The Influence of Bob Dylan on the Creative Process

Introduction

I was wondering why I am drawn to the work of Bob Dylan and when trying to explain this fascination, I composed the following poem. On the following pages you will catch a glimpse of the influence of this musician/writer/singer in many areas of my life.

The meaning of life is not found
Amid the lyrics or in the sound
Of Dylan's music or in his words
As I find myself drawn towards

**Synchronicity.**

He has his muse and I have mine
And once in a while they intertwine
And meet together and share their mysteries
As they expand the boundaries
Of my **Creativity.**

On the second day in June
We go to Desolation Row or to a tune
Like Highway 61
It's a journey that is never done
To view life’s **simplicity.**

Why the fascination with this man's talent?
What draws me to his music’s scent
For all of us to listen in time
So we can each compose our rhyme
To express our **Individuality.**?

Bob has no answers but he holds up a mirror
So we can see our reflection and perhaps a glimmer
Of what really matters, if truth be told,
As we search within our very soul
For **Spirituality.**

Relative to my interest in the work of Bob Dylan, I have been collecting/writing bits of connections in the form of poems, brief essays, concert reviews, and other products over the past twenty-five years or more. Currently, I recently read the book *Why Bob Dylan Matters* by Richard Thomas. The title intrigued me enough to compose a list of my own for why Bob Dylan matters to me including:

- Many of his songs have a nice, easy beat to walk to during my daily exercise on the treadmill.
- I like using his tunes to write alternative lyrics to convey thoughts and events that are on my mind.
- The cover songs by other artists allow me to appreciate his lyrics in new ways.
- I can share my interest with Dylan's work with friends.
- Individual segments of prose, to me, are worth more than the composite whole of the entire set of lyrics.
- He brings out my creativity in expressing myself using some of his songs / lyrics.
- He has influenced many other musicians whose work is of greater excellence because of that influence.
- I have little interest in knowing what any of his songs are about or mean ... they are what they are and not more or less.
• I appreciate knowing where he's going next.
• He has enriched my life by his presence.

The format of my sharing of resources originally took shape in a presentation I delivered for a regional conference. For this current rendition, I am choosing to share my work in a more narrative fashion.

You are about to see
What Dylan means to me;
How his words have inspired
As my writing has transpired
And creativity emerges
As my life surges
Forward to its current state
Of satisfaction with my fate
In connecting with Dylan’s past
And present works that will last
Forever in my heart and mind.
Bob Dylan, to me, is one of a kind!
Celebrating the Birth of a Grandson

When my grandson was born, I wanted to commemorate the event in a special way. I have been composing acrostic organizers in my courses as a way to summarize key information from specific areas of content. I decided to construct an acrostic using the titles of Dylan songs at the beginning of each line. To form the acrostic, I started each line with the successive letters in my grandson’s name: LEO DYLAN SCHMIDT. And, I concluded each line with the names of his parents: - NADYA AND RANDY -. I was quite pleased with the results and titled the work – Precious Memories – another title of a Dylan song.

Precious Memories

Lo and Behold a new baby prepares to enter the world –
Every Grain of Sand shouts his name up and down
On a Night Like This from ocean, land and sea
Dignity is a virtue that he will command
You Changed My Life his parents will often say
Lay Down Your Weary Tune as you enter this arena
All Along the Watchtower we celebrate his presence. A
New Morning has arrived. Rejoice in this little man
Something There Is About You say both mom and dad
Cry a While if you must, but have no fear
Hard Times will pass. You will be a
Man of Peace, Love, Hope and Affection
It Ain’t Me, Babe who will ever doubt your word
Don’t Think Twice, It’s All Right you will hear us say
Tomorrow Is a Long Time and our love is forever –

One wonders who the influences are
As we reflect on life from where
We find ourselves each and every day
And we can search for a special way
In which Dylan can inspire us anew.
These pages contain just a few
Of the results of such times
When I turn my thoughts to rhymes.
Tangled Up in Bellevue

Over twenty years ago, I found myself a patient in the emergency room of Bellevue Hospital in New York City. I was in NYC as a presenter for one of the school districts and, after a bout of dizziness upon leaving the train, found myself in a surreal set of circumstances that, upon reflection, reminded me of the different scenes from Dylan’s *Tangled Up in Blue*. I wrote a rather lengthy essay with details of the events [see chapter X pp. xx – xx for the essay] that seemed to change in their sequencing as I relived the ordeal. More recently, I composed a shorter form of my essay to the tune of *Tangled Up in Blue* to become the current *Tangled Up in Bellevue*.

