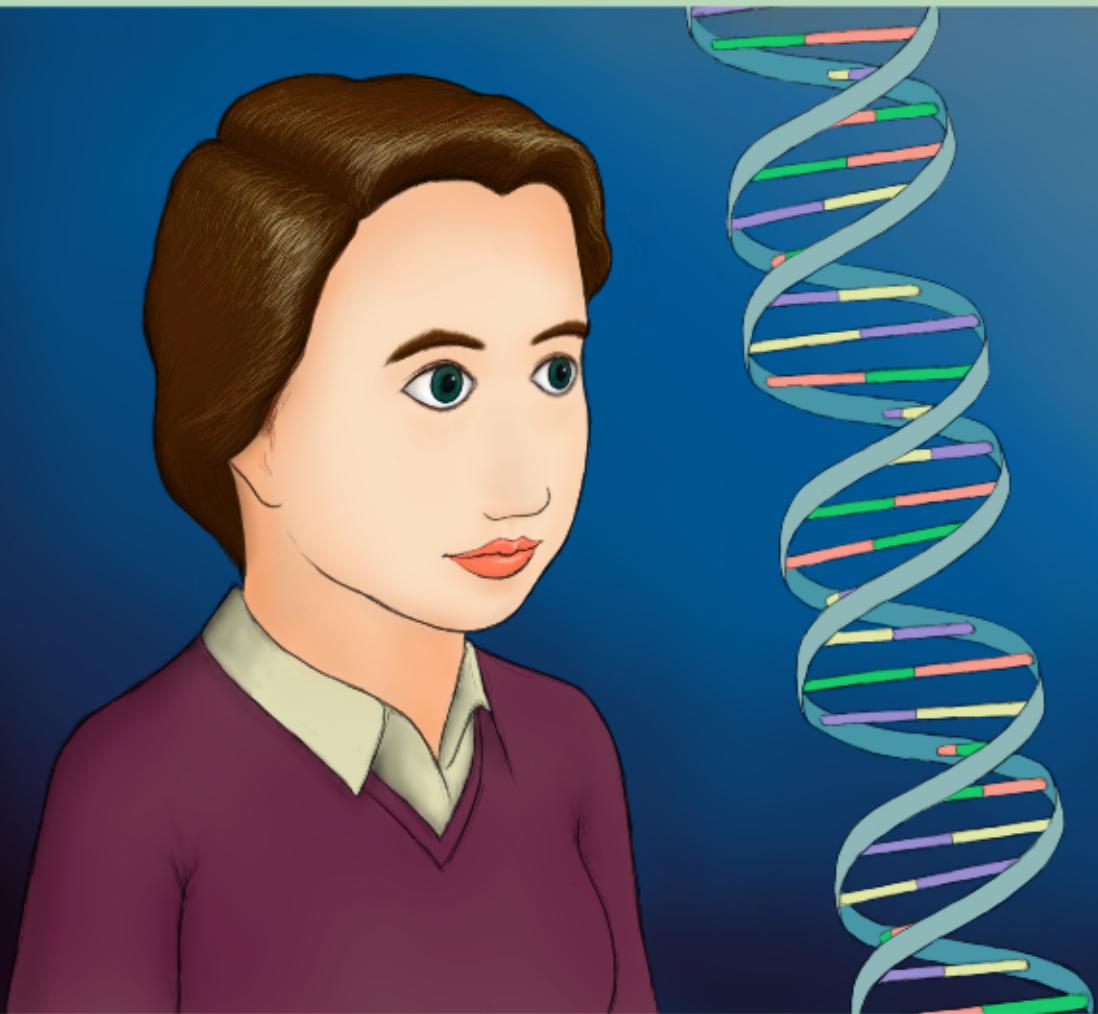


# Rosalind Franklin Meets Her Pepper's Ghost



a comic book and  
music album by  
**Bobtail Yearlings**

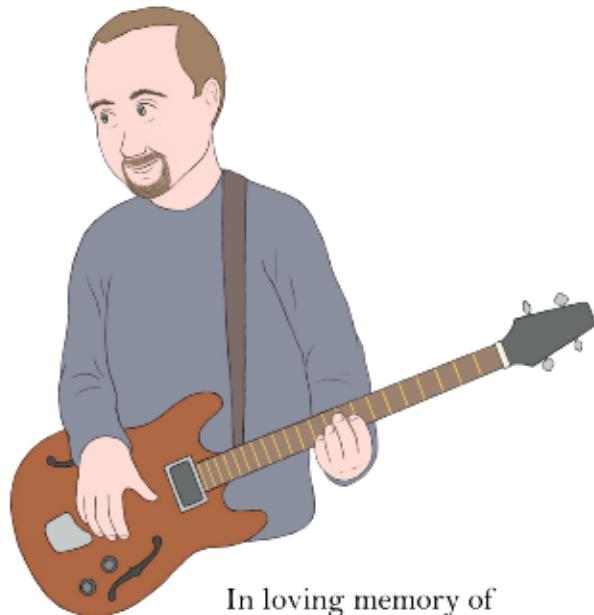
All songs written, arranged and recorded by Bennett Lin  
Comic book illustrated and coloured by Bennett Lin

Kelli Kathman – flute (3, 9)  
Michelle Farah – oboe (1, 7, 9)  
Alejandro Acierto – clarinet (7, 9)  
Shelley Monroe Huang – bassoon (2, 7, 9)  
Andy Kozar – trumpet (1, 5, 8)  
Molly Norcross – horn (5, 9)  
Jeffrey Young – violin (1, 5, 8)  
Amali Premawardhana – cello (1, 5)  
Perry Wortman – double bass (1, 3, 8), electric bass (7, 9)  
Igor Lampert – accordion (9)  
Rob Keiser – piano (6, 8)  
Tripp Dudley – tabla (1), drums (3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8), djembe (9), percussion (2, 8, 10)  
Bennett Lin – all vocals, mandolin (1), banjo (1, 6, 7), recorder (2), kalimba (3), toy piano (4), keyboard (4, 5, 7), melodica (7), percussion (1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10), all acoustic, classical, and electric guitars, electric bass (4, 5, 10)

