## Oh, fuck OFF with your goddamn composer bust.

Written by Greg Mills



Unless you are a piano playing motherfucker, why have a goddamn composer bust in your house?

Really?

As I was walking to work this morning, I passed this crappy office furniture store and in one of their displays they had the giant bronze bust of Beethoven. What the fuck? What. The. Fuck.

Busts like that are good if you are Roman or a Howard Hawks-style forties wise guy that keeps a bust of Longfellow around the office to toss your fedora on in a gently mocking fashion.

Of course, in my belief systems <u>Fedora = MASSIVE douche</u>, so yeah, we're back to zero on the Mills Douchebag Scale.

I think part of my problem with the composer bust thing is there like seven guys that appear over and over again: Beethoven, Mozart, Bach, Chopin (for your piano playing types), Tchaikovsky, and I dunno, Brahms or something. Never someone like Schumann or Rachimaninoff. Probaby because they lack bitching locks.

Who knows, I might be into a Satie, or Debussey, or Ravel, or a nice Varese. Someone weird. Stravinsky! That'd be a cool bust, if only because people might confuse him for Groucho Marx.

When I was a kid we had a lumpy Beethoven and a tiny Chopin. (Sister was a piano player.) The Chopin was the perfect size for jamming the marzipan eyes of chocolate rabbits into. We may have a had a Tchaikovsky with a broken nose, though I may be confused.

I guess what bothered me most about the Beethoven statue was it was in an office furniture

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store. What is that supposed to say about you, oh mid-level sales manager, that you have a Beethoven head? What Beethoven brought to symphonic expression, I hope to emulate in my spreadsheets. When I look upon Ludwig Von, I find the power within to crunch numbers with nuance and power. Dude was motherfucking DEAF.

"Hey, Bob. Before we dive into the Q4 numbers, how about we spin the Eroica Symphony, just to set the mood."

l'm an ass.