The train pulled in and I got off
Started my usual routine
Stopped on the stairs to make my escape
Grew faint from my morning caffeine.

The ambulance sped on ahead
With me in the back for a ride
I didn’t know what would become of me
I guess it wasn’t up to be to decide.

I had a job 12 blocks away
From the hospital that I did enter
They expected me at 9:00
I was to be the main presenter . . .

Near Second Avenue
But instead . . . I’m Tangled up in Bellevue.

Someone came over to the side of my bed
She said her name was Mrs. Paul
She asked who I was and where I was from
And in her book my name she did scrawl.

Some were homeless and some were thieves
Some recovered in detox from drugs
Some had a lot to say.

I entertained myself as best I could
Peered through the bars of my bed
I don’t belong here at all
Wish I could leave now but instead . . .

I felt everyone knew - - -
I was Tangled up in Bellevue.

People came and people went
Misery could be heard in each voice
No one was here voluntarily
No one was here by choice.

What is normal is foreign to me
It seems like I’m in a dream
The plot doesn’t seem to make any sense
I didn’t get any ice cream.

A community of strangers stares back at me
What will be in store
When will I leave – Where will I go
I don’t know if it’s 1:00 or it’s 4:00 . . .

I wish that I knew,
but I’m Tangled Up in Bellevue.

Twenty one years have come and gone
I’ve moved on to other places
But I know I will never soon forget
All the emergency room faces.

I didn’t know if the sun came out
Or whether it rained all day
All I know about that fact is
Whether I would leave or stay.

The people there have gone back to their lives
And I have done so too
But I realize that for all these years
I still haven’t got a clue

But I’ve paid my dues . . .
Tangled up in Bellevue.

As one ages, the memories of our past
Change places as the vast
Number of scenes that go on in our mind
Float in and out as we find
Ourselves trying to make sense
Of these thousands of events
That influence who we are today
Amid what Dylan has to say.
To Honor a Colleague’s Advocacy

This connection has its roots in Dylan’s A Hard Rain’s A Gonna Fall. My colleague and friend, Jesse Turner, walked from Connecticut to Washington DC on two occasions to protest the harm inflicted on children by the high-stakes assessment culture that pervades our schools. I applaud Jesse’s dedication and advocacy on behalf of all children.

The High Stakes Tests are Gonna Fall

Oh, where have you been, my walking man?  
Oh, where have you been, out walking the land?

I’ve walked in my home state – yes, from the Northeast;  
10 miles at a time in the rain and the heat.

I’ve been in the country and I’ve been in many a town.  
My steps take me up and they also bring me down.

I’ve stepped on the sidewalk and I’ve stepped in the street.  
I’ve walked alone and with many people I meet.

Each day’s a new dawn with the friends that I make.  
Their spirit is with me every step that I take.

And I’ll walk, yes I’ll walk, yes I’ll walk - - - for us all  
For the High Stakes Tests - - - are Gonna Fall.

Oh, what did you see, my walking man?  
Oh, what did you see, out walking the land?

I saw young and old and black and white.  
I saw love and honor in the day and the night.

I saw signs and posters after walking many miles.  
I saw hope on their faces and was met with huge smiles.

I saw defiance and grit and not backing down.  
That’s what I saw as I went town by town.

And I’ll walk, yes I’ll walk, yes I’ll walk - - - for us all  
For the High Stakes Tests - - - are Gonna Fall.

Oh, what did you hear, my walking man?  
Oh, what did you hear, out walking the land?

I heard teachers & students & parents all pleading,  
Get rid of those TESTS – our hearts are a’bleeding!

I heard shouts of anguish and long drawn out sighing.  
I heard heart-wrenching screams amid all the crying.

I heard laughter from the people who make all their money  
Off the backs of the students who don’t think it’s that funny.

I heard critics who say we all can do better.  
I heard from hundreds of parents who sent me their letters.

