smells, notes, ideas, ugly AND URTHLY OBSERVATIONS.

By C.J. FAEGE

© **2004**, *C.J. Faege*

poetry 'is only

breathing

between words --

the writers must not

terminate their determination.

the performance

need not ALWAYS be

Under

Stood

Under

All

Levels: . . :

THERE ARE NO MASTERS.

THERE ARE NO LEVELS.

CJF

**24-March - 1978**

## The Sunday Afternoon Post Office Disaster

I've been sitting in this post office parking lot waiting for a late (undead) friend to arrive. It is Sunday and people come and go as they drop their letters and bundles of letters into two mailboxes. It is hard to tell what is going on there; but it seems to have something to do with the mailboxes.

One Large Man encased in a white leisure suit is apparently describing their difficult situation by waving his arms about, clutching a fistful of mail. Even at this distance, he appears to be very angry. Several people are tugging on the mailbox doors - with no success. Two of the would-be-letter-mailers have now begun beating on the glass doors of the post-office. . . even though they all knew it was Sunday before they arrived here.

April 3, 1977

hug the wind  
breathe last week's air  
eat the weather  
smothering rain  
kiss the fire  
and do it again.

## Java

About Thirteen Years Ago when I was a smaller child than I am now, I remember being downtown and hearing a man walking down the street whistling the Al Hirt hit "Java". I paid attention because Al Hirt was my favorite trumpet player then, right along with Burt Kaemfert. That was when I used to be an almost decent trumpet player myself and would have improved my playing were it not for a terrible "coughing disease" I acquired when visiting Houston, Texas. This isn't to say I blame it on the climate or I'm picking on Houston, but who knows? I didn't see many trumpet players there. That's because they all died from the coughing disease.

My parents were very proud of their son at this particular time. I could actually play recognizable melodies without slipping off of a note. I was becoming very interested in sex; and I discovered that if I wanted the opposite sex to take notice in me, I should take up an instrument more sensual and becoming of an aspiring young musician, so I switched over to guitar, drums and bass.



I eased up on the trumpet (and coughing) directing my attention to groups like the Ventures and the Surfaris, applying their techniques to my \$30 set of drums and an electric guitar that my father had built for me. Of course I didn't really score any more girls than I would have while blowing my trumpet. Now I'm wondering if I should have tried the xylophone . . . I was too small for the basketball team.

I still keep a trumpet though I hardly play it. I guess I just settle on the memory of that guy walking down the street whistling "Java".

March 25, 1977

# You

(A Chart for a friend)

You who follow your confidence with the media dance with the cool release of sweat and feels admired by those who would be like yourself. You who may take my love and remove it with your dress You who are beautiful without your language of heat whose mouth writes words You think I could lie about my love, seek refuge from yours? Which may be as real as the cerebral moment You whom I may misunderstand by my past You who I looked for a week before I was born you whose life does not need more beauty who thinks of yourself as being lonely... in a crowded way You seem to rule your own government of associates and are sincerely considerate You who keeps me awake at night and wake me up You whose Child begat You begat her begat life You who thought to spend a dime on the dime-a-dozen You who asks me to sing for You who gives praises and moves on in fashion-of-passion clothes not admitting complete security.....to Yourself, even on existing terms You who takes the love we make.

May 23, 1984

## THE ACCIDENTALIST

### PART ONE

THERE WAS NO mistaking the look as there was absolutely no error in the intentional blunder of the Accidentalist who purposely called himself an Anarchist and spattered red stain from his arm on a uniform which tried to hold him with its' authoritarian uniform grasp of a grape which was so soft that it left grape juice on hymns were whispered in SECRET PLACES far the Accidentalist whom the trees would never miss and whose Mother was living with a uniform who did not notice the Accidentalists'last name on the list at the uniform station where he took so many others each day to be put with the ETAL behind bars of iron and irony and if he had noticed he wouldn't have cared save for the Accidentalists Mothers sobbing that may have caused him some discomfort when she had found out about the Son she would have disinherited had she learned of his unknowing unamerican unsung ununiform unsuitable untimely unconventional ununiversal undying behavioral patterns which would have been recognized by a Social Studying Doctor who would have put in his report that the actions of the Accidentalist were committed on purpose without purpose as far as he could ascertain by the standards of normality he learned at the University when he was maintained by its' gravity fifteen years ago and the Accidentalist lived on regardless.

### PART TWO

Accidentalist crawling in sewers double parked by gigantic automobile equipment sliding through the Feces Species gliding with the pistolling echoes of bells not of ChristMasterCardSeason not of any Churchreligious nature but of a terrorist revolt which follows him through the City Digestive Track like a detective with a communicable disease (worse even, than a yawn) known as the Fever of Investigation & Death As Often As Necessary & Not Necessary we find our Accidentalist reading an informative Circular from The Library of Congress Paperback Bookstore which he found on a park bench in Amsterdam, Deutschland while posing as a fashionable fascist with a bloodstained umbrella.

### PART THREE

ACCIDENTAlist the tallest in his own with female companion leaning against a streetsign wearing glasses as dark as the

law allows handing her an Espionage Cigarette (known only to her as an account number he meets her at the People's Hotel and kisses her goodbye the next morning with hardened egg yolk in his mustache bacon on his breath and still more yolk in his Imperialist Beard.

#### PART FOUR

Accidentalist with 4-way mist found in dentist office with open orifice exposing the SECRET PLANS to destruct some bridgework :::: dentist removes THE PLANS and attempts to overdose the ACCIDENTALIST with deadly dentist gas but found that the line had been cut by the ACCIDENTALIST who was already behind him with a furious gun and dentist claimed that he should not be angry since he had removed the painful abscess but was found assassinated sans his dentures.

#### PART FIVE:

##### **SCENE ONE**

Incidentalist meets Accidentalist in Industrial Court in Suburping where terrorists close in with stolen bombs and jewelry in their pockets as the mouth of a baby in a young Fraulein's arms screamed out that the terrorists had ruined a perfectly good bottle of milk and the Fraulein smiled before the Incidentalist was killed and the Accidentalist escaped unscathed.

#### PART FIVE

##### **SCENE TWO**

Accidentalist picking his nose with right hand holding female companions' hand organizing Political Envy War on uniforms with her during loud segment of music and torrents of dancers surround them both kicking feet high in the air and the sweet drones of sound sadden a thought brought to the skin of his brain when he remembers the Incidentalist who used to fish with him at Swan Lake and removes what he has picked from his nose and places it on a dancer's heel when the dancer isn't looking feeling something more than compassion something more than pain something more than love something more than he knows of feeling.

## PART SIX

Accidentalists have become invisible to the Publics' Repeople and even foreign ambassadors cannot locate him as he sits nakedly and invisibly on the Presidents' Official Desk eating an invisible peanut butter sandwich learning how to forge the Presidents' signature and giving the President invisible pinches on the ass.

## PART SEVEN

ACCIDENTALIST wearing helmet and goggles (now visible) storms with troops through Democratic streets killing needlessly stops at local McDonalds Restaurant where he is finally ambushed and executed .

## PART EIGHT OF EIGHT PARTS

The apocalypse continues.

CF april 13, 1978

It was a Happy Day,  
That day that you were born,  
If Eye am knot Miss Taken,  
Then may I ne' er ag' n eat corn,  
Aye b' leave, me Lassie, that day is todaye,  
So please have to you  
A most Delightful day!

Haeppev Byrthdaye !

Unkie Charwie

(email to my niece, 2002)

Bin Ladda Hussein

You say Osamma --  
but I say Saddama  
you say Hussein-a  
and I say Bin Ladd-a  
Osaamma  
Saddama  
Husseina  
Bin Ladda  
Let' s blow the assholes up!

I say "no war-a"  
But you say "why notta?"  
I say "because-a,  
we all gonna die-a"  
Destruction, depression  
The Nuking, the puking ...  
Let' s blow the assholes up!

