

THE BOOK OF NO

Tony Dingman  
Summer 2017

Tony Dingman  
The Book of No

NOTHING TO REPORT

No rain  
no shine  
no sweat  
no foul  
no harm  
no win  
no place  
no show

No purpose  
no gain  
no pain  
no nada  
no way  
no hope  
no deal  
no denial

No problem  
no answer  
no shit  
no luck  
no info  
no chance  
no rain  
no comprende

No solution  
no appetite  
no bananas  
no snow  
no talent  
no umph  
no punch  
no guts

No no's  
no heart  
no heat  
no vision  
no glamour  
no gift  
no gold  
no glory

No smarts  
no class  
no roots  
no balls  
no grit  
no dignity  
no end  
no ammo

No surprise  
no room  
no ego  
no gas



NO CRUTCHES, NO CROTCHES, NO CROSSES  
(Don Sherwood)

No mine, no  
shaft

No egg, no  
omelet

No shirt, no  
service

No pay, no  
play

No seven, no  
eleven

No shape, no  
shift

No be, no  
bop

No port, no  
starboard

No hop, no  
skip

No mayo, no  
mustard

No putter, no  
putt

No Humpty, no  
Dumpty

No cash, no  
flow

No hoist, no  
petard

No where, no  
there

No soap, no  
suds

No give, no  
take

No light, no  
bulb

No ware, no  
tear

No ring, no  
answer

No tetter, no  
totter

No blame, no  
game

No vacaro, no  
cowboy

No patch, no  
potato

No jam, no  
jelly

No pole, no  
vault

No ham, no  
bacon

No boo, no  
who

No feather, no  
bonnet

No give, no  
take

No reason, no  
season

No abuse, no  
excuse.

No Wonder, no  
Woman

No mix, no  
match

No purpose, no  
use

No foot, no  
print

2.june.17

(Beware of The Three C's)

I AM NOT

I am not a  
rim job

I am not a  
Stage Door Johnny

I am not a  
sou chef

I am not a  
bottom feeder

I am not a  
deaf mute

I am not a  
pot sticker

I am not a  
whipper-snapper

I am not a  
popsickle

I am not an  
alley-oop

I am not a  
prevert

I am not a  
scum bag

I am not a  
bird dog

I am not a  
succubus

I am not a  
dish rag

I am not a  
feel good

I am not a  
bed wetter

I am not a  
fore-skin

I am not a  
bun boy

I am not a  
belly ache

I am not a  
road hog

I am not a  
pop-up

I am not a  
dip shit

I am not a  
chump changer

I am not a  
face-lifter

I am not a  
yo-yo

I am not a  
pin-cushion

4.mar.15

ALL NO-ING

NO SOBIBOR	NO SLAPS
NO ARTIFACTS	NO BARFING
NO FLOSS	NO CLIPPING
NO CADDY	NO TOSCANINI
NO DOOMSDAY	NO FLAT TIRES
NO PALAMINO	NO FRITOS
NO CURE	NO PICKADORS
NO IGUANAS	NO RECUESAL
NO TURF TOE	NO REQUIAT
NO PUSHING	NO LIFTING
NO BADGES	NO BON MOTS
NO CONNECTION	NO FLAN
NO CASHEWS	NO SLIPPAGE
NO ELVIS	NO PEPPERMINT
NO WALL	NO FOUNDATION
NO SWASTICA	NO IKONS
NO HIGH FIVES	NO LASSIE
NO PERMITS	NO ASBERGER
NO STUFFING	NO RUNES
NO CALABASH	NO IMMUNITY
NO RAVEN	NO T-REX
NO PICADILLY	NO BABY SITTER
NO BLOW UPS	NO PURGATORY
NO TOJO	NO SLAPS
NO FEED BACK	NO STRONTIUM 90
NO TRICKS	NO PROXY

4. aug. 17



IN MY ABSENCE

Two tourists bought tea in Chinatown,  
one very sick and one died. Nothing  
in newspapers. Wolf's Bane, or Monk's  
Hood, "The Queen of Poisons," and  
Amer-Indians used it for poison arrows.  
Nice purple flower but CUIDADO!