And I’ll walk, yes I’ll walk, yes I’ll walk - - - for us all  
For the High Stakes Tests - - - are Gonna Fall.
Oh, who did you meet, my walking man?
Oh, who did you meet, out walking the land?
I met the eyes of the students in all types of schools.
I met our next senators – the future makers of new rules.
I met parents who just want what’s right and what’s just.
They all are behind me – Washington DC or bust!
I met people who offered me food and a drink.
I met people who wanted to hear what I think.
I met hard working people who will not give up hope.
I met love & faith – two great ways we can cope.
And I’ll walk, yes I’ll walk, yes I’ll walk - - - for us all
For the High Stakes Tests - - - are Gonna Fall.

Oh, what will you do now, my walking man?
Oh, what will you do now, out walking the land?
I’ll talk to all people who know things are not right.
I’ll share all the stories and help them shed some light.
I’ll work with our teachers for better ways to assess.
I’ll help make real plans to get us out of this mess.
I’ll dedicate my life to the students I meet
In the literacy center – when they come once a week.
I’ll never back down from the high stakes test lies
From the people who deceive and pull the wool over our eyes.
And I’ll walk, yes I’ll walk, yes I’ll walk - - - for us all
For the High Stakes Tests - - - are Gonna Fall.
### Organizing Our Knowledge

I was seeking a way to introduce content in one of the courses I teach and wandered upon the Periodic Table of Elements as a graphic organizer. I like to think this is one of a kind and even if someone has thought of this graphic organizer, it has not been filled in with the exact elements that I have chosen to do. For example, LA is reserved for Larry Campbell, an extraordinarily talented member of Bob’s band from the late 1990s to early 2000s. I had an occasion last year to see Larry Campbell and his wife, Teresa Williams, at Infinity Hall in Norfolk, CT. They put on a tremendous show!

*We organize our life in segments*
*That represent important moments*
*And we remember many a Dylan show*
*And songs and lyrics and know*
*That they bring meaning to the elements*
*Composing our diligence*
*To capture all that is important and true*
*Of what his work means to me and you.*
# Periodic Table of the Elements

**Bob Dylan**

*(created by Ernie Pancsofar)*

This visual organizer represents one person's connections with the work of Bob Dylan. Another person might choose completely different entries per symbol associated with the Periodic Table of Elements.

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- Saving Grace
  - Saving Grace
- Trinity Home
- Thunder on the Mount
- I Want You
- Nobel Prize
- MTV unplugged
- Andrew Muir
- Charlie McCoy
- Chimes of Freedom
- Medgar Evers
- Folk Music
- Time Out of Mind
- Northampton Venue
- Like a Rolling Stone
A Found Poem
Following one show at which I was a member of the audience, I composed my own poem that included one segment of lyrics from each of his songs. Here is the result. [Lyrics from Dylan’s songs are in bold/blue.]

Dylan Concert #26
Academy of Music, Philadelphia, PA
November 21, 2014

Thoughts from a Set List of Lyrics

Stay with me as this I try to do -
To take some lyrics and turn them into something new -
To take some lyrics that Bob did sing
And make sense of the words to connect everything
Making sure to capture events of past time
Into a poem that makes sense of Bob’s rhyme.

I’m searching for phrases
To sing your praises.

All the truth in the world adds up to one big lie
From the day we are born until the day we will die.

When I become real serious
and begin my critique
I realize that she’s a hypnotist collector
You are a walking antique.

And those of us nearing retirement age
Welcome these words from the singing sage:
You think I’m over the hill
You think I’m past my prime
Let me see what you got
We can have a whoppin’ good time.

There are times when I think about when I am dead
Beyond here lies nothin’
Nothin’ done and nothin’ said.

When I think about my life and how its rhythm flows
I think about a phrase – This is how it goes:
I’ve had my fun
I’ve had my flings
Gonna shake em all down
Like the early roman kings

In the paradox of life
Amid our joy and strife
Sometimes the silence can be like the thunder
Sometimes I feel like I’m being plowed under.

Bono once remarked that in seeking fortune and fame
On the way up to stardom people honor his name
But that gets old - - - gets old real fast
To return to our roots - - - to return to our past
I wear dark glasses to cover my eyes
There are secrets in them I can’t disguise
Come back baby if I every hurt your feelings I apologize.

