

NEUROBIOLOGY 1982

"Is it next June yet?"

PREFACE

Enclosed are the few poems and prose, etc., pieces I managed to pluck from the air of inspiration that you, all the students and faculty and staff and groupies of the summer Neurobiology '82 session created. In no way could these submissions reflect the many accomplishments and heroic efforts and special moments that have occurred. In that sense, these are mere understatements to the reality of these past ten weeks.

For myself, and on behalf of the entire Neurobiology staff, I extend to all of you our wishes for future success. May you always try your best. May you always know what is best for you.

Bill Graham
M. B. L.
Woods Hole
8/25/82

NIGHTDREAM

Creativity from within, clamors.
The reflections at the air-sea interface
 dance and swirl in a
montage of whirling dervish and
 dancing flame.
So, what's in a name, anyway?
The letters never change,
 whether you spell Limulus or Tinafore.

Nothing, really, is the matter.
It's merely the quest for utopia,
 nagging,
 snagging me, once again.
One always craves something new and exciting,
plodding through the
 living moments and
 instantaneous nature of breath and thought,
struggling to
 get there
 and
 stay there.

In the groove, it all comes easily.
The Karma belongs to everyone and no one,
 all the time and not at all.
It is simple to set yourself up to fall.
Merely follow your heart,
 let the wind blow your fate.
Few care if you're early or late.

The only things of lasting value are quality,
 energy, and
 beauty.

6/29/82

STEAMING AGAIN

Everybody's gone to the Vineyard,
All alone on Devil's Lane.
Listen to the sweet sounds
of a jam from yesterday.

The Roo is on a mule's mission.
Fools have gone after supplies.
And Chandler's Comet syncrofusion
pierces clear sunny-blue skies.

This is a very heavy guitar.
Lazybones sits in the sun.
You are on your own star.
Make it be.....FUN.

Anybody's lost in duty,
Striving to stay alive.
Balancing energy and beauty,
Racing around in the beehive.

Still, master cat purrs softly.
He knows what it is all about.
No one is looking for nobody.
You cannot hear their non-shout.

Because the screams are muted within.
And the ferry is steaming again.

7/14/82

AURORA BOREALIS

By the light of the moon and stars, stand I, Nearly alone,
atop the grassy knoll, Zeroed in on
All that is.

The Northern Lights flash like incandescent strobes,
Shooting beams this way and
that way and
all ways.

There must be gases in spaces that reflect the many photons to
glow as they do and
light as they do and
dance as they do in their
multiplanar ballroom.

Waves of radiance flood the near and far with flashes of
seemingly low level light. The finality of their movements
can only be understood in terms of the newness of their event,
the beginning of conduction, the initial sighting of their magnificence.

The cat tries to hump the blonde bombshell of a dog and
all the while a brilliant waning moon illuminates by
reflection from the solitary, closest star.

The climbing aura is tantamount as it dances headlong from the
near horizon to the
infinity above.

The wavelike glow persists, among a backdrop of constellations and
natural horizon. The
breathing of domestic tranquility is the only disturbance,
and it is a welcome tolerance that has been chosen to
balance with the assumed duties and
acknowledged norms.

Society is a marginally fertile pea in the scheme of all Nature!
The celestial harmony has always been.
The energy and beauty of all that is,
shall always be.

ODDS ON FAVORITE

Boats and floats and tennis shoes
Vacuum leaks and marriage blues
Tests that pass, tests that fail
Desperately in need of a suit of mail
to protect and deflect the arrows that sail.

Dreams and schemes and radios
Humble pie and vain kudos
Exercises required and not
Some are cold, some are hot
Most are in between and lousy shots.

Kids and kats and katamarans
Carpenters and hockey fans.
Men that buy, men that rent
Spend your life in a canvas tent
Aged, wonder where the time went.

Nineteen hundred and eighty-two
The planet's surface is in a stew
Nations for war, nations for peace
Hyping the corners for a sucker to fleece
The end is just within the beginnings reach.

Bricks and sticks and bubble gum
Won't you leave? Won't you come?
Concentrate on everything
The cells in the dish, the alarm clock's ring
When you try, you can do anything.

7/29/82

PINTA

In 1492, Columbus impaled the first squid axon. It was a complete success. Queen Isabella, a hot-shot, wonder-woman, para-biophysicist, was busy trying to eliminate annoying 60 cycle when Christopher (a genius) came into the lab with an idea for exploring the universe. 'Bella, (sensuous as ever) fell in love with the Notion and had her rich daddy appropriate a quarter million pitukas to support her research. Om was heard throughout the kingdom (or queendom, depending on your orientation). The Cosmos was in complete harmony. Even the piselectric forces were in tune. All 60 cycle disappeared without a trace and everyone was content and happy, aware they were existing in so rich a period.

Alas, these things never last forever. Change is the rule rather than the exception and this was no exception. Chris's Eureka was waning. Even though the universe seemed to be expanding exponentially, it was extremely well ordered and structured. The tendency of processes toward entropy proved frustratingly difficult to control. Despite the overwhelming balance of forces that appeared to dominate, it became painfully clear that all the contrasts were simply being spawned out of the random nature of all that is!

Columbus, in a quandary, went within himself to understand. One with all that is, he beseeched the Creator of all that is to open his eyes that he know and understand. There was only silence. Nonetheless, the meditation eased him and gave him peace of mind.

Meanwhile, back at the lab, Isabella was experiencing a breakthrough. She discovered how to tap into the limitless infinite energy of the very stars. For an instant, all the harmony of the universe was revealed to her. Having cracked the Notion, she put into motion a lateral step in a completely new and previously unexplored direction. There was great celebration and cheer.

