

Dreaming of Dreaming Poetry by Peter E. Williams

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Of Dreaming



Peter E. Williams

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Dreaming Of Dreaming Poetry by Peter E. Williams Edited by tiM McCann

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I wish to thank tiM, editor, but firstly and
foremosty friend, for his honest criticism and
undying enthusiasm that he has shown towards
my poetry. Without his work, this book would not

have happened.

Dreaming of Dreaming

Poetry by Peter E. Williams

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Nuts

Crazy as a cashew.
Unbelievably lucky,

I keep my job,
live alone,
lead a lucky life.

Always the same old job,
17 years of it.

Go nowhere.
Be nobody.
Do nothing.

Sheer luxury.

Shame

They got to me.

They drove me
off the deep end.

But I'm lucky
with my label,
and my safe job.

Shame I'm nuts.
Blissful,
lucky,
shame.

Mind Stew

Boil, boil, and
on it stews,
the broth that cooks,
on the stove
that is my mind.

Ideas bob up,
then quickly go.
But some will stay
and add to the
flavour that is
my twisted mind.

Dreaming of dreaming with my cat.

(Dedicated to Go the cat)

Early this morning in bed,
I had a very pleasant dream.

I dreamt that I was asleep
on the sofa
with my cat
(that I don't have anymore)
curled up on my back,
and we were both
warm and happy.

Those types of dreams
are always the best
and I never want
to wake up from them.

But then again...
I'd never get to
see the beautiful day
in store for me.

Piffle the Cat

My cat came to me in a dream last night,
he needed my love and my reassurance
that things would be okay.

His name was Patches,
but he answered to Piffle
and he was a sook and a cuddler.

My cat came to me in a dream last night,
he never deserved to go
the way that he did.
no-one did.
you see, he was killed by vicious dogs
at the front door of his home

He never did learn to fight
only to run
But he wasn't fast enough that day,
he was getting a little old.

My cat came to me in a dream last night,
I told him I loved him and he told me the same,
for it was twenty years ago
that he was taken away
to the very day.

My Mum

I love my Mum,
I always do,
always have,
always will.

She's always joining dots,
but never quite
getting the picture.

So we're always
drawing those pictures,
Dad and me.

Framing them,
and hanging them
on the walls,
for Mum to see.

I love Mum!
Everybody does.
She's such a
loving, lovable, caring
and wonderful human being.
God, I love her.

White Space

Here I sit,
at my word pro,

the white space
staring me down,
but not out.

I experiment,

juxtaposing
pseudo-random words
into pretentious,
premeditated
poetry.

Then with an afflatus,
words flow,
whispered by my muse,
into lines and stanzas.

Life's A Beach

I am not you.
You are not me.
Me, myself and I will get alone just fine.
Fine for that is life.
Life in the suburbs is sedate.
Sedated in the psych. wards.
Wardrobe looks a little bare.
Bare all at the beach.

Merchant Banker

Merchant banker
willie wanker
likes to spank her
can't thank her

change the lock
adjust the clock
darn my sock
suck my cock

Mega, Giga, Tera

Down in those malls
those super malls
we've got mega stores
and we're making them bigger

1000 times more,
giga stores
NO!!!
make them bigger still
a million times better
more freebees
a million times bigger...
we'll call them TERASTORES.

\$1,000,000,000,000

A million to hate

how many men could I find to hate ???
how many have betrayed me ???
10, 100, 1000

or a million times more

It's just how you look at it;
'cos if you don't have the time
or the energy to hate
then you will find true peace
if only you look inside.

To have lived our fantasies

I found you
you found me
we corresponded
we fantasized

I gave without questioning
you promised it all
but you delivered nothing

had you really promised without thinking ???
or did your feet turn cold ???

And the Expletives Remained

The lines flowed,
the poem wrote itself
and the expletives remained

Fuck the Poetry Police!
Fuck you all, very much.

Spinning Out

The last time I was
" hearing voices" again
was only a couple of days ago.
I was sick in bed
with a viral infection.
I was trying to sleep
but voices kept saying
" Think what you know is true."