\*\*\*

NOTHING NEW SINCE VOLTAIRE & LENNY BRUCE

"Our vanity, greed, violence,  
the folly and absurdity  
of existence,

and the fraudulence and  
hyprocrisy of the media,  
politics & entertainment."  
(NY'er, John Misty)

\*\*\*

NAME DEPARTMENT

Juan Bueno  
Frankie Knuckles

\*\*\*

"EVERY WRITER CREATES HIS OWN PRECURSORS"  
(Borges)

\*\*\*

THE BOOK OF NO, V

No shake, no bake

No buck, no bronko

No check, no mate

No cats, no pajamas

No pup, no tent

No stumble, no bumble

No Stagger, no Lee

No chain, no gang

27.june.17

NO QUO, NO VADIS  
(Book of No, Part 6)

No skid, no row  
No smoke, no signal  
No sand, no castle  
No tender, no trap  
No honey, no pot  
No crime, no punishment  
No pogo, no stick  
No paper, no trail  
No mayo, no mustard  
No X, no ray  
No light, no speed  
No tickee, no laundry  
No Mommas, no Papas  
No flush, no blush  
No bottom, no feeder  
No beaver, no dam  
No hydro, no electric  
No weather, no report  
No muchas, no gracias  
No strip, no tease  
No fossel, no fuel  
No border, no patrol  
No mouth, no lips  
No leap, no faith  
No dopple, no ganger

No e e, no cummings  
No Laurel, no Hardy  
No clue, no resolve  
No Romulus, no Remus  
No prima, no donna



NO SHOCK, NO AWE  
(Book of No, IV)

No ebb, no flow

No flim, no flam

No jelly, no bean

No pig, no poke

No tattle, no tale

No nut, no bolt

No slam, no dunk

No Jack, no Jill

No hide, no seek

No switch, no bait

No Q, no A

No belly, no button

No captain, no crew

No gone, no forgotten

No rank, no file

No Pinky, no Blue Boy

No bada, no bing

No flip, no flop

No finder, no keeper

No perp, no cuffs

No pearl, wisdom

No itsy, no bitsy

No hanky, no panky

No dipsy, no doddle

No squeeze, no juice

No jump, no joy

No needle, no haystack



NO

NO SEND UPS

NO BUILD UPS

NO HOLD UPS

NO SET UPS

NO FILL UPS

NO BACK UPS

NO GET UPS

NO GAS UPS

NO GIVE UPS

NO END UPS

NO CLIMB UPS

NO BUY UPS

NO STICK UPS

NO TYPE UPS

NO PLAY UPS

NO PUSH UPS

NO ADD UPS

NO PULL UPS

NO GRIND UPS

NO COUGH UPS

NO POP UPS

NO DRIVE UPS

NO CHANGE UPS

NO WALK UPS

NO-STACK UPS

NO CALL UPS

5.aug.17

NOTHING TO SEE

Nada. Zilch.  
No mosquitos.  
No ants.  
Not a fly.

Aunt Jamima  
is gone.  
Root Beer  
not more.

No movement  
of any  
kind.  
Not a sound.

No glass  
is seen  
half full  
half empty.

No water.  
No wind.  
and not  
even dust.

No amber  
waves or  
purple skies  
seen above.

No in  
or out.  
No up  
or down.

Devoid of  
fossil record.  
Empty of  
sediment rings.

A void.  
Not near  
not far  
not at all.

No sun  
or moon.  
Not one  
single star.

Neither cold  
or hot  
and not  
humid.

Trigger is  
still stuffed  
and Roy  
Rodgers too.

Blahville.  
Blankville.  
Flat and  
dull.

No baseball.  
No basketball.  
No hockey.  
No bowling.

No color.  
Not cats  
or dogs.  
No worms.