Mixed and mastered by Frank Mazzeo at push/pull

Los Angeles - New York - Seattle, 2006 - 2012

For more information on Rosalind Franklin:  
Brenda Maddox, *Rosalind Franklin: The Dark Lady of DNA*  
Anne Sayre, *Rosalind Franklin and DNA*  
James Watson, *The Double Helix: A Personal Account of the Discovery of the Structure of DNA*



In loving memory of  
David Kannenstine,  
our dear friend and bassist

1. Young Rosalind at the World's Fair	3:05
2. All the Peppy Paulinas	2:02
3. Coffee in a Crucible	2:38
4. Ruptures	3:17
5. Photograph 51	3:39
6. Unhatched	2:52
7. Honest Jim	2:14
8. Rosalind's Mosaic Path	4:17
9. Last Labours	3:09
10. Whale Fall	3:25

Please visit our website ([bobtailyearlings.com](http://bobtailyearlings.com)) for all audio, lyrics, music scores, and the complete manuscript of *Bobtail Method*, our songwriting lesson book. Based on Bennett Lin's own creative approach, *Bobtail Method* will teach the reader to write melody and chord progression together as an integrated whole, resulting in more seamless and dynamic musical works.



Rosalind, sundialers know to wait.  
This turn before their time, it's just a ride.



At day's end, everybody wins,  
so none need chase the shade.

Let's sit and wait, dear, you and I!



Rosalind spins her pleats beside the entrance stiles,  
a curtsey winning some weakened smiles  
from scattered sighs too late to chase the trains.

With rumbles swirling through her ears,  
she gently tilts and sifts to hear  
the whistle to whisk them from Calais.



Rosalind, let's nap, it's just a ride!  
Tomorrow we'll race, dear, you and I!