But then I would think,
" Well what do I know is the truth ?"

Then I'd think of something
and say, well that's true,
and quick as a flash
another voice would say
" Is that really what you believe ?
Is that what is true ?
Isn't that bullshit ?"

And then I'd have to think of
something else to believe in.

And this was not a relaxed process.

No way!
It was manic.

It seemed to happen
a 1000 times a minute,
and it just wouldn't stop.

At least, it went on
for an hour or so,
and it seemed like an eternity.

Just another day
in the life of
"a person with schizophrenia."

Walls & Sledge Hammers

Where do I start ?
At the beginning of course,
but where is that exactly ?
I am
(to state it in
politically incorrectly language)
a schizophrenic.

And I have been living
with that label
for the past 15-odd years now.

I live by myself,
have a few close friends...

But I count myself as
one of the lucky ones
because throughout all of times
in and out of
psych. wards of hospitals,

I kept the same job,
with a large
government organization,

and they've been very
supportive towards me.

Today, at work,
in my lucky full time job
as a government nobody,
I get largely left alone and
to my own devices.

For better or for worse,
but always with an occasional
supervisory peer
over my shoulder
to keep me in line.

"Oh yes, <Fred>,
your job is safe,
we do value your work,

just keep going
at your own pace.

We're not too sure
where or
how exactly you fit in,

but we like
having you around,
and, hey,
somebody has to
do the odd jobs,
and we think you're
just the man."

Alas,
I am not lucky enough
to have a job that I'm in love with.

My career is not my life.

Sometimes I think that
I'm just a tiny cog
in a ridiculously enormous machine -
but there are also moments
when keeping that cog turning
seems to make a (slight) difference.

I have good days
and other days.

Sometimes the other days get ugly.

But, I always try to do
the right things at work,
for recognition perhaps,
or perhaps simply
to prove that I am really
not incompetent at my job.

I can do it well,
and I do it the best
of my capabilities.

And if that means that
I hit brick walls then
so be it -

I just have to get help
when I hit one.
I have learnt
through bitter experience,
that when I hit a wall,
they will almost always out-stare me.

So that's when I get a ladder,
or maybe a sledge hammer.

Knots

(Dedicated to Mistress Alexis)

I am naked,
assume the position.
I know it well.

She grabs her rope.
Around it goes.
Through my arms
and around again,

knotted then back.
" Keep still, please."

and through again,
and back around,
again and again,
and tied off in
a love knot.

She double-checks
the bondage.
Finally she is satisfied
with my helplessness.

Then she leaves me alone.
I struggle a little.
It is hopeless.
I am helpless,
totally!

I move around a little,
trying to become comfortable.

The ropes bite in.
Time passes,
Hands become numb.
The clock ticks on.
I lose track of time,

it goes so slowly,
how much longer will
she make me wait ?

More time passes.
Eventually she comes back.
Soon I will have freedom,
but not before we
have played some more.

Oh, the agony.
Oh, the ecstasy.
I truly love it.

I can't wait for my freedom,
then to do it all again.

"He's fallen in the water!"

Ying tong tiddle high poe
and other shades of Goonism
drifting in and out
of the corners of my mind
reminiscing about those

hazy radio days
crazy voices reverberating
around the room
antics of Milligan and co.
amazing, surprising,

entertaining,
delighting,
always echoing

Voices again. Been there, done that...

I can still vividly remember
the last time that I was "hearing voices"
(to use a worn out metaphor).

It was less than a week ago.
I had been there a thousand times before.

Yes, I am on medication.
Yes, I do take it regularly.

But this was only
a short lived episode.

It was a Saturday, and
I hadn't gotten dressed all day,
but instead I had
been napping off and on all day.

I had also done my weeks washing and
had it drying on a clothes horse
in the lounge room
(as is normal, being winter).

It was early evening and
I wanted to go to sleep.

Slumber was a blissful escape,
or perhaps only sometimes.

Anyway, I couldn't get any sleep,
and my mind was racing.

