

SAAVY

(As in SAV-e, get it?)

A digi newsletter dedicated to you, from me.

Volume 1

April 2009

I'M BACK! SORTA.....

I got an itch, so I'm starting from scratch.

First things first. I'm doing better. Gonna take some "real" time though. As Vince Lombardi said: It's not whether you get knocked down; It's whether you get up. Well I'm ready to "giddy-up" on my horse, Paint. (Full update further down the page)



Before I get started, I've decide to poopcan the blog. Why you ask. Ah, it was just a pain in my technical rear, which sorta zaps the 'ol creativity. You have to prep so much the spontaneity goes out the window. Or maybe I'm just lazy. Anyway, I'm going back to the original approach. Sav-e, now "Saavy"! I can do them faster with more "style....hopefully. Nothing heavy or sales oriented. Just good 'ol BS! What I do best! We'll still be sending as a PDF and will post on the website. So keep an eye on your e or check the website now and then. (And upgrade or download Adobe reader, it's free!)

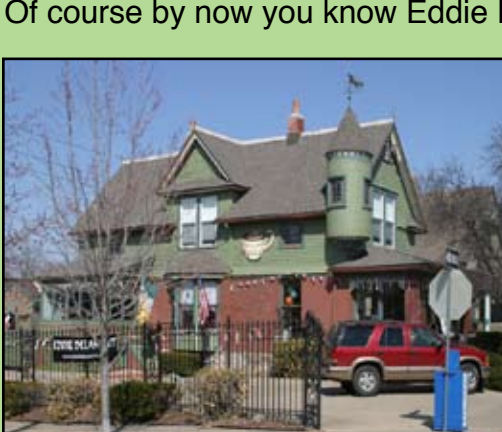
What it is! What it will be!

I've started writing this a gazzillion times and something always comes up...like pain. So I rest. But here I go again. Lots to talk about. Yeah it's April. Where the hell did Jan-March go? Don't ask me, I was in never never land. Like Peter Panski (Always knew he was Polish). So let's see. Moved the gallery back to it's old stomping grounds, thanks to some pals. And so a mighty thanks goes out to Jenny, Cami, Dan Orpin, Kevin Mulvany and the countless others (you know who you are, see photo) who helped to get it packed from the Plaza and set up in the old digs. Friends? Man I got 'em. Add to that the countless flowers, cards, letters, e's, texts, voice mails, dinners, visits, nursing help, Doc concerns, family and friends, and just plain old fashioned love. With all that I couldn't help but recover. Almost stayed on the Puhlaza too, but was not to be. I would have missed the fine old neighborhood anyway.

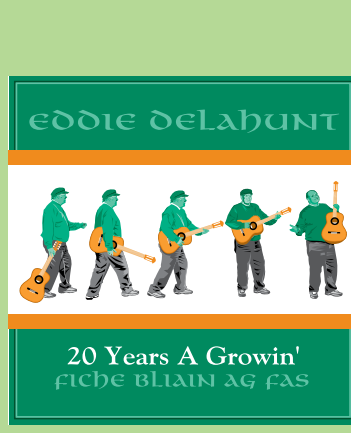


Speaking of the neighbors, we've got some good ones if you didn't know. The Knotty Rug Co. to the left of us (see top photo). Good people with awesome product. Alan Karlin Interior Design (913. 384.3358) is in there too. He's great. And of course my landlords, Bill and Ray. They own Show Me Antiques (Above). Real quality stuff and again, good guys.

Of course by now you know Eddie Delahunt's Cafe &. Kitty-corner from us.

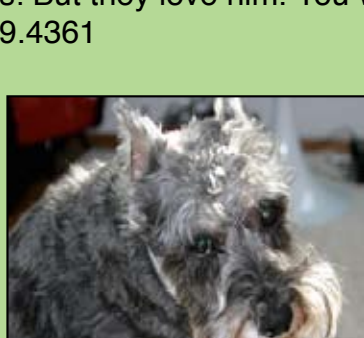


If not, well that's my car in the pic and my spot. So don't park there. This is just what a coffee shop should be. Great coffee, great company, i.e. good craic, as they say (Except for all the damn Irish that show up) and great music. If I could hear it. That dang infection screwed my hearing up. So Eddie, turn it up. He also has awesome soups and sandwiches. Oops I forgot. He's got anew CD out that commemorates his time in Yank land. It's called 20 Years A Growin' and man is it sweet.



And just \$10. You gots to have it. And his oh so perfect Cappuccino. The best. Slainte. That's Irish for buy coffee at Eddie's! hah!

