

The Used Guitar: A Work of Short Fiction

By Peter E Bozic

Gantry Fudd, remembered his family home and the attic that once with he and a drummer had been perhaps a rock and roll band. Names, for this rock and roll band, had been various and if not for the list of them that had been his speeches later in life that Buck Smith and Gantry Fudd almost once formed a folk music duo as in group.

"Why, not? The Tall Thunder?"

"No, too fancy."

"Why, not? Days without Roses?"

"No, we would have to go on stage."

"Even, a choir, and you could be famous."

"Why, not? The Rain and my Coat?"

Buck Smith, then a teenager and Gantry Fudd having been eighteen as in the past year and what of the draft as in war that Buck Smith did not mention of himself that colleges and university had become possible and always had been possible even that women had become a problem as in even to speak of the word "pregnant" and that building and the one high window and as in that to urinate on that building had been the never collapse of Gantry Fudd when two uniforms had been almost one hundred and if not three hundred not to look his best for the dance.

The Tall Thunder, and the Days without Roses perhaps at a stadium as in to open for such names as lost in legend that Gantry Fudd had become never a leader and once to stand at that podium could still remember Buck Smith in the front row with a notepad as in news media and that Buck Smith had always understood the name The Rain and my Coat and that even the one high and lit window above as Gantry Fudd to urinate on that slogan of perhaps "God against all" and perhaps "Religion without life" and that Buck Smith had even this or that interview with the legends who and whom had been his first career as a journalist.

"So, we do not have such a career before us? Music?"

"Law and medicine."

And, if The Tall Thunder, had been Days without Roses and that even when Gantry Fudd and Buck Smith had been at a wedding that even that one high and lit window become the two women they had feared perhaps in an audience that The Tall Thunder might have had songs and poems like the ones that Buck Smith had purchased on physical if not paper form.

Gantry Fudd, even the names of this or that group, had in his mind nothing more than fear of a crowd that his other friends than Buck Smith did not speak of being "creative" and that Buck Smith now spoke at length of music and even that day of the crowd to have written no such thing as memoir and even law and medicine.

The Tall Thunder

Music Magazine

"When, The Tall Thunder took the stage as in even the circle of a race car track that had been all but cancelled. Even, somehow that The tall Thunder had become after five

albums nothing more than two dead men and not even a barrel of rum. However, that Gantry Fudd as in the stage name Davis Jackson and his stage presence became after the first two songs nothing more than an embarrassment of sweat and blood and fear and perhaps even the microphone of his vocals through the city above and around and beyond him.

If, anything of it, a concert that as the last concert of The Tall Thunder, that Gantry Fudd and the five new musicians who and whom behind him turned into robots and even panic that the songs of the first two albums and both of those fear and if not the drummer had perhaps a wedding ring and as in that as the cars in circles and perhaps even the rain had become nothing more than a fond farewell to The Tall Thunder and that Gantry Fudd might not retire."

Buck Smith, upon that interview being published years later in fiction and non-fiction now looked back at the museum of Gantry Fudd who and whom once as in law and medicine - began if to take on the task of editor as in the possible liner notes of a "Greatest Hits Album" and the songs that The Tall Thunder had wrote and recorded as in: 1.) Days without Roses 2.) Jezebel and Gender 3.) Law and Medicine and those songs not poems that Gantry Fudd could not publish.

As, a duo, as in folk music and that those who and whom gathered in the park and sang in circles and spoke in circles and that the two women who and whom had been the time and love of Gantry Fudd and Buck Smith and their names had become that day as in the podium as in if from two clouds around white buildings that Buck Smith in news media had known of Gantry Fudd as a good man and not an idiot as in even to have loved the study of history and that even to hide a face as in names had become fear and panic.

In a music studio, with a child and the rain as tears, that Buck Smith had also climbed a staircase of a hill in the state of Ohio and that the child had been of what stadium and what arena and never a smaller club that even family had become strange to Buck Smith when to visit that museum and that photos of Gantry Fudd still had red hats and those of admiration that “he never was” and that “he always could have been” and that even loans as in education became the panic and fear of a generation.

Days without Roses

Music Magazine

“When, Days without Roses, took the stage that even the rain and the cars in circles had become a crowd of wild and fearful fans who and whom in the clouds above once of witness to a stampede knew that even religion could keep them from disaster. Gantry Fudd, and the songs that religion never given him as a vocalist become perhaps not like a religion but also like a sword and they ran.”

That review, as in never published and written by Buck Smith had become not published different as in fiction and non-fiction and that the pages before and the pages after now had been the last days of Gantry Fudd that his museum when open now become a shrine of that stampede and that languages in other nation had been his grandparents and that he called them “Nana” and “Pa” and “Bear” and that Buck Smith once sent news paper clippings to Gantry Fudd and a visit into what house and that they had spoken of religion and that walk across the street as in that book.

“I got it.”

“I know, that you did.”

“Hey, did you ever make it?”

“No, who does.”

“The Fat Tuccus?”

“Might as well have been, one fire and two swords.”

“True.”

That visit, between Gantry Fudd and Buck Smith had been also to travel as in the names of their grandparents as in “Nana” and “Pa” and “Bear” and that even extended family had not mattered to this or that doctor and the rain on the vehicles of the circle track had become that again high and lit window where a wedding had been between Gantry Fudd and not Buck Smith – but instead that religion never came between the two men who and whom of a western and if not a detective story learned of music and those clouds above and side by side of that stampede.

“Tell me, did The Tall Thunder, ever get to a stadium.”

“Not, like some child, for some reason.”

“Tell me, did Days without Roses, ever get to an arena.”

“No, and better for it.”

“Agreed.”

Again, and even the white hood and red and orange cross that Gantry Fudd had refused and denied as a teenager and that Buck Smith had reported on even to dance only that one time at a wedding that he could not have work a ring for – that what math had been Gantry Fudd to have that museum and that moderate and calm become law and medicine between the two men never.

Buck Smith, at that museum, and now to read of Gantry Fudd that speech as in that stampede as in even the mountains and hills of two oceans that to travel as in fear and panic became that day.

“When, our country stands – “

And, those words not of even of one fist raised in the air and the stampede of “We are against you, until we are with you” and the uniforms that had been against each other to now have become that one and other tunnel and the men who and whom of Gantry Fudd spoke of one woman and the fifteen soldiers who and whom far off – now became to Buck Smith that last and worry of religion.

“Tell me, Gantry Fudd, and if was Roses for the Church.”

“Never, that could have been my last one.”

“Good, and the years before.”

“Those two women.”

“Worse.”