"Everyone's going to find out
all about those secrets.

Everyone will know the
worst things that I can imagine.

They will know all about me
and everything that I imagined

people saying will be true now."

They keep on going around in my head.

They're crap,
and I know it.
They're just voices,
I tell myself,
but why won't they go away ?
A short time passed.
More voices,
different voices,

"You know what to do,
Mother always says so.
What should I do now ?
I don't know!
But you know what to do,
don't you ?"

The vicious circle kept going 'round.

Time to get up from bed and
ring Mum,
after all
she knows what to do.

Scattered and shaking,
I do this.

I go to the phone,
sit down, and
phone ever-reliable Mum.

She is my tower of strength.

It's an STD call
but I don't care.

She tells me to ring the Crisis Team
(aka the Mental Health Triage)
but I can only fumble with
my electronic organizer.

I know exactly how it works,
inside and out,
but I could not operate it to save myself.

I get a pen and Mum tells me
the phone number of the crisis team and
I write it down.

She tells me that
she can be on the next bus
if I need her to be with me.

I tell her "no thanks,
I think I'll be OK".
I hang up the phone and

call the Crisis Team.

I speak to a lady who knows me,
although I cannot recall her.

She talks me through it and
tells me to watch a bit of TV or
listen to some music and
to occupy myself until
later in the night.

My mini-crisis passes
as I follow this advice throughout the night.

Was it because I did all of
the "right things" or
was it simply that my "medication"
was taking effect ?

The above episode
was only a small tremor,
but it still scared me a bit.

I guess that I took it better
than I otherwise might have
because I have been there before
and done it all before.

But that doesn't make it
any less scary at the time.
It's only with the benefit of hindsight
that I can see that I could cope with it.

An Abecedarian Story

Aardvarks' abacuses abate academia accordingly as
Beavers breach bridges built by
Cats claws cleverly constructing,
Dogs deeply dig ditches downward
Eels electrify electrons, elevating engineered entrapments
Fish flatulate food foully
Gazelles glide gracefully
Hawks hedonistically hold holidays
Ibexes idealistically indulge inexpensive infidelities
Jackanapes jam jazz, jealous Jehovahs judge
Kangaroos' karma kills kindergartens
Labradors lament lost love
Macaws mainly manipulate manure
Nags napalm nasty necrophiles
Ocelots often open operas
Panthers persistently piss
Quails quantify quarrels queerly
Rats relegate responsibilities
Salmon seldom sing songs
Tadpoles tastelessly tell tempting testaments
Unicorns unknowingly, unwittingly upbeat urgent urinal usage
Venison vent verbal volcanic volleys
Wallabies want wellingtons with wings

X-Dodos. x-tinct.
Yaks yell yesterday's Yiddish yoo-hoos
Zebras zip zodiac zones.

Hollywood Romantiks

I long to be loved,
just like in the movies.
It's all so easy
for the love-struck stars

They met
They didn't get along
then slowly...
they fell in love

It's so easy
for them,
they just fall in love
easy as pie

They say,
" It's not fair,
It's so easy for them.
Why doesn't it happen to *me* ?"

It doesn't happen to me either!
Life is not a fairy tale.

And yet love will happen.
Of that I'm sure.

Are we there yet ?

Here we go...
on a fantastic journey
of self discovery.

He told me:
" Just grab a pen
and write whatever you feel.
Let it flow.
It's best
when you don't
premeditate your writing."

I should:
edit my writing,
not my ideas !

I should:
take my own advice.

But, I think,
that's easier said than done.
Don't I always try to think
of what I'm going to say next,
before I commit it to paper ?

But then I think,
" What is good writing anyway ?
How will I know when I'm there ?"

"Are we there yet ?"

It didn't really happen

You went down the street
just an ordinary day

you saw a young girl
innocent and sweet
talking to her dad
about everyday stuff

their freezer needed defrosting
happens everyday

did you really tell her
or did you just dream it
how to make a little... tiny... flame thrower ???

