My Books:

Being a reminiscence of youth



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There are certain books that you read in youth that stay with you for the rest of your life. They may say something profound, they may give a hint as to how you would like to live your life, they may take you away from your life at a time when you need it.

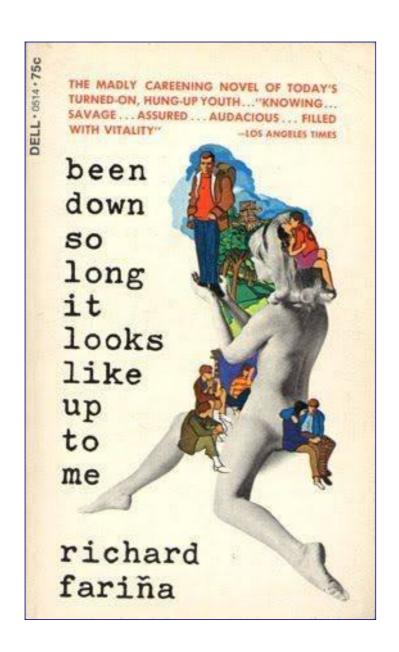
They may just make you laugh. These are some of the books that helped make me what I am today. Don't blame them.

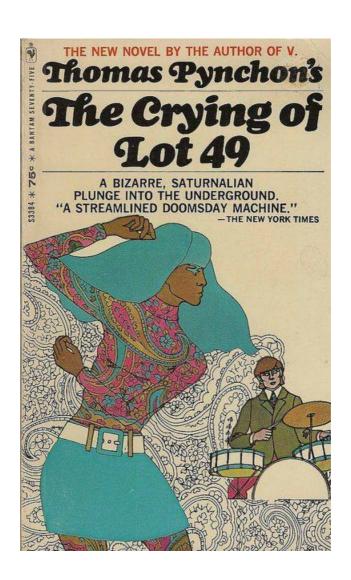
Been Down So Long

Back in the day there were underground novels passed from hand to hand in dingy coffee shops

Back in the day there were student rooms with milk crate racks of vinyl and cement block shelves with novels that we all knew

A common reference a shared pool of ideas something to discuss after an hour of sweat in bed





The Crying of Lot 49

Pynchon dropped a bomb on a coprophylic General in a book we used to prop up broken chairs

But it was that post horn in the crying of lot 49 that prepared us for facebook that explained the meaning of memes, the use of quizzes

That explained his country and its glorious leader The distraction that serves for policy in so many political parties

We read all about it back when that post horn was not a train horn two inches from our face

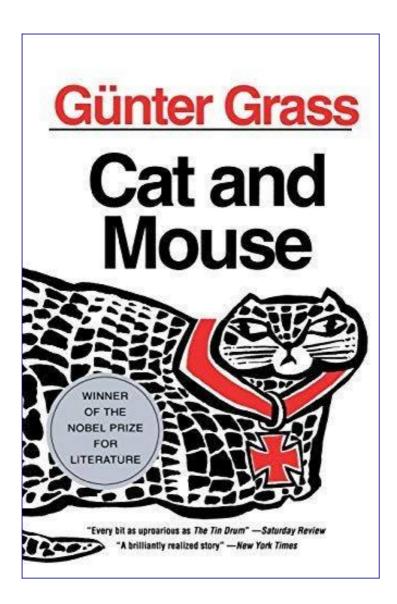
Cat and Mouse

Some books you read because you should some because you should not

We had the time This was not what we did because we had to because we owed a book report

These we read because we needed a break because we wanted some down time We had no social media (poor us)

We read the books and we passed them along when we were done "You really have to read this it will put your head on backwards"



Siddhartha

Occasionally you find a book that is worth reading again forty years later

Sometimes it stands up sometimes it disappoints but once in a while you find yourself somewhere else

This is not the place I thought it was, this story is not about who I thought it was about

SIDDHARTHA HERMAN HERMAN HESSE

Morgan!

