

8/5 The foaming self.

Whom do you dissemble more, your mother or your father?



Diagonally across Eighth Avenue to the northeast and sixteen stories down.
They must've started the demo just before you returned. Moving fast.

8/6 *O for a snood of fire!*

Before she was awakened by the Prince, did Sleeping Beauty experience snoregasms, multiple or otherwise?

You've threaded the needle, now make it sew!

Why this passage from Alfred Döblin, written at the end of '45, leap up into relief today?

The countryside looks cared for. Only the cities are devastated. And how devastated. Out in America one has seen pictures of these cities in the cinemas. One can walk along the streets of many cities, the roadway and often the pavement too has been cleared. Almost everywhere the usable bricks have already been sorted out and neatly piled against the walls of buildings. They await a new use. For as I already said, here lives as before an industrious, orderly people. They have, as always, obeyed a government, finally that of Hitler, and by and large do not understand, why this time obedience was supposed to have been bad. It will be much easier to rebuild their cities than to make them experience, what they have experienced and to understand how it came about.

Woman: My car was hit by you!

Man: The fault was had by you.

Woman: Mister, my car was hit by you.

Man: It was hoped by me that late for work I would not be, and yet standing next to you is where I find myself, my car totaled by you and by erratic driving tendencies that are had by you.

Policeman (entering): There is a problem here had by you both?

Woman: My car was hit by him!

Man: A lie is being told! The accident was caused by her!

Policeman: Help can be given if quiet is had.

Innocent Bystander (entering scene): Ahem! Could attention be paid to me by you? The accident was seen by me.

Woman: My car was hit by him, right?

Bystander: Woman, delusions are being had by you. His car was clearly hit by you.

Policeman: Lady, the bystander is believed.

Woman: Terrified is being felt by me; collapsing will be done by me; money is not had by me!

Policeman: A court date will be set by us. In the meantime, crying must be stopped.

Such is "Auto Accident," a study in voicing passively by Jessica Luginbuhl and read by us in Athas's *Gram-O-Rama*.

Continued taking down of the venerable brick building cluster at the southwest corner of 26th and Eighth, abandoned and scaffolded for some time, and standing adjacent to the parking lot. K. does some web searching and finds that apart from the demolition, no other permits have been issued. Apparently. But the parcel will smile more attractively to potential developers sans these rotten teeth. Bit by bit, a mixed crew of Latino and black guys in hard hats, most wearing yellow teeshirts labors away, ripping up planks and casting 'em overboard, exposing joists, sledgehammering at

walls to create a fracture seam, then pulling down sections with hook-ended poles, like tools from of a medieval siege. Old methods, for old materials.



There goes a whitewashed chimney, poked at repeatedly with a chisel-pointed, hexagonally-shafted iron rod. Your body remember using one of those, how protected your palms felt encased in rawhide, and the shock up your arm bones when your metal hit brick instead of mortar.

Angle up and behind them looms the Empire State.

