

excerpts from nothing
matthew goodheart

The following transcriptions are excerpts from nothing, a continuous work, which would begin:

About the fire. Figures arise and fade, but never truly disappear; forms of unshadow as hovering to engage and threaten to overwhelm,

Heading names are merely arbitrary demarcations, and should be treated as such.

**beginning:
in the writing of this**

In the writing of this, I am troubled, and I am troubled, in the writing of this, of this writing. Troubled, this writing. I am, here, now, troubled in this, and Stein, is laughing, and I am troubled, and this writing, now, it is here, and I am troubled, and is here now, this writing. And Stein, dressed as a man, is laughing, and here, now, is laughing, dead, is laughing, here now. This troubles me: I am troubled. What is this writing, where, how is this writing, which I am troubled with, which moves and yet moves yet is here now, this writing. It has been written before, this writing on music, this writing of which Stein and Bach are laughing, and I am troubled because it moves, and here now it is not moving, or it moves and does not move, and Joyce is laughing, who never got along with Stein, but loved Bach, and he is laughing and this writing moves as an unmoving and I am troubled and I am laughing and this writing is here. It is here, now, here, this writing, is not moving, and it is here. This is here, now, it is here. In this era, it is here, and it has been written before and is here, now. This has been done before, and it is here, now and I am troubled, and it is now and this writing is troubled. I am here, now, and this is this writing, here, now, here, now.

An Idea

VOICE (as idea set forth): “non-transposable scales” — that is, a network or web of tones, spread out over the entire keyboard. A relinquishing of the concept of “pitch-class” — each tone, a “self” in its own frequency.

The Double-Mouthed Monkey, in the voice of Ishmael Reed: The concept of a tone’s individuality — why a single identity connected by a doubled frequency? Are they not

shades of a singleness, or rather separate identities which we link through hearing: through the alignment of history, treatment (conceptual environment), and actuating perception, the transposable identity is generated.

Christian Wolff: This is not a new concept— from Webern’s symphony Op. 21. . .

Voice: through Wolff, to me— a purely an uncosmic lineage of information dispersal, not a tradition of greatness handed down.

The Spider: A tone web- here there is no “tonic, ” no single basis for generating the tones, no “founding father,” rather intervallic construction precedes frequency, in this case two generative principals. . .

Cage: M7ths and M9ths, special thanks to Slonimsky

Voice: . . . applied to the available pitches. Of course, the intervallic constructs ARE transposable, but since they span the keyboard, a finite pattern, exact duplication is not truly possible.

Helmholtz, in love with Seashore: That is not to disregard the perception of tones as having perceptual natures, or even “true” resonant natures— where activation influences the universe: (Do I dare to eat a peach?)

Cage, in death: The thing, then, is to eat the flowers: all tones are NOT created equal— discover the “strange attractors,” find the alignment of meaning in the enlightenment of constructed of tones.

Charles Olsen: Meaning, in the form of suggestive organization, arises: the sign, attaining awareness through perceptual activation, seeks the signified.

First Principles

This is a simple guide to creating effective art, as lauded by some of the best and most successful artists of our time.

First principles:

 Untamed passion;

Control;

 Kindness;

Youthful outlook;

 Opportunity;

Untimely irony.

Incantation

One, in desire as the voice of many:

Desire come, come
come Desire.

It is in this, as furious as the flame which seeks, this, here,

(Watch, these words, now, as they soften)

but DESIRE strong, an uplifting, throughness, intensity.

Enter me, this, now: take as one taken

Unbending we lie, prostrate, given to the thoughts of fullness,
and un-known

as blood and breath and bile and semen;
lust of too many past visions, visions taken and depicted, visions as sight supplicated, vision
as belief enacted, vision as created as understanding actuated, vision desired as divine
revelation, vision as sight of that seen which when seen is then believed given,
and understood,
like a scorpion's sting,
from the unexpected
narcotic of an unseen prick.

Come, Life,

come this Life flood,

in desire we hold and desire we move toward understanding,
and in desire is understanding colored

the color of our desire,
yellow in flame, yellow in coolness given

(Is it here we spend? Here we, as ourselves, grasping word as word and sound as sound
accepted?