My mother and I went to a movie a comedy we were told

And it was We laughed the audience laughed and then my mother stopped and bit by bit the rest of us stopped

And my mother leaned to me and said this isn't funny



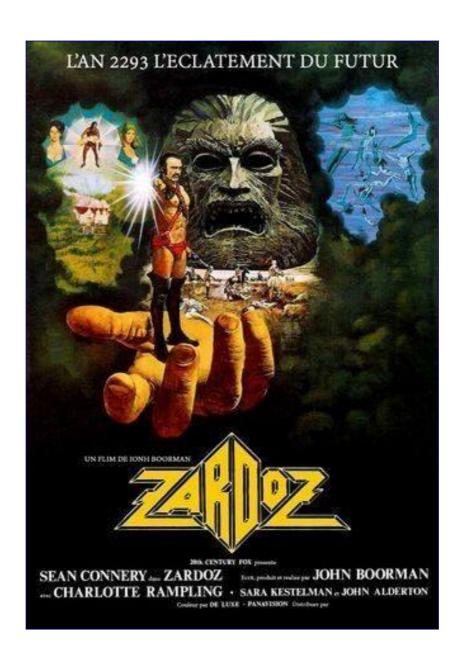
Zardoz

Just before
I left for University
my sister walked in
and said to me
Take me back to this movie

Or was it I who watched and said "come with me"

Sean Connery in a tankini a hundred years before such a thing

Charlotte Rampling
Oh, Charlotte Rampling
Oh
And a flying head

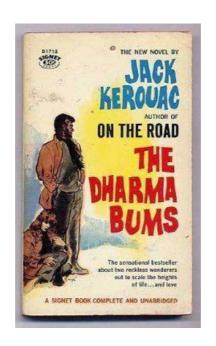


The Dharma Bums

Oh how we wanted to be Kerouac driving across country stoned and juiced
With a quart of whisky and a woman in the back seat

My university days were full of longing for those stories

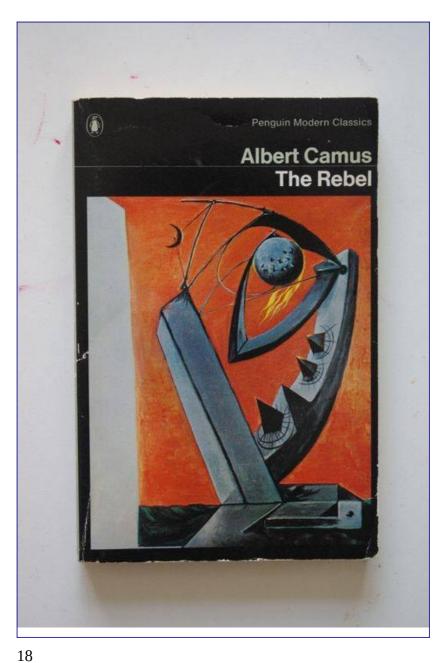
I really hated to tell the guys That was high school life in the country



The Rebel

Camus or Sartre That was the argument endless hours in the coffee shop

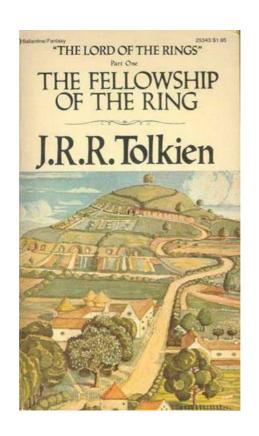
Sartre the upper crust or Camus the half breed It went on for years



The Lord of the Rings

Bored of the Rings or One more

"Did you know" she said "Did you know that there are books based on the movies? There's three of them!"

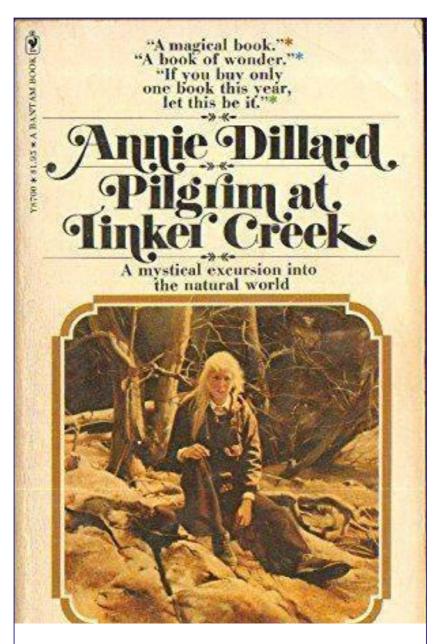


Pilgrim at Tinker Creek

Some books give you an image that never leaves you

I would carry this book in my backpack and walk up to strangers Just to read them the passage of the water bug eating the frog

"Would you like to hear it?"