On ceremonial day, she commissioned Columbus with three star powered ships to go out from the Earth to explore and adventure into the unknown realms of space, where no man had gone before. Om was heard throughout the galaxy.

And if you believe any of this, you should check into a reputable psychiatric hospital.

8/3/82

FREE

The moon is full, the sundial becons,
I scribble-scrabble for beams of light
through
shadows of wheels,
and windows bright.
It purrs, a fanciful plan, the
multi-colored
Z-MAN;
pseudo-wisdom, just off track,
he's seen the groove,
knows only the
knack, thinks he can
regulate modulate master-
bate the lives of others. At best,
it
is
only
sloppy seconds.

These beams
illuminate motiff because they simply are!
The flashing, lighted, fishing trawler crosses the Hole inbound, slow.
I was last told, "Be Good!". Somehow, it tripped the re-
sponse, "I don't think I can do that to the best of my abiliy right now." And,
there are
many
other
things
I am
hot
for and.
I know

I can be
BEST
at them.
So,
after them, I am. I need
to climb from the east again.
Yon monument, phalix, beacon to the galaxy, temple to the stars,
The island is not so far.
It offers
the brief escape that is required.

I'm outta' here, cut loose, forgotten.
The new kid in town will take my place.
There is always-forever, another, beautiful,

face.
The truth you seek .. you'll find, If you have an attitude to strive
for it, drive for it. The only purpose I've found to keep me going originates in the
Creative feelings I know when I sense I am truly Free. 8/5/82

WHAT?

Homogeneous and all mixed up,
The markham rotation isn't up to snuff.
But it looks impressive and shows details
that may or may not pass or fail
the accuracy test.
Is it live, or is it Memorex?

Barrier between cells?, the tight junction.
Interpret the relationships, structure : function.
The multi-compartmentalized appearance
of Zonulae Occludens vs. Zonulae Adherens
the red hard hat.
Is it tight, or is it gap?

The right and left eyes view separate images.
for the eye-brain complex to fuse into a single picture.
"Protein equals particles", once was dogma
Now, new evidence challenges the formula, re: Bechara,
and how they misinterpreted.

Fusion sites of exoplasmic membranes?
Separate, adjacent, faceted domains?,
and within the array, inverted micelles,
Illustrated diagrammatically so well.
We can study the timing
and the sense of the rhyming.

There are protracted analogies.
How authentic is the interpretation we think we see?
Artifact or Reality?

8/9/82

GALAXY OF STRUCTURES

From behind the bi-colored viewing devices
the E.T. greeter peers
into E.M. views of CNS,
the data of hard-working years.

Spiders and scorpions, insect and leech,
with dissected Limulus, dead in a bucket.
Man waging war, man waging peace,
the only difference; how man rationalizes it.

Pleated and smooth, septate junctions,
folds that hold transmembrane receptors.
Defining and classifying relative to function
and structure. Objective interpretation is a constant chore.

Superimpose with the lectures and learning,
the lab, and all these devices attempt to accomplish.
The endless tasks leave you numb and burning.
Knowledge does not keep like fish.

8/11/82

In the

Boot Camp for scientists,
 the recruits impose their own sense of
 Competition,
 one with each other,
 between,
 among,
 against the group,
 seeking approval?
 self-satisfaction?
 a room in the psycho ward?

There was a time when....

people methodically carried out
 each step
 aware that
 each step
 was crucial to the outcome.

Those procedures haven't changed.

It still takes the right stuff

to hit the bull's eye.

Recognize that each of you has the

right stuff in your own, unique, way

and

proceed accordingly.

There are no grades. Not even pass/fail.

The only lasting memories and, potential, future, rewards are

determined by the impression; the experience is a hindsight interpretation.

8/16/82

In May, an idea for a
Neurobiology Course Song rang around in my head.
Since, at the time, I was in a real country and western
traditional, folk vein musically, The tune Oh Susannah
played constantly in my mind's ear. The following,
are a few stanzas I would like to submit as a first draft
for a course song. If we had twelve or thirteen of
them, we could make a course album.

to be sung to the tune of
Oh Susannah
Waving bye-bye to Bechara with a six-pack in my hand
I was bound to see Nick's baby, he wasn't there, I sought a friend.
With a pine cone in my fist and the sunshine on my head
You should be outside relaxing but you're working here instead

It's time to take a recess,
a minute, two or ten
just relax and let your mind rest
and then try your best again.

Well I come from University with a pencil in my hand
A spiral notebook on my knee to learn and understand.
The lectures get me up at dawn, the laboratory's great
I take a swim to ease my mind and work until it's late.

It's time to take a recess
a minute, two or ten.
Just relax and let your mind rest
and then try your best again.

Came for Neurobiology, I want to learn it all
"Just what are those nerves doing", now I ask you one and all.
I can measure a potential, culture cells and work a scope.
Fail and win and fail again and muster up new hope

It's time for one more recess
Experiment and test.
Let's toast the group success
and forget about the rest.

8/23/82

The Notion

Don't expect
 inspiration
 to call
 at your convenience,
within lavatory walls,
 and
whenever you've a few moments to spare.
It comes when
 it wants to, and
 only for as long as you care.

That sudden awareness, in a flash,
 that fills your mind with not only

an idea,
 but
 a scenario, with examples
 to illustrate.
It rarely lasts, demanding
 emphatically, subtly,
 to be
 documented
 and
 elaborated,

as it
 exponentially
 disappears, from your mind's eye,

lost forever in the
 redundancies
 and
 recesses
of your marvelous self.

It may return,
 sometime,
 when you're lost in an unrelated train
of thought. But, it will likely as not
 never
 be
 again.

Those opportunities come when they take the notion.
When, least expected, a twinkle
 stirs an
 explosion.

8/23/82

"THAT'S ALL FOLKS"