

## 2002 — Baby Carriage Full of Blues

Thunderbirds Are Go! ..... Gerry Anderson & John Barry  
All My Life ..... Foo Fighters  
The Rising ..... Bruce Springsteen & the E Street Band  
The Good Life ..... Weezer  
Get Free ..... The Vines  
Prince of F'n Darkness ..... Ozzy Osbourne  
I See Sound ..... Moth  
Welcome ..... Heather Nova  
Lost In Space ..... Aimee Mann  
Hardball With Chris Matthews ..... SNL Cast w/ Sen. John McCain  
The Real Life (Fatboy Slim Remix) ..... Raven Maize  
Rock This Bitch ..... Ben Folds  
Can't Find My Way Home ..... Blind Faith  
Hideki Irabu HSO ..... Tom Grieve  
Without Me ..... Eminem  
Keep On Dancin' ..... No Doubt  
Love/Hate ..... Betty Blowtorch  
Too Bad About Your Girl ..... The Donnas  
Contact ..... Citizen Cope  
She Hates Me ..... Puddle Of Mudd  
You Know You're Right ..... Nirvana  
Was It All Worth It? ..... Queen

# Baby Carriage Full of Blues



When I sat down to write the liner notes for my 2001 soundtrack, I thought the worst I would see for a while was behind me. I was mistaken.

And yet, through it all, I think that the old adage has proven itself true after all – what doesn't kill you still makes for good comic relief. I mean, come on. How many people can point to a baby stroller as an implement of destruction?

Around the middle of October, I figured out that if I was going to continue being a functioning member of society and not a drooling headcase, I had to go back to the pseudo-Taoist mindset that carried me through my rough times ten years ago. Instead of dwelling on the negative stuff exploding all around me, accept that they're unavoidable explosions and better celebrate the good stuff. Realize that with the people around me, I simply cannot fail.

How much of this is bogus? A little. I'm not a true Taoist, which is immediately visible in my SwampLog entries. But I'm trying, every day.

This year could have gone a number of different ways. I came very close to sending out this audio card from a cramped New York apartment. I could have been writing these liner notes

following a shift at Bourbon Street's famed Cat's Meow.

As it stands, though, I'm quite happy where I am – great friends, great apartment, decent job. (At least I can say that now, in my post-sales mindset.)

One of my favorite found quotes from the last year was from the original 'Ocean's 11,' where Dean Martin admonishes Frank Sinatra for trying to recapture past glory. "If you want to catch lightning in a bottle, you go ahead – but don't try to catch yesterday! Old times are only good when you've had 'em!"

It's so true, and I have tried to keep this in mind when I think I need to move backwards to get back on top. My future is in front of me, and whatever happens, I'm not looking back anymore.

As always, mucho thanks to the remainder of the Three Amigos, **Marty Yawnick** and **Thomas Moore III**; **Jamie**, who deserves more thanks and love than printed words can convey; **Jane**, who needs to hear from me more often than I can do; **Adrian** – see last item; **Dr. Christopher Wong**, **Karla Lackey**, **Jill**, **Patty** and the rest of the staff of **Arlington Orthopedic** who put me back together; **Wil Wheaton** and **David Gerrold**, whose writing continues to inspire me to keep

plugging on my own stuff; **Victor**, who will still talk to me after all that happened last year; **Jodi**, whose mere existence should be celebrated with a national holiday; **Rachelle**, the person that makes me laugh at myself better than anyone; **Willie**, the best goddamned bartender on this planet; **Patty**, who reminded me why I had mojo earlier in my life; **Rose Ellen**, who kicks me in the ass even at such long distances away; **Bonnie**, my future literary agent; "**Big Dick**" **Hunter**, for thinking I have something in my bag after all; **Dave**, **Travis**, and the entire staff of the **No Frills Grill**, for still letting me come there and rabble-rouse; **Nathan** and **Ali**, who each know the true meaning of irony; **John**, **Care & Ashleigh**, or my personal version of "Love, American Style"; the gang from Whatever-L (**Dragon**, **Brian**, **Chris**, **Jenna**, **Eric**,

**EMY**, **Brad**, **Margy**, **Jamey**, **Patsyann**, **eRIK**, and **Michelle** to name a few) and **Somesuch-Whatnot** (**Norm**, **Mary**, **Joni**, **Bridget**, **Jeff**, and **Steamer** to name a few more), for being my surrogate family, at least in my Inbox; **Ferra Darling**, **Pinky**, **Mary Candace** and **Fish**, who still set the standard for 'blogging in my book; **Sharon & Ellen**, for even thinking I could make it on the late shift; **Red**, for trying to kill me; and **everyone else** who was a part of my life that I'm spacing on. Love to you all.

I've got a few pictures from the last year, as well as extended liner notes at <http://www.devinandmarty.com/babycarriage/>. Enjoy.

Pax.

—Devin Pike, 9 December 2002

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