(wish it had a happier ending, for more-a, reada Bible-a)

August 4 2003

~ Poem after the WTC Attack in NYC, September 11, 2001 ~

C.J. Faegge

All of the rivers of tears and all of the grief  
The tests of faith, of courage, the devastation and despair  
The tremendous loss of life, and of hope  
Brought about by fools and followers of distorted beliefs  
The innocent, having been sentenced to death by cowards  
The terrible mourning and guilt of the living,  
With the denial of this awful truth, forever burned into their hearts  
Children are learning of the bravery,  
That true heroes have nothing to do with sports or rock stardom.  
That the hatred and jealousy towards freedom and a better way of life  
Was aimed at their country's symbols of liberty and economic strength  
and the children must now grow up in a very different world  
Many, without their Fathers and their Mothers  
Learn that this is the cost of freedom.  
Yet it is America's belief that malevolence  
will be dealt with and that goodness shall prevail,  
that No forces shall jeopardize or compromise our freedom  
**The accountable will fall in their tracks, as will their followers.**  
In history, the enemy was clearly seen within their borders in some foreign  
land,  
Yet there are no beaches for troops to storm this time.  
The enemy is one who believes in hiding within our own free lands  
An enemy so determined to destroy the way of life  
Which he envies so much that he will try to eradicate it  
Finding the enemy will be an enormous task,  
A great effort with more losses of innocent life surely to come  
A call to arms, a call to preserve freedom, liberty and democracy in America,  
who shall never succumb to this sickest of all enemies it has ever faced.  
America will sustain, flourish and overpower by its great unity and might.  
Brothers and sisters will give their own lives in defending this cause,  
While those brainwashed madmen give their own lives to destroy America  
As we lick our wounds and bury our dead, we learn who these enemies are  
and will show them that they will not be able to raise a finger against America  
Without feeling the true meaning of our terrible and swift sword.  
May God help us all; help educate those who blaspheme Allah;  
Bless this land and the great people who defend it.



*forgotten 1992 cf poem found by d.s. june 2000*

The life I am living today  
Is due to the death of my previous lives  
Which lay beneath the tombstone in my heart  
The epitaph is old and barely visible  
Yet at times it looks new as if it were just engraved there  
I need not longer go there to leave flowers  
or clear away overgrown weeds.  
This dark place is illuminated by inner peace  
And beautified by fields of flowers  
Grown from the seeds of my past.

Happy Thoughts from Your Best Friend ...

**B**irthdays always make us older,  
about the time the weather gets colder,  
then no matter what we do,  
I'll just get old and so will you.

***“Things That I Wish I Had Got”***

*(A Parody of “My Favorite Things” from “Sound of Music” by Rodgers-Hammerstein)*

Next Christmas I’m going to hope for the best  
No Chia Pets or unwanted houseguests  
A cure for cancer and her menopause stops  
These are the things that I wish I had got

Leaf-size trash bags filled with new unmarked twenties  
Newspapers with only my favorite funnies  
A cold case of beer and two ounces of pot  
These are the things that I wish I had got

When the cop busts  
me for road rage  
In a rotten mood ...  
I simply remember my health’s not insured  
And then I don’t feel so good ...

No more sitcoms with annoying catch phrases  
Everyone who works will get monthly raises  
Where nudity’s cool if the weather’s too hot  
These are the things that I wish I had got

December 20, 2003

## Charlie Faege's Spare Secret Original Song Titles

Acquired Broken Heart Syndrome  
Adventures Of My Mustache  
Air On A Roundwound 16 Gauge G String  
Anus 'n Adenoid  
Bacchanal, The  
Bad Debt  
Binky's Recurring Dream  
Broken Fizzpinz  
Chapter 13  
Cheap TP  
Compassion Ate  
Doctors Really Don't Know  
Don't Blow Things Up  
Don't Wake Me When I Die  
Easily Fooled  
Elephant On A Ferris Wheel  
Elephant's Web, The  
Emotional Auditions  
End Results, The  
Evil Says, Fools DO  
Exploring The Nonexistent  
Fat People From Idaho, The  
Futile Attraction  
Get A Bigger Stick  
Give Me A Reason  
Graven Images In Space  
Guitar With A Conscience, The  
Heart Kiss  
Her Love Is All Done With Mirrors  
Neither Hide Nor Hair  
I Copyrighted The Key Of C  
I Have No Skin  
I'll Of You  
I'm Sitting Right Here Waiting For Her (To Come Back To Me)  
Imminent Persecution  
Killers & Saviors  
Life On Tape  
Man With The Glued-On Head, The  
Man With The See Through Head, The  
Mind In Your Heart, The  
Monkey In A Colourful Suit

Mr. Pitchfork Man  
Must Be Present To Attend  
My Love Is Wearing Thin  
New Car Smell Hell  
No Deals With God  
Non Liberal Metaphors  
One Snazzy Bitch  
Papa Petunia  
Papa Wheelie  
Pompadors & Circumcision  
Poopy Was Here  
Private Hell  
Quick Listen To Erratic Male Vocals In Pop, A  
Sad Smiles  
Situational Depression  
Smell  
Solemn 'n Gonoriah  
Some Musik To Your Rears  
Stopover At The Snooze Bar  
Tempestuous Fate  
Terror At 15 IPS  
The Man Who Wasn't Even There  
Thinking of Thin Kings  
Unfinished Prayers  
Unknown Friend  
Unsent Letters of The Alphabet  
Uprooted From Heaven  
Weird Guy Across The Street, The

## The Sweet Little Old Killer Lady

While driving along a county road  
Some old lady stopped suddenly to make a left turn  
Without a signal or warning to me, not far behind  
She had no concerns in the world but her own --  
As I slammed on the brakes  
My entire auto insurance policy  
Flashed before my eyes.  
The old lady didn't even seem to notice  
my car skidding and sliding behind her.  
All she knew was she made it home from  
With the groceries again...  
La tee dee, la tee da

8/14/03

P. S. I NEARLY HAD A WRECK WHILE WRITING THIS POEM!! I JUST  
CAN'T WIN!!

## THE ANTEATER & THE OSTRICH

**I**t was a quiet humdrum sort of day and the birds sang sweet little melodies in the orchestra pits of the trees. The Mighty Sloth had been recently killed and there was not the slightest sort of problem, neither in the jungle nor with its inhabitants.

Gibson the Gibbon applauded after the small concert had finished. Chittery Chatterly the Hummingbird bowed lowly after conducting his Hummingbird Chirp Symphony No. 7. He was quite proud of his All Bird Symphony Orchestra, which took several years of training to accomplish such virtuosity.

“Bah! Pooey! Stop making all that racket!” shouted the Anteater, who was nearby long enough to hear the conclusion of the Symphony. “You’re just scaring all the ants away, that’s all you’re doing!” He then muttered some more insults and bad remarks as he nosed along the ground searching for some foolish ant who did not know what an Anteater looked like.... yet.

“Beat it, you old grouch!” said Gibson the Gibbon, who started throwing coconuts near the Anteater.

“If I ever catch you here on the ground, Gibson, you’ll stay here...on the ground!” shouted the Anteater as he snorted and slowly walked away.

Here then came the Ostrich, who had observed the whole ordeal from a slight distance and decided to have his say about it. He walked his funny Ostrich-walk and stood next to Chittery Chatterly the Hummingbird as he addressed the entire jungle crowd; “I thought that the music was just fine. Everyone here enjoyed it as well, I’m sure. Why should we continue letting that dumb old Anteater in our part of the jungle to ruin our concerts? It seems to me that every time Chittery Chatterly composes and conducts his music, that Anteater comes along and tries to spoil everything. I think that he should be banished from the jungle forever!” proclaimed the Ostrich.

“You’re absolutely right!” yelled Gibson. “But how shall we do it? Even these tough coconuts don’t scare him!”

“Punch him in the nose, how could you miss it?” said Chittery Chatterly.