No slang.  
No rhyme.  
No cure.  
No end.

No pages  
to turn.  
No crackers  
in bed.

No one  
goes anywhere  
anymore for  
any reason.

21.april.16

LAUGHING FOR NO GOOD REASON

At the end of  
every sentence

On hearing a  
stupid joke

After a mindless  
question

As part of canned  
response

Even in God's  
name

As part of nervous  
titter

In a condescension  
cruel

In the face of  
pity

As an admission  
of ignorance

With a benign  
hate

With a smug mean  
arrogance

Joined to a clueless  
collective

As a surrender  
to noise

As a fearful  
tic

Like a squeal of  
terror

As an involuntary  
throb

In hysterical joined  
relief

At the cliff of  
loneliness

14.june.16



ITALIAN NEVER, 1-2

1  
Never refrigerate  
a tomato.

2  
Never refrigerate  
a salami.

\*\*\*

EVAN CONNELL

knew when he was finished with a story  
when he found himself going through it  
and taking out commas and then going  
through it again and putting the commas  
back in the same places.(Carver)

\*\*\*

CONEY ISLAND OF THE MIND

says it all,  
says Henry Miller,  
says Lawrence Ferlinghetti.

\*\*\*

NO ONCE MORE

No talcum  
No blowback  
No drooling  
No marbles  
No hollandaise  
No belly  
No ~~Bebop~~  
No collateral  
No bleaching  
No snot

\*\*\*

COPPOLA ON FERLINGHETTI HONORARY ITALIAN  
CITIZENSHIP

Brescia, Italy is known for the beauty, luster, and  
hardness of its steel; it is also the birthplace of  
Lawrence's father. Lawrence's work has all of those  
qualities; his poetry gets you laughing and then hits  
you with impact; the truth, warning about the madness  
of modern times. His Italian heritage is of great im-  
portance to him, as is mine. In fact, he is to my mind  
a literary hero as well as a friend.

3.aug.17  
(via Diane's catalogue)

FIRST NIGHT, 101 N, JUNE 1, SAN FRANCISCO-BENBOW INN

After much planning, shopping, banking and renting, MJ Pierson, Diane Roby and yours truly got out <sup>of</sup> Dodge, Just past noon we drove (A Chrysler 300 from Enterprise) for 4 hours. Up 101 North to the hotel. Big, old(1926), with period furniture, we had dinner on patio-deck overlooking creek and trees. Tudor style, visited by the famous; Eleanor Roosevelt, Danny Glover, Clark Gable, etc etc)

\*\*\*

BOOK OF NO,

No clippity, no clop  
No pity, no slack  
No chit, no chat  
No peeping, no tom

No slip, no slide  
No punt, no kick  
No red, no rose  
No knife, no fork

No blabber, no mouth  
No hitch, no hike  
No yes, no no  
No lightning, no thunder

No pass, no fail  
No rice, no dice  
No banana, no peel  
No pulse, no EKG

No mello<sup>w</sup>, no yellow  
No split, no hair  
No finder, no keeper  
No carbon, no dating



\*\*\*

"I HAVE FIVE ARGUMENTS EVERYDAY"  
(Girl in line Credit union)

\*\*\*

I SHOULD'A IF I COULD'A  
BUT IT DIDN'T  
HAPPEN

\*\*\*

2.june.17

ANYWHERE ONE WOULD GO

could be  
good enough  
for me.

But please  
no zica,  
no denge.

Very cold  
either Pole,  
not hot

like Arabia.  
- Try Hawaii  
or Petropolis.

Oz is  
too green.  
Fargo no.

Down Under  
cross swim  
steamy rivers.

Bourbon street  
too slippery,  
too tipsy.

Wall Street  
no bull,  
no interest.

Moo cow  
on Mindanao  
right now.

Just below  
Idaho bakes  
Salt Lake,

Tulagi foggy,  
Racine obscene  
Ypsilanti scanty.