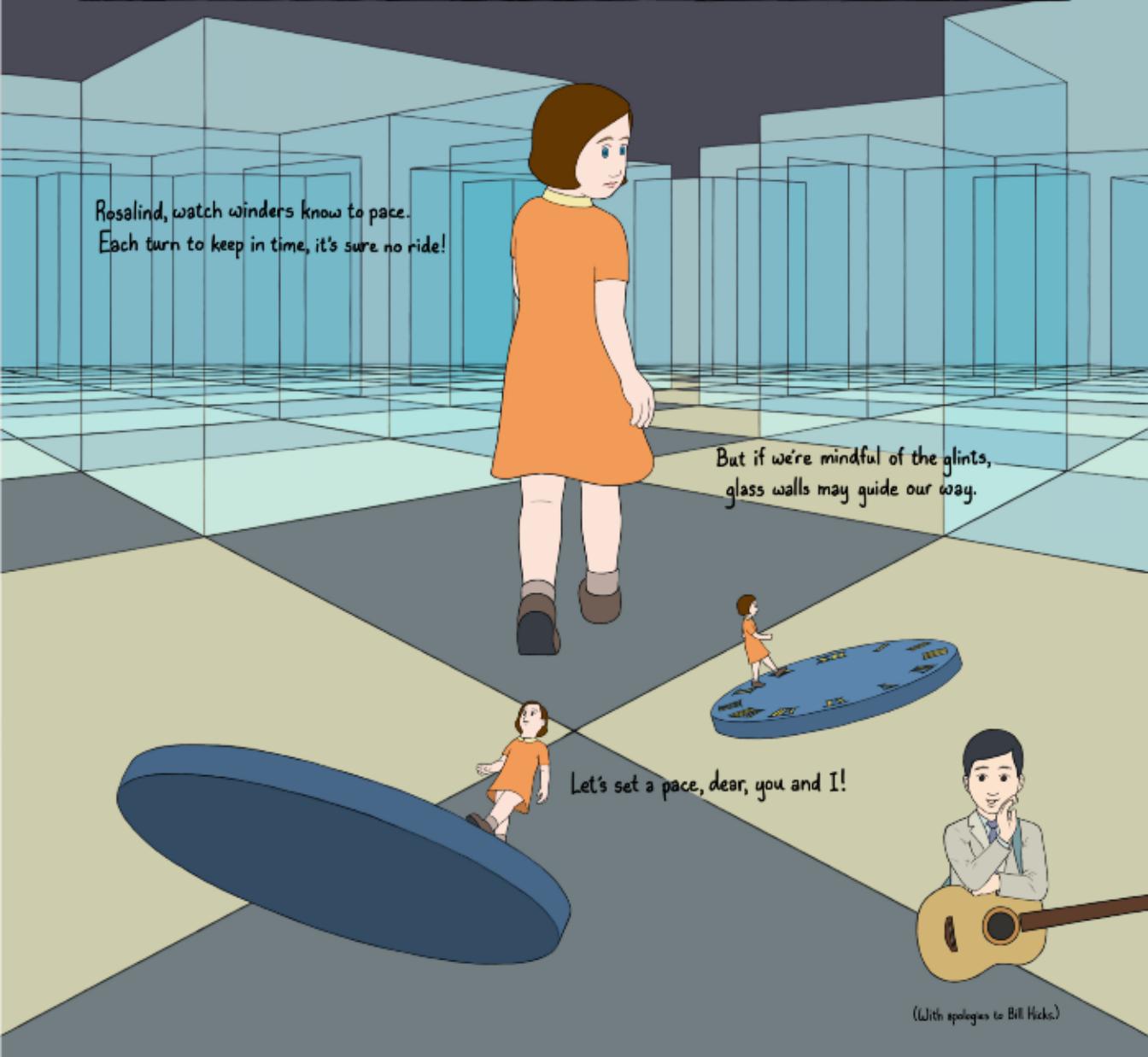
# Young Rosalind at the World's Fair

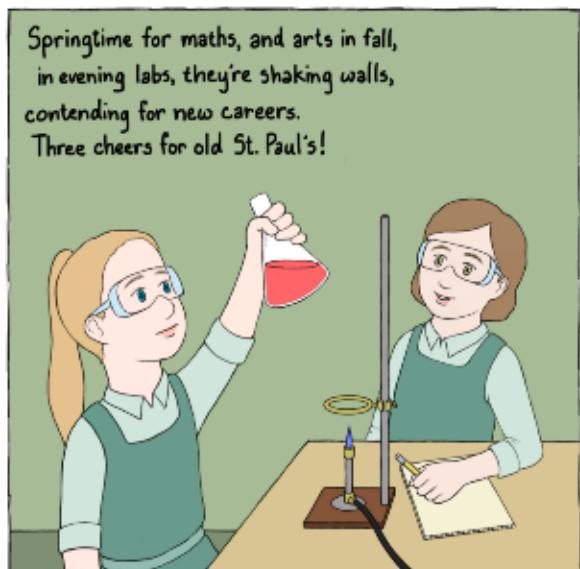
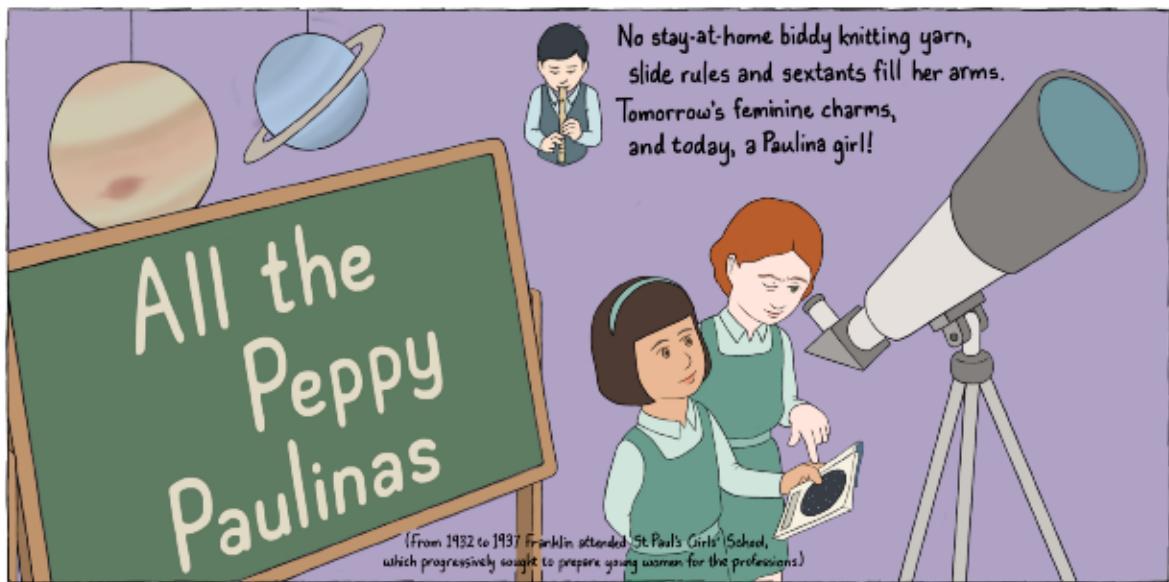
(Rosalind Franklin was born on July 25, 1920 in Notting Hill, London, the eldest daughter of an influential Jewish family.)

Rosalind snubs her brothers though a fan of heights,  
for Miss Curie's ghost holds a curious sight.  
Her beaker gleams with light, and then she fades.

The crowd applauds, yet all the while,  
a hidden glass between the tiles  
fails to shake off young Rosalind's gaze!







Each strand of knowledge, if but a scratch,  
adds to the polish of St. Paul's class.  
A looking glass shining back  
is a beaming Paulina girl!



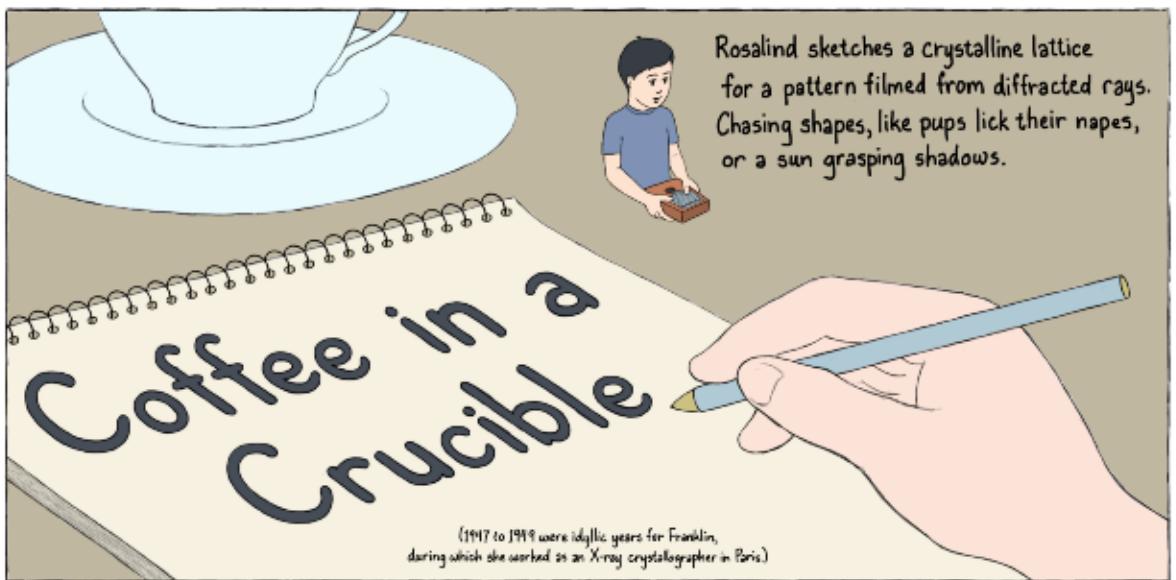
With half the praise for twice the work,  
she stakes her claim where men came first,  
and knows what pure intuition  
in a woman's words is worth...