“Coconuts and/or a punch in his big nose will not do the trick, but I believe I have the answer,” said the Ostrich.

The following week finally came, followed by the following concert, which they had carefully planned. Anteater had hardly been seen all the past week, except by Redbird who said that he had seen the Anteater rooting through some newly discovered anthills near the Elephant Valley.

As the music began, all the animals pretended to be enjoying it as usual, though they were much too excited to do so. Soon enough, just as they had suspected, the Anteater came along the path grumbling and carrying on.

“Alright, just stop that noise!” I told you all before that I can’t stand your playing and . . .” the Anteater suddenly stopped in his tracks and started snorting along the ground. He spotted several ants that called him foul names and fled as fast as they could. This made him very angry and he chased after them until they disappeared into a small hole in the ground.

“Ah, this is too easy! I’ll have them up the old nose in a minute!” Anteater exclaimed. He sucked and vacuumed the hole the ants had jumped in, but wasn’t getting anything. Befuddled, he then heard some sort of sound behind him and looked on in total disbelief. For there stood a ten-foot tall Anteater Eater, who ate the Anteater in one large swallow. Turning to the other animals that had stopped their concert by this time he said, “Thanks a lot! If you find any more Anteaters around here, just let me know!”

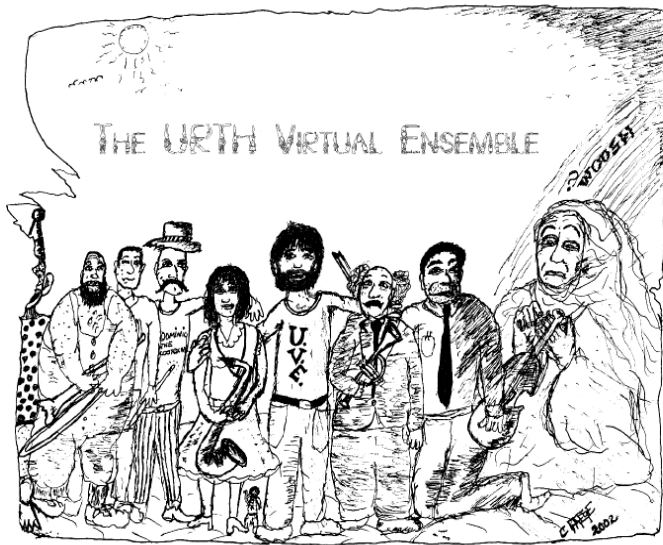
The Ostrich acknowledged and the concert continued without further interruption.

CJF  
May 1977/November 1999



## A Brief History of The URTH Virtual Ensemble

The URTH Virtual Ensemble may be the finest group of untrained musicians that no one has ever seen assembled in a concert hall. Limited to the environment of



the recording studio and bars with happy hour, these fun loving guys would get together and practice whenever they could coordinate their day job schedules and their kids' soccer

practices and such. A few minutes before their historic first recording, this photo was taken on May 23, 1994. Bill Abambo, the 350 pound head of the Trombone section, had just slipped on some wet asphalt and bent his horn up when he landed on it. Some slight "nuances" were heard from the Trombone section on the recording, but Bill denies any responsibility for the clinkers (which were later covered up).

A guest violinist had been scheduled for the Coda Section of the piece, but she wanted way too much money. By some miracle on May 22, on a downtown corner, I found Dominic the Accordionist to replace her. I paid for all of his meals for the next two days and gave him a new pair of shoes I had in my closet and he was deliriously happy.

Standing next to Thomas Beepo, our retired park patrol viola player, there was what the scary lady down the street from me described as a "blessed surprise popup holy apparition." I don't know who she was, and nobody saw her around when the picture was taken.

Due to the poor condition and age of the photo, Walbert Starrkhausen, the timpanist (always in clown costume), is barely visible on the far left. The rest of the URTH Virtual Ensemble were only known by nicknames, and after I paid them in cash I never saw any of them again.

... "BE PROUD OF NOTHING. IT'S ALL YOU  
HAVEN'T GOT." 05-SEPT-97

THE BEST POEMS ARE NEVER WRITTEN.  
THEY ARE ILLUSIONS, DREAMT AND  
FORGOTTEN. ONCE UPON A TIME

ALL MY MUSIC WRITES ITSELF. I'M JUST  
THERE WHEN IT HAPPENS. ...

CF . . . . URTH, NOVEMBER 09, 1996

The big brown fox jumped over the large  
puddle of sewage.

The big brown wiener jumped lazily over  
the pink ass.

The big orange tit jumped swiftly over  
the brown butt hole.

# THE INVENTOR

A POEM BY C.J. Faege ~ 1978



he Inventor scratched his mind  
again,  
And began to create a creation,  
Though it might never be shown,  
to him it was known,  
He was the Son of Innovation.

He paused and he thought - "Oh  
well, why not?"  
And started to write in his Book,  
He carried it with him most  
everyplace,  
It was even near when he cooked.

The Inventor was a kind old man,  
A genius with discriminating taste,

He had never harmed a living soul,  
And nothing ever went to waste.

He wanted to help all of the world  
By way of his inventions,  
But most, quite sadly, never worked,  
But were made with the best of intentions.

The Inventor, undaunted carried on,  
Rejections left him unaffected,  
They all knew him well at the Patent Office,  
And his inventions were never selected.

And what, pray tell, would he invent?  
You might well ask, indeed,  
Rubber sewer lids, shoes that walk by themselves,  
And books that you don't have to read

Cardboard rugs and hats made for ears,  
To keep them from catching a cold,  
Gray colored hair for all to wear,  
So none would notice when they would turn old.

Things for all Seasons, all Times, all Reasons -  
It's quite hard to think of each one,  
Things to catch wind in, beginnings with endings,  
Things finished before they were done,

The Inventor was proud, proclaiming out loud,  
"I've invented a whole New World!"  
But nobody heard the Inventor's words,  
And who needs their straight hair uncurled?

The Inventor was poor, as I mentioned before,  
He needed some food to eat,  
"I'll invent a pizza.." (But didn't know how),  
"Well...alright then, I'll invent some meat!"

By then, the Inventor was over his head,  
By claiming he would "invent" food,  
And though it wasn't invited, a Voice came to his ear  
And said, "Now don't be rude!"

"You've invented so much, I'm afraid you've lost touch  
with reality as it should be, as Your life is  
Invention after invention, after invention  
And by error you invented me.

I was born in a mirror clock,  
Your very own invention!"  
"Time doesn't exist inside mirrors",  
said the Inventor without pretension.

"I've broken that spell and you should know well,  
Your inventions don't usually work,  
You're a poor old fool", said the Voice,  
"A fool who has gone berserk."

"Why can't I see you?" Where are you at?  
How do I know you exist?"  
No answer was given; no sound was heard,  
And he felt something grab at his wrist.

It pulled the Inventor, who was so full of fright,  
Out into the freezing night,  
"Where are you taking me, Please, let me go!"  
But it held him very tight.

Down many streets, right through the small town,  
The strange thing pulled him right past,  
A few of his friends saw him and asked,  
"Where's the Inventor headed so fast?"

"I have no idea," the Inventor replied,  
"I'm only along for the ride."  
They shrugged their shoulders and shook their heads  
And some of them just sighed,

"He's finally gone crazy, the eccentric old coot",  
They agreed that his deck wasn't full,  
He'd have asked them for help, but he thought,  
"Hmm, now that would be dull.."

So instead of resisting the curious force,

The Inventor tried to think of its source,  
For none of his inventions had acted this way,  
And he thought 'til his brain got hoarse.

Before long, it had stopped him outside of town  
At Tombstone Cemetery,  
"I haven't been dying to come to this place,  
And really, I find it too scary!"

Whatever had held it let go of his wrist,  
But his mind was still full of fear,  
The wind was howling, as the fog grew thick  
And his eye let go of a tear.

"Welcome Inventor!" Someone said,  
Which caused the poor fellow to quick turn his head,  
His eyes met with someone that men never see,  
Unless they are soon to be dead.

