

7/19 Where's your freedom?

Expanding terrorism and the war on economy.

The meaning of dwarves.

Yes and



Cantcha hear me knockin'?

*Liberty cannot be provided for in the general sense if property be preserved. The main thing that I speak for is because I would have an eye to property.*

Quoth Henry Ireton, Commissary-General to Oliver Cromwell, c. 1647. And this dude was a “progressive.”

7/20 Mainely.

7/21 *An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im that's got it...*

“Djibouti is growing rice in solar-powered greenhouses, fed by groundwater and cooled with seawater, in a project that produces what the World Bank economist Ruslan Yemtsov calls ‘probably the most expensive rice on earth.’

“Several oil-rich nations, including Saudi Arabia, have started searching for farmland in fertile but politically unstable countries like Pakistan and Sudan, with the goal of growing crops to be shipped home.

“‘These countries have the land and the water,’ said Hassan S. Sharaf Al Hussaini, an official in Bahrain’s agriculture ministry. ‘We have the money.’

“In Egypt, where a shortage of subsidized bread led to rioting in April, government officials say they are looking into growing wheat on two million acres straddling the border with Sudan....

“...Egypt is establishing an estimated 200,000 acres of farmland in the desert each year, even as it loses 60,000 acres of its best farmland to urbanization...

“As Cairo’s population has grown – to an estimated 12 million today – hastily constructed apartment buildings have sprouted among the fields. ‘They sow apartment buildings instead of wheat,’ said Gideon Kruseman, a Dutch agriculture economist...”

*The wall did well for man.  
In its thickness and strength  
it protected him against destruction.  
But soon, the will to look out  
made man make a hole in the wall,  
and the wall was very pained, and said,*

*“What are you doing to me?  
I protected you, I made you feel secure,  
and now you put a hole through me!”  
and man said, “But I will look out!  
I see wonderful things,  
and I want to look out.”*

Writ Louis Kahn, oncet.

Scientists look out and discover that the croutonisphere is composed of rough-surfaced cubical bodies, with myriad seemingly random floating crumb-like bits and lots of empty in between.

*Kahn: Even a space intended to be dark should have just enough light from some mysterious source to tell us how dark it really is. Each space must be defined by its structures and the character of its natural light.*

Yes it's the same old tale the crow told me,  
Ba Gua circles round the green ash tree...

That grew like a weed in height and girth this past year, so much so you almost didn't recognize it.

And through the sheet of rain, the sumac, lewd and laughing beyond.

7/22 At this remove, the energy of New York appears as a garden hose, turned full on, thrashing about on the lawn, spritzing every which way.

The Devil makes light work for many hands.

First clear night in some time. Vega and Arcturus bright as anything. And a plenitude of meteors, more frequent even than the Perseids, from all directions.

7/23 Electric blue noctilucent clouds seen in Persia. As far south as in anyone's memory.

And after dark, in the northern latitudes, a new bright spot in the firmament...



...known, lyrically, as the Early Ammonia Servicer. Barely visible a year ago

when it was chucked off the International Space Station, the EAS has grown considerably brighter of late. About the size and mass of a mc mansion-sized refrigerator, this impromptu satellite, now at a magnitude of 2+, will grow more luminous still as its orbit decays and loops it ever closer to Earth. Should be easy enough to spot, whipping across the skydome on a clear night if one knows where to look. Until later this year, or early next, when the density of the atmosphere claims it. At which point the EAS will flash and vanish, like any other shooting star.

*Ils s'amusaient tristement selon la coutume de leur pays.* They amused themselves sadly after the fashion of their country. Said Froissart of the English, supuestamente.

7/24 A fox runs across Route 15 in front of your car. Near enough to gasp at, far enough so's you don't hit the brakes. A fine, rufus fellow with a white-tipped tail. There he goes into the woods. Can a chicken be far behind?

*Les escargots, ils sont frais, ils sont beaux... On les vend six sous la douzaine!*

7/26 Thursday has been identified as the proximal cause of Friday, and indirectly, of Saturday as well.

Obama, the ultimate novelty candidate, barnstorms the warzones, the Holy Land and rheumatic old Europe. It all feels strangely plotted out, algorithmic, yet bloodless – as though contrivance has evolved beyond requiring human motivation and begun contriving for itself.

Up in Maine, there's an aggressive edge to his supporters, the young green Waspoisie. It vibes heavy when they come into shops to ask the owners for donations or to discount goods for the local fundraiser. A fair number of bumper stickers, and signs pegged out on folks' front lawns too. The lettering's not bold, doesn't try to knock your eye out in that timeless tired way. Instead it's finely cut, there's an angular, chiseled quality to it. And in a rush makes sense: Trajan's column. Stealth imperialist.

Holy cow the skies. Several different layers of clouds, all moving at different speeds as though each strata's affixed to a distinct and curving plane. Like living inside an armillary sphere, or some sort of time machine.

Found today: a motherlode of chanterelles. Et 'em with dinner, sautéed in butter with shallots and vermouth over london broil. For dessert, blueberries and raspberries, gathered trailside.

7/29 You're a wave and then you're gone. Littorally.

*C'est la panik, panik, panik*

*Sur le périphérique*

*C'est la panik, panik, panik*

*Sur le périphérique*

*Trop de traffic*

*Trop de traffic*

*C'est la panik, panik, panik*

*Sur le périphérique*

*Tik tak tik tak ...*

*C'est la panik en Afrique*

*Panik en Amérique*

*Panik aux fanatiques*

*Tak tik tak tik tak tik*

*C'est la panik, panik, panik*

*Panik économique...*

*Panik à la boutique*

*Panik démographique*

*Paniker sans plastique...*

*Panik démocratique*

*Panik écologique...*

Chanté Manu Chao

Low tide and a half dozen kids have waded out to a shallow spot where the water's only calf deep. They notice that tide has changed and, as they splash their way toward shore, call to some friends standing much farther out on a tiny, ephemeral island. Every so often, the senior girl turns to yell, "Come back, tide's coming in!" And the smallest boy, picking up the rear, choruses, as low as his voice will allow: "Doooom will befall you!"

Merrill self-Lynches using its own rope: unloads CDO's once valued at \$32 billion for 22 cents on the dollar. The sale to Lone Star, a Dallas-based investment fund,

may, in *Times*-ese, “enable Merrill to move on.” From its \$54 billion in writedowns since last summer. Even as the Singapore government’s well-honed investment arm chops itself a still larger slice.

“Why not, at this point, be the first to purge assets and get it over with?” asks an analyst at Openheimer & Co. “And, if that means raising capital, raise capital.” And hell, move on. Off Main Street and out into Death Valley.

From the car, K. spots a huge clump of chicken of the woods growing at the base of a distressed oak tree. Cooked slowly in butter, but no, they’re past their prime, too tough to eat.

Jupiter bright enough to knock your eye out.