



C O N T E N T S

- PRIMA DONNA WALK Sung to: "That's what you get
for loving me"
by: *Gordon Lightfoot*
Text: *Robin Dennis*
- RMC JANGLE Sung to: "Dangling Conversation"
by: *Simon and Garfunkel*
Text: *Robin Dennis*
- SCIENTISTS'
LAMENT Sung to: "A second cup of coffee"
by: *Gordon Lightfoot*
Text: *Robin Dennis*
- WIVES TALE Sung to: "Help me make it through
the night"
by: *Kris Kristofferson*
Text: *Robin Dennis*
- THE EVERPRESENT
FAREWELL Sung to: "That was the last thing
on my mind"
by: *Bob Dylan*
Text: *Robin Dennis*
- SUPPORT STAFF
AGGRAVATION Sung to: "I am a rock"
by: *Simon and Garfunkel*
Text: *Robin Dennis*
- DOWN BY THE RIVER
WITH RALPH By: *Ralph Yorque and
Robin Dennis*

PRIMA DONNA WALK

Sung to: "That's what you
get for loving me"
by: *Gordon Lightfoot.*
Text: *Robin Dennis.*

That's what you get for hiring me,
That's what you get for hiring me.
You've had the benefit of my name,
and not much more.
That's what you get for hiring me.

I ain't the kind to hang around,
With every new place that I grace.
'Cause limelight is my stock in trade,
I'm moving on.
I won't think of you when I'm gone.

Well now I've done just my own thing,
Integrating has an ominous ring.
So some day when your matrix is on
the mend,
I just might pass this way again.

That's what you get for hiring me,
That's what you get for hiring me.
You've had the benefit of my name,
but I've gotten more,
That's what you get for hiring me.

RMC JANGLE

Sung to: "Dangling Conversa-
tion"
by: *Simon & Garfunkel.*
Text: *Robin Dennis.*

It's a still-life watercolour
Of the now late afternoon
And the sun shines through the curtain lace
And the shadows wash the room
And we sit and drink our coffee, couched in our
indifference, like castles on a lake, or
empires on the make, waving the dangling
conversation and the superficial sighs that
are the borders of our lies.

And you read your Amory Lovins
And I, my Nathan Keyfitz
And we note our place with book-markers
To measure what we've lost.
Like a poem poorly written, with verses out of
rhythm, couplets out of rhyme, in syncopated
time, lost in the dangling conversation and
the superficial sighs that are the borders of
our lies.

We speak of things that matter
In words that must be said
What analysis is worthwhile?
Is Energy really dead?
And the churn of the planning cycle, rapiers
thrusting madly, slicing up the pie, prettying
up the matrix, blaring the dangling conversation,
and the superficial sighs that are the borders
of our lies.

SCIENTISTS' LAMENT

Sung to: "A second cup of
coffee"

by: *Gordon Lightfoot*

Text: *Robin Dennis*

I'm on my second cup of coffee
and I still can't face the day.
I'm looking for the equation that
got lost along the way
If I don't find the bug in this
and get a decent run
I'll be reaching for the bottle, Lord,
before the day is done.

Sitting alone, the visitors have all gone home.
You never know when they'll come dropping in.
Thinking of tennis, and who I'll play today;
And those after-lunch rambles through the park.

I'm on my second cup of coffee (terrible stuff)
and I still can't face the day
(Der) Heurige was filled with laughter
as we sang the night away.
But my sleep as filled with the dreaming
of the problems I must treat
And the gentle sweet reminder of
a workshop in six weeks.

Trying to work under literature handicaps
that the library does a great job filling in.
Thinking of writing, synthesizing what
I've learned;
But it's much more fun to just plunge on ahead.

I'm on my second cup of coffee (Lord is it
wretched)
and I still can't face the day.
Good IIASA research is more frustrating
than they say.
A scientist comes who doesn't fit
or comes a year too late;
And only when it's time to leave
we begin to communicate.

WIVES TALE

Sung to: "Help me make it
through the night"
by: *Kris Kristofferson.*

Text: *Robin Dennis.*

Help me make it through the year
Not sure I'm going to like it here
It's so hard to communicate
And pidgeon German doesn't rate.

My man enjoys the IIASA crew
While I'm home lonely and blue
He's having fun at work all day
Whereas for me the times are grey.

