

5/8

*The sun was shining on the sea,  
Shining with all his might:  
He did his very best to make  
The billows smooth and bright –  
And this was odd, because it was  
The middle of the night.*

*The moon was shining sulkily,  
Because she thought the sun  
Had got no business to be there  
After the day was done--  
"It's very rude of him," she said,  
"To come and spoil the fun!"*

*The sea was wet as wet could be,  
The sands were dry as dry.  
You could not see a cloud, because  
No cloud was in the sky:  
No birds were flying overhead –  
There were no birds to fly.*

*The Walrus and the Carpenter  
Were walking close at hand;  
They wept like anything to see  
Such quantities of sand:  
"If this were only cleared away,"  
They said, "it would be grand!"*

*"If seven maids with seven mops  
Swept it for half a year.  
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,*

*"That they could get it clear?"  
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,  
And shed a bitter tear.*

*"O Oysters, come and walk with us!"  
The Walrus did beseech.  
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,  
Along the briny beach:  
We cannot do with more than four,  
To give a hand to each."*

*The eldest Oyster looked at him,  
But never a word he said:  
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,  
And shook his heavy head –  
Meaning to say he did not choose [I would prefer not...]  
To leave the oyster-bed.*

*But four young Oysters hurried up,  
All eager for the treat:  
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,  
Their shoes were clean and neat –  
And this was odd, because, you know,  
They hadn't any feet.*

*Four other Oysters followed them,  
And yet another four;  
And thick and fast they came at last,  
And more, and more, and more –  
All hopping through the frothy waves,  
And scrambling to the shore.*

*The Walrus and the Carpenter*  
Walked on a mile or so,  
And then they rested on a rock  
Conveniently low:  
And all the little Oysters stood  
And waited in a row.

*"The time has come," the Walrus said,*  
*"To talk of many things:*  
*Of shoes – and ships – and sealing-wax –*  
*Of cabbages – and kings –*  
*And why the sea is boiling hot –*  
*And whether pigs have wings."*

*"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,*  
*"Before we have our chat;*  
*For some of us are out of breath,*  
*And all of us are fat!"*  
*"No hurry!" said the Carpenter.*  
*They thanked him much for that.*

*"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,*  
*"Is what we chiefly need:*  
*Pepper and vinegar besides*  
*Are very good indeed –*  
*Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,*  
*We can begin to feed."*

*"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,*  
*Turning a little blue.*  
*"After such kindness, that would be*  
*A dismal thing to do!"*

*"The night is fine," the Walrus said.  
"Do you admire the view?"*

*"It was so kind of you to come!  
And you are very nice!"  
The Carpenter said nothing but  
"Cut us another slice:  
I wish you were not quite so deaf –  
I've had to ask you twice!"*

*"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,  
"To play them such a trick,  
After we've brought them out so far,  
And made them trot so quick!"  
The Carpenter said nothing but  
"The butter's spread too thick!"*

*"I weep for you," the Walrus said:  
"I deeply sympathize."  
With sobs and tears he sorted out  
Those of the largest size,  
Holding his pocket-handkerchief  
Before his streaming eyes.*

*"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,  
"You've had a pleasant run!  
Shall we be trotting home again?"  
But answer came there none –  
And this was scarcely odd, because  
They'd eaten every one.*

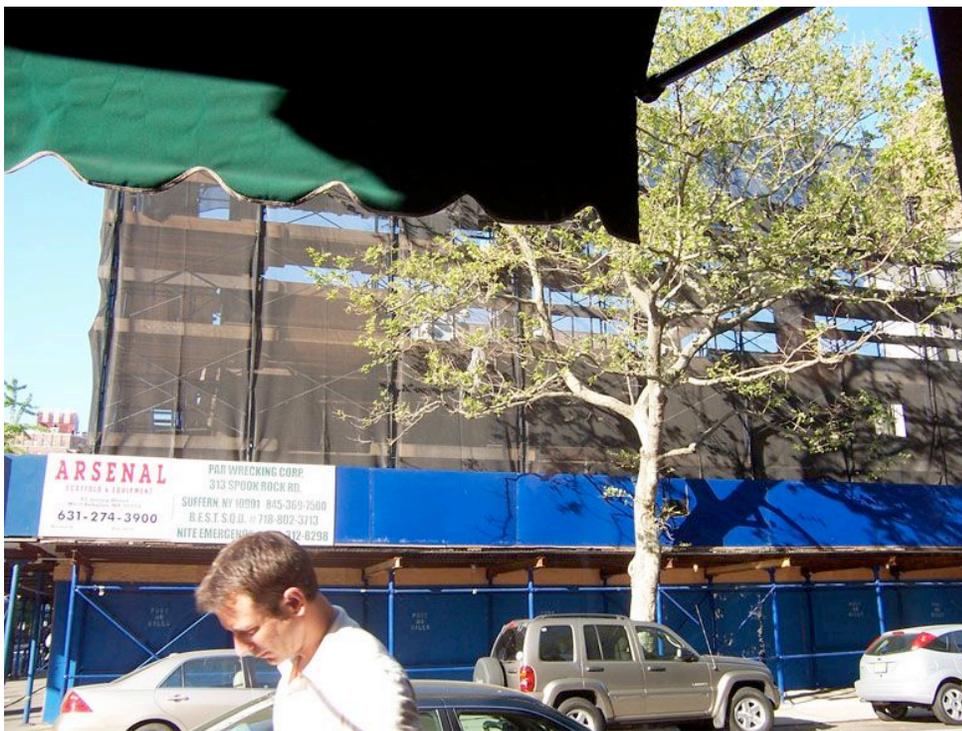
Quoth Dodgson, kan ya makan.

