

## Men I am Missing Today ... an accounting

Written by Administrator

Thursday, 14 February 2013 23:13 - Last Updated Sunday, 17 February 2013 22:27

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February is a month of mourning for me and some of my family. I know people are born in this month, too. But a lot my family chose to drop dead in this month. Who can blame them? They are almost all Northerners with a largely North European ancestry and they know March is a slog and April a long shot.



That has something to do with this list I compiled. This is a list of men I have known and I think about each of them, some more than others, but they all occupy a place in my memory vault. Their common link is their deadness. One of them, Russell Means, I never knew in person, but he speaks to me. All of these men, even though dead, speak to me. It is, in fact, easier to hold a conversation with them now, then it was when they were alive. I don't know why that is, but I have a hunch it's because I'm a better listener to the dead, then to the living. They all know something we do not. I do not have a quote for them all.

Here they are:

My Dad, Albert Clayton Crawford, at his desk with a sextant and a compass: "The magnetic north is shifting."

My Brother, Douglas Jay Crawford, KIA Vietnam, 1971 (laughing): "We're all under a terrible strain, Frankie. Mom, Dad and Sis, the dogs and cats – me and you and the guinea pig too. The neighbors, the president, – all us are under a terrible strain."

Grady Wells, quoting Bukowski: " 'Remember your Bach, your Brahms and Your Beer.' ... You got a good heart, but I think you're gay, Franklin."

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Paul Bartishevich. "You're one of the best we got, so when you do shit work, it upsets me."

David M., on his therapeutic sidekick, Chauncey the boxer: "Chauncey always farts when he sees you. It's love. "

Jake Ryan: "You need some socks? C'mon, I'll go buy you some socks for your birthday."

Steve Landesman, "Franklin, some times I want to throw something at you."

Grant Payne: "Shave that dopey thing off your face and get in here on time."

Peter Potenza, after a Holiday Inn fire alarm sent us out into the freezing night and I rode him back inside the lounge on a luggage rack: "That was fun -- but I'm sorry: I don't tip dumb waiters."

Steve Galaida, "Let's get together some time, you know, not here, and play music together."

Carl, the Colonel: Made a "raspberry" noise every time I walked into House of Shalimar to say hello to Katie. He so loved Katie.

Bill the Street Guy: "No thanks."

Thomas Giventer: "Hi"

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Robert LaHood:

Steve Gilbert, dying of liver cancer: "I know about pain pretty well now; after they poke you in the liver with a cryogenic tube, you became pretty well acquainted with it."

Tyke Kohm, during Happy Hour at Petes, circa 1980: "Franklin, I gave you that \$15 as a joke, now I want it back."

Bill Rosen, walking his dog Ben. First man I knew who had Lyme Disease. Now I've had it, too.

Sammy Nitzios, The Mayor of Cayuga Street: "Franco, you getta wife, you live long time."

The Three Nefaris Brothers -- George: "The girls go crazy for me after they see limbo."

Jerry Shriner, on the longest standing personal resentment I've known: "I'd tell that sonofabitch Joe Joch to lick my asshole but his tongue's too dirty."

Russell Aucoin: "I was shaking like a leaf in my skin."

Maugus McGriff (suicide): "You don't understand Frank, I'm in real trouble."

Michael Popowich, dying of emphysema: "You are looking at me like you think I know something important ... Well I DON'T!!!"

Nathan Threadgill (after he got busted robbing a drive-through bank on a 10-speed bike,

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Riverhead County Jail): "I saw your pops in jail here, Frank. He's a nice guy."

Jon Christiansen, died with a Wetson straw in his mouth after getting hit by a car on Sunrise Hwy.

Eric Seidler: "You remind me of a 50s lover who lost."

Dirty Dan:

Jeremy Werbin (as I carried him to the toilet while he was dying from advanced diabetes): "I wish life wasn't so hard for you."

Alex Malone (after an all-night party, about noon, playing the sweetest guitar you'd ever wanna hear on a Green Street front porch): "Frank, what was it you think they put in that punch last night cuz I still feel kinda high. (LSD)"

Louis Robbins: "Gimme two dollah frank, I know you got it."

Russell Means: "You can handle anything life throws at you ... by any means necessary ... find out who you are."

... so many more ...