In the deep night of thought lies . . . what?)

Round in thought is desire grasping

Round in speech is movement toward
Round in color is the deafness of sight
Round in movement is the speaking of things.

You who come now, in searching for hearing,
Who come now, where rests our head in thought,
Come now, as stating
Now, embodiment escaped.

Jacob came, as a tone of many colors
wrestling destruction, a message ungiven;
the river to cross as emptied desire,
a ladder without rungs,
held together with strips of cloth.

Music is Inherently

Someone: Music is inherently a social, cultural and political act.
'Nough said.

But I'll Say it Anyway

Susan McClary, in the voice of a Movement: But I'll say it anyway. There is an interesting duality inherent in culturally exalted music, a.k.a. the canon of western music, the great line of (mostly) German men, casting their seed of creative genius through the ages.

Charles Mingus: Other emulations are not immune to ejaculations: e.g. "Don" Marsalis and other celebrants insist on the place of the "genius"—

McClary, in the voice of a Movement: Can we possibly split between the "perception" of the canon, and the actual music of the canon itself? You see, a political question!!

Guy DeBord: The cultural discourse, the celebration of Genius, who, in elevation to divine status, functions to undo the impetus of creative realization, and in the most successful cases, even creative ambition. Tradition functions as the psycho-spiritual agent of spectacular discourse; it represents, and reinforces, hierarchical society as the specialization of creative power. This has been effectively discredited for many decades now, perhaps centuries, perhaps always (in fact always).

Hildegard: Just since the forties, of Ellington, Bird, Taylor (et al), Oliveros, Braxton; before that Smythe, Schumann, and me, Goddamn it.

Voice: Yet after all this, we can still find, inside houses within view of our doorstep, the frustration and anger at the alienation and isolation over the impotence of one's musical talent (and in the houses of our minds!!)

The Double-Mouthed Monkey: Ahh, but it still does provide affirmation: there is a SELF to have ascribed in the "nature" of things: in the affirmation of the established order, there is, at least, order.

Voice: I listened to a discussion on the radio today. Several people were talking about the complexity of child abuse, and the case workers who intervene. One man, who had been a case worker for several years, described the difficulty and painfulness of those times when he had to remove children from their households. Even when the child was in immediate danger, was covered in cigarette burns, he or she did not want to leave. Their home was the only home known: that was the "nature" of things.

Many, but not all: These two things are not the same; the suffering of an injured child is magnitudes more serious than someone who has given up piano.

Voice: But it does illustrate the point that even the most destructive relationships are clung to, because within them is a secured place for the SELF; perhaps the only manifestation of the self we have known. But...

The Fire: It is a tree without roots, upheld by the air itself.

Thomas Jefferson: "all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed"

Andre Hodièr, from the confessional: In one recognizably modern form or another, the spectacular discourse of the canon has been around for over a century. In jazz, on the other hand, the discourse is younger, begetting its beginning in the fifties. It is still a bit unrefined in relation to its older sibling: easier to catch its psycho-sexual elements.

Peter Leitch: In Schneiderman's album *Standards*, I took the stand: "Standards" as "principals, patterns, or models which can be used as a basis for comparison or judgment"

Guy DeBord: —that is, the affirmation of the existing order—

Leitch, continuing: "To the jazz musician, a 'song' or composition is a beginning rather than an end. A piece of music is like an empty vessel, to be filled with beauty, thought, or emotion by the improviser."

The Double-Mouthed Monkey as disaffected trope: Sigfried, unaware of the approaching apocalypse, sucks his pipe, and Q.E.D.

Webster's Encyclopedic Unabridged Dictionary of the English Language (New York, Portland House: 1989), in the voice of itself:

11. a musical piece of sufficiently enduring popularity to be made part of a permanent repertoire, esp. a popular song that is held in continuing esteem and is commonly used as the basis of jazz arrangements or improvisations.
12. a flag indicating the presence of a sovereign or public official.
13. a flag, emblematic figure, or other object raised on a pole to indicate the rallying point of an army, fleet, etc.
14. Mil. a. any of various military or naval flags. b. the colors of a mounted unit.
15. Heraldry. a long, tapering flag or ensign, as of a king or a nation.