And finally. A new arrival. Picasso Dog Groomery. Tak Sekimoto, owner and Certified Groomer. I tell ya. He is spectacular, like his place. Cool, clean and professional. If you don't use him, well, your dog is losing out. Located in Eddie's old digs, right across for his new digs. Dig it? My dogs do. See for yourself. And Slipper and Boogie aren't easy customers! But they love him. You will too. So book 'em Danno...816.569.4361

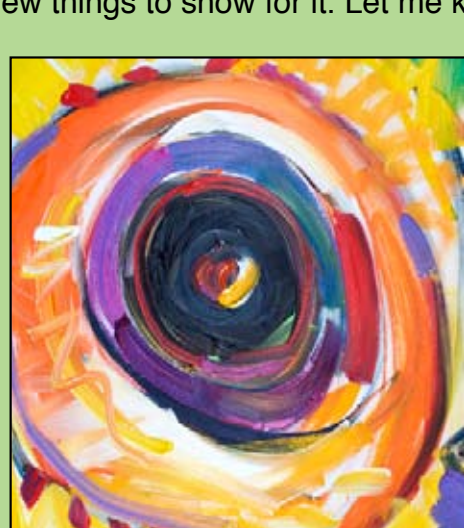


Tak and Eddie.....and Slipper and Boogie

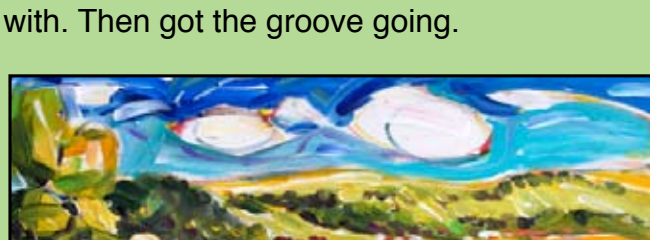
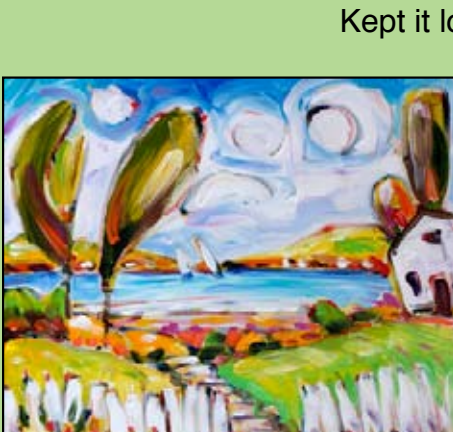
Note: This is taking longer than I thought, but not as long as the Blog! You likey?

Art Anyone?

Boy, it's taken a while but I finally was able to pick a pencil and brush up. I thought, no biggy, back to normal...not. Just thinking about working wore me out, not to mention the 13 stairs down from the bedroom and the 15 up to the new studio (visuals in next e). Especially with a bum leg and shoulder. I know, tell someone who gives a rat's patootie. But I'm serious. Well I worked thru it (And still am). And I've got a few things to show for it. Let me know what you think. Hey, it's a start.



Kept it loose to begin with. Then got the groove going.



All are available. Buzz me or Jenny for all the details. Just thought you'd like to see what I've been up to. Slow but sure!

Whew. Nap time. Zzzzzzzzzzz.

Speaking of Art. We're close to having our "print" wall operable (remember it from the Puhlaza store during the holidays?). We'll have over 150 of ours and your favorite images available in three set sizes and prices with the cost of optional framing too. Until then stop in and see the wall! Jenny has done a super job on this project. We'll pack and ship too. It'll be on the website too, for you out of towners! Also with graduation coming....oops I said no sales! Sorry. But I do have some new KU stuff, so check out. Hope this feature will be a nice addition for everyone. See all at www.sav-art.com

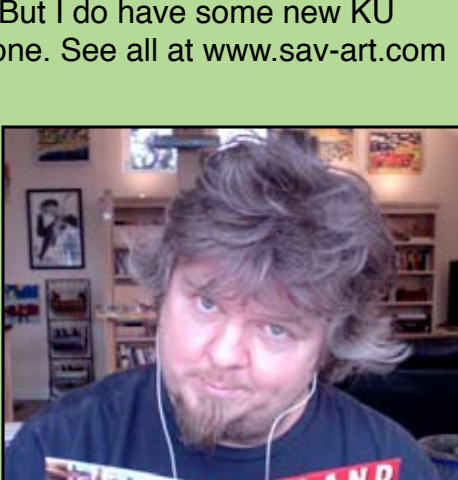
Book Nook and Music Cranny

"To me, the greatest pleasure of writing is not what it's about, but the inner music that words make."

-Truman Capote

Makes sense to me, don't ya think? At least for this section.

Now one thing I did while down and out was to read (at least a paragraph at a time before the meds kicked in) and chill to some new tunes. So take my advice and read and listen to everything below! Lest I hobble over and pound you with my cane! No, I don't use my walker anymore. There!