Fear and Trembling

I have to admit that I would occasionally buy a book for its cover and an album for its sleeve

I would try I really would

Maybe that's why
I spent so much time
in the bar
Trying to pick someone up
Just to avoid
picking up that book



PENGUIN



CLASSICS

SØREN KIERKEGAARD

E IT II:

A Clockwork Orange

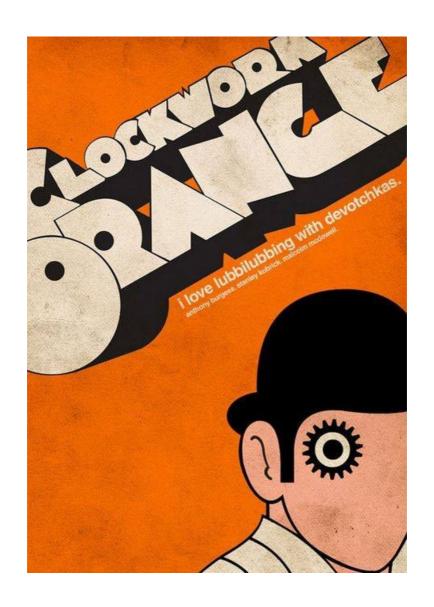
In grade 12
I was given the chance to read in the library for the year and at the end an essay

I read every dystopia in that room and what I learned is that the future changes with the present

Hey! It was grade 12 it was half a century ago

And then I stopped reading about the future that might be because somehow I slipped into the future that is

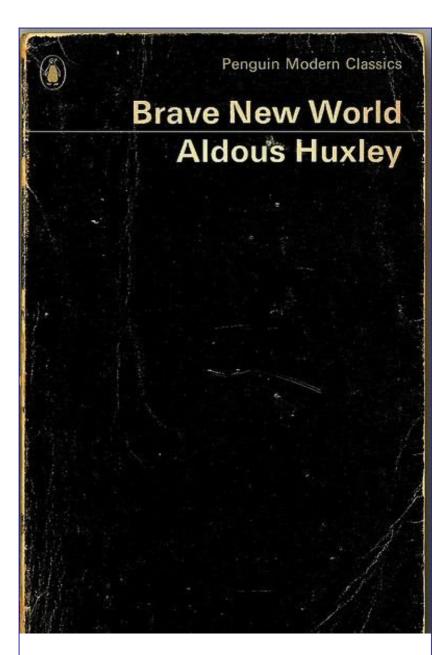
And it's worse



Brave New World

Are we there yet?
Are we there yet
the little boys squeal
Do they all look like us?
Are they all smart like us?
Can we have our Soma now?

Please Our Ford
Tell us what to do,
Tell us we're there
It's too long, this ride
I don't want to think any more

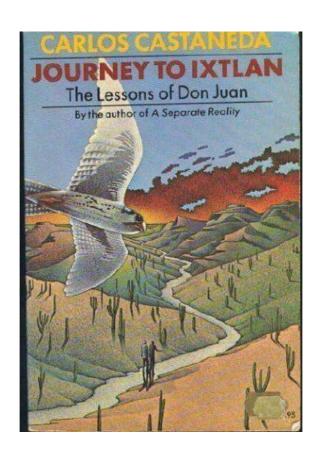


Journey to Ixtlan

I read some of Castaneda Who didn't? But I think I read as much as I did because of the looks My Grandmother gave me

I kept it between the bed and the wall at her place

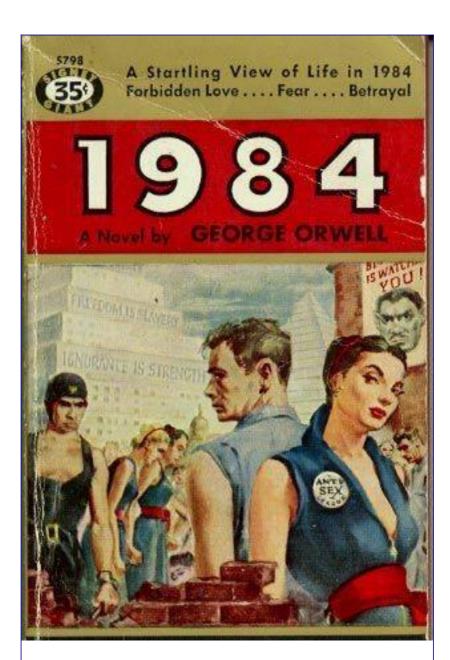
Turns out she was right about the fellow but that didn't matter it was the look on her face



1984

Why oh why wasn't Big Brother looking at me from this front cover?