Charles Mingus, as the Preacher: And this militarism determines the hierarchical nature of musicality: Accuracy as unchallenged master- utter fidelity to the mechanicals of the score- the correct note in the correct place in the correct time: all else is secondary- submission to score is tantamount, since the score is the "word" of divine Genius. Dissent is not tolerated (although rebellion does occur- Gould as the Bachanalian Freeman);

McClarey, in the voice of Charles Mingus: other "forms" of musicality are, therefore, lesser, since to depart from submission is to reject the divine.

Robert Duncan: This is not to say that all who are involved with the academic/classical music world believe this unquestioningly, but to deny its presence as a determining force, THE determining force, is to speak without hearing.

Susan McClary, in the voice of a Movement: But again, in fairness and accuracy, though it spawns psychic atrocity and petty struggle for power and conformity and abnegation of the complexity of the self and . .

Hildegard, from her cell: It also encourages and preserves works of depthless profundity, and can allow for acts of great beauty, for those with a greatest degree of fit. Pearlman RESONATES with the established order, and to hear him play Bach's Sonata No.1, BWV 1001 in G-minor is to gain insight INTO insight.

The Double-Mouthed Monkey, in the voice of Noam Chomsky: The answer is not to destroy Beethoven (as challengers to the existing order love to do; the first pot-shots are always at Ludwig— Cage "In Defense of Satie" or McClarey "Getting Down Off the Beanstalk"); to argue Beethoven's relevancy is to propagate the "self portrait of power['s] totalitarian rule over the conditions of existence;" you've already lost before the first word is spoken.

Puck, dancing: In the room the women come and go
Talking of "Fidelio."

Thomas Jefferson, in the voice of Rosa Parks:

and to remember:

“All men are created equal and independent.
From that equal creation,
they derive rights inherent and inalienable.”

[Yet even to this we now must include
the dark continent illuminated.]

Rosa Parks, standing: And remember, too, the rejection of the “cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of distant people . . . captivating & carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportations thither,” while the “merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, & conditions” remained).

[A moth extinguishes itself in the flames.]

Voice: All this, and we have only scathed the surface of “art music,” the “classics” as manifest as CLASS in our classless society: and now Jazz, shaking off the burden of its (shudder) “popular” music origins to proudly become “America’s CLASSical music.”

Someone: And to think: “This is not even the music people listen to.”

George Lewis: The CLASSical musics now, as presented to the majority of the population it would seem, is in the control of the few who seek to determine the “nature” of popular awareness. In one of the great ironies, the music from the “underclass,” its roots in the “negro folk music” is now truly the dominant form of music in the world. But its understanding and “nature”- the determining orders of the terms of musicality and the superficial political elements of the music are tightly controlled. In the great colonial nature of co-option, the “alternative” is the “mainstream”—

George Orwell, in the guise of Kurt Cobain: experience the “alternative rock” festival “Lollapalooza” to see who makes the money, how the established order, the spectacle is REAFFIRMED by presentation of rebellion. It dualistically contains the establishment and dissent in the same discourse.

Voice: But of those who participate as listener (less as actor), how can they be blamed? Would you be an idiot if you thought the Sun went around the Earth, or that the Earth was flat?

Puck: Perhaps we are idiots now, because we think it doesn’t and it isn’t.

The Double-Mouthed Monkey: How can we be blamed for the exercise of our “inherent and independent” rights, if we only know one particular manifestation of their “natures”?

Someone, as the Voice: When discussing with another musician about why certain music gets almost no exposure, and no audience, he replied “First of all, people are stupid.”

Someone, as the Voice: “People” are not stupid.

We: we, as creative artists, are if we think that “they” just don’t understand because “they” are not smart enough. (Although, this is a great solace in times of particular desperation!!

Voice, in the guise of T.S.: It is a willing fragment we can shore against our ruin.)

Susan McClary, in the voice of a Movement: A musical act CANNOT be realized today WITHOUT the consideration “What cultural function am I performing? What Structures am I actualizing?”