"No! Not Death" the Inventor screamed,  
And he sobbed such a salty rain,  
"Don't worry," Death said, "You're not even dead."  
What's wrong man, do you have a pain?

I want you to invent something, which has never been made,  
And I only ask that you try,  
And if you can't make it, just tell me now  
Then I'm afraid you will die."

The Inventor trembled before he spoke,  
As he'd never faced Death before,  
"And what would you ask ... a soundproof cask,  
To drown out dead men's' snores?"

"You're brave old man," Death said as he laughed,  
"To speak to me like this,  
I seldom speak to people at all,  
And they usually just get my kiss."

"I speak to you bold, because I'm so old,  
And I knew someday I would die,  
But I always wanted to invent something great,  
To be remembered by..."

"This may be your chance, so listen to me,  
For I haven't too long to speak,  
I'll soon be busy with the Plague in the East,  
Already the people grow weak.

Now, what you must do, and I give you one week,  
There is something which I'd like invented..."  
Death told the Inventor what to do,  
So his death could be prevented.

The Inventor frowned and he paced the ground,  
And started to half smile,  
"And if I can do this for you will I live for an hour,  
Or perhaps a shorter while?"

"I guess you don't know when you're getting a break,  
I just thought I would give you a chance,  
"Alright then, I'll do it but I've always wondered...  
Is it true that you really dance?"

"The Dance of Death is not a lie,  
Though most rumors are simply not true,  
From the minuet to the Latin Hustle,  
I'll dance them all with you."



"But I don't like to dance, and never did,"  
The old Inventor said,  
"Ah, why not?" asked Death,  
"There's worse ways to fall over dead."

The next time I see you on the seventh day,  
Make sure what I asked has been done,  
Or, as it has always been, Death again will have won!"

The Inventor then found himself at home,  
It had all seemed like a dream,  
"I know that I must have dreamt it all,  
This is what I deem."

He laughed an uncomfortable laugh,  
Going about his daily chores,  
He reached for a book in his library then thought,  
"What really happened before?"

He checked his calendar on the wall,  
He'd almost lost track of the date,  
"If a week would pass and there was no invention,  
I wonder if Death would wait?"

Then a worse thought occurred to him,  
What was he supposed to make?  
How could he forget a thing like that?  
With his life put up at stake?

"Ah, why should I worry anyway?  
There's no reason for me to get shook."  
And the room began shaking, and he fell to the floor,  
As he had just begun reading a book.

The ceiling bulged, smoke rose from the floor,  
And every window broke,  
He heard the Voice that he'd heard before say,  
"Our agreement wasn't a joke!"

"But what am I supposed to do?  
I cannot remember at all."  
The Voice was as silent as an unspoken word,  
Like talking to the wall.

He started inventing things day & night,  
Among them his "hole-proof" gloves,  
Included were buttons that don't have to be pushed,  
But rather must be shoved.

Telephones that answer themselves  
And windows of new designs,  
Unlimited storage on invisible shelves,  
Iced tea flavored like wine.

Chameleon-like bandages that adapt to the pigment  
Of the person who'd put one on,  
The only problem with them was that,  
Once applied they appeared to be gone.

Five Days had passed, how long would he last,  
Without any sleep or rest?  
Hardly any food, just a nibble at times,  
And his door was closed to all guests.

His little house bulged as the Inventor indulged  
In making even more inventions,  
He would invent something, throw it on top of a stack  
that exceeded the rooms dimensions.

"What was it that Death had asked of me,  
What could he possibly use?  
An alarm clock that shakes you in the morning?  
A pair of socks that may serve as shoes?"

All those things are worthless,  
At least most of them, I know,  
So what will I do, for I've just One Day left,  
With nothing really, to show?"  
The Final Day came, as it was sure to do  
And the Inventor kept on working,  
He hadn't invented what Death had asked  
Who was probably nearby - lurking.

A knock came on the door that night,  
It was from a bony hand,  
"How polite of Death to knock,  
That's hard to understand!"

He opened the door and standing there  
Was Death in his black cloak,  
"Have you got it made? Your week is up:  
Or shall I make you croak?"

"Come in old friend. Take a load off!"  
The old Inventor said,  
"I haven't the time, now what have you for me  
Or shall you have to be dead?"

"Right in that room, I shall get it for you,  
Wait here, I'll be right back.  
"Ah!" said Death, "So you've done it then!"  
And he made all his knuckles crack.

The Inventor went into a room alone  
And removed a bottle from a shelf,  
He crossed his fingers as he poured  
The contents all over himself.

After a minute, Death burst in the room,  
But the Inventor was Nowhere to be found,  
"Where do you hide, you foolish man!  
I know that you're somewhere around!"

For the window was locked from the inside,  
So he couldn't have gone out through that,  
Death rummaged and searched and cursed the Inventor,  
Though right in front of him he sat.

Invisible right in front of Death!  
He laughed an invisible laugh,  
Death walked right through the Inventor,  
Directly in his path.

"My Greatest Invention!" the old fellow said,  
As Death picked up the bottle which read:  
"This will make me invisible, and I will never die  
Because Death to me has said;

"The next time I see you, I will have won",  
And Death always keeps his word,  
So now I'm invisible to the world, even Death -  
Never seen and never heard."

Charlie Faege December 15. 1978

ART DOESN'T JUST IMITATE LIFE IT  
STEALS DIRECTLY FROM IT.

I KNEW THIS GUY WHOSE DREAM IT IS  
TO SURVIVE AN AIRPLANE WRECK. IT IS  
FOR THIS REASON THAT HE NEVER  
TRAVELS BY AIR. IT MUST BE  
CONVERSELY FRUSTRATING. BECAUSE  
HE KNOWS THAT UNLESS HE FLIES  
HE WILL NEVER REALIZE HIS DREAM.  
WHAT A STUPID ASS DREAM. ANYWAY.

## *Yanking Stuff Out Of The Air*

*A progression of trial and error by mankind has led us to our opinions of our achievements. Unlike building a home nowadays compared to the caves of our ancestors, where we can note specific advantages to having our 'modern dwelling', art is much more elusive and opinionated. If some music 'sounds good'; is that just because we have heard similar sounds before that we have been accustomed to and liked, because we've lived with 'sounds like those' all of our life? Unlike the progression of the wheel,*

*'Art' is no different than paintings in oxblood on a cave wall by a Neanderthal, music no better than the primitive grunts and groans of the Aborigines; nor writing any more communicative than Egyptian hieroglyphics.*

*Our culture tells us that our trends ARE better, therefore we often forget our 'humble beginnings' and tend to believe that WHATEVER IS CURRENT IS THE BEST WAY. Do we remember that we are imitating the past with our 'originality', or do we pass it off as a 'little nostalgia'?*

*I believe Plato said something like, 'plagiarism is necessary for progress'. Of course they had no copyright protection then; but he still gets the credit. Is there 'progress' in the arts? I don't think so; but we now have copyright protection. Some rock and roll guys kill themselves with the abundance of high yields earned from their songs about reeling and a-rocking, while Mozart lived and died a lower class citizen and was given a paupers' funeral. Go*

figure. CURRENT always gets the priority. "don't live in the past", "think ahead", "out of sight, out of mind", are familiar to us. Also we have nice little ones like, "absence makes the heart grow fonder"... There are millions more to choose from at the appropriate time. Know why? Because 'imitation is the highest form of flattery'. I do compose music, but I couldn't be so self-righteous as to say "I AM THE CREATOR". All I do is my best to try to ignore what I've heard before and my best to come up with something unlike it. Yet the blueprints are still in my mind from somewhere. You can't just yank a bunch of notes from nowhere and throw them on paper; or perform them onto a tape, because you're always yanking them from somewhere; since you're still dealing with notes. I guess 'modern art' attempts this by sticking a brush into random colors from the palette and splattering them on a canvas. You're still dealing with color and paint, putting forth a viewable image. It may be a different picture but the elements are the same.