8. june.16



BARE BONES

No tuna, no  
beans, no  
butter

for steamed rice.  
No fixed  
ideas,

no partridge  
in a pear  
tree.

No cream for  
the tea,  
no

blinis, blintz,  
no taco  
no.

Yes we have  
no bananas,  
no

we don't have  
rib-eye  
steak.

Not one egg,  
no mayo  
and

no sugar either  
white or  
brown.

No jerky, no  
pop corn,  
no

jam, jelly, or  
marmalade  
no.

6.may.15

NOTHING TO REPORT

No rain  
no shine  
no sweat  
no foul  
no harm  
no win  
no place  
no show

No purpose  
no gain  
no pain  
no nada  
no way  
no hope  
no deal  
no denial

No problem  
no answer  
no shit  
no luck  
no info  
no chance  
no rain  
no comprende

No solution  
no appetite  
no bananas  
no snow  
no talent  
no umph  
no punch  
no guts

No no's  
no heart  
no heat  
no vision  
no glamour  
no gift  
no gold  
no glory

No smarts  
no class  
no roots  
no balls  
no grit  
no dignity  
no end  
no ammo

No surprise  
no room  
no ego  
no gas

28. june.15

I AM NOT

I am not a  
rim job

I am not a  
Stage Door Johnny

I am not a  
sou chef

I am not a  
bottom feeder

I am not a  
deaf mute

I am not a  
pot sticker

I am not a  
whipper-snapper

I am not a  
popsickle

I am not an  
alley-oop

I am not a  
prevert

I am not a  
scum bag

I am not a  
bird dog

I am not a  
succubus

I am not a  
dish rag

I am not a  
feel good

I am not a  
bed wetter

I am not a  
fore-skin

I am not a  
bun boy

I am not a  
belly ache

I am not a  
road hog

I am not a  
pop-up

I am not a  
dip shit

I am not a  
chump changer

I am not a  
face-lifter

I am not a  
yo-yo

I am not a  
pin-cushion

4.mar.15



NOTHING TO REPORT

No rain  
  no shine  
    no sweat  
      no foul  
       no harm  
       no win  
       no place  
       no show

No purpose  
  no gain  
    no pain  
      no nada  
       no way  
       no hope  
       no deal  
       no denial

No problem  
  no answer  
    no shit  
      no luck  
       no info  
       no chance  
       no rain  
       no comprende

No solution  
  no appetite  
    no bananas  
      no snow  
       no talent  
       no umph  
       no punch  
       no guts

No no's  
  no heart  
    no heat  
      no vision  
       no glamour  
       no gift  
       no gold  
       no glory

No smarts  
  no class  
    no roots  
      no balls  
       no grit  
       no dignity  
       no end  
       no ammo.

No surprise  
  no room  
    no ego  
      no gas

28. june.15

IN MY ABSENCE

Two tourists bought tea in Chinatown,  
one very sick and one died. Nothing  
in newspapers. Wolf's Bane, or Monk's  
Hood, "The Queen of Poisons," and  
Amer-Indians used it for poison arrows.  
Nice purple flower but CUIDADO!

\*\*\*

NOTHING NEW SINCE VOLTAIRE & LENNY BRUCE

"Our vanity, greed, violence,  
the folly and absurdity  
of existence,

and the fraudulence and  
hypocrisy of the media,  
politics & entertainment."  
(NY'er, John Misty)

\*\*\*

NAME DEPARTMENT

Juan Bueno  
Frankie Knuckles

\*\*\*

"EVERY WRITER CREATES HIS OWN PRECURSORS"  
(Borges)

\*\*\*

THE BOOK OF NO, V

No shake, no bake

No buck, no bronko

No check, no mate

No cats, no pajamas

No pup, no tent

No stumble, no bumble

No Stagger, no Lee

No chain, no gang

27.june.17



COOS BAY-CANNON BEACH ORE, DAY 3, JUNE 3rd

Saturday and an eight hour drive along the Oregon coast. Spectacular ocean and forest sights. The road turning and twisting with verdant landscapes. Stopped for lunch in Yachats at the Luna Sea. Simple place and food good. Staff getting ready for the total solar eclipse in August. Arrived at Surfsand Resort and stayed in two bedroom suite. Dinner at Wayfarer close by.