*of course you didn't !!!
you're not that stupid,
and even if you did
you weren't serious.
she'd know that.*

you'd never even tried
to make one yourself
but you'd heard it somewhere...
that you can make one
from an aerosol can and a flame

and she could even reach that freezer
if she just stands on a chair

try telling her parents
try telling **her**
you weren't serious
you didn't even know
if it would work

try living with the memory of that scared little face
all covered with bandages
never the same again

but don't worry
it was just a dream
it didn't really happen at all, did it ?

just keep telling yourself
it was all just a bad, bad dream.

Lovely Passenger

Here I sit,
on my bus,
seated behind
a vision divine.

She is young
and beautiful.
But mostly she is
a nubile,
young thing.

She looks
a little tired,
but young at heart.

She sneezes.
Will I say
" Bless you" ?
Perhaps not.

Oh, I pine for
the days when
she may have been mine.

She is truly
a vision of
loveliness, divine.

Lust

This morning,
on my bus,
travelling to work,
I passed a woman
sitting in her car.

She was very attractive,
I recall from
my two second glance.

lovely face,
and such nice,
long, black hair.

and did I crave for her ?
lust for her ?

have
rampant,
wanton,
lustful

desires for her ?

beg for
mad,
passionate,
non-stop
sex ?

why, no.
You do believe me, don't you ?

Looking Good

She has:
Terrific tits,
Beautiful boobs,
Lovely lungs,
Magnificent mammaries,
Nice nipples,
and

a cute arse!

Circular Poem

Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear,
ROW DEAR, ROW DEAR, ROW,
ROW,
ROW,
ROW,
STROKE, STROKE, STROKE,

oooh,
stroke,
stroke,
stroke,
oh dear, oh dear, oh dear.

From Attitude to Gratitude

No longer do I have
the sheer luxury of
a do nothing,
be nobody,
go nowhere job.

It's good to have some real work to do.
But now, of course,
I have to work with
crappy computers and
a card file system that
have stood still in time.

As the world evolved
and got ready for
the next millenium,
we are stuck here in
a 70s time warp
with nothing but
dusty old shelves
and compactii
and junk
that belongs in a museum
to work with.

And still,

to get results
with antique systems
can give me
a feeling of self worth.

I do indeed lead a lucky life.
After all, I have a job
(with good conditions
and people too).

I keep my job,
and try my darndest
to do a good and honest job.
Because that is what
makes life worth living.

Good friends,
family,
co-workers,
and the satisfaction
of knowing that I will live
to enjoy life another day.

Perhaps

Do I believe in God ?
That depends on what you mean by God.

Do I believe in life after death ?
That depends how you define life,
how you define existence.

Do I have a soul ?
I don't know how you define a soul,
but I suspect that I do.

I believe that there is something to look forward to
after death.

I believe that in some way, in some "place" the
souls of "good men" end up and exist together.

I don't know what or where it is,
But I'm looking forward to it - one day,
one eternity - perhaps.

Remembered Turf

I've got the password
and I'm into the system.

It's precipitating wet stuff
out of the sky,
but I'm warm and
dry in here.

And tiM was blown away
by his wet suit,
the other day at the coast...

And now I'm just listening
to some jazzy kind of music,
playing on the stereo,

as we remember the amazing
turf sculptures
in Civic,
in some abandoned
bank office building,
now reclaimed as art space
for the common man.

One Tuesday in February

It's a beautiful day to be alive!
I have just stepped outside the building
on my lunch break
with a can of Coca-Cola
and now I can quietly relax
and enjoy sitting on a bench
in the sunshine and sit
and quietly sip on my drink.

The quietness is interrupted
by a helicopter flying overhead
for a moment.

A few more sips
and the caffeine
and chemical cocktail
begins to work,
to give me a "rush"
– or perhaps just a nudge.

One quick ten minute walk
around the buildings
and I'm half way
back to my building.

I'm a little puffed
but feeling good.
Better start heading back
to my office soon.

One Wednesday in March

I walk outside into the glorious day.
The sun shines brightly,
another lunch time,
another can of coke.