I'm not saying there's no use in trying to create. Creativity is a very good thing; but originality isn't easy to come by. Every generation has to prove itself different and new by rebelling against the previous one. There's **always some guy** who thinks because he's combed his hair with an airbrush, played guitar while suspended upside down from a ceiling fan, singing "i dont care bout nuthin not me not yooooo"; who thinks he's 'being original'. Sorry. It's already been done or nobody cared to do it...yet. In the next generation we may find some jerk just like him,

*only the next guy turns the ceiling fan on while 'performing' AND  
artificial blood spews from his guitar.*

*November 14, 1994*



### The Boredom Shop

I would like to see someone open up a Boredom Shop. It would be just the place to go when one has absolutely nothing else to do. It could be filled with shelves full of games that take six or seven hours to play or puzzles that may never go together.

They could devote an entire department to people that like to repair things, like broken radios and television sets. There should be a little sign hanging, as you would enter that department: WARNING! IF YOU FIX ANYTHING HERE YOU MUST PAY FOR IT!

They could not sell any type of clock for obvious reasons. Clock would be a dirty word there. Besides a few goat and deer heads, the only things they would sell to hang on walls might be paint-by-number sets with some of the necessary colors missing.

Of course there would have to be many lonely, bored or boring people inside the shop that may never come again, due to the sheer volume of customers much like themselves that they might meet inside the shop, thus ending their boredom. A Boredom Shop should love to lose customers that way. There are still many others who will come to buy a yawn or two.

March 30, 1977

## *The Persistence of Sleep*

### **Part I:** *RAPID EYE MOVEMENT*

*Sleep has settled somewhere  
Behind rolling eyes  
That get their exercise.  
It is underneath the hair  
Somewhere behind rolling eyes  
That are getting their exercise . . .*

*Goodnight! Goodnight!  
You will be alone on the bed.  
Rest a bored head on the headboard  
You may forget.  
You may remember.  
Creating and destroying  
Fantastic existence with its physical silence..  
Flying through the old schoolyard  
Teeth have fallen out  
Pursued by a Horseman –  
Grab for a sheet.  
You cannot talk to the beautiful woman  
Unless you find the sheet!  
5124177*

## *The Persistence of Sleep*

### **Part II**

*A dog from my youth*

*Bit me in a dream last night . . .*

*A flood of dream blood*

*Stained my dream rug*

*Where I lay helplessly asleep*

*And snoring out of my mind.*

*From the babes of mouth*

*I hear from the ears of my eyes*

*The feet of my arms*

*Walk to the streets of your face*

*And the smile on your breasts*

*Greets the tears from my buttocks*

*I try to kiss you with my nose*

*But you have yelled into my eye*

*And I punch you with my feet,*

*Your breasts frown*

*My buttocks are now invisible*

*And our throats agree*

*That there is a misunderstanding somewhere . . .*

*03/24/1978*

*What would you do for a sleepless night?*

*Could you hang*

*Your feet in the bedroom closet*

*On hangers (if they ached)?*

*Or neatly fold each leg*

*And place them next to your sock*

*In a drawer?*

*Hang your wig*

*On the hat rack?*

*Pop each red eye*

*Into a jar of eyeball wash?*

*Would you hold a book with your hook*

*And read over your own shoulder?*

*Soak your teeth*

*In a denture cleaning solution*

*(whether or not it is a solution)*

*What would you do*

*For a sleepless night?*

03/16/1976

## *THE TOWN THAT NEEDED A LEFT TURN ARROW*

*Once there was a town so small  
They didn't have a City Hall  
There was a Main Street, long and narrow,  
But they couldn't afford a left turn arrow.*

*They tried for months to raise the monies,  
But their budget looked like the Sunday funnies,  
Broke right down to their bones marrow  
And they couldn't afford a left turn arrow.*

*A rich young man who seemed concerned  
Pledged much of the profits he'd earned,  
He would come to the schoolhouse with a wheelbarrow  
Filled with the money for a new left turn arrow.*

*The rich man decided that a check would be best  
To pay for the signal fro him and the rest,  
He believed in safety, which was his field,  
But on the way to the schoolhouse, he forgot to yield.*

*He died in the wreck and his check was lost,  
He paid for not looking and his life was the cost,  
"His check would have bounced: said his wife named Carol,  
"and he couldn't have bought the left turn arrow!"*

*Then the state came in with some highwaymen,  
Who put a left turn arrow in,  
Everything after that seemed just fine,  
Now all they need is a speed limit sign.*

*3/8/1976*

*The Great Radio War ...*

*Was tuned in – a compassionate clown blew his nose in a crumpled  
Cleanex and left it on the bus stop bench – down the sidewalk three  
black boxes were stacked on top of one white box – a mad milkman was  
milking everything in sight – a shoe salesman lay barefoot and dead on  
the sidewalk (either from a coronary or else he was milked to death) – a  
young boy with a Cleanex stuck to his butt cried because he had missed  
the bus - the sleeping neighborhood dogs were awakened by a barking  
man with shoes that were too big – the siren blasted through the  
Emergency Broadcast System horn - this is only a test only a test*

*07/19/1976*

*Our Flags Are All On Fire*

*We are left handed and short handed  
Flames in the wind and  
Our flags are all on fire.  
We do not necessarily  
Seek out for leaks of originality –  
And settle for the blithe.*

*Mother's kisses have worn off by now –  
Father's advice has been forgotten.  
Our flagpoles are turning black  
As we grow.  
We abort old skulls.  
Mimes of destiny.  
We relive previous future  
And all our flags are on fire.  
We speak for ourselves  
And are no longer spoken for.  
Difficulties have been simplified –  
But We are not starting over again  
And We allow the flag ashes  
To lie sterile on the ground.*

*May 12, 1978*



*This very slight encore of a letter  
Has taken a last bow for you.  
I don't mind loving you  
In this secret and private way,  
Which will continue  
Even after the applause subsides.  
I am not hiding. I am only Silent.  
We are mimes of our destiny.*

*The Post Script: not to impress you – just to address you.*

*ALL I KNOW IS WE WENT*

*We had lots of fun  
when we drank Blue Nun  
the feeling seemed like it would never go  
but  
we pissed the wine out years ago.  
We looked around  
but never found  
a tree we couldn't climb  
but the trees get old  
and suburbia creeps  
and we need more pencils  
and a lot more sleep.  
We used to climb fences  
And run fast as cement  
All I know was we came  
All I saw is we went.*

*June 1978*

## REQUIESCAT FOR

This and my few dead shoes  
forty eight miles of guitar strings that  
noted notes of chromatic design, listening  
with deaf guitar ears to actors of old films  
who themselves have been long ago expired;  
suburban bourbons I have stained my own guts  
with; the mouths that I have outgrown  
speaking maybe larger/younger words  
like oh, he got impeached yesterday or  
imbananaed or something meaning picked over ripened  
fruit,  
this misspelled planet (which I correctly spell Urth);  
my favorite old broken and lost anyway sunglasses;  
my even more destitute days when I could  
pick flowers from my own yard and feel  
so much more than wealth;  
an Alice of mine that certainly existed in  
some Somewhere, a (probably anyway) sin-drenched  
Christian type of titsqueezed perfectionist;  
For my friends and nonfriends during my  
Vietnamese Conscientious Objector Blues Period  
and have since had to use  
soily matteresses and rocky blankettes  
for some quickly forgotten cause,  
as proof of their anti-communism, my (and our)

Heroic Draftsmen; rest ye well

cries

the unconquered worm (\_\_\_) .

September 4, 1979



I saw a macho newscaster  
with a fly on his head  
tell me that 15 Megatons was on the way,  
and the best thing to do was to take any aircraft  
you can and get the hell . . . etc,  
and the bastards bloomed, oh my.