\*\*\*

BOOK OF NO,

No particle, no board

No presto, no log

No hula, no hoop

No tweedäl, no tweedeldum

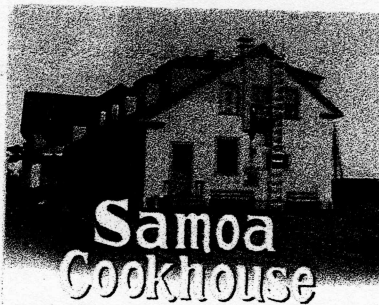
NO hilly, no billy

No billy, no club

No flotsam, no jetsam

No dill, no pickle

\*\*\*



On Beautiful Humboldt Bay

The Samoa Cookhouse, the last  
surviving cookhouse in the West,  
continues the tradition of  
serving lots of good food -  
lumber camp style!  
Breakfast • Lunch • Dinner

(707) 442-1659

[www.samoacookhouse.net](http://www.samoacookhouse.net)

4: june.17



NO QUO, NO VADIS  
(Book of No, Part 6)

No skid, no row  
No smoke, no signal  
No sand, no castle  
No tender, no trap  
No honey, no pot  
No crime, no punishment  
No pogo, no stick  
No paper, no trail  
No mayo, no mustard  
No X, no ray  
No light, no speed  
No tickee, no laundry  
No Mommas, no Papas  
No flush, no blush  
No bottom, no feeder  
No beaver, no dam  
No hydro, no electric  
No weather, no report  
No muchas, no gracias  
No strip, no tease  
No fossel, no fuel  
No border, no patrol  
No mouth, no lips  
No leap, no faith  
No dopple, no ganger

No e e, no cummings  
No Laurel, no Hardy  
No clue, no resolve  
No Romulus, no Remis  
No prima, no donna

NO SHOCK, NO AWE  
(Book of No, IV)

No ebb, no flow  
No flim, no flam  
No jelly, no bean  
No pig, no poke  
No tattle, no tale  
No nut, no bolt  
No slam, no dunk  
No Jack, no Jill  
No hide, no seek  
No switch, no bait  
No Q, no A  
No belly, no button  
No captain, no crew  
No gone, no forgotten  
No rank, no file  
No Pinky, no Blue Boy  
No bada, no bing  
No flip, no flop  
No finder, no keeper  
No perp, no cuffs  
No pearl, wisdom  
No itsy, no bitsy  
No hanky, no panky  
No dipsy, no doddle  
No squeeze, no juice  
No jump, no joy  
No needle, no haystack

25.june.17

I AM NOT

I am not a  
rim job

I am not a  
Stage Door Johnny

I am not a  
sou chef

I am not a  
bottom feeder

I am not a  
deaf mute

I am not a  
pot sticker

I am not a  
whipper-snapper

I am not a  
popsickle

I am not an  
alley-oop

I am not a  
prevert

I am not a  
scum bag

I am not a  
bird dog

I am not a  
succubus

I am not a  
dish rag

I am not a  
feel good

I am not a  
bed wetter

I am not a  
fore-skin

I am not a  
bun boy

I am not a  
belly ache

I am not a  
road hog

I am not a  
pop-up

I am not a  
dip shit

I am not a  
chump changer

I am not a  
face-lifter

I am not a  
yo-yo

I am not a  
pin-cushion

4.mar.15



NO CRUTCHES, NO CROTCHES  
(Don Sherwood)

No mine, no  
shaft

No egg, no  
omelet

No shirt, no  
service

No pay, no  
play

No seven, no  
eleven

No shape, no  
shift

No be, no  
bop

No port, no  
starboard

No hop, no  
skip

No mayo, no  
mustard

No putter, no  
putt

No Humpty, no  
Dumpty

No cash, no  
flow

No hoist, no  
petard

No where, no  
there

No soap, no  
suds

No give, no  
take

No light, no  
bulb

No wear, no  
tear

No ring, no  
answer

No teeter, no  
totter

No blame, no  
game

No vacaro, no  
cowboy

No patch, no  
potato

No jam, no  
jelly

No pole, no  
vault

No ham, no  
bacon

No boo, no  
hoo

No feather, no  
bonnet

No give, no  
take

No reason, no  
season

No abuse, no  
excuse.