Sweet as honey.
Sickly sweet.
I find time to sit
in the shade,
enjoy the beautiful day
and sip the sweet nectar.

Such a change from

the stuffy offices –
air conditioned and
closed and
controlled climate.

My Brother. Oh brother...

I have a brother
who thinks that he understands
all about my condition.

But, deep down
I think that
he thinks that
my condition is
all caused by a combination of:

low self-esteem,
not thinking positively,
bad diet, and
a guilty conscience

(presumably about either
not working hard enough,
seeing prostitutes, or
forgetting birthdays, or
some crap like that).

He has lots of good intentions
but basically he can't
come to terms with
the fact that
I earn a good salary
(not unlike him)

but I spend all my money
(basically on myself)
with not much to show for it,
and he has a wife and
four kids to support.

If I mention on the phone
that I have to go down the street
to buy a few groceries,
then he will gladly spend
half an hour telling me about
his favourite recipe, and
what ingredients to buy to make it
(and how good it will be for me) -
even though I tell him that
I could not be less interested in his recipe.

Oh brother!

Religion, sex, etc.

I have some ...
shall I say
unconventional views on religion.

I was touched by a Christian "anecdote",
for lack of a better thing to call it,
where, the story goes
that a man talks to god and
says (basically)

"throughout my life
I have been walking along a beach,
and I saw two sets of footprints,
yours and mine.

But in the worst times of my life
I only saw one set of footprints.

Why did you abandon me God ?"
And God replies
" At those times,
I had not abandoned you,
I was carrying you!

You see I never abandoned you,
I was always there for you."

That story always gets me right *there*.

But basically
I don't call myself a Christian.

I don't know if I believe in God,
but I believe that
there must be something after death.

I believe that the souls of good people
end up in some kind of eternity,

I would not exactly describe it as heaven,
in the Christian definition.

I believe that the Bible lays out
some very good ideals of how to live
and how people should
live by being "nice" to each other
and so on,

but ultimately,
I guess I just don't buy all of that
fire and brimstone stuff,
and miracles left, right and centre.

I even found out a
little bit about Buddhism,
and liked some of the
stuff I found out,
until I found out that they have,
shall we say,
very strict views on
sexually and

what is sexually "proper"
(for the lack of another word).

My sex life is
what I call normal,
if only slightly kinky.

I have a friend who I have an arrangement
to see when the want arises.
She is a prostitute and
one of my best friends.

She keeps telling me
that I am very special to her.

We are not exactly straight-laced
(neither of us),
but we know what we are doing and
we are both consenting adults and
that's really all that needs to be said.

In the past I have been
betrayed by people,
workmates,
who I once trusted -

all in the name of
playing a practical joke,
to humiliate and
embarrass me about my private life.

I don't like what they did to me,
but I don't despise them for it either.
(I don't have the time or
energy to hate people).

I think that their actions only go
to prove just how shallow
they really are.

I don't work with these
people any more
(because they have moved on to other jobs).

Pokies

Here I am again
in the club.

Came for lunch,
stayed for a beer,
and to play
the one-armed bandits.

The victory jingles
of many machines

are deafening,
but they are not
playing for me.

So many times,
one off that
big prize.

Better to stop now
than later.

Therefore

That is a poem
it is a lyric verse
all lyric verses are poetry,
therefore all poetry is lyric verse.

That is green
it is a blade of grass
all grass is green,
therefore all things green are grass.

Bill of Rights Cut-up (last 3)

establishment of religion,
freedom of speech,
peaceably to assemble,
redress of grievances.

a free State,
not be infringed.

in any house,
time of war,
prescribed by law.

persons, houses, papers,
not be violated,
supported by oath
to be searched,
to be seized.

otherwise infamous crime,
in cases arising
in actual service
be subject for
life or limb;
witness against himself,
process of law;
without just compensation.

right to a
State and district
district shall have
of the nature
witnesses against him;
in his favor,
for his defense.

controversy shall exceed
shall be preserved,
in any court
the common law.

excessive fines imposed,
unusual punishments inflicted.

of certain rights,
by the people.

by the Constitution,
the States respectively,
to the people.

