

8/22 Three-way street.

Engrenage, mon amour.

Neither a bear nor bull market, more Roger Rabbit. Toontown.

You've watched in various locations and under differing circumstances, but today, in Bryant Park, you played your first game of pétanque. In Provençal, the name means "feet together," which is the stance one takes when throwing from within the circle. But the word is onomatopoetic too, for *pey-tahnk!* sounds like boule knocking another out of the way with the intent of coming to rest closer to the target of the little red ball. Nearer my *cochonnet* to thee.

Though one of your opponents is an expert player, your team did not, at least, lose 13-0, and therefore *mettre fanny*, which would have obligated you to kiss either the actual derriere of a local named Fanny, or a symbolic representation thereof – or, stand the winners to a round of 51.

Fanny, Fannie, quelle est la difference? Fannie Mae oui, ou Fannie Mae non. Si non, on doit chercher pour un oncle qui a trois boules. Parceque comme les boules, les mortgages sont très lourd.

Et Freddie, qu'est-ce qui se passe avec toi?

"You always find out who's been swimming naked when the tide goes out," said Warren Buffet to Reuters today. "[And] Wall Street's been kind of a nudist beach..."

8/23 The *Messenger* continues to unfold its infinite wisdom:

“The next time someone says, ‘I smell danger in the air,’ that might literally be true – and the odor might be coming from you.

“At the tip of the noses of mammals, including humans, is a ball of nerve cells known as the Grueneberg ganglion, named after Hans Grueneberg, the scientist who described the structure in mice in 1973.

“Grueneberg thought it was just a nerve ending. Only in last few years, after scientists devised strains of mice that glow green under fluorescent light, did they deduce that the Grueneberg ganglion is a component of the olfactory system. But they still did not know what the ganglion smelled.

“In the Aug. 22 issue of the journal *Science*, researchers at the University of Lausanne in Switzerland report that they have figured it out, at least for the green-glowing mice.

“All sorts of organisms, including plants, insects and mammals, release “alarm pheromones” when they sense danger; the pheromones waft through the air to warn others. Very little is known about the alarm pheromones of mammals other than that they exist. Scientists have not identified the compounds; they do not know where in the body the pheromones are produced. Nonetheless, the Lausanne scientists could collect the pheromones by simply stressing mice and sucking up the air around them.

“When other normal mice were exposed to the danger-scented air, they froze in their tracks. But mice whose Grueneberg ganglia had been excised did not notice anything wrong and continued to wander around their cages without a care in the world.”

Far fuckin' niente.

Your olfactory nerve's

All up the spout

You can't smell a rat

When your nose is out...

Chanté Chumbawamba a hundred or so mouse generations ago.

Of mice and elephants.

Saturday a.m. at Le G., one AC on and the door propped open. The other AC is down. Mario unplugged it because he saw some scorching around the socket. Consequently the place starts heating up, particularly for the cooks and waitstaff and A. stands up on a chair and cranks both AC's to the max. He doesn't seem to notice that one of them isn't working, nor that his action had no effect.

Awful techno-pop blasting tinnily from the speakers. Repetitive electronically distorted chorus sounds like "Miners love-in tonight."

Wicked faeries condemn folks to take the shape of beautiful virgins. Who will break the spell and allow them to reclaim their natural beasthood?

Are those contradictions howling or just wolves?

It's not so much recognizing the elephant in the living room as astonishment at

how many elephants can fit in there and frustration at running out of digits on which to count them all.

OMG. And little fissures.

Ba Gua Zhang. Eight diagrams. A thousand reverberations of the speaking, hearing body.

*...All would be well If, if, if, if
Say the green bells of Cardiff...*

The headline “Obama Adds Foreign Expertise to Ticket” – in the form of Joe Biden as running mate, augmented by triumphant pics of the respectively red and blue-tied duo – blows “Afghan President Assails U.S.-led Airstrikes” that killed scores of civilians, and “U.S. and Global Economies Slipping in Unison,” down to the bottom of the page.