September 4, 1979

I cannot be a son any longer,  
I have grown too weak to act  
Any stronger.  
My once forceful grip  
now makes me laugh,  
the old Bull is now  
once more a calf.  
I now cough my heart  
and my life away  
ailing with sickness  
shall I die today?  
Left up to me, I wouldn't  
wish to die of course,  
but life is a magnet,  
that pulls to the source.  
I don't want to be called  
a son any longer  
I don't need a name  
I have no need for hunger.  
I was raised with much love  
So with all due respect,  
I remember how sweetly  
I gave it neglect,  
Yes, now that I'm older  
(as everyone has said)

I'll review it all once  
Before I am dead,  
And when all of these words  
Rot and decay  
There will be by then  
a new better way.

August 23, 1978



## The Proverbial Cup of Sugar

She came to say hello  
And left to say goodbye.  
All is not what all could be  
And seldom is what it should be.  
As she floated away  
I realized that whatever was, isn't  
And whatever is, wasn't.

February 8, 1977

The Lady in Waiting

The lady in waiting  
will wait no more,  
Leaving like a license plate,  
She has become a  
Lady out of waiting.

A March 23 of a 1977

Fishing. I wish I was,  
Somehow I am not. I am  
Typing ... catching words by  
The strokes of my fingers.  
Once I caught a  
Ten-pounder,  
I hooked it by the gills  
And slugged it  
With a hammer.

• • • •

May 13, 1976

Rough draft  
It's a Drug Raft  
That sails  
On diseased seas,

The waves go up  
And the waves go  
Down  
You can drown yourself  
With ease,

March 23, 1977

## The Magnetic Dogs

I remember the Magnetic Dogs  
The unbreedable Magnetic Dogs,  
With the powerful Magnetic Dog Powers,  
Never put the White Dog's face towards  
The Black Dog's ass;  
Or the Black Dog will ferociously  
Spin around and bite  
The innocent White Dog,  
Who was only put there  
By some potential  
Scientist  
Or chronic ass kisser (\*(  
February 8, 1978

My feet ache: walking  
My arms fall: to their body  
My muscles inside: jerk to spasms  
I am decidedly tired today.

February 7, 1978

CROOKED JACK LITTLE

Little Jack held a gun to my back  
and demanded my money and watch  
I gave him a dime and a broken Timex  
And kicked him square in the crotch,  
Little Jack grabbed his swollen potato sack  
his gun fired wildly in the air,  
It shot down the line of a vacancy sign  
which fell right on top of his hair,  
Little Jack lay all bloody and racked  
His holdup had turned out a botch,  
I pitied the man as I took back my dime  
But told him to just keep the watch,

April 19, 1976

The Chronic Electronic Prayer

Our computer  
Plugged into heaven  
Hello, what is they name?  
Thy chip is one  
Thy circuit is done  
In the U.S. as it is in Japan  
L.E.D. us not into short circuits  
But deliver us from voltage.  
For thine is the power  
The watts  
And the 0.001% distortion.

January 18, 1978



# No Shit

I saw a vision  
In a toilet  
Until a flush  
Came to spoil it.

I saw many things  
That told me a lot  
As I wiped my eye  
To remove a spot.

To tell what I saw  
would be quite a hassle  
Because after all  
I'm only an asshole.

March 23, 1977

When Midnight Shakes Hands With Quarter After Dusk

We went off to the jungle  
Seeking elephant tusk,  
When midnight shook hands with quarter after dusk,

Our Dreams flew like banners  
Over fields of corn husk,  
When midnight shook hands with quarter after dusk,

We were starved for some answers  
And ate salami and old Rusk,  
When midnight shook hands with quarter after dusk,

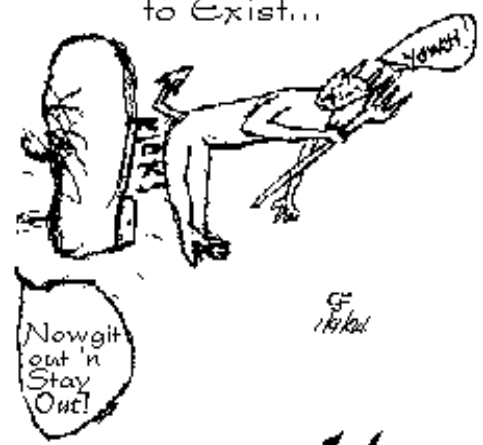
We argued for hours  
Over a bottle of musk,  
When midnight shook hands with quarter after dusk,

We fought off the lions  
Since fight them we must,  
When midnight shook hands with quarter after dust,

May 25, 1978

The thoughts on the following pages were written out of faith, hope, despair, happiness, logic and love ....

**A**lmighty **G**od  
Wouldn't Allow A **DEVIL**  
to Exist...



OR WOULD *He?*

## *A Picture Of Our Lives*

*It's funny, in the ironic sense, how we take things for granted. We put pictures of our families in frames and hang them on the wall or place them on a table. We become accustomed to their presence without really paying attention, as we're quite used to them.*

*However, if we were to remove them from the wall or the table, we would immediately notice their absence. They must have some value to our lives or they wouldn't have been put there, I imagine.*

*The same can be said of a marriage. We can go through years of living with our spouses and as in the case of the family photos, begin to ignore them and simply take them for granted. Just as the pictures will need some tending to, like cleaning the glass and dusting off the frames occasionally; so do our relationships. If we take our relationship with our spouse for granted; or our relationship with God, things can seem static and dull. These are things that require some maintenance. If we assume that "all is as it was yesterday, so it shall be tomorrow"; we often find to our surprise that it may not be. Our relationship with our wife or husband can be kept refreshed; accomplished by doing small things for our lifemates. No one minds surprises... as long as they are pleasant ones.*

*Whether it's helping with the laundry or dinner dishes, doing the unexpected can add new dimensions to the general attitude of all concerned. By reading the bible and learning more about Jesus Christ, we can also build on this relationship, which can be equally*

*as beneficial to our well being; and we'll be able to recognize His gifts and feel His Spirit inside of us even more than when we took everything for granted. It doesn't have to be that way just because we may say "that's just the way it is". Let's take another look at those pictures in the frames and see if they need any attention.*

*October 25, 1994*

## *Faith and Logic*

*I used to live my life believing that I believed in "God". My reason told me that the Scriptures could never be proven to be fact; therefore I had no real faith in Jesus Christ. Conversely, just a few generations after the fall of Adolph Hitler, many young people admit that they doubt any of the genocidal atrocities even happened. That was only half a century ago, so it may seem "reasonable" to assume that there was no Jesus of Nazareth, especially because we have no photographs or films to prove it. We do have filmed documentation as well as testimonial evidence from survivors of the holocaust; yet even these things go unnoticed. So what does this prove to me? It proves that history has an elusive way of being forgotten or disbelieved, regardless of the evidence to support it.*

*Knowledge isn't incorporated into the genes, we must have faith in history as it was recorded, so that we may learn and benefit from it in the present and apply it to our future.*

*Getting back to my past "disbelief's due to reasoning"; I used to think that by setting My Own standards of right and wrong, making My Own Commandments and by being generally a good person, I would surely be taken into Heaven ("just in case there was one"), based on my performance on Earth. Not so. Without faith and belief in the Son of God, who died for ALL of us to assure salvation and forgiveness, we cannot be saved and taken into His Holy Kingdom. Belief isn't always parallel to reason; and this is*

*where faith fits in. Reason is limited to the boundaries of our intelligence, yet faith goes far beyond that.*

*Have faith in and acknowledge Jesus as your personal savior, and ask for forgiveness for your sins in prayer to God and He will deliver you. It is never too early; but do keep in mind that many never expect it to be too late ... until an unexpected period is placed in the middle of a sentence.*

*November 8, 1994*



## **THE BACKBURNER (Do You Smell Something Burning?)**

*Many of us feel that when there is something to be accomplished, it can always be done later on. We believe there is simply not enough time or it is too big of a task to take on "right now". These things get put "on the back burner", as they say, until the necessary task can be met with the required attention and concentration - which is fine, unless it must be attended to immediately due to a long term build up. Now the situation is overwhelming. All of us have our back burners - those dreadful deeds that must be done before they begin to control our lives.*