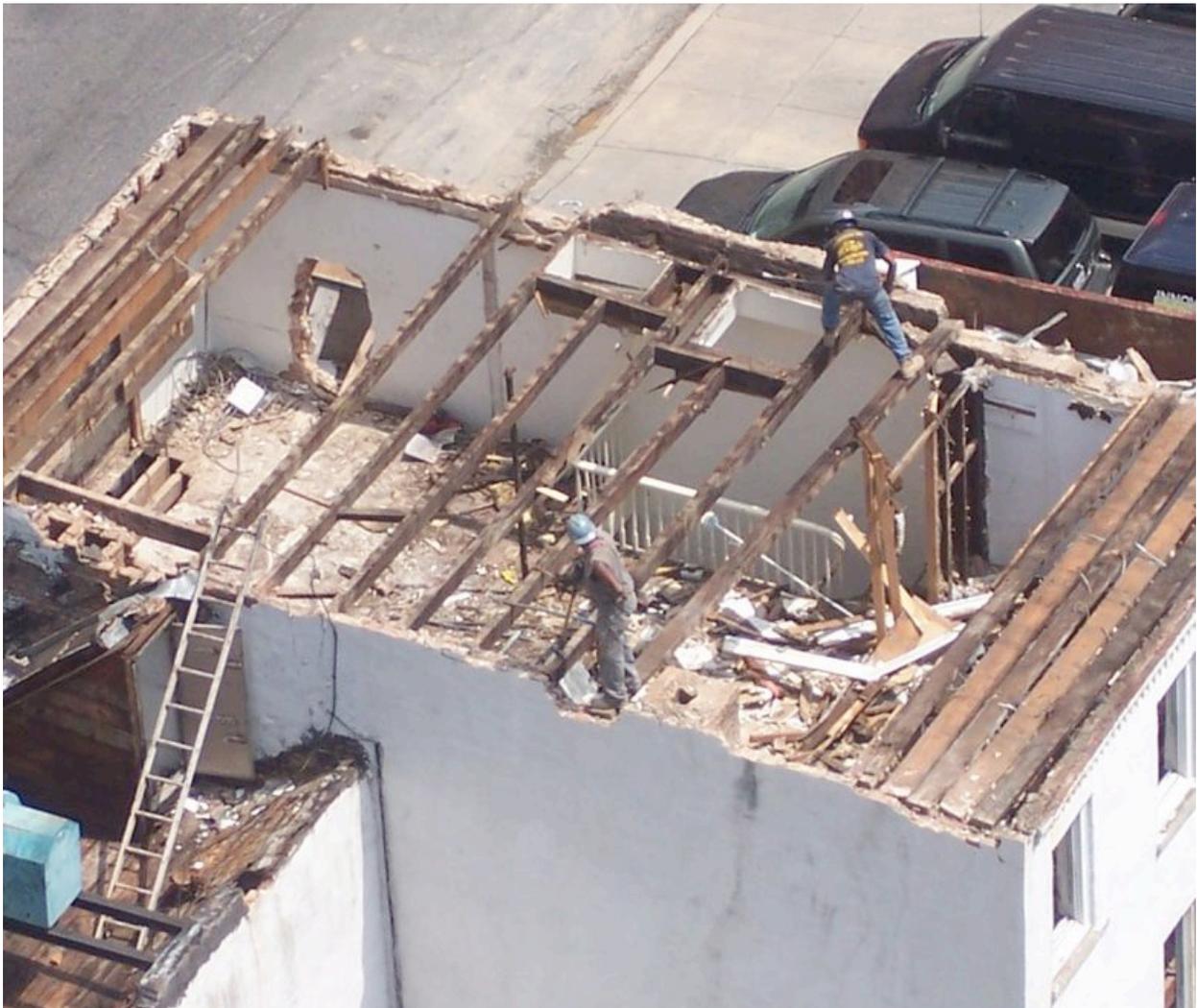
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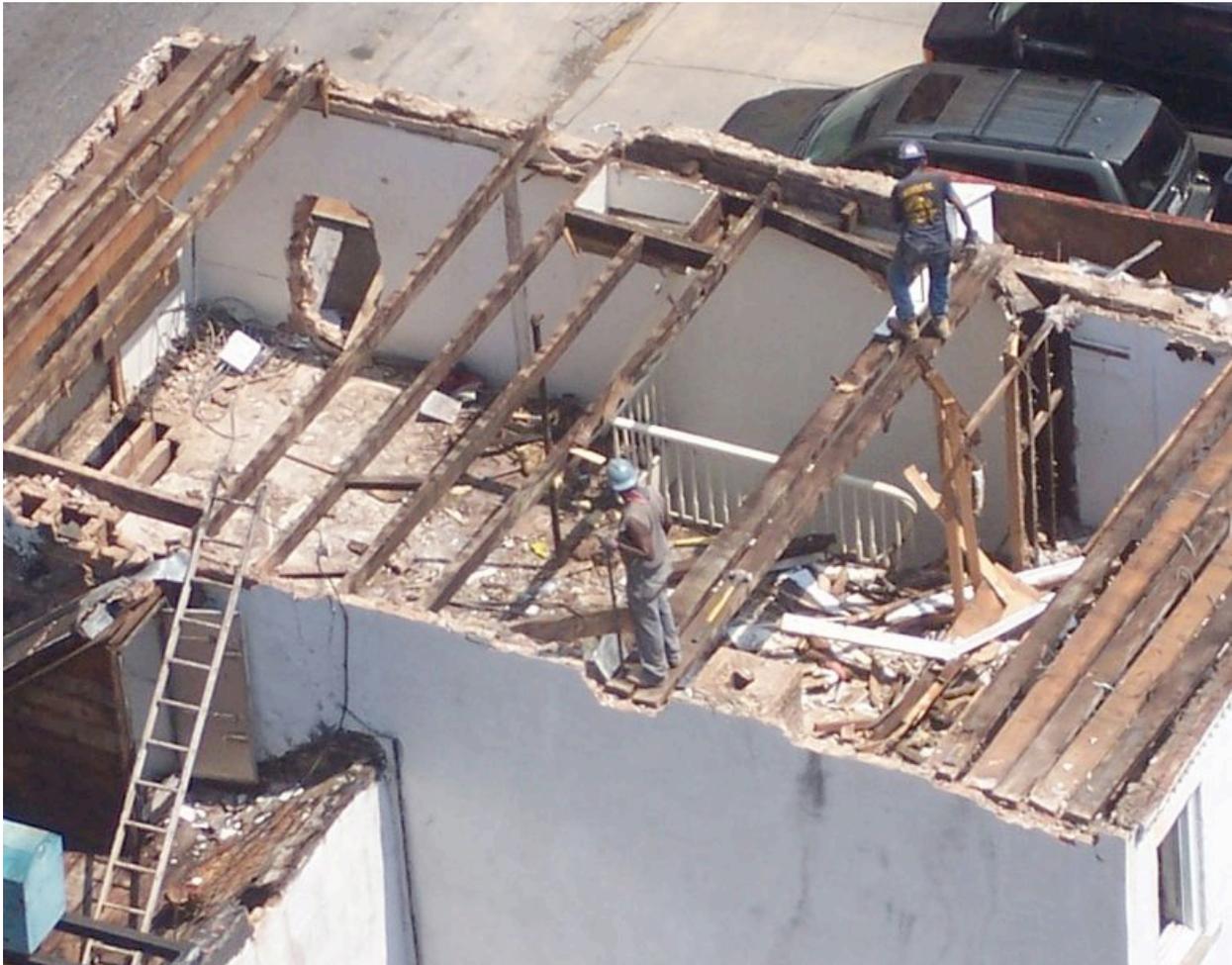
Hiroshima shadows turn 63.

