

6/25 Barclay's receives multi-billion dollar infusions from Qatar, Singapore, China, et al. Sorry, Rudyard. The twain, on some level, intertwines, convolutes. The Great Game, take two. Thirty-six tactics: *Guest becomes host.*

Bombard the small child's id with external stimuli – superego directives disguised as a kind of twin id – and you displace its proper functioning. Thus confounded and deformed, how can the id offer its generative energy to the unfolding architecture of the ego? Put another way, our culture and its attendant spectacle make war on the id. But the true objective is obliteration of the ego and its wondrous shape-shifting, yet form-sustaining dynamic.

Dateline Williamsburg – the peculiarly named Landmarks Preservation Commission approves the developer's plan to convert a vast brick 1882 industrial building into 2,200 apartments at a cost of one billion dollars. Thus will the iconic Domino Sugar sign glow once again above a transfigured city.

Strike's over at Domino sugar. A long one, over a year and a half. Big loss for the workers. Sad and sorry too, because not one other union or local came out to back them up. Most likely Tate & Lyle will pull the plug on the plant anyway within a year or two, and the last big Brooklyn manufacturer will be gone. So out of balance with itself and the world, this city is getting too painful for you to write in, or about. Basta.

What you wrote back in February, 2001. But the pot's so much sweeter now.

“Know, that you are never deserted.”

Journey to the center of the dearth.

Is it pathos yet?

“I am just assuming,” says K. after dinner, “that these are the days.”

Y bienvenido a New York – world festival of a thousand possible worlds.

6/26 The wide-open social spaces.

“There is no greater threat in life than that we will be deserted, left all alone. Psychoanalysis has named this – man’s greatest fear – separation anxiety; and the younger we are, the more excruciating is our anxiety when we feel deserted, for the young child actually perishes when not adequately protected and taken care of.”

Dit Bettelheim.

Yes, and if the child survives physically, but not emotionally, what then?

Interview with three hundred million vampires.

Things you never knew until you did. In 1955, Walter O’Malley, owner of the Dodgers, proposed that the team’s new stadium be covered with a geodesic dome. Yes, a Bucky grows in Brooklyn. But then along came Robert Moses with his “thou shalt not...” list and, two years later, Dem Bumz wuz history, at least a far as New Yawk wuz

consoined.

SYNERGY = BEHAVIOR OF WHOLE SYSTEMS NOT IMPLICIT IN ANY OF THE BEHAVIORAL CHARACTERISTICS OF ANY OF THE PARTS OF THE SYSTEM WHEN THESE PARTS ARE CONSIDERED SEPARATELY.

This scrawled on an undated B.F. drawing, "Three Frequency Geodesic Sphere."

At an official cost to the city of \$15.5 million and change, Bloomie's muscled the Public Art Fund into constructing four vertical steel gridworks in the East River that, fitted out with pipes and pumps, appear in architectural renderings as curtains of water dropping magically from a great height. Designed by a Danish artist, Olafur Eliasson, the fountains have been strategically placed to draw attention to the hizzoner's pet development projects in Manhattan, Brooklyn and Governor's Island.

Cool-looking in the simulations, these water curtains, particularly the one beneath the east pillar of the Brooklyn bridge. But in a news photo of a test run, a stiff breeze dispersed the water diagonally away from the structural grid transforming the effect into that of half-built office tower with a serious plumbing leak.

Yo, Bloomie, do us all a favor – don't go chasing waterfalls.

Prima emails a dispatch from Benin. She's recently become a Vodun initiate and lent her presence as Papa, her priest, ritually mediated a domestic dispute:

"What is interesting is that all this is to keep the family healthy and together, not only for the sake of the living members, but, consider what would happen to the

vodun who protects them if each family member wanders off and there are no descendents to care for the family or its shrines – it means the loss of all that the family stands upon. It means the children will come up with nothing in their hands. It makes the trans-Atlantic slave trade an even more staggering blow. As vicious as the buyers were, how vicious is that to do to your own? No wonder the descendents of the Abomey kings now meet every year to publicly beg the pardon of all those they sold to places across the sea. What an economy! What a system!”

You write back asking when this practice of admitting culpability began and what prompted it.

She replies: “In the ‘90s I believe, maybe a little later. I had the interesting experience of being at one.... The present king, a bit fragile, got up and with great emotion said, *Nous sommes complices.*”

6/27 It's the weather, stupid.

Autopsy-turvy.

Through the train window yesterday, nearing Newark, at some distance, distinct upon the skyline, a tall dark gray building, half demolished as though it had been bombed from the air, or shelled by cannon: a sharply diagonal sweep of rubble curving up to where adjoining walls still stood. Tremendous ruin value. What building was this, and who, in this age of implosion, would intentionally dismantle a tower this way? This morning it's hard to convince yourself you didn't dream this vision. The same sensation you felt yesterday when you took double and triple takes, trying to

reconcile what you saw with the iconography of a modern city. Your search of the web exhausts your powers of concise description. No findable references.

Famosos desconocidos.

Your train came through the tunnel from Jersey OK, but lost power on the Manhattan side. It was an interesting arrested moment: no air circulating from the dead mechanical systems, the broad expanse of wheel-polished steel switches on either side, plenty of light and open space around, though the tracks run two stories underground. And up ahead, looming above the tunnels into Penn, the majestic posterior columns of the GPO. No movement.

As idle as a painted ship

Upon a painted ocean.

You thought you felt a bump, as if they were attaching an engine to the front of the train. But whatever the cause, then came a slow, gliding, almost frictionless final run, an unsquealing halt, and lo, the platform, the escalator, the street.