*One of my particular items is mowing the lawn. I don't know why, but I really dread that job. When the day comes that I finally do the job, I look around the yard, proudly wiping that hard earned sweat from my forehead.*

*It wasn't so bad after all, I think to myself. As a matter of fact it seems to give me a great sense of energy and accomplishment. People also put some very big things on the back burner; their lifelong goals, relationships with spouses, families, friends; even putting off relations and communication with God.*

*Is it fear, laziness or fear of change; or is it that it is simply "too much trouble?" Christians who acknowledge Jesus Christ and pray through Him for forgiveness for human errors may also sense a feeling of accomplishment and greater energy; knowing*

*they shall be forgiven for their sins and be Heaven bound after death. Guaranteed. It is that simple.*

*Belief in God, Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit is the most powerful motivation known to mankind. To let Jesus Christ into our heart provides the greatest strength to the soul, the greatest healer of all of life's pains and sadness that we may find ourselves confronted with. To put our lives in the hands of Jesus Christ gives us the power to get things off of the backburner, to live in the present. Couldn't we all use some help in the kitchen occasionally?*

*October 31, 1994*

## *Why?*

*A friend told me about someone she knew who had a liver transplant. The operation went well and the person had a successful recovery. A few months later, on his way to a hardware store to get some things for his lawn, his car had stalled on some railroad tracks and a train killed him. My friend wondered why God had spared him from the tricky business of an organ transplant, only to be run over by a train, when everything seemed to be going so well in his life. Things like this may not seem to make much sense to us, at first. We must remember that life is our gift from God and our death and entrance to His holy Kingdom of Heaven is also a gift from Him. His timing is always perfect; and whether or not we have finished whatever we are doing when death comes does not matter, as long as we acknowledge faith in Jesus Christ as our personal savior while we are living, we have already communicated to God that we put our lives and deaths completely in His hands. To try and understand "why" is futile, it is easier to have belief and faith in the one who put each one of us here and to live each day with gratitude to God.*

*25-Feb-97*

## SHOULD EACH DAY BE PERFECT?

*It seems that no matter what is going on in my life, some days I wake up and spend the day in a bad mood. No one has done anything to provoke it, nothing to cause this depression, yet there it is. I may feel like something is wrong, though I cannot put my finger on it or come up with a plausible reason - should I blame it on Monday? Sometimes when I ask someone at work how they are doing they say, "Oh, fine for a Monday, I suppose..." I always wonder what they mean. Would they rather eliminate Mondays altogether? And if we were able to do that, wouldn't we just shift the blame for "bad day" to Tuesday? I think that God had in mind for each day to be different. If it weren't for the rainy days, how could we appreciate the sunny ones? We would never realize the difference between the two. Of course, without rain, we would experience droughts and famine. Jesus Christ was susceptible to the human feelings of depression and self-doubt; and to feel those feelings at times is quite natural. Have faith in Jesus and be comforted in knowing that tomorrow will always be a different day.*

25-Feb-97

## *God's Department Store*

*Many people of faith tend to believe that theirs is the best religion. And, for each person that is true. If the myriad of beliefs in our society were imagined to be like a large department store with many departments, it could all be combined into the same store. Some of the shoppers have a lot of sins to pay for, some are in the Lost & Found department, and some find themselves stuck on the elevator to the top floor, while others are in the Returns. Many arrive with prepaid Gift Certificates and others never even find a parking space.*

*If we believe that ours is the perfect and only way to communicate with God, we may find ourselves stuck on that elevator, or walking up a very long broken-down escalator. There are as many ways to worship God, as there are different tastes in clothing or food; and none should be believed to be the wrong way. Go to the Book Dept or books on tape department and read the Bible while you're there, it's an education for your soul. This will also help to cut down on the traffic in the Returns Department and you will find your parking space when you need it.*

*28-Feb-97*

## *2001: A False Prophecy?*

*As we rapidly approach the oncoming millennium many of us look at it as the future becoming the present. Some preach the end of the world, the rapture, may be at exactly 12:00, 1999; but won't indicate if that is Central, Pacific or Eastern time. I have heard those who claim to have a direct connection to our Higher Power, regardless of anyone else's beliefs, they will behave as though only they can communicate with God. Some will ask for "donations for God" on television and radio, and it is up to you to see if the money is going to the right places, such as to aid the homeless. God does not commission these people and they are no closer than you or I to Him.*

*If God were intending for the end of the world, as we know it, He would not be concerned about what time our clocks say it is. God would not need to pay any mind to mankind's concept of time. The FOOLS who make these type of claims are giving other people the wrong ideas about faith and often give religion a bad name. The best advice is to read the Bible and put your faith and trust only in our Lord and His Son, Jesus Christ. You will not be forsaken.*

*10- Mar - 97*

### *The Friend Ship Sets Sail (for a 3 hour tour...?)*

*What is the best kind of ship? Friendship. There are those who say they wish they had friends that nobody seems to care. Have they themselves done everything they could do to keep in touch with their friends, or made real attempts at making new friends? We all find ourselves "too busy" at times to call a friend or write a letter, with our jobs, families and our various responsibilities to tend to. We may find ourselves saying, "I called him last, four months ago, and it's his turn to call me." Then we may find that perhaps a year or more has gone by and still he hasn't called. Every time that we think about this friend and wonder what is going on in his or her life is also a good time to get in touch with them. If we remain stubborn about who called who last, we may indeed try to convince ourselves that we have no friends, when the truth is that our friends may be having the same thoughts about us.*

*If you ever feel like you're all alone on a deserted island, try to forget about your pride and look again at the beach. At last you see the ship has been there waiting for you - - - the friendship. There are truly many fish in the sea and each of us are the fishermen to decide which to keep and which are best to let go.*

*12-Mar-97*

## *Guaranteed to Get the Dirt Out*

*Have you ever met someone who seems to have nothing but bad, negative things to say, a person who seems to thrive on talking about other people's faults and problems? It is as though they have no particular lives of their own - yet you know they must exist beyond the gossip and the cynicism that they spread about others.*

*I cannot change the attitudes of any person like this, so I do the next best thing, I will listen and tell them that I really wish to have no part in discussing other people's faults, when I have so many of my own. I could also tell them that it is enough work cleaning my own house, much less looking under the carpets of others.*

*Tolerance, respect and dignity in the treatment of these people who do not offer it so freely themselves is a good start at showing them that there are alternative ways of dealing with friends, relatives, clients and coworkers. As I said, I cannot change their attitudes or ways of thinking but I can show them that there are other methods of human interaction that move to a more peaceful direction; personally, universally, and spiritually.*



## *Imagination and Knowledge*

*Einstein once said, "Imagination is more important than knowledge". If our creative abilities were stifled, how could we progress with anything? Our businesses, homes, society and culture would not have developed without the use of imagination. No books, movies or music could be created and I'd hate to think of mankind without it. Of course, I am only imagining mankind without it, which makes for an interesting paradox in itself.*

*If we perceive everything by appearance only, we may miss the subtle details that hide inside. In nature, a cocoon may look like a spider web to some, but it may be the temporary shelter of a beautiful butterfly. If we had never seen a cocoon before and used our knowledge, we may believe that all that we see is a spider web, yet instead of destroying it with a stick, our imagination may tell us there could be more than meets the eye, and we withdraw the stick. Which is more important to the butterfly, imagination or knowledge? Imagination, I'd have to say.*

03/12/97

## SECURITY

*Security has become a great concern as America society evolves. There are still places left in America where the people don't feel they have to lock their car doors when they are just making a quick trip to the supermarket, but they are getting fewer. It is unfortunate that most of us have to lock the doors and windows to our homes for fear of someone breaking in and committing a violent act or stealing from us when we are gone. We pass through metal detectors in airports so the authorities at the airport can be certain we are not carrying guns or bombs in our luggage. Many workplaces have added sensor cards as a measure of security, and once we get inside of the workplace we have passwords in our computers to prevent someone from invading our databases.*