People come in and out of view
I’ve known my share - - I’ve known a few
Now they worry and they hurry and
they fuss and they fret
They waste your nights and days
Them I will forget
But you I’ll remember always

Some mornings at dawn when I awake
I wonder what decisions I’m going to make
I’m staying up late, I’m making amends
While we smile, all heaven descends
If love is a sin, then beauty is a crime
All things are beautiful in their time.

Quite a while ago – back in my early thirties
While at SIU, graduate school and evening parties
I would not have guessed that city would find its way
In a Dylan song as he did say:
Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing
Blowing like it’s gonna sweep my world away.
I wanna stop at Carbondale and keep on going
That Duquesne train goin’ rock me night and day.
It’s funny how the scenes in our memories evolve
The sequence of events take on a different resolve
They are Tangled Up - - - some might say in Blue.

She lit a burner on the stove
And then she swept away the dust
“I thought you looked like someone that I used to know,
“You look like someone that I can trust.”

And even when I was just the age of seven
The next line to me he could have given
“You should have met me back in ’58
We could have avoided this little simple twist of fate.”

We need to be humble as we go on about our way
We need to be humble as the singer starts to say:
I asked Fat Nancy for somethin’ to eat,
she said, “Take it off the shelf -
As great as you are a man
You’ll never be greater than yourself.

It’s been awhile since my poker buddies and me
Threw money in the center for that round’s ante:
Low cards are what I’ve got
But I’ll play this hand whether I like it or not
I’m sworn to uphold the laws of God.

Many parts of my life are now through
As I write these words as if I knew
The door has closed forevermore
If indeed there ever was a door.

I end this poem as I think I must
And wipe off the lyrics and blow off the dust
The answer, my friend, is blowin’ in the wind
The answer is blowin’ in the wind.

Blog Entry for 9/18/17
My Mind Wanders

Sitting in my office in my easy chair
Wondering what to write and where
My thoughts may go next
To help prepare what I read in the text
And give my students glimpses of the truth -
My mind just wandered up to Duluth
With a Dylan tune in my ear.
It's always a good time of year
To connect the words of this living legend
With my current work - once again.
Spiral curriculum was today’s vocab term
As one peels the layers in order to learn
More deeply about what can be store
Today as I sit and wander some more.
Random Thoughts Associated with Sample Dylan Lyrics

The following lyrics from several Dylan songs are accompanied by some connections with my everyday experiences.

01. **One Too Many Mornings**

    *You’re right from your side,*  
    *I’m right from mine.*

    It really depends on what side of the table you are on. You will look differently on the needs of the student depending on what position you are advocating from.

    I also like the wisdom from Deborah Tannen from her book, *The Argument Culture,* in which she states that the answers to life’s challenges rarely lie at the polar extremes. It’s not either – or but rather both/and. The challenge must be approached from many sides similar to viewing a crystal with its multi-faceted sides.

    Life is not a debate. I do not always have to be right. I can always learn to appreciate a challenge by perceiving it from the point of view of someone whose opinion differs from mine.

02. **Positively Fourth Street**

    *I wish that for just one time*  
    *You could stand inside my shoes*  
    *And just for that one moment*  
    *I could be you.*

    Mark O’Brien aptly states, *“We’re all going to be handicapped . . . unless you die first!”* How would I want to be supported? What does respect and dignity have to do with assisting others? Do I imagine what life must be like for many of the individuals whose lives I have entered by virtue of their status as students in my class?

    I want others to focus on my strengths, gifts, competencies and accomplishments and not my weaknesses, setbacks, errors, and missed opportunities.

03. **Talkin’ World War III Blues**

    *“I’ll let you be in my dream if I can be in yours.”*  
    *I said that.*

    This relates directly to person-centered planning in which the vision of the future (the dreams of the person) is center stage for what follows. My role is to translate a path toward those dreams into educational language that fits in the IEP. The pathway toward one or more of the dreams may actually contribute to more quality in a student’s life than the actual acquisition of the dream.