*...Well, the rain beating down on my windowpane  
I got love for you and it's all in vain  
Brains in the pot, they're beginning to boil  
They're dripping with garlic and olive oil*

*Tweedle-dee Dee – he's on his hands and his knees  
Saying, "Throw me somethin', Mister, please."  
"What's good for you is good for me,"  
Says Tweedle-dee Dum to Tweedle-dee Dee...*

Sang Zimmerman.

Slow to start, now fast as anything, down comes the Seminary building  
fronting Ninth Avenue.



Four days ago.



Today.

There shows the neighborhood.

Conform, confirm, reconfirm, conform.

In Bettelheim you read that “The collection of fairy tales that became known as *Thousand and One Nights*, or in Burton’s translation, as *The Arabian Nights’ Entertainments*, is of Indian and Persian origin and can be traced as early as the tenth century. The number 1001 is not to be taken literally. On the contrary “thousand” in

Arabic means innumerable," so 1001 signifies an infinite number. Later compilers and translators took this number literally and arrived at a collection which contained this number of stories by subdividing and adding fairy tales."

You read the headline. Move quickly on. Read it again. "Iran's Influence in Latin America Worries U.S." Come in James Monroe! Surely this is a satire. But no, it appears to be a bona fide Reuters dispatch, which reads in part:

"Washington accuses Iran of supporting terrorist groups and secretly trying to produce nuclear bombs, and is concerned by its courting of allies in Latin America.

"[Thomas] Shannon [Assistant Secretary of State for the Western Hemisphere] urged the region's governments to respect U.N.-backed sanctions against Iran over its nuclear program and recalled accusations that Iran was involved in attacks on the Israeli embassy and a Jewish community center in Argentina's capital Buenos Aires during the 1990s.

"We urge our friends and partners in the region to be vigilant," he said, adding that those attacks show Iran is able 'to conduct terrorist operations within the Americas.'"

Another good reason to smite the heathen Elamites now!

5/10 *Insupportable!*

A thousand and one times more patient. Infinitely.

What do you do with a subdivided fairy tale? Turf grandma out "assisted

living” and level her cottage? Cut down the Beanstalk? Throw the empty bottle back in the sea? Get busy building McMansions for the ogres, wolves, giants and jinnys? Sure, sure, why not? Even in their present state, the banks would sign on for that.

Spring and its discontents.

Devastating storms rip across the Oklahoma-Missouri border, flattening towns and killing folks by the score. In Georgia too. A gang of tornadoes on the rampage. For the umpteenth time this year. The cyclone in Burma and the eruptions in Chile and these twisters seems somehow all of a piece, but it’s hard to put it all together causally. Has the earth’s capacitor gone wild all on its own during this relatively quiescent period of solar activity? Or is someone jacking the weather around? Or is there really no bloody rhyme or reason to any of it – just clusters of anomalies.

5/11 Fifty-five years after Galileo saw the moons of Jupiter, Cassini observed the Great Red Spot. They say it’s a vast anticyclone, perhaps four hundred years old and twice the diameter of the earth. It rotates every giant gaseous fourteen days, roughly six of ours. Pinwheel, by Jove. Some mystics hold that the Creator, a cyclops, plucked out his eye the better to observe us, and that when it... well, we’ll see. Or not.

One of a family group waiting for a Sunday table outside Le G. in the a.m. is a girl, maybe eight. Bright-eyed and easy-graced. Pink-purple sweatpants. Ears pierced with blue studs. Sophisticated haircut for a kid. Blue teeshirt which reads, in stencil letters: *I’m a very complicated child.*

So help me Hannah!

Plain black vanilla.

The nine-armed delta of the Irrawaddy disembogues into the Indian ocean. But the river also washes back and with its flow come river dolphins, and lately countless bodies borne on the tides.

This is the drowning of the Age of Aquarius.

Whitsuntide. White Sunday. Pentecost. The Holy Spirit descends unto the apostles – a redemptive celebration appropriated from Shavuot, when the Israelites received the Torah on Mount Sinai. And also, by Jewish tradition, concluding feast of the grain harvest, a seven-week “season of gladness” that begins with the gathering of barley at Passover. At Shavuot, wheat is brought to the temple as an offering in the form of two loaves of bread.

Apart from a celestial trumpet blast, the fire and smoke, the quaking earth, lightning flashes and thunder claps that, according to Exodus, attended the law-giving on Mt. Sinai, sound an awful lot like the recent eruption of volcán Chaitén. Will some new Moses descend from the Patagonian heights? Have they done so already and no one’s notices? Or do we cut straight to the Messiah now?



Bela Szandelszky/Associated Press

The above pic illustrates a *Times* frontpage dispatch headlined “Fierce Fighting Breaks out East of Beirut.” If Roland B. were alive, he’d piss his breeches.

5/12 Fifty years to the day since the release of *Art of Darkness*, by NORAD. A diabolical narrative, written underground in the bowels of Cheyenne Mountain, CO. It’s proven itself a real classic – still capable of scaring the crap out of billions.

*The prettiest girl I ever saw  
Was sipping psilocybin through a straw.*

Once superheated, the potato has transformed to so much liquid nitrogen.  
Splattering whomever. No longer a prayer of passing it round.

Rotting away again in Morguearritaville.

Huge quake epicentered near Chengdu in Sichuan. A region bordering Tibet. Many fatalities. Horrifying situation.

Some week for energy discharges, atmospheric and seismic. Could all these be laid to the earth doing her thing, or are there folks triggering and guiding this energy – a whole hidden branch of politics carried out by other means?



Just like Santa Clausewitz. Who don't always use a sled and reindeer to bring his gifts – know what I mean?