Forked!

Thoust spake lies.
Lies, lies and more damn lies.

Thoust tongue is forked.

Just ‘orrible

This is an ‘oribble poem
about ‘orrible Ed & ‘orrible Sid.

Now ‘orrible Ed
had an ‘orrible ‘ead,
but ‘orrible Sid
had an ‘orrible kid.
And that’s enough
of this ‘orrible poem!

What is love ? #1

Love is:
walking through the park
holding hands,
kissing,
cuddling,
hugging,
great sex.

No that’s just a fantasy.
But it’s a great fantasy
of mine,
and one that doesn’t
impose any stereotypes on anyone.

So I’ll hang onto it.

We would like to suggest that you try reading this poem backwards, line by line.

What is love ? #2

"Love is a many splendid thing."

that's what someone said,
but don't ask me who.

Love is different things
for different people,

but for me,
love is about
being there
for someone special,
and about them
being there for me too.

I love my Mum & Dad,
and yes, my brother too,
and all his family,
and all my other relatives,

all my close friends,
and the other ones too,
who I only see now and then,

I love Annie on 2XX,
who I've never even met,
who just talks away
to me on the radio,
happy as can be,
brightening up my morning.

I love:
rock stars,
pop stars,
movie stars,
and lots of people
who I will never even know,
except through their publicity machines,

yet if you asked me,
I'd say,
" Sure, I love:
Shania,
Alanis,
Pamela,
and Kim Hope too"

and so many more,
whose names escape me,
leaving me with
only fleeting images,
from movies, TV, and magazines.

I love happy people,
and struggling souls,
and down-and-outs,
and just about everyone!

I love beautiful people,
and the rest too,
because beauty isn't about
size or shape,

it's about what's inside,
and what you think and do.

But I don't have
someone special in my life.
A lover,
to love,
and be loved by,
passionately,
sexually,
sensually!

so instead I dream on,
just loving life itself.

And yes, I go on loving
those girls
from bordellos too,
just occasionally.

Hey, I'm only human,
and I need loving too.
Or is that just sex & lust ?

I need loving,

I need love,

I love loving,

but don't ask me
what love is.

About the Poet

Peter Eric Williams was born on 1st of November, 1961, in Adelaide, South Australia, and grew up in places which include: Adelaide, Berri, Sydney, Oro Bay (Papua), Sydney (again), Canberra, Penang Island (Malaysia); before then returning with his family to Canberra, where he finished primary school, then High School and College, living in Lyneham. He then got a job with the Department of Defence, as a Trainee Draftsman, just before turning 20, where he continues to work to date (currently 1999), as a Technical Officer.

He has only recently taken up writing poetry. When he enrolled in a poetry workshop last year, with the ACT Writers' Centre, he needed to bring a sample of his own poetry to the workshop, and he didn't have any, so he wrote the poem which became "Nuts" (in a shortened form) in the evening before the workshop. It was warmly received in the workshop, and thus the germ of his poetry writing was planted and grew. He continues to share his poetry with fellow poets at the Closet Poets, who meet twice a month at the ACT Writers' Centre, and also occasionally performs his work on radio 2XX.

Peter was diagnosed as a Schizophrenic approximately 15 years ago, and now leads a relatively "normal" life, with his full-time job, and on continual anti-psychotic medication. He lives in a rented, two bedroom flat in the Canberra suburb of Hawker, where in his spare time he uses his personal computer for the internet, programming and of course, writing poetry and publishing it on his own personal web page.

A large section of Peter's poetry appears on his personal home page (<http://members.fortunecity.com/pew>). Some of Peter's poetry currently appears on internet web site "The Australian BDSM Information Site" (http://www.ozabis.info/stories_poetry.html), in the "short stories and poetry" section.

Peter said, "I hope that this poetry will: amuse, bemuse, entice, entertain, delight, shock, inform, educate and inspire the readers of these pages." Read this book and you will discover some of the quirky corners of his mind, about what turns him on, turns him off, and what turns him a little crazy...