Alvin Curran: Once asked, proceed.

[A Pause]

Voice: And why, too, do I need to speak this?

The Nature of The Nature of Musicality

Question: Is music for everyone?

Finnegan, still alive: “Nes and yo.”

Emma Goldman, a hippy: Anyone can be musical— it is the teacher’s responsibility to help the student discover where the music is— what is the focus of this music? Where does it reside? What are its lungs and organs, (which move with the force of most living, wet and crying, shrieking in want and desire, moving in and moved into, surging, accepting)?

Voice: For some students, this is natural.

A Teacher: I am constantly amazed by the tremendous variety of musicality in students. By their very “natures” they seem able to comprehend or express or execute certain elements easily, while others require tremendous effort. I don’t suppose this should come as any surprise, but it amazes me nonetheless.

A young student, I only taught her once, had an uncanny ability to relate the distance of notes on a staff to keys on a piano. She seldom had any idea the letter name of the note she was playing. She had difficulty finding what the first note was, but when she did, she was off in a, well, flurry. The point is, is that the notation/keyboards relationship was easily graspable and “naturally” executed; she will make a monster sight-reader.

The Double-Mouthed Monkey, as the Voice of Experience: But what she will have struggles with is the other kinds of note relationships, the “large-scale views”: grasping levels of harmony, or perhaps the “shape” of a piece.

The Double-Mouthed Monkey, as itself: The commitment to music means the dual commitment to taking what is “natural” to you as far as it can go, and continually banging your head against the wall of your limitations. The submission of your life to music, the pursuit of musical wisdom, means to play within the tensions between the nodes of musicality, with a particular responsibility to those (or that) node which is “natural” in your.

Schoenberg, in the garb of Lao Tzu: All these things ultimately conflate- the rigorous pursuit of those elements of music which are “un-you” ultimately lead to the greater awareness of the musical “self”: that is, the way in which the network of music, the multidimensional space of the sonic environment, acts within, literally, the construct of your body. The “self” acts as a strange-attractor, as it were, which creates patterns, or meaning, within the vortex of musical possibility. The pursuit of that which seems “un-you,” anti-nodes, as it were, exist dialogically with what we perceive as our “true node” (and in reality there are more than one). This has been played out, historically in American music, in the struggles between “White” (European-based Western-Art musical traditions) and “Black” (European and African- based musical traditions, i.e. jazz) music: Duke Ellington’s advice to learn from the academy with an ear to the street.

A Teacher, with experience: This becomes the problem with teaching. By introducing the student to the traditional materials of musical practice, you are shaping the understanding of their musical “self”. Yet these forces precede any involvement with us— a student does not arrive tabula rasa. All said and done, this is a good price to pay.

A Student: With a few notable exceptions, most musicians who pursue merely their own “musical self” without the outside challenges of historical structures and traditions, end up rather poor musicians. In the worst cases, they end up playing emotionally and intellectually simplistic music which unwittingly emulates the most superficial elements of those musics which they profess to reject.

After a Slight Disturbance

[After a slight disturbance:]

The Spider, in the voice of David Bernstein: The thing is, it is, is that Schoenberg in his analytical theories was actually on to something: the idea of a multi-dimensional musical space. All possible relationships exist— each tone can signify a single note, a chord, a key area. This has since been extended.

A Young Composer: . . . and things don't really "stand" for anything any more. Things don't— pitches in a piece are not necessarily organic extensions of an Ur-motif (or are they?). Nonetheless, tones or sounds exist in simultaneous relationship with every other sound, (possible, and perhaps impossible) in a network of varying relationships-- to all possible keys, modes, chords, extending into the region of pure timbre. This is really the network in which modern music functions (and perhaps music always has). With the emancipation of sound (the Cage continuum), there exploded the availability of relationships, expanding the conception of "web."

Pal Pot: But Cage had the same failing that Schoenberg did-- emancipation meant isolation; sounds indifferent to other sounds. Indifferent!! Ruthless!! Schoenberg's democracy of tones was a nightmare of rigidity, of individual restriction— no growth from the organizational "natures" of the tones themselves.

