

On Missing Jose Feliciano, The Skillet Second and a Poem

Written by Administrator

Thursday, 22 November 2012 11:22 - Last Updated Thursday, 22 November 2012 12:05



Tiny Town, USA – *De gustibus non es disputandum*, Dad always said after a couple of breakfast beers and a belch that rattled the windows in the Quonset Hut we grew up in.

Mistaking his own vulgate for a commercial jingle, Dad would then say: "Ronzoni is So Good."

We all knew exactly what he was talking about and to this day it is valuable information.

He was right: *To each according to their own taste and there is no accounting* for that unless you want to get to know someone really really well and for that you gotta pay.

That's right.

Analysts pay for their client's maanderings at a rate equal to the cost of the Speed of Light, which has no fixed rate as yet but don't think *NYSEG* hasn't looked into the **Skillet Second**.

What is a Skillet Second? Well, here's a brief summary from Franklin Crawford's Ph.D thesis, which ranges way outside his area of expertise but don't say nothing because when the experts bitch about "generalists" you know you rattled their cages.

Skillet Seconds: A Model•Map

Definiton: "The time it takes for the sound of peeling paint to travel from inside my head to a piece of paper as an expression."

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Time [Action; Ta']

Problem: How to express the time it take for the sounds of an idea (because all ideas are sounds -- *tbd [to be determined]*) to travel from the perception of those sounds from inside the listener's head (peeling paint, for example) to a piece of paper or computer screen. That means adding another factor like the body; arm-hand-keyboard stroke -- to replicate the sound in real time in a way that is AUDIBLE or READABLE to the listener (for example, the audience -- a reader listens to their own brain when reading a book or hears the sound of a piano being played)

OVER: The ability of the Creator/Receptor of the idea to produce that sound efficiently enough to reproduce it perfectly (See "Too Effing Hard" ...)

TIMES: The ability of a Nincompoop to do so.

Time it takes for sound (S) ound to travel ("t" or arrow) from perception (P) [hearing sound] --
???

Well.

It **All** is a **Work-in-Progress**. And it all has to do with **Chad Coles** here at tinytowntimes.com saying he really missed **Jos é Feliciano**

We'd sent Chad over to Walmart to return a crapass Sunbeam humidifier (Made in China, distributed by Jarden, Inc. in Boca Raton. FL.) to the Chinese Company where the people Are Not Happy in Their Work.

Anyway. Chad must've heard something and probably it was "Felice Navidad" because it starts up about now and doesn't stop until All The Ghosts are assembled for the holidays.

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~~It's been a long time since I heard his music, but I still remember the sound of his guitar and his voice. I miss the way he played, the way he sang. I wish I could hear him again, just for a moment. He was a true talent, and the world is a little poorer without him. I hope he is somewhere, playing and singing, and that someone, somewhere, is listening to him. I miss you, Jose. I miss you so much.~~