No Wonder, no  
Woman

No mix, no  
match

No purpose, no  
use

No foot, no  
print

NOTHING TO SEE

Nada. Zilch.  
No mosquitos.  
No ants.  
Not a fly.

Aunt Jamima  
is gone.  
Root Beer  
not more.

No movement  
of any  
kind.  
Not a sound.

No glass  
is seen  
half full  
half empty.

No water.  
No wind  
and not  
even dust.

No amber  
waves or  
purple skies  
seen above.

No in  
or out.  
No up  
or down.

Devoid of  
fossil record.  
Empty of  
sediment rings.

A void.  
Not near  
not far  
not at all.

No sun  
or moon.  
Not one  
single star.

Neither cold  
or hot  
and not  
humid.

Trigger is  
still stuffed  
and Roy  
Rodgers too.

Blahville.  
Blankville.  
Flat and  
dull.

No baseball.  
No basketball.  
No hockey.  
No bowling.

No color.  
Not cats  
or dogs.  
No worms.

No slang.  
No rhyme.  
No cure.  
No end.

No pages  
to turn.  
No crackers  
in bed.

No one  
goes anywhere  
anymore for  
any reason.

21.april.16



## LAUGHING FOR NO GOOD REASON

At the end of  
every sentence

On hearing a  
stupid joke

After a mindless  
question

As part of canned  
response

Even in God's  
name

As part of nervous  
titter

In a condescension  
cruel

In the face of  
pity

As an admission  
of ignorance

With a benign  
hate

With a smug mean  
arrogance

Joined to a clueless  
collective

As a surrender  
to noise

As a fearful  
tic

Like a squeal of  
terror

As an involuntary  
throb

In hysterical joined  
relief

At the cliff of  
loneliness

14. june.16



ANYWHERE ONE WOULD GO

could be  
good enough  
for me.

But please  
no zica,  
no denge.

Very cold  
either Pole,  
not hot

like Arabia.  
- Try Hawaii  
or Petropolis.

Oz is  
too green.  
Fargo no.

Down Under  
cross swim  
steamy rivers.

Bourbon street  
too slippery,  
too tipsy.

Wall Street  
no bull,  
no interest.

Moo cow  
on Mindanao  
right now.

Just below  
Idaho bakes  
Salt Lake,

Tulagi foggy,  
Racine obscene  
Ypsilanti scanty.

8.june.16

COOS BAY-CANNON BEACH ORE, DAY 3, JUNE 3rd

Saturday and an eight hour drive along the Oregon coast. Spectacular ocean and forest sights. The road turning and twisting with verdant landscapes. Stopped for lunch in Yachats at the Luna Sea. Simple place and food good. Staff getting ready for the total solar eclipse in August. Arrived at Surfsand Resort and stayed in two bedroom suite. Dinner at Wayfarer close by.

\*\*\*

BOOK OF NO,

No particle, no board

No presto, no log

No hula, no hoop

No tweedél, no tweedeldum

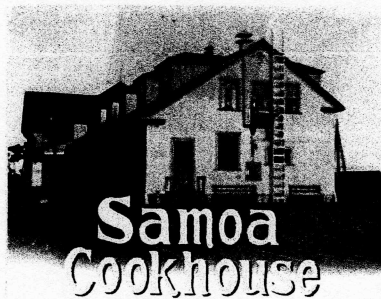
NO hilly, no billy

No billy, no club

No flotsam, no jetsam

No dill, no pickle

\*\*\*



On Beautiful Humboldt Bay

The Samoa Cookhouse, the last surviving cookhouse in the West, continues the tradition of serving lots of good food - lumber camp style!