The Doubled-Mouthed Monkey: And the nature of nature?

Abbie Hoffman as Charles Olsen: And I think this is why I prefer Schoenberg's "free atonal" music to his serial compositions. SOUNDS DO NOT EXIST IN ISOLATION, but rather we perceive them in relationships to other sounds and ourselves-- they align into perceptual constructions which we ultimately interpret as meaning: an "emergence." ONE SOUND MOVES ON THE NEXT, INSTANTER!!

The Spider: The multidimensional musical space, then, is really the simultaneity of these relationships.

The Idiot: Would then, the simultaneous sounding of all these relationships-- every sound in the universe at once, in clear relationship every other sound, to itself-- would be a manifestation of God, the all, the total?

Voice: Such pursuit, although (all thought) tempting. . . relationships and the exploration of those relationships becomes revelation. (Does it now?) "Organized sound" charts a path, or perhaps several paths, through this space-- the beauty lies in the paths' shapes, their interplay. One (myself included) can find themselves attempting to explore as many paths as possible, and then ends up in a morass of sonic, and perhaps psychological, mush.

Cecil, in flames: The fallacy- Complexity generated in the form of dissonance is mistaken for insight and revelation.

The Idiot: The potential significance of understanding the matrix of multidimensional musical space lies in the ability to allow sounds to align themselves (as we perceive them) into orders— it becomes our duty to facilitate these alignments— ideally we give up the preconceptions about the nature of the music we are playing, and allow it to proceed of its own volition.

Pran Nath, if the guise of himself: Follow, follow, follow, like the salmon up a river.

Voice, as question: In the pursuit of wisdom manifested in music, a fusion of clarity, detail, and expansiveness within the sonic statement comes into focus-- not "all sounds at once," but "these sounds, here and now," and implicit in that grasping is the entirety of the matrix.

Bird: If the "universality" or "totality" of the whole is (in falsity) left to its own, respected to exist as beyond comprehension, then, in hope the music escapes the worst of the totalitarian tendencies from which it may have emerged.

[Beset by a swarm of moths, we founder]

Schoenberg, wearing the mask of Ezra Pound: But we must address the cultural realm! It has a particular type of influential relationship with the ways meaning is perceived within the matrix. There are, of course, many different elements within the cultural realm— history, for example, influences alignment: Do we create in-equal temperament?

Susan McClary, in the mask of Schoenberg: The number of cents which offset a third has a particular historical resonance, and proceeds to significantly influence the nature of the path of sonic material. Specific cultural references, however, particularly those whose references reflect outside the particulars of musical structure, are a particularly fascinating case. The easiest example from the double-mouthed monkey (particularly adept at exploring the convolutions of this paradigm) is the "quote." Coltrane's "My Favorite Things"— what meaning has this music? "All things white and beautiful" turned inside out; we are double (and triple and quadruple and) hearing, looping back on the assumptions we have made and on our understanding of the cultural function of the music.

[The Double-Mouthed Monkey flings a pile of shit at her.]

McClary continues: And what does it mean? Where is the Signifyin' and the Signified? I have become fascinated by this: What arrangement of tones generates resonance in the cultural sphere of extra-musical meaning.

[I wipe the shit from my mustache]

What about the five tones of "Close Encounters?" How many tones until the meaning is inferred? How many until it is complete?

Roland Barthes, in the image of Fox Muldar: Alien invasion, abduction? Popular perception of extra-terrestrials; an infinitely fascinating subject, this new manifestation of actualized religious experience, the divine made scientific! Hollywood? Spielberg? John Williams? Why do we laugh?

Alvin Curran, flinging a pile of shit at Charles Mingus: How many tones make the joke? What is the joke?

Voice: National, patriotic, and religious songs provide disturbing insight, as In-Sight. Extract them, draw them out, even (shudder) "deconstruct"— our relationships to these

extramusical forces shift as our perception shifts as sonic material shifts and in shifting seeks to organize itself into meaning.

Curran: And if we play “Anacreon in Heaven” in retrograde?