8/24 *...Now I'm a happy fella
Well I'm married to the fortune teller
We're happy as we can be
And I get my fortune told for free.*

8/25 You don't have to be asleep. These last days, it is sufficient to lie down and close your eyes, whereupon a fantastic concatenation of images disport upon your

lidscreens. One of the more vivid experiences of this ambiguous state is the absolutely concrete sensation of your right (rear wheel) brake cable snapping as you attempted to stop your bike at the corner of 24th and Ninth. Hence this morning, pedaling toward the site of this meta-incident, you are temporarily seized by a moment's chagrin that you forgot to repair the cable and you vow, internally, to head for the bike shop directly after coffee. But then you slow to allow a cab to cross your path and it is with almost a sense of surprise that you discover that both brakes are completely sound.

For disaster capitalism, all hurricanes are Katchinga. The only math that counts is the aftermath.

Performance-enhancing bugs.

8/26 The parable of the three dead cows.

See that one high in the mountains to the west? Its body alive with the ministrations of energetic maggots? So much action, such drama even in the rarified air of a mile-high city.

Is that Cow 1?

No, that's Cow 2. Now, see the place to the west, but not quite so far west, where a thousand waters converge? See that cow a-staggering, soon to fall? And when it does, so many creatures will swarm upon it nurturing themselves upon its ill-fed meat.

Cow 3?

Exactly. Now look behind you, far to the east, in the so-called Northern

Capital. See, only the skeleton's left.

Ah, Cow 1...

Yes, that it must be...

Les moments charnières, hinge moments, when everything swings.

The fuses, my friend,

Are blowing in the wind...

Cow one is and is not cow two,

The map is still not the word,

Nor the word the territory...

Eyes to the grindstone, nose to the veal.

If your soles are cut, your path will be bloody, no matter what land you walk through. Until, or if, they heal.

Cherry, rose, iron-rust, flamingo. Sundrop.

8/27 Noctilucent clouds.

Ça roule.

NYT headline: "Clinton Rallies Her Troops to Fight for Obama."

"This Is a Fight for the Future" banners the *Sun*, quoting from Hillary's convention speech. These words emblazoned above a central, four-columnwide photo of her at her most rooster-like, posed before a megamonitor image of her face soft-focus transfigured into that of an enormous child-Barbie.

Fighting for peace.

Fucking for chastity.

Reads an "artefacto" of Nicanor Parra's – or words to that effect.

It's a rough and tumbrel world out here.

Not so much a gong, as a thousand little bells.

Humble yo'se'f...

"The plough is low in the sky," says E.B., who has been observing the stars from his post in the country.

G.T. email forwards you a message from the Foclare:

Do not act in front of human beings, but in front of God. *Non agire davanti agli uomini, ma davanti a Dio.*

To which she adds: *These Foclare messages are talking about the "God of the Living Moment" AHA!*

The discourse of blows.

And in the mile-high city went up the chant: Nam-Yobama-Renge-Kyo.

Chronic Ills of a Debt Foreclosed: a work of maniacal nihilism having many authors, plagiarists all. No bell.

Whilst U.S. gunboat diplomacy turns speeds full ahead toward other means in the Black Sea.

Is it really possible that this criminal gang of lunatics is thinking: well, we can't take down Iran just yet, so let's cut to the chase and start World War III? Or does the confrontation with Russia somehow gate into an attack on Iran? What pretexts what? Dog wagging tail or vice versa, this is one sick puppy getting in the face of a seriously pissed-off bear.

8/28 *We don't need another hero...* sang the children of Thunderdome. But of course it turned out they did and were glad of him.

American exceptionalism: a doctrine neither beautiful, nor useful, nor wise.

Bang on pans to drive the starlings away.

On the way to Whole Foods: One dying pigeon. One three-legged dog. One

white toddler being pushed in his stroller by a middle-aged woman of color. One ancient white woman being pushed in her wheelchair by young a woman of color.

On the way back from Whole Foods: more beautiful young women than you can shake a stick at. For, among other reasons, FIT is back in session.

Comes back into your head a remark of Putin's several years ago. Taken to task for authoritarianism by Dick Cheney, the Tsar of all the Russias, rejoindered: "Comrade wolf knows whom to eat, he eats without listening, and he's clearly not going to listen to anyone."



Todd Heisler/The New York Times

Workers put the finishing touches on the set on Thursday

Parthenon, or just confusion? Biden, at any rate, has the air of a Roman Senator. He's no Greek. And certainly no Persians allowed. Will the candidates appear in togas? In any case, it's all Aristophanes. Forward hoplites! Hop hop hop!