04. **Love Minus Zero No Limit**

    *In the dime stores and bus stations,*  
    *People talk of situations,*  
    *Read books, repeat quotations,*  
    *Draw conclusions on the wall.*  
    *Some speak of the future,*  
    *My love she speaks softly,*  
    *She knows there’s no success like failure*  
    *And that failure’s no success at all.*

    This is, perhaps, one of my favorite Dylan quotes. It relates to the issue of paradox and the seeming contradictions in a statement. To work with students, we need to help them experience “failure” as a natural progression along the path to success. But, merely failing is no success at all unless it leads you in the direction of success. We are unsuccessful far more frequently than we are successful when we embark on new endeavors. Many adults forget what it feels like to learn new skills or concepts. Children experience this every day, but adults tend to develop comfortable routines and patterns of living that rely on current skills.
05  Don’t Think Twice, It’s All Right

*Don’t Think Twice,*
*It’s All Right.*

I used this song to write a parody about the high-stakes assessments experienced by students in the public schools. My new title was: Please Think Twice, It’s Not Right. One of the versus goes:

*There’s got to be some other way of knowing The progress that they made.*
*There’s got to be another way of showing How they’re doing in their grade.*
*My big ideas don’t fit in the bubbles on the sheet.*
*When I finish the test, I feel I’m in defeat*
*These high stakes tests just make us want to cheat. So, please think twice. It’s not right.*

06  Brownsville Girl

*The only thing we knew for sure about Henry Porter*
*Is that his name wasn’t Henry Porter.*

I think about these two lines when I meet a person / student who has a label of a specific disability like Down syndrome, dyslexia, or Tourette syndrome. The only thing for sure that I know about these students is that they are not their label. A person who has Down syndrome is not the label “Down syndrome.” That is not who they are!

07. My Back Pages

*A self-ordained professor’s tongue*
*Too serious to fool*
*Spouted out that liberty*
*Is just equality in school*
*“Equality,” I spoke the word*
*As if a wedding vow.*
*Ah, but I was so much older then,*
*I’m younger than that now.*

Being younger in mind and spirit, to me, means that I try to maintain a fresh take on things. I try not to think that I know the “ANSWER” but that I am experiencing many little “answers”. When I was older then, I was the expert and things were much simpler – I was right! But, as I age, I get younger in the feeling that there is still so much more.

08. A Hard Rain’s A-Gonna Fall

*But I’ll know my song well*
*Before I start singin’.*

Prepare – Prepare – Prepare! Much of the learning occurs in the preparation, which must also include debriefing/self-reflection of previous attempts to teach or learn a skill/concept/idea. There are too many people spouting off about the latest “fad” or “state-of-the-art” something who know nothing about which they speak. They are hired to sell a product and make a living. I need to be careful about what I relate from my “position of authority” or from the position of the teacher of the course. I am a searcher for the truths that lie at the heart of teaching and, every time I teach a topic, I peel back one more layer to add additional clarity to that which I seek to know.
09. Sweetheart Like You

Steal a little they throw you in jail.
Steal a lot and they make you king.

This quote reminds me of the double standard applied to the wealthy and poor. If you are rich, one can steal from people via white-collar crime or in promoting a product to one’s own benefit and not to the benefit of those people for whom the product is targeted. I would put standardized tests in this category. Companies are stealing from the poor whose lives are judged by their inability to meet established standards. But as soon as a person designated as poor is caught in the act, they are severely chastised and judged; i.e., the looting in New Orleans that occurred during a recent hurricane.

10. Jacket Notes from Another Side of Bob Dylan Album

... and I say that every question if it's a truthful question can be answered by askin' it.

Asking good questions is better than seeking one good answer. This truth is apparent in the Quaker style clearness committee process to approaching challenges. Members of a gathered group of caring peers ask clarifying questions of a person to help that person sort out the possible ways to respond to that challenge. No one offers a “correct” approach but, by asking insightful questions, provides the feedback necessary for the person to know what is right to do next.

Also, I have given credit to students for developing a good question from a chapter that might be a good quiz ingredient. They receive the equivalent score on the quiz by developing the question as they might from a different chapter when they respond to questions I developed.

Blog Entry of 5/24/17

Bob Dylan is 76 Today.