So as science exposes unpeeling clues,  
she'll take some notes, but stay unmoved,  
barring straight concrete proof...



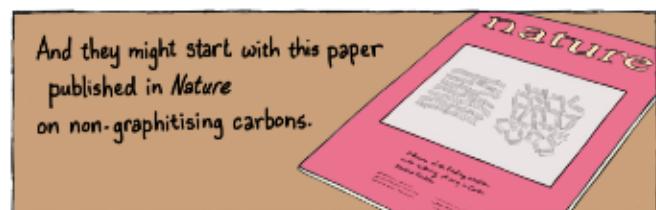
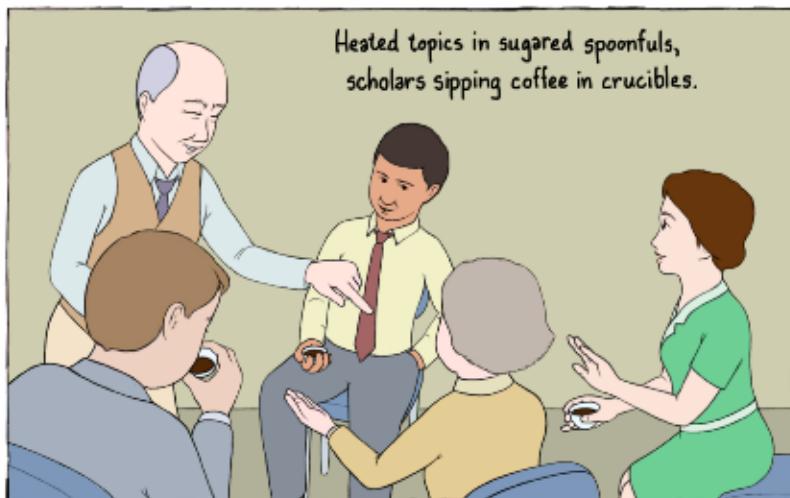
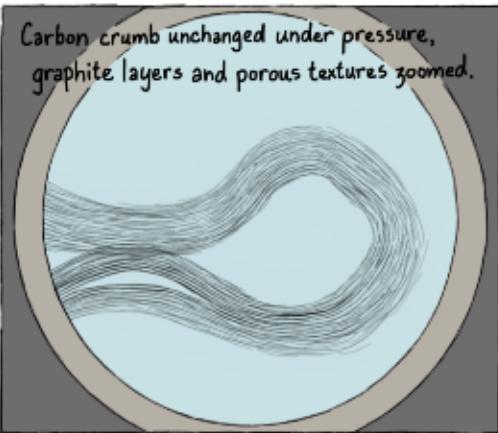
...The world awaits our Paulina girls!



Rosalind sketches a crystalline lattice  
for a pattern filmed from diffracted rays.  
Chasing shapes, like pups lick their napes,  
or a sun grasping shadows.

(1917 to 1919 were idyllic years for Franklin,  
during which she worked as an X-ray crystallographer in Paris.)





Rosalind's logbooks shuffled in order...



...echoed kiss careering down these corridors.  
"Chère mademoiselle, all of Paris bids you well.  
The flocks shall foretell your return."

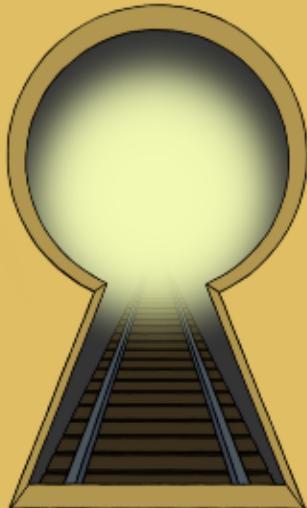


Wet, the wily finch,  
lagging by the Seine to highlight his tints.  
For we all call ourselves by where we've been,  
just like the westerly winds!



## Ruptures

Love, don't be sad, handshakes can bruise.  
Their loud gift of gab, I hate it too!  
Oh, but safe tunnel visions will guide us,  
and fate's a funnel shaped at its end.  
So whatever shape we'll take, dear, have faith:  
It's always to ourselves we're led.



(Franklin researched DNA at King's College from 1951 to 1953.  
Friction with colleagues and an unfamiliar work culture led her to draw inward.)

In a hallway of King's, we ponder this lock.  
A guard at his keep, Rosalind, my thoughts:  
Keys with more teeth keep them safer.  
Well, we'll cut, then bare, our teeth too!  
So let their whispers fade, self-contained  
to this male-only lounge room.

We'll build us a shed, and from inside we'll plan  
our silent advance through the dregs,  
with drills placed ahead. Though tumblers may crash,  
unruptured we'll pass into breath.

The vespers unheard, a lab to ourselves.  
Connections, we earn. Let none stoop to help!  
But do some tunnel visions just grind us  
down in the tip of a cone?  
Now with our sights derailed, should we fail,  
even this we'll never know.

For cells only shed hardened skin from inside,  
so all we've collided against  
will fill up our heads, with no room to divide  
into our own line of defence.

### Photograph 51

Let the rabble-rousing führer  
practise postures in his mirror,  
twisting anthems into drills,  
pierced hearts will consent.  
Still, industry and toil  
win the victory and spoils in the end!

