



## THE MUSICIANS

If you are not singing homophobic lyrics, then you are most likely engaging in misogyny for the sales of your records. Your hits "Under my Thumb," and "Looks Like a Lady", however engaging they might have been, treated minorities with disrespect and blatant sexism. With your hit "One in a Million," you criticized illegal aliens with a venom that would have made Donald Trump jealous. And your ethnic faux pas .... Gosh, there are so many .... You treated ethnic groups with such degrading lyrics that Gandhi would have turned over in his grave. You thought the music was fun and captivating. Back in the day, you could get away with anything. But today the Politically Correct Police is on watch, and after you, for any creative stumbling you might engage in, when the climate has now become CANCEL CULTURE.

Basically, tearing off Janet Jackson's breast cover on national television during the Super Bowl is not acceptable. We do not care, Mr. Timberlake, who you are.

However, there is certainly a road to forgiveness, but it is not easy. You must suck it up, and that does not mean anything to do with the human body. It just means you must correct your ways, before that recording contract is pulled, even though the songs may have been based upon innocent nursery rhymes.

The challenge you face could end in the ruin of your rock and roll lifestyle, what with its drugs and loose women, not to mention classical engagements as your foibles have polluted that zone as well. The time is now to act to salvage what is left of your music career. Check your email, and append a song to each clue, and your redemption is at hand.

1. There's a song that was once a delight,  
That mimicked those challenged by questions of height,  
If you explore the house you'll know what I mean,  
Perhaps a lower level would be the most keen,  
A boxcar is here instead of a Mercedes,  
Probably not a big hit with the ladies,

Your playlist will let you know,  
Each step of the way, blow by blow,  
And while listening to another speaker that's in the home,  
Its inspiration will help you roam,  
Turn on the throttle and let it ride,  
For all you know, the clue's inside.

2. The next tune is an emotional ballad,  
But its undertone was a mixed salad,  
Why did the man she loved leave her in so much pain?  
I think it was violence so profane,  
Rock 'n roll has always glorified,  
Abuse of women in its stride,  
It's time to now bridge this gap,  
Lest your career have one more mishap,  
About five minutes away, less than a quarter mile,  
Near where a blue album is embossed in tile,  
On Alameda where the Sunsets,  
Is the place to hedge your bets.

3. Your next song has a link ([https://youtu.be/\\_61hzuGGJX0](https://youtu.be/_61hzuGGJX0)),  
Which will show some ethnic stink,  
It would be wise to listen to it now,  
To see what the current climate won't allow,  
It will show how it's not fun,  
To be an illegal alien,  
Underneath your disc is the location,  
For your next destination,  
At the Molé station to be exact,



Under the spicy shiny brass plaque,  
If that's not sufficient enough,  
Then to the bathroom, don't be rough,  
Outside of the men's room is an alternative,  
But don't be conspicuous, use discernment.

4. Your career might just vaporize,  
If at 2220 Barton Springs Road you don't materialize,  
You're sure to get **ZILch!**  
If this clue you fail to filch,  
**KeEp** on singing all that crap,  
If you think you'**Re** not a Jap,  
Even if you have to check in on-line,  
Your music can still be rightly fine,  
You'll love the stillness of the lower levels,  
Not the place for your rowdy revels.

5. How many ethnic slurs can you sing?  
For now you've suffered the arrows and slings,  
It's best now to congregate,  
At a place for a cheap date,  
Popular with many but inobtrusive,  
This is the opposite of exclusive,  
At a street named for a farm labor guy,  
XXIII x C is the address you espy.  
There, a food server, you'll request,

But a rally introduction would be best,  
And order chalupas and margaritas three,  
And a side of menudo, just to see,  
You might see Mildred on this side of town,  
Even if some shops look run-down,  
If political correctness is your goal,  
Then pay the bill to mend your soul.

6. Your domination of the opposite sex,  
In the seventies no one was vexed,  
But now it is time to make amends,  
Your songs are not abiding by the political trends,  
You can't ask women to stay home like Hestia,  
Or brag about giving them gonorrhoea,  
Near 3<sup>rd</sup> street downtown, I might surmise,  
Is a guitar that holds your prize,  
It's OK to hit a dead end,  
Because what you see is a godsend,  
With "walnuts" nearby your instrument gleams,  
Begging you to become mainstream,  
Now is not the time to call women happy chicks,  
Or from the media you will be getting your licks.

7. There was that song of karaoke days,  
That leaves people in a politically incorrect daze,  
I imagine you might get over it,  
Off W. 6<sup>th</sup> street at 716 if you see fit,  
Make an ass of yourself, you derelict!  
It's the career, after all, that you picked,  
Three pickled shots will make you stare,  
At a musical career that was left downstairs,  
To the bar announce your team's name,  
And do his bidding and play his game.
8. It's time to now set a peaceful path,  
Of what was known of your violent wrath,  
East of Congress but not east side,  
Is the place where you must ride,  
Even though you have much swagger,  
Now is not the time to stagger,  
There you should just roll the *dice*,  
If you want to be perfectly nice,  
They know you're coming but you don't have to sing,  
So feel free to search with no fear of losing,  
Gene Kelly knew how to get a good bruising,  
Where he sung, you should be cruising.
9. She may have led you away from home,  
But now's not the time to be alone,

Are you the type to be age-shaming,  
All the while, her name you are defaming?  
Women are more than just their crow's feet,  
Your lyrics now are quite obsolete,  
Given this is your ninth clue you've now read,  
I'll leave you to ponder the song instead,  
Where to go to make amends?  
Upon your knowledge of songs this depends,  
But some clues to help you rock,  
This bar's not far from a dizzy cock,  
Don't wait until midnight to slake your thirst,  
Or for incorrectness you'll stay accursed,  
Quickly up the stairs you are fated,  
Or like your songs you might be castrated.