...Now, little boy lost, he takes himself so seriously

He brags of his misery, he likes to live dangerously...

Zimmerman.





The easternmost of the two men working on the embedded joists pauses, wipes his face and then sweatband of his hard hat with a huge white handkerchief. Wipes his face and forehead again. Stuffs the kerchief in his pocket, starts levering again.

Sun and breeze.



Workday's done. A few yards west on 26th, next to the building whose roof they've stripped of tarpaper, though its walls remain intact, a tree dances.

8/7 For how long can humanity defer its own deliverance?

Hype and bad science

Never reaching the end,

Letters I've written

Never meaning to send...

Juridical farce soars to new heights at Guantánamo. If this were a contest, which trial would win the ribbon for Best in Show?

Three crazy eights, the center and rightmost separated by an 0.

A most auspicious date, so Chinese tradition says. And in Beijing, at 8:08 p.m., the games begin. In Mandarin the word for eight is Ba, as in Ba Gua Zhang: eight diagram palm. Ba rhymes with Fa, prosperity. So highly prized are birthdays that falls upon even one eight, that caesarians are not infrequently performed to insure good fortune for the child and family.

Last week Mac and O debated the merits of proper tire inflation as energy policy. This was widely broadcast. It is as though we're being constantly prodded, purposefully with forks, to find out if we're done yet. If our juices run clear.

Yesterday, a drive south on the Meadowbrook through a band of intense, pelting rain out of an Armageddon sky.

Then, having gained Jones beach, you lay prone in bright sunlight, and tracked the cell you'd passed through as it slowly moved northeast, over the Sound or coastal Connecticut, listened to its thunder rumbles crossphasing with the surf roar. K. nudged you – *Look, there's lightning!*

Late afternoon, heading home on the LIE, cloud and lightplay of an almost religious fervor. Wondrous in its melodrama, but oddly absurd. Early evening and continuing today, vast towers of cumulus.

And below, the bricks keep tumbling. Present men unmake the floors, walls and ceilings that gone men made.





Shaken, stirred by verbs, the nouns move on.

By real or artificial magic, or the most astounding good fortune, Beijing manages smog-free skies.