Rosalind, oh Rosalind!  
Our fortress walls proudly gleamed.  
Each stone polished down to its sheen,  
with no filler spread in between.

We researched through the Blitz,  
war swung in our favour.  
We, who crouched in ashen pits!

That tented labs should prove  
to right our wrong labours,  
the day the sun leapt through...

Now Rosalind, oh Rosalind!  
Our paws may plough the aching snow  
for maps buried ages ago,  
entombed in the cities they know.

They raced the sinking sands  
on half-broken ladders  
we uncoiled into strands.

But when their fortunes ride  
on unspoken matters  
that run their sources dry...

In a bird's eye over tundra,  
bastions burst out from penumbrae,  
while the trickled thaw of spring  
might heal the world's wells.  
But ripples in the currents  
slowly crippled all our turrets, and we fell.

And Rosalind, oh Rosalind!  
Were prayers whispered to our beds  
smoke screens to silently tread,  
and balms to soothe our severed heads?

The noble savage crowned  
after his slaughter,  
by plaque on hallowed ground.

Unpublished stays the tract  
that swallowed its author.  
Her solace crushed to pass...

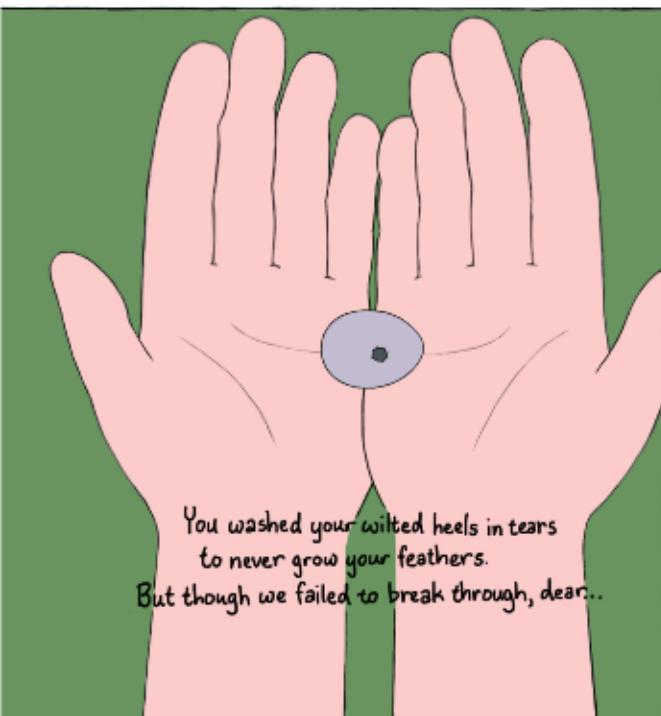


(\*Photo 51," Franklin's X-ray diffraction image of DNA, was shown to James Watson without her knowledge. Much controversy remains regarding the extent to which her work aided Watson and Crick in their discovery of DNA's double helical structure.)

# Unhatched

Last night you fell hunched over  
as again we set to roam.  
The moon a single puncture  
to our speckled eggshell dome.

I cheered you with a riacre chip  
won early in my youth,  
And hushed the drum of steady pips  
that lost your eggshell tooth.



You washed your wilted heels in tears  
to never grow your feathers.  
But though we failed to break through, dear...



...at least we failed together.

## "Honest Jim"

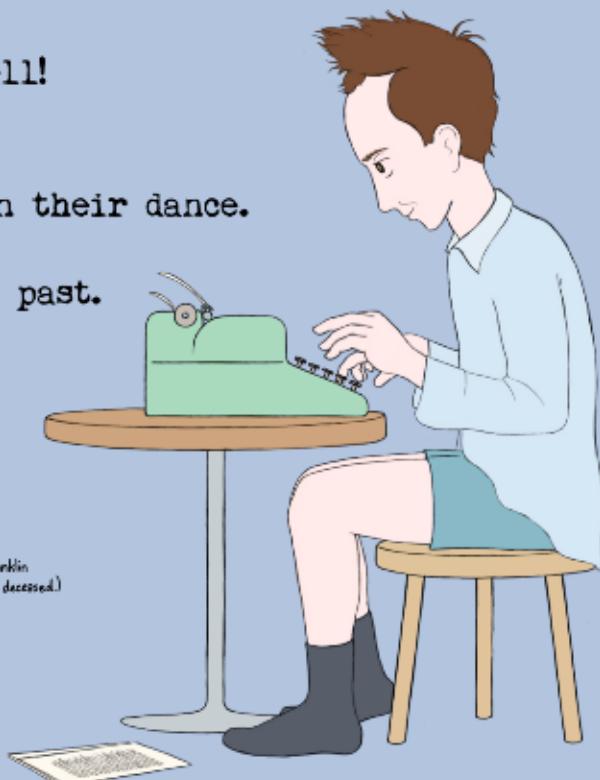
Some just see the stars  
as spots on their glasses,  
each night circling the passes  
huddled over a chart.  
Trusting all they've marked;  
when new wisdom clashes,  
they'll waver on which to discard.

Stuck on sheets and pens,  
building no trial models;  
numbers point and they follow,  
feelers inching ahead.  
They watched as we wobbled  
down rocky dead ends,  
our best hunches toppled again!

Surveying the seabed  
from glass-bottom boats,  
they cautiously hope not to drown.  
We take in a deep breath  
to splash in the moat,  
and raise up our scopes from the ground.

No one seized the well  
or snuck uninvited;  
methods just prove short-sighted,  
fortunes unfairly dealt.  
The day's work suffices,  
we shape nothing else.  
The rest is for time to tell!

Clouds shall be seeded  
and whirlwinds contained,  
when men lose all faith in their dance.  
Gouged by the seasons  
or felled in a day,  
a pillar's erased from the past.