10. Your last song was so full of innocence,  
Imagine being drawn by horses in your penitence,  
At a hotel whose reputation exceeds,  
All those unworthy who are in need,  
Named for a river or Spanish arms,  
This street boasts a building of much charm,  
It crosses with our party street,  
But here the respectable come to meet,  
Off Congress is this iconic landmark,

Then up the grand stairs you must embark,

You don't need to *Dress* to *kill*,

In Austin, summer casual fills the bill.

11. You've fixed your songs for these correct times,

And you're probably tired of these rhymes,

Frankly, you're cranky and worn out,

You've earned a rest and a libation,

You're not that far from your destination,

You have your last clue to make you think,

Then you'll have earned your non-cancelled drink.

Help lines:

Marc: (310) 779-3057

Laura: (415) 595-8163

# LITTLE CLUES



## 1. Under short people

On a Segway bridge not far away,  
Is the place you must foray,  
It's dedicated to one Larry Monroe,  
Down to this mosaic masterpiece you go  
Near Little Stacy Neighborhood Park, you'll find your ride,  
Just look somewhere off to one side,  
Where Big Mama Thornton sang the blues,  
To cover up unhappy news.

## 2. At hole on Monroe bridge

On a Street known by locals,  
Is the place some show voCals,  
At this hip spicy location,  
Tacos and margs are quite a sensation,  
Located across from where a Man is Stag,  
It's open at 11 so you can lag,  
Ironically it's slang for a white dude,  
But don't mention that – it might be rude,  
Elizabeth says don't dawdle too long,  
Get here when they open to beat the throngs.



3. At Guero's to Zilker

It's a shame to be so mechanical,  
When correctness can be quite botanical,  
If you're really turning the color yellow,  
I think it's time for you to mellow,  
A garden can put you to your knees,  
The song should inform you of your ethnic disease,  
Walk to an island with 18 steps around it,  
If discreet, Mr. Taniguchi won't have a fit,  
In the 7 step semi-circle you'll be inclined,  
To a watertight container in your next find.

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4. AT Zilker Botanical Japanese Garden to Juan in a Million

This cute little ditty from Axl Rose,  
Wasn't enough to cause you to pose,  
At a restaurant that sports the song's name,  
Is the place you'll know your game,  
Order that margarita that you once sought.  
East Austin is a place for progressive thought,  
But make sure you tell them who you are,  
Or surely you won't get very far.

5. To Moser statue (at Juan in a Million)

It seems that off Nueces there is a guitar,  
Where redemption cannot be far,  
Buried about in the same **STONES**,  
Is the appendage you look for that is shown,  
Polvo's is across from Moser's statue,  
Best to park carefully at this venue,  
The sculpture's kinetic, you can't miss it  
But it's best not to get a ticket.

- Baby.....
- Body topper.....
- Valedictorian....
- Need a drink.....
- Three feet.....

6. At Moser statue (To KUNG FU SALOON)

I think you should best beware,  
That your songs are causing so much flare,  
Only Josh can redeem your soul,  
Hitting the gong is your main goal,  
And those pickle shots are a must,  
They might just leave you with disgust.  
Search all those napkins in your race,  
To see what's the form of your next disgrace.  
But there's one last thing you need to do,  
Photograph your peep show and you'll get your clue.

7. At Kung Fu Saloon

What a mess you made of being free,  
To this bar reconnoiter in rueful glee,  
No idle hands and it won't be a bummer,  
Just a place to get out of the Austin summer,  
It's not hard to find on a street that *rains*,  
On the second floor you'll find your gains,  
Look in the corner of a top side window to avow,  
What remains of your lyrics now?

8. At Stagger Lee

On a party street up above,  
Was the place you found your love,  
Not far from the holy Trinity,  
In a place you remember your virginity,  
It was once a nice old alley bar,  
Near a photo booth you'll be on par,  
Some greenish glasswork in the back,  
Will surely keep you now on track.

9. At Maggie Mae's

I bet you there aren't too many takers,  
For a statue called the same by its maker,  
The last time here there was a wedding,  
So please discretion, as you're heading!  
Behind the bronze you can have a seat  
And watch as others meet & greet,  
Under this fine equine statuary,  
You'll find a clue to make you merry,  
A cocktail table is small and sturdy,  
You'll find your clue without getting dirty,  
Or to the men's room now dispatch,  
Where an displays Derby hats.

10. At Widow maker

In the alphabet, there's a letter,  
It's the 23<sup>rd</sup>, it doesn't get better,  
That's your destination to which you fly,  
200 Cows will get you there,  
A Spanish accent gives it flair.

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It's the 23<sup>rd</sup>, it doesn't get better,  
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