Why didn't I find the copy that was in the section with the lurid space monsters from Venus

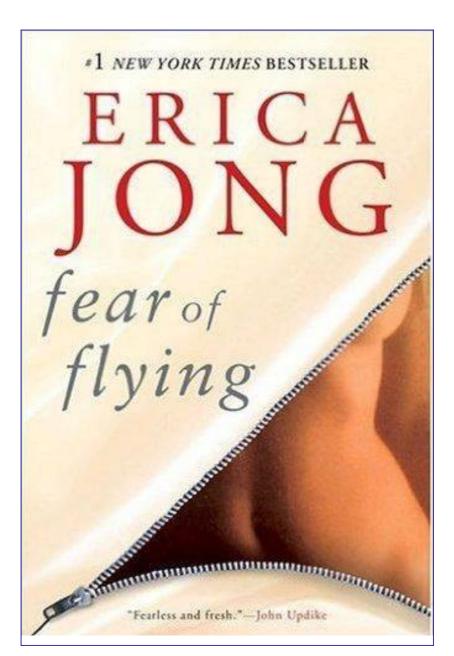


Fear of Flying

Every once in a while you have to read one for the other side

Seems I bought this in late high school in a main street shop in Port Stanley Land of my Grandmother

I think I got a few looks as I wandered down the streets turning the pages With not a zipper in sight



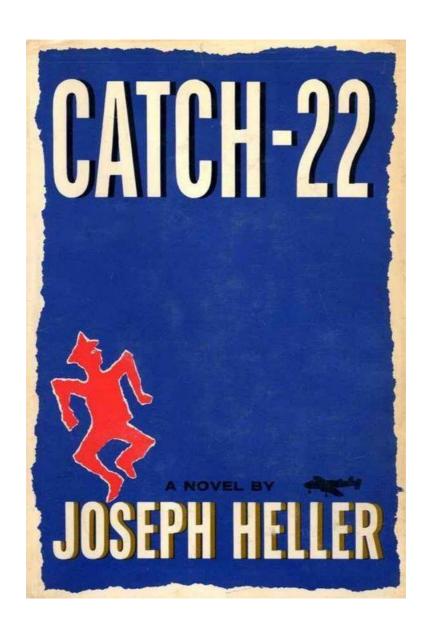
Catch-22

Before the warehouse bookstore before the digital infinity There was the local drug store with a rack that would spin around and hold maybe a hundred books

A great library in the middle ages

As a young boy you would slowly spin the rack looking for a comedy something to make you laugh You had enough for one book and it had to last so not too thin not too light

The search could last a whole afternoon One rack

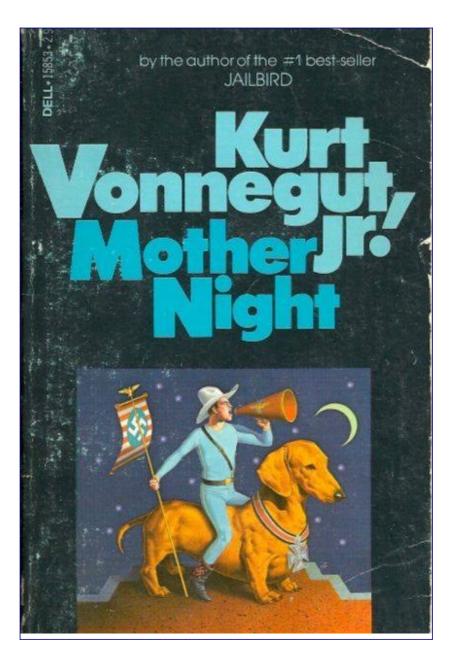


Mother Night

An author can be like a girlfriend At first you want it all everything he ever wrote even the short stories

But later each book seems a bit harder to finish each year holds less anticipation for that next book

And one day you realize you haven't called



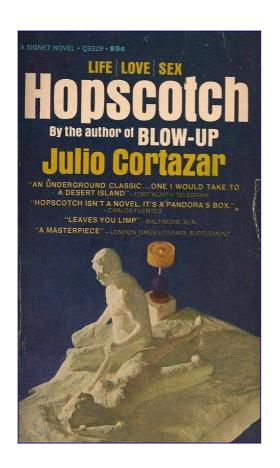
Hopscotch

Which chapter order did you use to read Hopscotch? Straight through or the suggested order?

What had this Argentinian done? How many books are here and how is it that we can read it out of order?