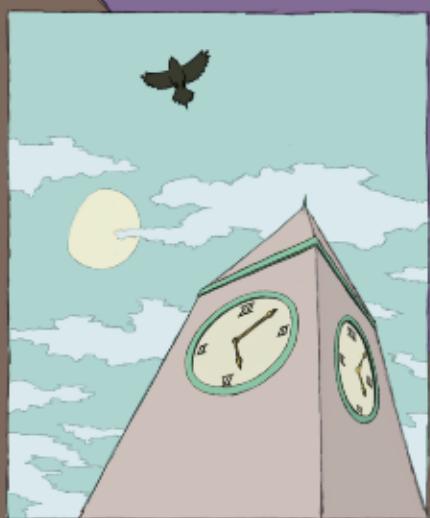
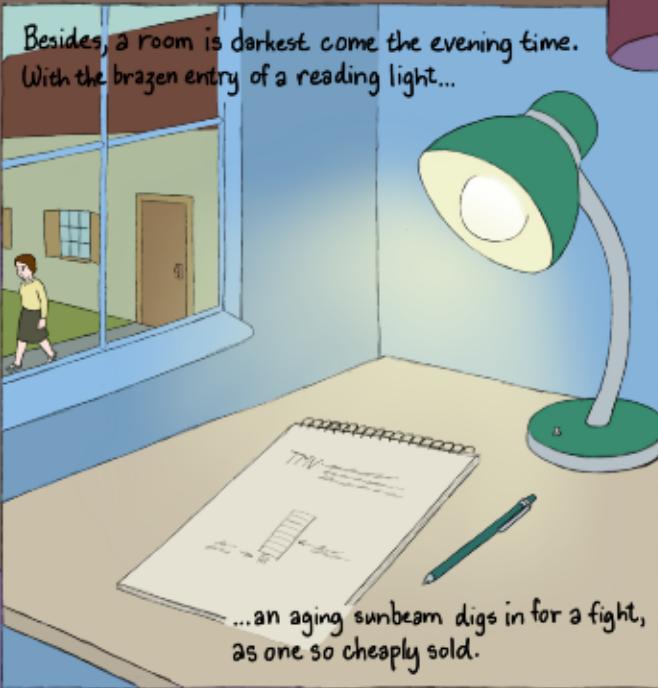


(Watson's 1968 book *The Double Helix* infamously portrayed Franklin  
in an unflattering and sexist light, at a time when she was not long deceased.)



She pushed her feet  
into the avenues, as  
stubborn years unscrolled.

## Rosalind's Mosaic Path



And how the pavement's age  
shows in crow's feet prints!



A shackled gaze which  
hardened into squints,  
as all who bear the glare.



Oh  
dandelion...

...through  
bursting crack...

...in youth's  
defiance...

...pushed its  
roots down...

...amongst  
the giants...

...but leaves  
no patch.

Now slouched with  
balding crown...

...days whittled  
to the ground.



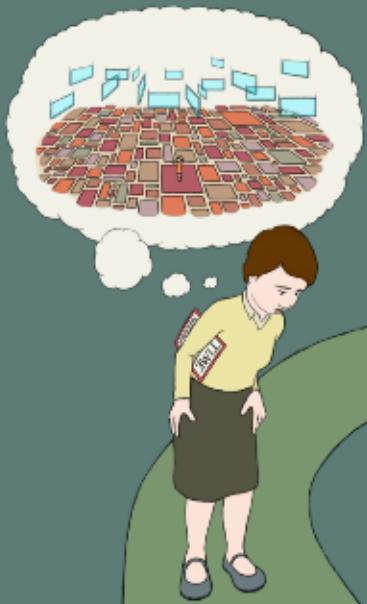
And were these scribbled clouds  
once clues to riddles found in  
open view, traced through  
each new day's gauze?



In one fit of haste,  
all truth was lost.



Rosalind gathers up her  
fractured stones, with edges  
polished in a tumbling cone...



But could each new tile hide  
another divide for time to seal  
her Pepper's ghost inside?

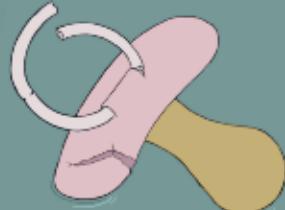


Oh pacifier...

...its pledge  
to nurse...

...now crushed  
by tires...

...in curbside  
shadows.



As stepping  
stones prior...

...all fade  
in worth...



...but still, may  
proudly know...

...their greater good  
has grown.

Smiles for  
finches heard...



The crispy leaves of brisk  
Septembers nip the heels  
like crackling embers.

Like scribes of ancient tablets  
tumbled from our infant hands.



Our lives to fetch the fragments,  
sketching etchings sieved from sand...