Donald J. Grout, standing in a pool of afterbirth: Does it have cultural resonance? When is it merely a usual musical practice, when is it a political practice? It simultaneously celebrates, advances, questions, and destroys.

Mr. Spock: And would infinite cats in a room of infinite pianos compose the Appassionata?

Malcolm Goldstein: I envisioned inviting my friends over to play music. When they sat down to play, and discovered that there were no pages on the music stands, they asked me “Where is the music?” I answered “You are the music!” At the time I wrote this, it was revolutionary; now it is not.

Many, but not all: The question has been asked, we have performed it. We have discovered; “we” are NOT music.

A Fool as Voice: The music creates itself, we are its servants.

Cecil, in flames: It is created thus from the alignment of meaning, from the perceptual construct which forces itself upon us. The interplay of sound, organized and disorganized, in the real world (for the most part) is the music; we are there merely to draw it out. “The instrument a man uses is only a tool with which he makes his comment on the structure of music.”

Robert Duncan, his voice young and quiet: “the actual stars moving is music in the real world: this is the meaning of the music of the spheres.”

Sound in sound moves

A voice once said:
“Sound
in sound moves.

Action itself brings
like birds in a flock.

But creation, as Creation perceived,
perceives destruction
pre-conceived.”

How does this arrive? In the pre-forming of impulse, does structure, like a stone bird, determine understanding?

A field plowed, a tree felled, a house built. (All too easy this coming— the “yin and yang” construct themselves; lovers; crystalizing into meaning before sound is formed; in this they cry for balance, for faith, as absolution.)

But what is the sin of a bird?

The mocking-bird thrives as thief of song;
the creator— like Jacob, like Coyote— is thief, destroyer of faith.

My kingdom for a rose by another name!!

And a multitude cries:

“The song of birds lies not in our selves,
but in our stars.”

Here the feather of destruction;
Sounds sounded become emergence; arrival;
thus a sound begets its self, and others.
Music, in pursuit of its self,
can suddenly find itself
in resolution.

This is myself speaking now:

“I have heard the best sounds of my generation
destroyed by silence, raving hysterical sacred,
proclaiming themselves through the negro streets at dusk
pleading for an angry muse,
Taylor-headed hipsters yearning for an authentic heavenly
connection to star-eyed legitimation in the machinery
of the market

Are we with you in Brooklyn, Albert Ayler?

Are we with you in Mittersill, Anton Webern?
smoking?”

Are we? you, creator?

Beware, joyous thief,
when upon reflection
our corruption emerges before us in pattern,
for in that perception
we feel lessened; there is no “act” in it.

A voice alone, in the half-light:

“Perhaps it is easy to conceive;
We feed on the carrion of our selves.
We, a vulture flock,
cadence toward meaning;
the thingness of it.”

If you've got a classic Rolls driving by on a hot day and a guy standing in the sun waiting for a bus, that guy is going to have one of two reactions. Either the Rolls is no good or he should be driving it.

-Stanley Crouch

Let's assume the guy waiting for the bus is working for close to minimum wage, that is \$5.50 an hour. So if he works a usual 40 hr. week, he'll make \$220 a week and, if he gets paid vacations, \$11,440 dollars a year. At just a guess, he'd get around \$694 dollars in taxes taken out of his check on the Federal level, and say \$60 bucks taken out on the state level. So his take home income is \$10,686 a year. That's what he lives on. Or around \$890.50 a month.

“Most of the criticisms come down to ‘I'm not being hired here’ or ‘My ideas are not being adopted.’”

By the way, The used Rolls web site contains the theme music from Titanic.

Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud 1: (SGE302): very good looking and driving automobile.
Needs nothing.....\$19,500 US

This would take Bus Guy about 23 months to earn enough money to buy.

1977 Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow II: Finished in Black with Parchment hide interior, Brown carpets and lambswool over-rugs. This impeccably maintained car has been driven just 20,000 miles (all in Central California) and looks and drives as new.

Based in Clovis California USA.....\$26,000 US

This would take Bus Guy about 30.6 months to earn enough money to buy.

