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The Prodigal Son Is Spotted On The Grassy Knoll

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—again. The question would be moot but for the fact that a single bullet has generated so many overlapping and contradictory theories; it would have all been over long ago if we had not kept asking ourselves what are the facts in the fact. The crowd—the cold-blooded, stain-resistant crowd—is his weapon of choice. He is whistling "The Yellow Rose of Texas" to himself, but the song crashes into the slanting wind. This is found music at its corrosive best. John Cage might have called it accidental but necessary music; he might have said no composition is subject to die same interpretation twice, implying that written music is mostly not written and certainly never finished. Cage notwithstanding, his motive is yellow roses, tiger lilies in a tin can; it is the whistling itself.