What is life but a series of glimpses? Images that stick in the mind and somehow come together

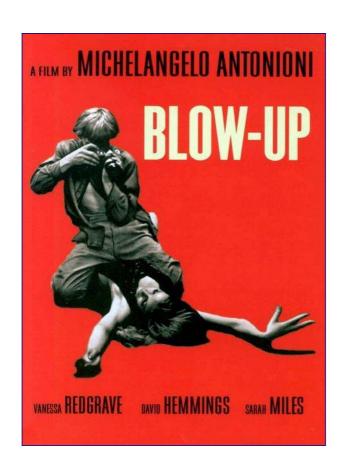
And now, just now reading that book cover I learn that Cortazar wrote Blow-Up Of course he did



Blow Up

Who didn't want to be David Hemmings atop
Verushka in the studio
Verushka...
Verushka...

Who didn't want to be David Terry or Brian in London Creating the photos that defined a century

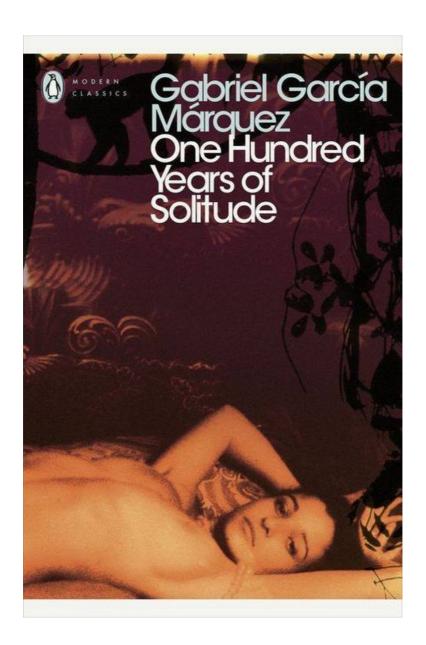


One Hundred Years of Solitude

Macondo Books

Some time
in my University career
over a decade
as a student
My book store opened
a hole in the wall
with a quirky stock
and quirky people
who could spend a Saturday
on their haunches
checking out the bottom shelves

I bought Marquez there and read 100 years Not for the cover but because of my bookshop



Stand on Zanzibar

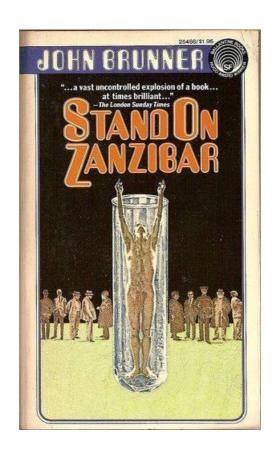
Seven Billion People all standing on Zanzibar Is this what we wanted so many years ago when we asked Mexico to find out how to feed us?

All three billion of us?

They did it, the Green Revolution short wheat Nitrogen fertilizer from oil and we can feed seven billion

Can we feed the 9 billion that are coming?

Where will they stand?



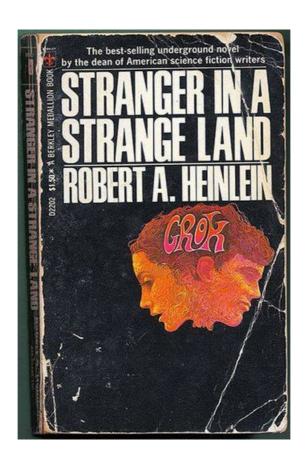
Stranger in a Strange Land

Some books, no some writers do not survive you growing up.

Ayn Rand springs instantly to mind but others exist

It is too easy to see in their strings in their threads the source

Their childish whims the future

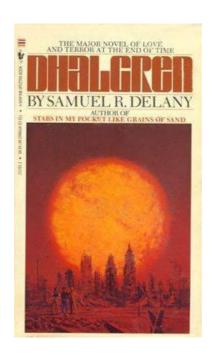


Dhalgren

Some books seem fine full of ideas worth reading

But some stay in the mind for a single image

The kid's Orchid existed in my head and on my hand, (I can see it now), long before I met Wolverine