I will be seeing Dylan in concert on Father's Day in less than a month. Today, he celebrates his 76th birthday or, I should say, many people throughout the world are celebrating his 76th birthday. I often wonder why I am fascinated by the output of Dylan's work and I will put it in as simple a set of words as possible. Dylan stretches the boundaries of his craft and is not held back by the constraints of the expectations of others. People learn more about themselves by listening to Dylan's lyrics sung in his own voice and covered by hundreds of other musicians. I honor his presence by listening to him play live. I have used his tunes to organize my own thoughts and write lyrics that relate to a topic about which I am passionate. He stumbles. He has his faults and limitations. He brings out the best in those who are fortunate enough to accompany him. He has no answers to life's challenges but he brings elements of those challenges to our attention that need to be addressed. His works have enriched my life. His presence has made my life more satisfying.
Summarizing a Dylan Show in Verse

I have been to 31 Dylan shows. During many of these times I have captured these experiences in verse with two sample reviews included in this section, including the November 11th show attended with my daughter, Natyra.

November 11, 2006
My 8th Dylan Concert
The Midnight Ride That Brought Me Here

Listen my children and you shall hear
My comments of the show on a night cool and clear
To Boston with my daughter on a Saturday night
The Agganis Arena soon came into sight.

The opening act really did sizzle.
The Raconteurs can make hairs on the back of your neck bristle.
They walked on stage to a Dracula beat
And kept up a drive – notched up the heat!
Two of my favorites that they played tonight
“Together” and a version of “Bang Bang” - - out of sight!
Of all the opening bands that I have ever seen
The Raconteurs were, by far, supreme.

The lights came back on – Dylan swayed to and fro
As Maggie’s Farm opened the show.
After watching the Raconteurs – full of energy
The band seemed subdued – perhaps even with lethargy.
But, they are a professional group of musicians
And Bob knows quite well of each one’s contributions.

10 times at #2 on this leg of the tour
She Belongs to Me echoed ‘round the floor
There’s been 21 dates from Vancouver to Maine
And 60 different songs – no set list is the same.

Lonesome Day Blues – caused a certain jubilee
‘Cause my picks of songs are perfect through three.
But then the truth of a set list probability
Is that any song is a possibility.
Nothing is a certainty.
Bob’s in charge – most definitely.

An acoustic guitar was prominent at four.
Don’t Think Twice was next in store
And the tempo varied from verse to verse
With Bob’s phrasing – there’s just forward – no reverse.
It’s Alright Ma was a nice choice at five
At this point the audience seemed to come alive
They responded in the typical way
When the president must stand naked – as Dylan did say.

A few weeks ago, I downloaded a tune
Workingman’s Blues as Haggard did croon.
Dylan pays homage through and through
In his version of Workingman's Blues #2

Tangled Up in Blue then slowed the pace down.
The seats seemed well filled in as I looked around.
The audience ranged from very young to quite old
I’m inching in the latter group . . . I’m told.

The thing about concerts that bother me the most
And this appears to happen from coast to coast.
It’s the “excuse me” I need to get out.
After the 30th time I just want to shout
Hold it in – It won’t be long
Don’t leave your seat in the middle of this song!

Song #8 was heard only once – this leg of the tour
Blind Willie McTell rang eerily ‘round the floor
I was pleased to listen to this current version.
The “Rake” songs are reported to be Bob’s inspiration

At this point in time in many a Dylan show
Slot #9 is a difficult one to know
What the master will play – what he will say
And tonight it was Most Likely You Go Your Way.

When I heard the Ballad of Hollis Brown from the stage
I thought of Aaron Neville’s cover of this song’s sage
Its slow and haunting tempo and pace
Brings the sad images back into place.

Rolling up Interstate 84
Boston’s just about 50 miles more
And when I get there – I’m not quite done
I still have to travel down Highway 61!

A second selection from Modern Times
Spirit on the Water comes forth in rhymes
The crowd reacts to whether Bob is past his prime
(Was that a smile?), as he plays the crowd sometime.
Fall has taken hold and it’s cool outside
**Summer Days** signals the end of this set’s ride
I’ve heard tighter versions but this one’s still fine
It ages quite well – like a fine wine.

The stage darkens – the audience begins to roar
Three more songs for his standard encore.

**Thunder on the Mountain** is welcomed as many of the crowd stand
After which a funny thing happened when Bob introduced his band.
His typical remarks were standard and on cue
Until he introduced himself with words anew:

*I used to play the guitar – but someone’s got to play this thing!*
As he gestured to the organ and then gave a cue to sing - - -

**Like a Rolling Stone** and **All Along the Watchtower**
Brought the show to a close just before the 11th hour.

My eighth show was over and I leave quite content.
It’s off to Amherst on Wednesday
A new review – perhaps to present.