Heavy reading AND listening to Oma & The Oompahs

Book: "Why We Suck", by Dennis Leary. Given to me by Beth and Matt Hoey (What good friends). I laughed so hard (out loud) that I busted my stitches. Be afraid, you may resemble some of the characters. They also lent me "Monk Swimming" by Malachy McCourt. A memoir. Funny stuff. Irish guy tells of his deeds and misdeeds in 50's New York City. An enlightening precursor to the sixties!

Music: Eliza Gilkyson. Buy all her stuff. Just another great Texas Singer Songwriter. I'm gonna cry. Music: Jeffrey Foucault. Start with "Ghost Repeater". What a voice and good strummin'.

Book: "Beat the Reaper, by Josh Bazell. Twisted. Hitman turned doctor. I gave too much away. Book: "The Private Patient", by P.D. James. Dang, she just gets better at 89. Adam Dalgliesh, murder and the Dorset (England!) countryside. Quite.

Music: The Wailin' Jennies, "40 Days", mellow. My friend. Better than Morphine. Music: Tony Joe White, "Hot Summer Nights". Should change his name to Black. It's got a bit of swamp in it. And lots of soul. Uh-huh. Thanks Bob.

Music: Leo Kottke and Mike Gordon, "Clone". He of the 12 string and he of Phish. Good pickin', jammin' and singin'. Just a nice groove.

And of course, always a blast from the past....Willie Nelson, "Willie Naked". Some great songs never released 'til now. Kinda country, kinda loungy, kinda hey, kinda wow. Know what I mean, Vern?

I'll save the rest for the next installment. Enjoy.

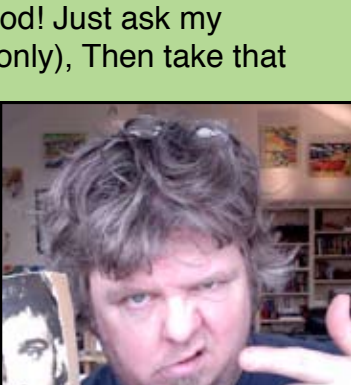
I'm Hungry, You?



This is about as good as it gets. I'll leave you to the cooking details this time. But only this once.

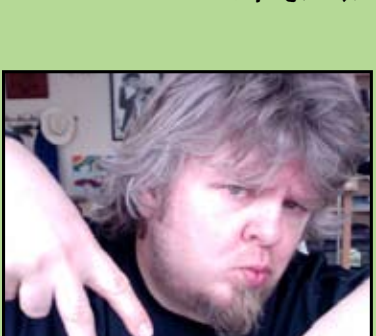
Okay, Make a pancake(Hungry Jack mix is good! Just ask my Annie), slather it with butter and syrup (maple only), Then take that sausage patty that has been frying up and place on top. Continue by laying (no pun) an over easy egg on top of the said patty. Now if you're a real American, you take that gravy you took home from Stroud's and pour over the top for the crowning victory.

Eat like you're at Granny's, or at Graceland!



RAPPIN' IT UP!

After two days in the hospital I took a turn for the nurse. - W. C. Fields



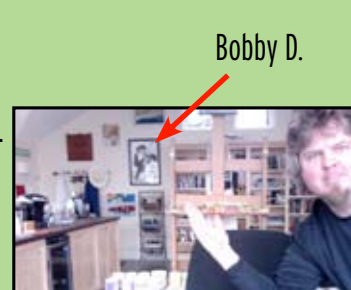
Now for the B.S. You know I could get all heavy and shite, but that would be a bore. Yeah I'm hurtin' and recovery seems a long way off, but hey, I'm alive. Got that going for me. New studio, dubbed the Man Guff by Woolly Guff, is cool. And I'm sitting here writing some fun stuff to all my friends. Shoot, no one told me in the hospital that I almost kicked it, so why dwell on it now. I gots art to make! In fact, besides the pain (mostly from laughing so hard with all the visitors who came by, or was it the morphine? whatever) it was a interesting experience. Met some great nurses! And Docs too. And talk about humbling. When you can carry on a conversation when someone is wiping your behind...well, nuff said. The hardest part is pickin' up the speed. As my friend Big Dan and I always subscribed to, "Work Hard, Play Hard", uh that ain't happening. Heck no brewski for over 2 months and not Jonesin'. Hmmm. What's that tell ya? I think it'll come when it comes and I just have to go with the flow. Like my mom said, at least you lost weight! (25lbs! Except the scarring on my leg won't be pulling the babes toward me at the pool this summer. Like that makes a difference.) So go my guffin'. Right? Okay. And I'm sure I'm missing some thanks to some, but this goes out to everybody. Thanks. Life goes on....luckily.

So if I may leave you with some words of wisdom...

"When you're in jail, a good friend will be trying to bail you out. A best friend will be in the cell next to you saying, 'Damn, that was fun.'" - Author Unknown.

Could've Been Tim Fogarty. Remember Bagnell Dam Tim?

Bobby D.



Next time.....

The Studio! And more!