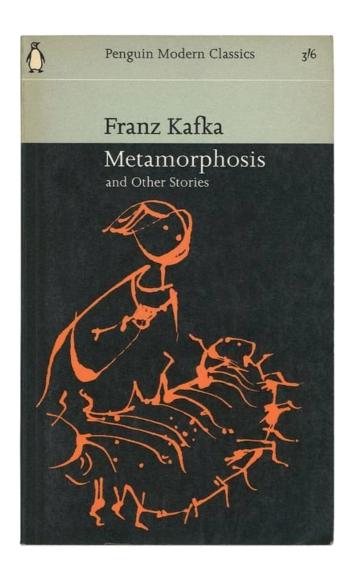
Metamorphosis

From the looks of the books that I remember It's a pretty good bet that I bought most of them second hand

Those book racks in the Drug Store often had seconds mixed in with the new

Second hand to me was usually ten years old Probably antiques now if I hadn't lent them all or given them away

Same thing, usually

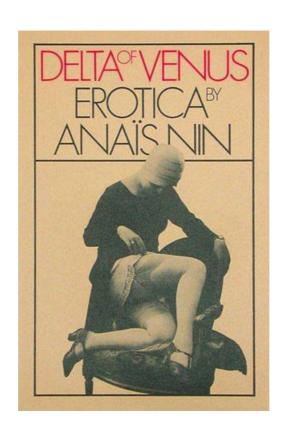


Delta of Venus

Some writers catch your interest far more than their books

Anais Nin and Henri Miller were much more important to me in the '70s

Today I feel her poetry speaks more loudly to me than her affairs



Tom Swift and the Asteroid Pirates

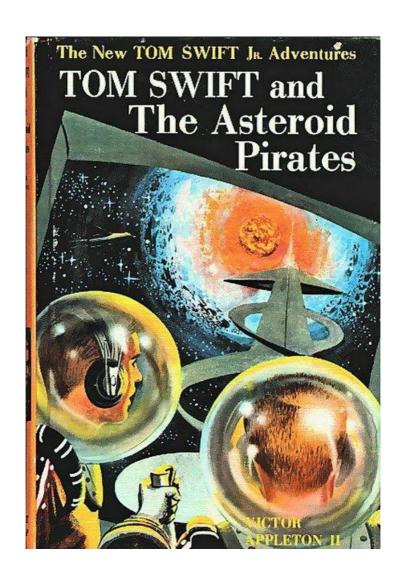
How do you get a kid reading I hear that a lot but I have no answer Every kid I knew read

Some were Hardy Boys or Nancy Drew but somehow I ended up with Tom Swift Jr.

I've still got a big collection that I hoped to pass along to my kids

There are better ways to tell stories today More interesting

So I've still got my collection



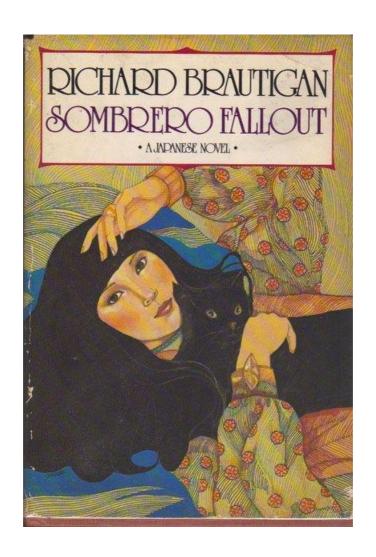
Sombrero Fallout

Occasionally I would cough up the money and buy a new book

Brautigan was one of the few It's funny how few of his books I still own

"Oh you must read this"

Ah, I seem to remember that girl in the bar in Port Stanley still owes me some Margret Atwood



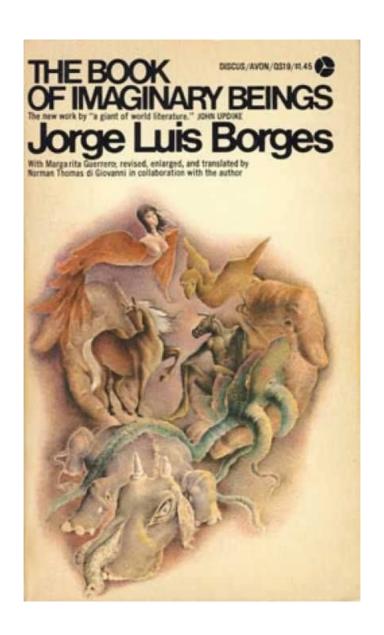
The Book of Imaginary Beings

Look here for just a moment and then later pick another place

Nothing makes a chore like trying to read the encyclopedia end to end

We had three and without trying I read most

Don't try just open the book and begin reading



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