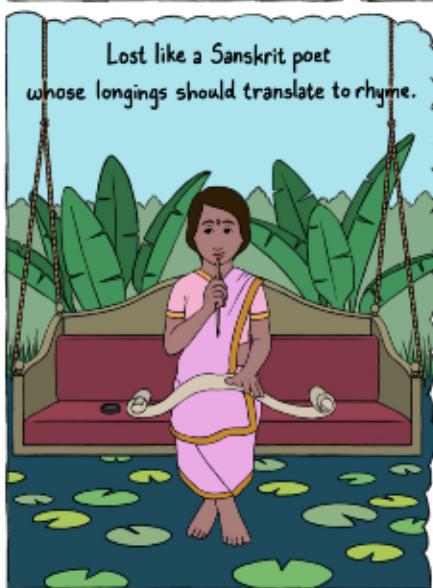
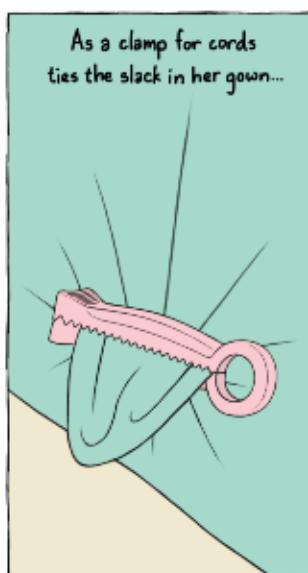
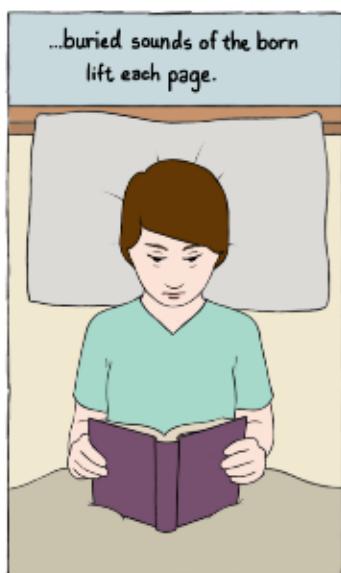


...in palimpsestic pamphlets  
future lives may never glance.

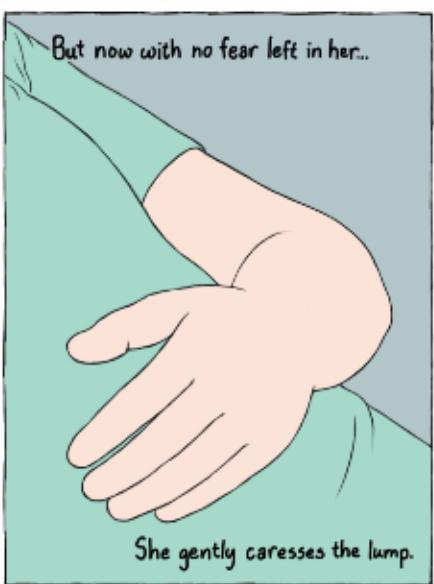
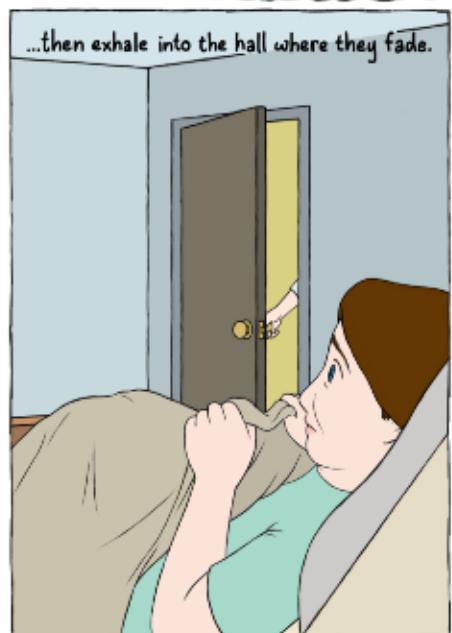
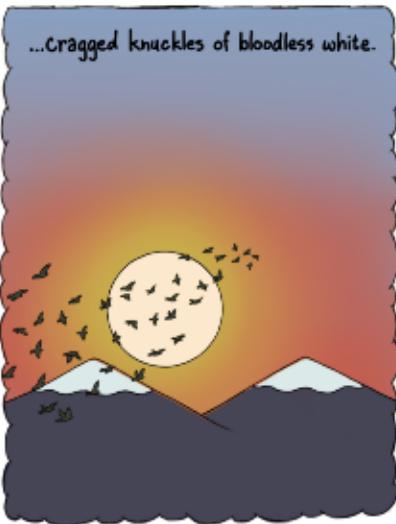


