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Clouds, Shadows, Tire squeal, Twig snap, Tap dance, Dog bark, Duck quack, Goose honk, Wolf howl, Howlin Wolf, Screen door slam, Dormant volcanoes, Antoine de Saint-ExupÃ©ry, The Clash, Leo Fender, Stephen Spender, Wim Wenders, Wim Shakespeare, Wim Butler Yeats, Wim (aka Willy) and the Poor Boys, The Travelling Wilburys, The Flying Wallendas, Back Alleys, One-Way Dead End Streets, Lost Highways, Found Art, Solitude, Opposable thumbs, Granite Shut-ins, Evel Knievel, The forest primeval, George Eliot, TS Eliot, Eliot Ness, Paleolithic cave painting, That drummer for Rory Storm and the Hurricanes (name escapes me), My Grandmother (she was great), My Great Aunt (she was grand), The geometry of happiness, The geography of despair, Jim Beam Whiskey, Mexcan food, Smart, funny women, Red sky at morning, Red sky at night, and, of course, Jimi (yeah, that Jimi).

Dankon!

\*Vi ne vere devas scii.