



2002 Song Book Supplement

Stop the Sudhoff!

After, "Sink the Bismark!"
by Johnny Horton and Tilman Franks
By Dave Weimer

'Twas Saturday afternoon, the Congress had just begun
They Kyus gathered in the playing room looking for some fun
But one by one they encountered that German Go machine
And one by one his tricks and tesugi picked their groups clean.

Chorus:

We'll play that German Go machine that's mak'in' such a fuss
We gotta stop the Sudhoff 'cause the Kyus depend on us.
Play the game with spirit mates, and spread those stones around
When we play the Sudhoff, we gotta shut'em down.

Some can play it better and some can even play as fast
But when it comes to staying power no one else can last.
It seems he hardly eats or drinks and rarely sleeps at all.
The Sudhoff would play 'round the clock if they didn't close the hall!
(Chorus)

Talk of great Kyu-killers like the Arnold when he had hair
But don't forget the Sudhoff who has won more than his share.
As the Kyus have gotten tougher and wised up to his tricks
Racking up scores of wins and losses now gives him his kicks.
(Chorus)

Now when the history's written of the great Congress days
Those who haven't seen the Sudhoff won't believe how much he played!
"Just one more game before dinner, we have plenty of time.
Losing even a minute of play would surely be a crime!"
(Chorus)

Learning to Play Go In the West

After "Flora, Lily of the West"

By Bob Felice

(naively)

When first I learned this game of Go
A thing to flex my mind
I had no scheme or strategy
Two eyes to help me find
My opponent sliced my groups to bits
They'd all die where they'd stand
And he used the term: Te-su-ji...
I could see I'd need a plan.

(eagerly)

And so I studied tactics
I learned my lessons well
I mastered throw-ins, snap-backs
My fighting was just swell
But the next time that we played a game
The tables were not turned
And the term he used: Jo-se-ki...
I still had lots to learn.

(determinedly)

And so I studied openings
My poor game to improve
I learned so many Jo-se-ki
My failings to remove
But the next time that we played a game
My stones gave me distress:
I'd need to learn Fu-se-ki
If I would play my best.

(resignedly)

And so I learned the San-ren-sei
And the High Chinese as well
I had my act together now
I'd really give him hell
But the next time that we played a game
He struck a crushing blow:
His dead groups all sprang back to life...
And the term he used was: Ko

(darkly)

And now I've filled my head with Go
I've spent my nights and days
I now know not just proper moves
But Ha-ma-te — trick plays
And though it's taken many years
My training is complete:
If I can't beat him honestly...
Then I'll just have to cheat!

Dangos and Ko's

After "Buttons and Bows"
By Bob Felice

North and East and South and West:
Play, extend, enclose
You can't escape the laws of shape:
Heavy groups will give you woes
Peeps and cuts bring dangos and ko's.

My group's not light, and now it's fright-
ful how my dumpling grows!
I'd be so hap-py to make sa-ba-ki
Playing bad shape, as you know
Left me here with dangos and ko's.

I love this game called wei-chi
But I hate when my groups die
I'll love it longer, stronger once
I've learned to make two eyes!

So I announced that I'd been trounced
Been dealt the fatal blow
I vamoosed and stopped me usin'
Those heavy moves that aid my foes:
No Peeps, no cuts: no dangos and ko's.

Yes, I now play the correct way
Bad shape I now oppose
And when I see bad shape from *thee*
Peeps and cuts I shall bestow
And leave you there with dangos and kos.

(softer)
Yes, peeps and cuts I shall bestow
And leave you there with dangos and kos.
And dangos and kos
And dangos...
And kos!

Teach Your Children Go

After "Teach Your Children,"
by Graham Nash
By Bob Felice

You, who love this game,
Must pass the flame on to your children.

And so, teach them the rules
Send them to schools, with knowledge fill them.

Teach your children Go
They need to know just how to play it.

And feed them on your dreams
To reach sho-dan in just a wee bit.

Don't you ever ask them why
Their small groups often die
Just look at them and sigh
And watch them play Go.

And you, the kids of Go
Your progress so unlike your parents.

And so please help them in their quest
To play their best: a small recompense.

Teach your parents Go
The things you know will make them stronger.

And feed them on your dreams
To reach go-dan before much longer.

Don't you ever ask them why
Their big groups often die
Just look at them and sigh
And watch them play Go.

Note from Bob Felice:
Dedicated to every adult who ever taught a child how
to play Go, and also to every child who ever taught me
something about the game.



POEMS & STORIES

Go Fever

After "Sea Fever," by John Masefield

By Chris Kirschner

I must sit down at the board again, to the board with a worthy foe,
And all I ask is a close game where the groups meet toe to toe,
And the stone's click and the mind's glow and large points waiting,
And the soft light on the bare board, and symmetry breaking.

I must sit down at the board again, for the call of competition
Is an old call and a true call and there is no precondition;
And all I ask is a Dan to play, with light stones flying,
And a sly probe, and a slick trade, and the players sighing.

I must sit down at the board again, to the carefree player's life;
To the black way and the white way, where the game is the only strife;
And all I ask is a wistful tale of an almost wonderful play
And quiet talk and a sweet thought when we finish the day.

When I Was A Kyu Of Twenty

After "When I Was One-and-Twenty,"

By A.E. Housman

By Bob Felice

WHEN I was a Kyu of twenty
I heard a wise man say,
"Give crowns and pounds and *oba*
But not your eyes away;

Give points away and *sente*
But keep your eye-space free."
But I was a Kyu of twenty,
No use to talk to me.

When I was Kyu of twenty-one
I heard him say again,
"The eye space of an unsettled group
Was never given in vain;

'Tis paid with sighs a-plenty
And sold for endless rue."
And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.