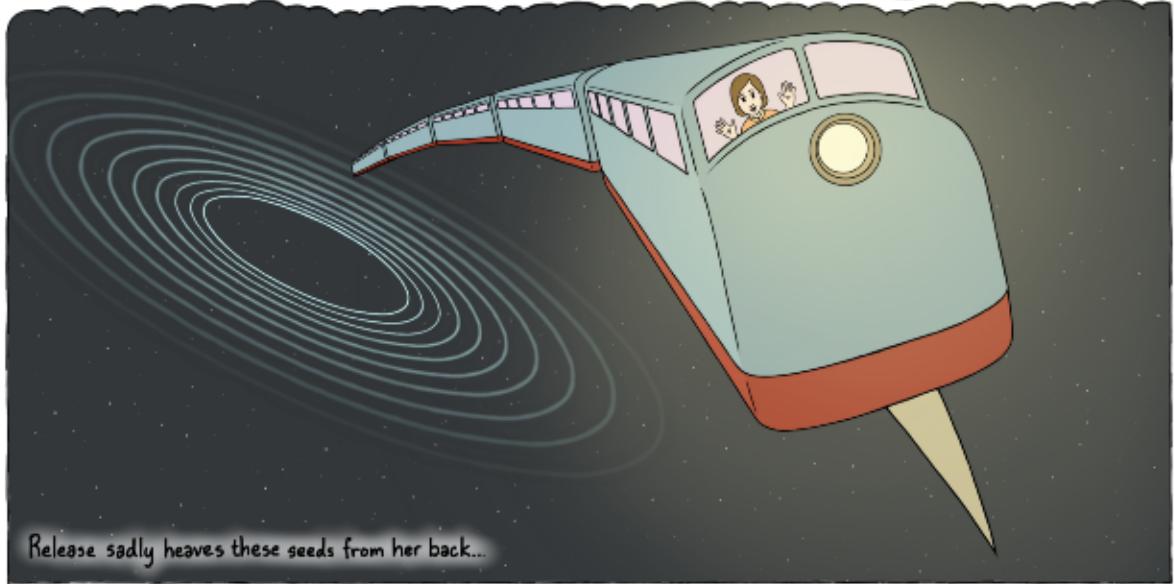
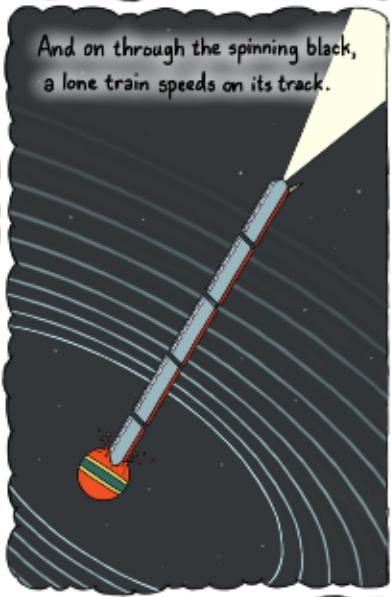
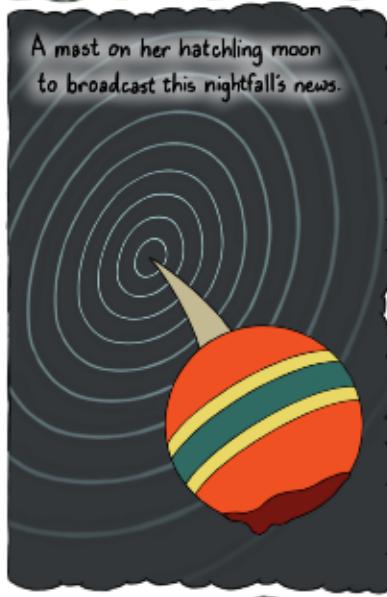
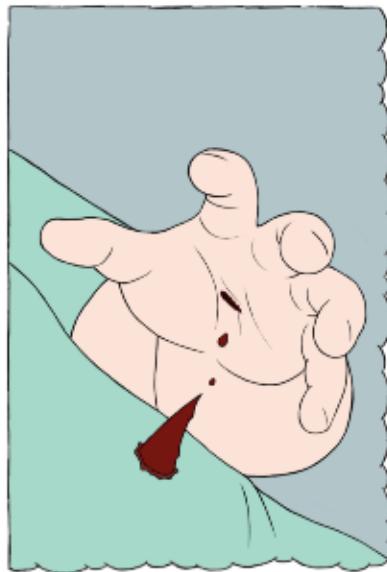
Yet science  
stays intact...

# Last Labours

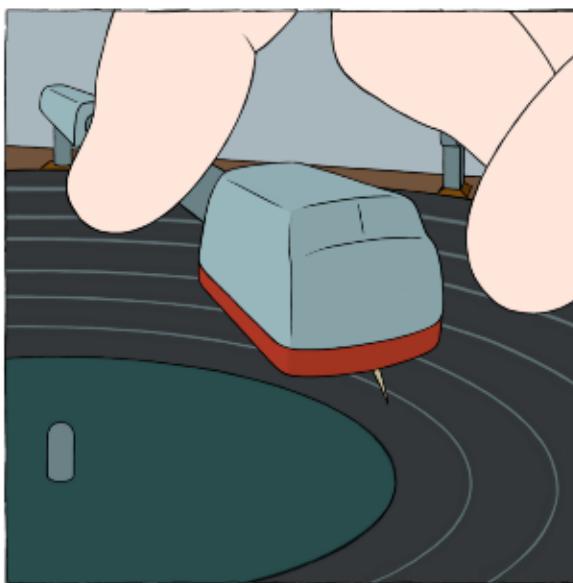








Release sadly heaves these seeds from her back...



The glass remains unfogged, much like this Brussels morn.



(Franklin died from ovarian cancer at age 37 on April 16, 1958, the same day her tobacco mosaic virus model was put up on display at the World's Fair in Brussels.)

Her virus model gleams throughout Heysel Square.



Paulinas join the throng. Will one draw crowds of her own someday, perhaps the next World's Fair?

# Whale Fall

I've swam along the echoed wakes  
of a thousand rumoured ancients.  
Like gravel gently raked  
all around my stonewalled sides,

I too shall wear away to places  
where the strange shapes lie.

Sun seekers slashed the canvas sky,  
thus spilling twilight tendrils.  
Our schools in seizures dried,  
so towards the shoals I fed.

To shield lit islands, thin moon shuts.  
Thus sunk by heaven's eyelid,  
my cries shall cease the dusk,  
an unfolded crane I'll die.

As shallow Indies ebbed to pebbles,  
I saw my corpus wrecked.

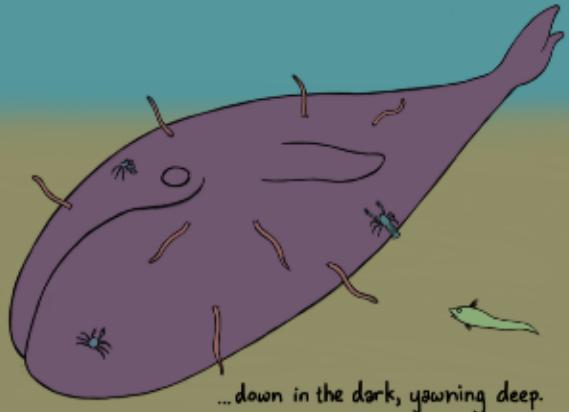
In dreams I too am crowned an island,  
where the strange shapes lie.

Would trusty pitchforks in hand  
prod for sighs sighed unknown?  
Fates rotting in sand,  
from fears fled to land  
tugging heartaches in tow?

Beneath the sargassum hills  
where no light's columns reach,  
a lone city builds,  
its masons and mills  
humming heartaches to sleep...



Or merely harvest these bones?



...down in the dark, yawning deep.