Household planning gets in the way
Women are meant at home to stay
Shops close at six and at mid-day
And 12 noon on a Saturday.

It's so hard to be alone
Laxenburg's so far away
To SFS we come an moan
A part-time job is more than pay.

I feel displaced and bored to tears
The kids at school, no friends right near
I must be strong and calm my fears
Lord help me make it through the year.

THE EVERPRESENT FAREWELL

Sung to: "That was the last thing on my mind"

by:

Text: Robin Dennis.

At IIASA the question is one of leaving
When to go, when to go.
It's no place for a long career proceeding;
It's time to go, time to go.
For some leaving this place, it is hard to
say farewell;
Such alumni have an interest to return
For others not so happy, parting will not be sad
And it's better for IIASA if they don't return.

Time is short, the lessons here to be learning.
Some cast in sand, some cast in stone;
In the wink of an eye, it seems, you're leaving,
Ideas in hand, few finely honed.
Now you're going away,
What will be left of all you've done?
Will there be not a trace left behind?
Well, you could have done better
If you'd had a bit more time,
That's the trouble in working at a place of
this kind.

International friendships are rewarding
It's up to you, it's up to you.
It can be done, even to the point of marriage
That we see in Ecology.
Will they last very long when we're back in
our homes?
At least you had the chance to be face-to-face.
May your memories be fond, as you say farewell,
adieu,
And for many friends you hope it will be
"Auf Wiedersehen!"

SUPPORT STAFF AGGRAVATION

Sung to: "I am a rock"
by: Simon and Garfunkel.
Text: Robin Dennis.

Don't talk of love, well I've heard the word before.
Some treat us nicely.
But others just give orders, like self-important
dictators and few appreciate us 'till we leave.
We are the oil keeping IIASA from squeaking.

Gazing at my typewriter, on a sunny holiday
Scientists are always late.
We Xerox trees of paper, with hardly a word of
thanks, in the rush for fame we're just taken
for granted.
We are the hands weaving the tapestry of greatness.

I get him breakfast, and see that his coat has
its buttons;
What would he do by himself.
I work his crazy schedules, and keep him pulled
together;
By some I'm thanked, for others I'm not there.
I am the block that chinks up the tower of glory.

They come and go, like shooting stars in the
passing,
We form IIASA's burg.
We too have empire builders, and those who bow
and scrape, and can be as petty as the scientists.
We are your colleagues, don't take us so for
granted.

Because we are people too.

DOWN BY THE RIVER WITH RALPH

By: *Ralph Yorque.*

IIASA life was getting us down
so we went for a field trip out of town.
Went to a hut, like many around
Down by the river.
Sat by the fire and drank some wine
in came a friend of yours and mine.
Good ol' Ralph Yorque said the wine is fine,
Down by the river.
With Ralph Yorque coming from time to time,
to check the Heurige and the wine
We hope that everything will be fine
Down by the river.
Down by the river, down by the river;
With Ralph Yorque coming from time to time,
Down by the river.

But we went to the river to make a prayer
Help the water dynasty clear the air,
Please keep IIASA from losing its flair,
Down by the river.
Then in the moonlight we espied,
A great silver fish lying on its side
And we all wondered how it died,
Down by the river.
Ralph Yorque went to the river bed
He took a close look and he shook his head.
Oh, why didn't IIASA get here sooner, he said,
Down by the river.
Down by the river, down by the river;
Oh, why didn't IIASA get here sooner, he said,
Down by the river.

DOWN BY THE RIVER WITH RALPH (continued)

With budworm, networking, and ASA soap,
And the Energy Program's special brand of dope
IIASA is the place of hope
Down by the river.
With the integrating Levien matrix fitting so grand,
IIASA can save all the industrial lands
But we need Ivan Yorqueski to give Ralph a hand,
Down by the river.
Down by the river, down by the river,
We need Ivan Yorqueski to give Ralph a hand,
Down by the river.

Because in time the river banks will die
The weeds will wilt and the ducks won't fly.
There will be a tear in the otter's eye
Down by the river.
The banks will soon be black and dead
And where the otter once raised his head
Will be an optimal IIASA-sud instead,
Down by the river.
Down by the river, down by the river,
Will be an optimal IIASA-sud instead
Down by the river.