1957 Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud I (RHD): Finished in Watchmans Black over Silver Sand with Parchment Hide Interior. The car is in excellent working order with major mechanical work completed. Great appearance with very desirable colour combination. Air-Conditioned, based in

Chicago and priced at only.....\$24,500

29 months.

1962 Rolls-Royce 1515 ————— e Silver Cloud II: Chassis No LSXC627, LHD, Finished in light Steel Blue with Grey hide interior and originally used in the TV series "Burkes Law" in the 1960's. 32,251 miles, air conditioning, power windows, AM/FM radio, drivers side spotlight.

This vehicle is in excellent condition throughout and has been in storage in Washington DC for the past 27 years by the current owner.....\$55,000 US

65 months or almost 5 1/2 years

Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud III, 1964, White,\$55,000
Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud III, 1965, Black and Gold ...\$68,000

80 months or 6 years 8 months

Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud I, 1956, Black and Gold, ...\$50,000

This Silver Cloud, carrying on the theme of the Silver Dawn and Silver Wraith, was the show car at the 1956 Earls Court Motor Show at which it was presented the "Coachbuilder Design Award". This design, No 3206, is the only one of eight bodies built with a large rear window and a glass non-sliding moon roof. The drivers door has a lever action window. The interior is pale Green with an exterior finish of very Dark Green over Silver with a hint of Green. It has been a show winner everywhere it has been shown. In 1987 it was presented the Rolex "Most Elegant Car award" at the prestigious Meadow Brook Concours d'Elegance.

The car is based in Clarkston, Michigan, USA.....\$65,000

1955 Rolls-Royce Silver Wraith: 1515 Series D6 Opera Limousine by Freestone and Webb. RHD, possibly one of only six in existence, 166 of the series D were made, 4887cc six cylinder engine, 4 speed auto, approx 114,000 miles from new, driven 3,000 miles since engine overhaul in 1978, 1991 paint and interior restoration, finished in Yellow and Black with biscuit interior, Chassis No: DLW38

Based in Kansas City, Missouri, USA \$100,000

118 months or 9 years, 10 months

1920 Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost:

Coachwork constructed and chassis supplied by Howarth & Co of Harrogate, England. Body No 17, Chassis No 110AE, finished in Burgundy and White. This vehicle is in excellent

condition throughout and has been in the same family for the past 25 years. Based in Canada....\$225,000 US

264 1/2 months, or 22 years

1934 Rolls-Royce Phantom II: Coachwork by Gurney Nutting, Three position drophead, Finished in Tan and Cream with Cream Hide interior, includes Handbook and Workshop Manual, winner of many awards,...offers over \$500,000

588 months or 49 years

Rolls-Royce "Silver Ripple": This car is a one off, being a pre-World War II experimental car and known as 1-R-1. Lot's of information is available including a photograph of the car outside the home of Sir Henry Royce. The year of manufacture is 1939 and the car is in excellent condition throughout.

The Car is based in California and is offered for sale at.....\$750,000

882 months, or 73 1/2 years.

Main site music, Adagio by Albinoni

Used car site info is the Theme from Titanic.

British pounds- 1 U.S. Dollar equals 1.7030 pounds.

Of course, if he wanted a new Rolls Silver Seraph which is .£155,000.00 costs \$263,965 (includes 17.5% VAT) , which meant Bus Guy would only have to work 310 months or 26 years.

You will never open an ashtray in a modern Rolls-Royce and find a cigarette end. It empties automatically

I've discovered this. Read it. Stanley Crouch said. It. Said it himself.

It's all a hubbub. A gaggle of voices. There is much excitement.

Here. Here. Hear ye. He's defending the Marsalis gang, the Lincoln Center series. Look what he say. Marsalis defended against his Critics.

"If you've got a classic Rolls driving by on a hot day and a guy standing in the sun waiting for a bus, that guy is going to have one of two reactions. Either the Rolls is no good or he should be driving it."

That's how he sees them. It's brilliant. Do we even need to yell Hang Him?

"Most of the criticisms come down to 'I'm not being hired here' or 'My ideas are not being adopted.'"

You will never open an ashtray in a modern Rolls-Royce and find a cigarette end. It empties automatically.