By a 5 to 4 margin the Supes reaffirm, bigtime, the Right to Bear Arms. But with the Dow down nearly five hundred in the past two days, it seems like the Br'er Bears is packing too.

Noctilucent clouds.

Atmosfear.

Democratic unity-fest in NH. Astonishing. An Oedipal triumph. Mother and Son are dumping the old man. Didn't really see this coming, though all the signs and auguries were there. No precedent for this, far as you know.



Photo: Spencer Platt/Getty Images

6/28 It's time for what happens.

Idea for a teeshirt: SAVE THE BANKERS.

...Take refuge in pleasure

Just give me your future

We'll forget your past

*Oh mother of pearl
Submarine lover
In a shrinking world...*

*...Oh mother of pearl
So so semi-precious
In your detached world...
Chanté Roxy*

And Ovid:

*Orpheus sings: Pygmalion and the statue
...When he returned, he sought out the image of his girl, and leaning over the couch,
kissed her. She felt warm: he pressed his lips to her again, and also touched her breast with his
hand. The ivory yielded to his touch, and lost its hardness, altering under his fingers, as the bees'
wax of Hymettus softens in the sun, and is moulded, under the thumb, into many forms, made
usable by use. The lover is stupefied, and joyful, but uncertain, and afraid he is wrong, reaffirms
the fulfillment of his wishes, with his hand, again, and again....*

*Pasa cantando el río...
La la la... ¡Que bonita!
La la la... Republica de la eNeYéSé
La la la... Vamos pa' lante...*

In nineteen hundred and seventy-one
Dick Nixon let the dollar run
And all the banks had lots of fun till...

Speak, *Messenger!* "Obama Supporters Take His Middle Name as Their Own."
Or, put another way, It's Not What You Call Me, It's What I Answer To.

"Emily Nordling has never met a Muslim, at least not to her knowledge. But this spring, Ms. Nordling, a 19-year-old student from Fort Thomas, Ky., gave herself a new middle name on Facebook.com, mimicking her boyfriend and shocking her father.

"'Emily Hussein Nordling,' her entry now reads.

"With her decision, she joined a growing band of supporters of Senator Barack Obama, the presumptive Democratic presidential nominee, who are expressing solidarity with him by informally adopting his middle name.

"The result is a group of unlikely-sounding Husseins: Jewish and Catholic, Hispanic and Asian and Italian-American, from Jaime Hussein Álvarez of Washington, D.C., to Kelly Hussein Crowley of Norman, Okla., to Sarah Beth Hussein Frumkin [!] of Chicago.

"Jeff Strabone of Brooklyn now signs credit card receipts with his newly assumed middle name, while Dan O'Maley of Washington, D.C., jiggered his e-mail account so his name would appear as 'D. Hussein O'Maley.' Alex Enderle made the switch online along with several other Obama volunteers from Columbus, Ohio, and now friends greet him that way in person, too....

..."I am sick of Republicans pronouncing Barack Obama's name like it was some sort of cuss word,' Mr. Strabone wrote in a manifesto titled 'We Are All Hussein'

that he posted on his own blog and on dailykos.com....”

Who’s sane?

Kan ya Makan, in Year 61 to be exact, Husayn ibn Ali, grandson of the Prophet, was martyred at Karbala when he and a small company of the faithful, including his family and retainers, were confronted by and fought heroically against, an army of four thousand troops under Yazid I, the Umayyad Caliph.

Since his death, Husayn has been revered among Shi’a as an Imam, and on Ashura, the anniversary of his martyrdom, his spiritual descendents engage in a day of deep mourning and self-reflection. There is a saying: “Every day is Ashura, every land is Karbala.” As a reward for his courage and self-sacrifice, Al-lah will allow Husayn to intercede on behalf of the faithful, come the day of judgment.

Back at the end of December ’06, the *Messenger* reported on a “volley of taunts that continued right up to the moment of the hanging itself, and afterwards, as Mr. Hussein lay [sic] suspended from the rope.”

Still sane, after all these years. Or, more accurately, but mad north-northwest: when the wind is southerly...

6/29 Free by birth. Utopian by training.

Watching, yet again, the Zapruder footage of your moment fly by.

6/30 Suburban legends.

Hussein's on first. Spartacus on second and I don't know on third...

The plastic bikini.



Christopher Calubaquib

Wildfires in northern Cally convect oily dust into the atmosphere. For now, at any rate, it's the lavender sunshine state.

Which happens when particles measuring about one micron across – a little larger than the wavelength of red light – go a-wandering en masse. Dust motes this size tend to scatter red light strongly, while letting the blues pass through. Some geezers remember the lavender suns following the great Alberta muskeg fires of September

1950 which caused lots of folks as far off as the British Isles to mistake brother Phoebus for a flying saucer.

Once in a blue moon: same lightwaves, different dust.

The zone where pleasure and meaning come together.

Tink outside the vox.

¡Qué onda buey!

Seventh Avenue E-train platform. Waiting, you wander side to side, look down each track. Nothing. The vaulted ceilings feature extravagantly peeling paint. Here and there, dampness oozes from tiny fissures between concrete and steel. At the base of the support column closest to you, a glistening bump around four inches high, like the nub of a rhinoceros horn or a narwhale's. Stalagmite. Look upward to see what's causing it. Persistent drip from a mini-stalactite at the column's top – fed by some invisible source. Every sixteen pulses. Given time, the drips will meet the drops and a mineral bond will join floor and ceiling of this cave...

A thousand wildfires. And more.