**August 21, 2011**
**My 20th Dylan Concert**

The crowd was tangled up in the House of Blues
Across from Fenway Park.
There’s something about a sold out show
That seems to ignite the spark.
Blues to the north and Blues to the West
On the signposts in the street
Blues on the outside and Blues at the Inn
Blind Willie McTell you’ll meet.
Things Have Changed but still stay the same
In this paradox by the Boston shore
The band was rockin’ - the people were knockin’
Trying to get to Heaven before they Close the Door.
Thank you Bob for your energy tonight
You shared with us and more
We heard your Blowin’ in the Wind
As a welcome third encore.
I write my notes on the morning after
I’ll not soon forget this night
When our paths again crossed for the 20th time
May the end not be in my sight.
My 28th Dylan Show did not disappoint. The highlight of the evening was a new rendition of Summer Days featuring Donnie Herron on the violin. A sedate crowd with a median age of 50 to be my best guess. Very tight security as mentioned on the Jimmy Fallon show a few nights ago from his trip to Port Chester. No intermission on this leg of the journey. Dylan plays a role as part Rudy Vallee and part Charlie Chaplin during his crooning to the oldies tunes. He appears to be having fun! I wonder if I will have his energy at 76! He also managed his way through a couple of malfunctions: wobbly mic stand and faulty stool. Earlier this week I thought of an apt comparison on the Dylan I have come to know: Dr. Who. Dr. Who has his T.A.R.D.I.S. and Dylan has his Cowboy Band to take us back and forth through time. Dr. Who regenerates himself so that his 13th version is currently airing on BBC America. Dylan has gone through the regeneration process a variable number of times depending on the observer. The scenes from his songs [Desolation Row & Highway 61] could take place in distant galaxies many light years away. Dr. Who is “The Doctor” – Dylan is … well, he is “Dylan.” [In honor of Father’s Day, I thought it would be a great touch if Jakob Dylan had made an appearance. Perhaps he was there somewhere in the audience. It was 20 years ago (my 2nd Dylan Show) at this site that Rick Danko came on stage for a wonderful version of This Wheel’s on Fire.]

Knock, Knock, Knockin’ on Grade Seven’s Door
Ernie Pancsofar

Teacher, take this label off of me
I don’t need it any more.
I’m not so different, can’t you see
I can learn beyond that door.

Chorus
Knock, knock, knockin’
on grade seven’s door
Don’t leave me out
here any more.
Knock, knock, knockin’
on grade seven’s door
Hear my voice and let me soar.

This label doesn’t let me be
With my peers who I can reach
Open up your eyes and see
And find new ways that you can teach.

(Chorus)
All I need from you is HOPE
I can take care of the rest.
Your support will help me cope
I can show you all my best.

(Chorus)
Don’t give up on me and flee
With your help I can achieve.
Take a closer look at me
I belong - you must believe.

(Chorus)
Another Connection to Dylan’s Tangled Up in Blue

I was arranging photographs that depicted me at various ages in my life. I formed the photos into my initials ELP [Ernest Leo Pancsofar] and placed them out of chronological order. I immediately thought of Dylan’s tune, Tangled Up in Blue, in which the episodes described in the verses do not adhere to any specific time line and has been referred to as kaleidoscopic in its presentation. I composed a brief set of four verses to describe how my current life is a composite of my past experiences as my memory holds them to be true and the events of my later years influence my perceptions of my younger self.

My past is out of order in a chronology of time
The phases of these faces lend to my current rhyme.
Dylan captures this paradox in Tangled up in Blue
I'm shaped by my impressions of this personal picture stew.

My reflection of my twenties is influenced by what I know of life when I was forty
It's a blur as my age does grow.
Am I the sum of all my past; Is now all there is for me?
I think I remember – No, I just forgot A part of what used to be.
My 31st Show

Painting masterpieces
Rainy and drizzly outside / Thunder inside
Ornamental surroundings
Violin virtuosos
Introductions to applause
Dylan delights
Enigmatic energy
New England in November
Center stage majesty
Evolving still

Reworked tempos
History continues
Offering old and new
Dylan delights once again
Entertained

It's 9:30 PM - Encore awaits
Seventy-Eight !!
Lighting casts shadows
Another day / another city / another show
Never the same song twice
Dylan delights a final time