Breakfast • Lunch • Dinner

(707) 442-1659

[www.samoacookhouse.net](http://www.samoacookhouse.net)

4. june.17

NO CASH, NO CARRY

No orange, no  
juice

No rice, no  
risotto

No guts, no  
glory

No plan, no  
execution

No joke, no  
giggle

No pop, no  
corn

No rope, no  
lasso

No strain, no  
pain

No hop, no  
scotch

No hula, no  
hoop

No sun, no  
desert

No pitch, no  
catch

No hook, no  
fish

No sight, no  
vision

No track, no  
train

No gong, no  
bong

No chicken, no  
egg

No egg, no  
chicken

No kiss, no  
tell

No smack, no  
dab

No cause, no  
effect

No wind, no  
kite

No pen, no  
poison

No flip, no  
flop

No way, no  
Jose

No needle, no  
thread

No buttons, no  
bow

No topsy, no  
tervy

No tick, no  
tock

No ding, no  
dong

No ping, no  
pong

No plus, no  
minus

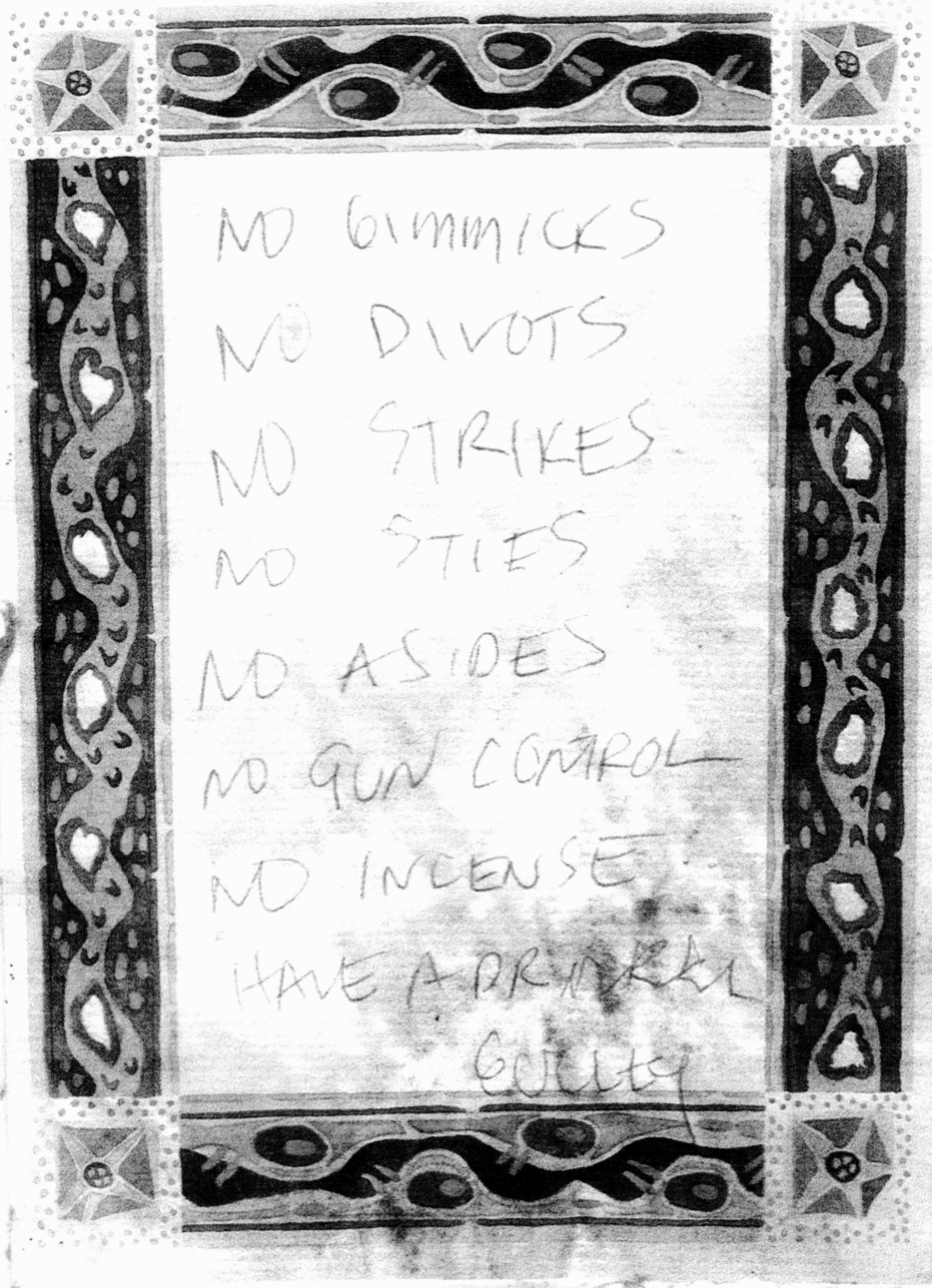
No play, no  
ball

No hem, no  
haw

No pun, no  
fun

No sand, no  
beach



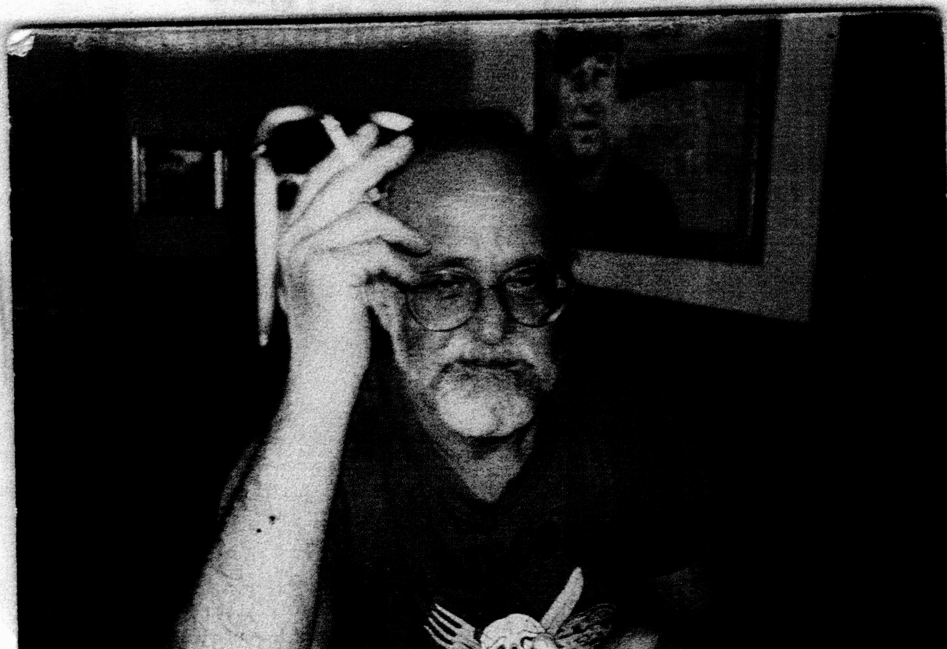


NO GIMMICKS  
NO DIVOTS  
NO STRIKES  
NO STIES  
NO ASIDES  
NO GUN CONTROL  
NO INCENSE  
HAVE A DRINK  
GULLY

THE BOOK OF NO  
(the template)

NO GIMMICKS  
NO DIVOTS  
NO STRIKES  
NO STIES  
NO ASIDES  
NO GUN CONTROL  
NO INCENSE  
HAVE A DRINK  
GULLY

WILLIE BISHOP, AKA  
(Gully Jimson.  
"The Horses' Mouth")



Tony Dingman  
2017  
August, SB