*This is the reality of the times. As I said, it is unfortunate, yet most of these security measures are for our own protection. I'm saddened to say that many of us have become afraid to help out a stranded motorist for fear of our lives and safety. As our security measures become tighter, I sense a growing general distrust among and between people. Children shouldn't leave their parents' sight without them knowing exactly where they are and if the parents feel they will be safe.*

*Though we must be aware of the dangerous elements that are all around us we can still take comfort in the greatest security*

*measure of all hearts & souls - in Jesus Christ. With Him  
protecting us, our souls will never fall prey to harm.  
21-Mar-97*

## *Forgiveness Is Divinity*

*We all make mistakes. Even with the most careful attention to any given situation we can, as they say, blow it. Sometimes people can really hurt each other, because after all, we are only human. Perhaps we get a bill for something that we should not have. Maybe our spouse said something that "didn't come out quite right" and hurt our feelings. Yesterday your teenage son backed into your new car and when he pulled away from the car, he knocked over the mailbox.*

*We have all heard "to err is human, to forgive is divine", but often forget this when faced with a particular problem that someone else has caused for us. One of the first things we could think of in this situation is how we would feel if we were the person who made the mistake or had hurt our feelings. Can you detect remorse from this person, even if he or she doesn't say "I'm sorry?" Whether an accident or completely intentional, if someone asked you for forgiveness, what would you do?*

*Remember that God forgives. He will save the sinners who ask for forgiveness and accept the Son of God, Jesus Christ as their savior. When we forgive, we are following His divine example. With our pride and humility in the proper perspective, we can learn forgiveness. If someone asks for forgiveness for something they did, should we humble ourselves and accept their peace offering?*

*It feels much better to have a new friend than an old enemy. Learn forgiveness. Feel the awesome power of divinity God has given to each of us; it is a beautiful feeling to experience.*

*April 1, 1997*

*This page is dedicated to my dear Mother, Anne,  
whom I was with as she passed away March 22, 1997.  
She has now joined my Father and our Father in Heaven.*

*All of my love and God's Blessings,*

*Charlie*

## *There Will Be Sadness, There Will Be Comfort*

*Which is better, to lose someone suddenly; or due to a long-term illness? Neither, in my opinion. When a loved one has a terminal disease you will certainly have the time to say your good-byes but you will also be there to watch the slow process of the human body succumbing to the illness. It is truly heartbreaking to watch them get a little worse each day. Towards the end you may be there to see their bodies systems shut down bit by bit. You find yourself praying to God to take them out of their suffering. You may wonder if they can hear you when you speak to them when they are "out of it" on morphine or in a comatose state.*

*When a loved one dies suddenly, as in a massive heart attack, you probably won't have the time for good-byes, but you won't have to watch them slowly suffer, either. There IS no "better" way to lose a loved one. There is also no amount of "pre-grieving" one can do while the person is still living, to take some strain off after they have gone. The end result is the same in both cases. Someone you loved dearly has gone and the sadness of this loss experienced by those left behind is imminent.*

*Put yourself in that loved one's place for a moment. Better yet, put the loved one in your place. Would you want them to suffer mental anguish over your death? I don't think so. I lost my Mother*

*eleven days ago, after a long battle that she finally lost to cancer. I truly believe that she would prefer me to be happy in my lifetime, a life that she gave to me with God's blessings. I cherish each moment of my life and all of my memories of her and my Father, who died ten years ago. There will be sadness for my great loss, regardless. My comfort is that she is now with my Father and they are both in the care of our Father and His Son, Jesus Christ, the greatest comfort of all.*

04/03/97



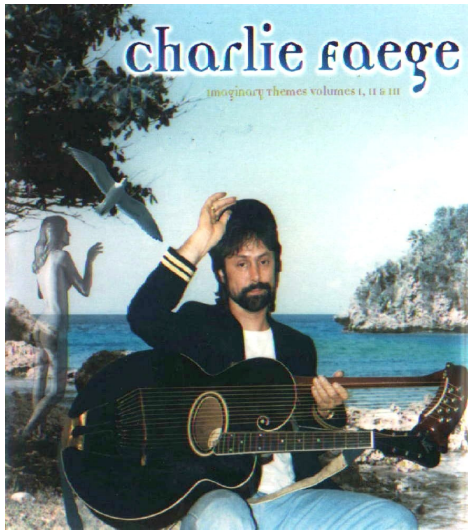
There are so very many things that I have been needing to write down for a long period of time --- and now I feel so much better having mentioned all of them.

May 2, 1978

C.J. Faege is also a composer and musician. Compact discs of his recordings (over 40 albums) are available from: **URTH STUDIOS®** P.O. Box 142681 St. Louis, MO 63114 USA,

[www.cdbaby.com/cd/lfaege](http://www.cdbaby.com/cd/lfaege), Amazon.com and nearly any place music is sold on the Internet. Listen to him at

[www.mp3.com/charliefaege](http://www.mp3.com/charliefaege)



**Evertil Infinite** is also available as an audiobook on 3 compact discs. For a catalog or more info email [urthstudio@aol.com](mailto:urthstudio@aol.com) or the above post office box address.

**APHORISMS:**

**Imaginary Themes, Volumes I, II & III**

*"I really like your album! It's great music to work to. Have you ever thought about doing film scores?"*

*CAL SCHENKEL, ARTIST FOR*

*MOST OF FRANK ZAPPA'S ALBUM COVERS, MARCH*

*2002..... "From one musical explorer to another - this really*

*is some great music." ESSKA MOHAWK, singer, musician,*

*songwriter recorded by & worked with Vanilla Fudge, the*

*Shangri-Las, Cher, Procol Harum, Cyndi Lauper, John*

*Mellencamp, Jerry Garcia, member of the Mothers of*

*Invention, et al..... "I liked the wide variety of instruments*

*and orchestrations. Some fine lyrics, too." BILL BRUFORD -*

*DRUMMER/PERCUSSIONIST OF YES/King Crimson .... "I*

*truly enjoyed your music." - KATE BUSH "This work shows a lot of personality and emotion and there is some great music on the Imaginary Themes 3-CD set. Truly a man of many talents. I at first enjoyed the graphics and then the tremendous variety of music images." JOHN DOAN - World renowned Harpguitarist and recording artist with Hearts of Space Records....."Never mind the production/instrumentation; that's more than adequate. These songs are very convincing." BILL BRUFORD - DRUMMER/PERCUSSIONIST OF YES..... FIVE STAR AMAZON.com review: \*\*\*\*\* Top 500 Reviewer "Music for life, April 18, 2002 Reviewer: Gillian from Canada --This is a wonderful set of 3 cds that is a must for all you music lovers out there. It is rich in beautiful soundscapes, and is great for relaxing to. What makes it all the more amazing is that Charlie plays every single instrument on these CDs (except sax). I suppose you could say that it is in the New Age style, but it really goes beyond that. This is not elevator music, or music that bores you to sleep. Every track on here tells it's own little story instrumentally, and there is such variety between the tracks. Some are even helped along by sound effects that really liven things up. "URTHERAPY" for example (cd 1 track 21) would be right at home in Jurassic Park, while others have a very exotic Eastern flavour to them. Some tracks will make you smile, and some will put you in an introspective mood. But all will delight the senses,*

*guaranteed! This is beautiful music, and should be in everyone's collection."*

All types of merchandise (t-shirts, jackets, mugs, postcards) including the *Anthology of the Daily UKRTH News and Swept From the Streets & the Blue Moon Tales* books are available at [www.cafepress.com/lurthstudio](http://www.cafepress.com/lurthstudio) -- then follow the trail from there to even more places!

*Push &*



*Pull Digital Records*

*Must be present to attend*

