

April 23 – continued

As arrives in your inbox, courtesy of A., a choice bite of Talleyrand, so concise it might be thought of as a Talleygram:

Bien agiter le peuple avant de s'en servir, sage maxim.

Which pretty closely works out to: Whip the people up really well before using [them].

But what avails the wily minister to offer strategic advice these days? Have not the people transformed into an insubstantial and twittering froth? And what is the prince himself but a hologram and his advisors restless spirits of ill intent...



It's taken several weeks, but at last motive and opportunity intersect and you get a better shot of the surviving east wall of the building flattened last year by the falling crane.

April 25

Who'll take care of you in your old rage?

Which came first, the 300 lb gorilla or the elephant in the living room?

April 26

Execration texts: curse inscriptions written on statuettes of prisoners of war that were meant to be shattered and buried ceremonially in order to bring misfortune to the enemies of ancient Egypt.

The threehundredthousandkilogorillaphant has not, in fact, left the building much less the salon. He, it – whatever – may constitute the building itself. Which is why no imaginable broom, nor rug however vast, can cover him. Noah, your sons have gone. And the tent opening flaps wide. The angel sneezes and Abraham does what he's told.

Are you a map or a mouse?

A mouse and a map, signore.

Why that's impossible!

Si signore, I mean, no! For I am a topogigic map, I mean mouse...

April 28

Swine of the *Times*:

“Pork producers question whether the term ‘swine flu’ is appropriate, given that pigs so far do not seem to be falling ill. Government officials in Thailand, one of the world’s largest meat exporters, have started referring to the disease as ‘Mexican flu.’ An Israeli deputy health minister — an ultra-Orthodox Jew — said his country would do the same, to keep Jews from having to say the word ‘swine....’

The World Organization for Animal Health, which handles veterinary issues around the world, issued a statement late Monday suggesting that the new disease should be labeled ‘North American influenza,’ in keeping with a long medical tradition of naming influenza pandemics for the regions where they were first identified...”

By whatever moniker, this might be the start of something pig. Or if not the start, the gestation. Or if not the gestation, a fruition.

April 29

Howls of hysteria to close the border with flu-ish Mexico. But Obama and his Homeland Security Secretary stand firm against such a move. The *Times* for its part, marshals various epidemiologists to the cause:

Closing borders is dangerous because many goods needed in a pandemic are made abroad, said Dr. Michael T. Osterholm, director of the Center for Infectious Disease Research and Policy at the University of Minnesota, including most masks, gowns and gloves, electrical circuits for ventilators and communications gear, and pharmaceutical drugs and the raw materials to make them. (For example, most suppliers of shikimic acid, the base ingredient in the antiviral drug Tamiflu, are in China.)

“You cut those off and you cripple the health care system,” he said. “Our global just-in-time economy means we are dependent on others.” Much of our food is from overseas. “A Kellogg’s Nutri-Grain bar has ingredients from nine countries in it,” he noted.

Come again? Did this bloke really use Nutri-Grain as an example of a food source upon which we depend?



1.3 oz travel size cereal bar in individually sealed package. Low fat. Ingredients: Filling (high fructose corn syrup, blueberry preserves [high fructose corn syrup, blueberries], corn syrup, glycerin, fructose, sugar, maltodextrin, water, natural and artificial blueberry flavor, modified corn starch, sodium alginate, calcium phosphate, citric acid, soy lecithin, xanthan gum, modified cellulose, sodium citrate, malic acid, red #40, blue #1), enriched wheat flour,

whole oats, sugar, partially hydrogenated soybean and/or cottonseed oil, high fructose corn syrup, honey, calcium carbonate, dextrose, nonfat dry milk, wheat bran, salt, cellulose gum, leavening (potassium bicarbonate), natural and artificial vanilla flavor, soy lecithin, wheat gluten, corn starch, niacinamide, carrageenan, guar gum, zinc oxide, reduced iron, pyridoxine hydrochloride (vitamin B6), riboflavin (vitamin B2), vitamin A palitate, thiamin hydrochloride (vitamin B1), and folic acid. Contains wheat and milk products.

Kosher: K D

And another swine of the times...

April 30



Starting at around 6:30, just after dawn, an assemblage of choppers in formation over downtown. Three in a holding pattern, two more converge. Hard to tell what exactly they're hovering over.



Meanwhile, near his upstate encampment, E.B. has been lithing along the creekbank. He emails words and pics videlicet:

And the little one said "roll over, roll over" and we all rolled over while.....

Spring uncoils



little wonder so it is
beneath the thrown stone throne



like water headed to the deep blue sea
the relentless stream of time brings
man, beast and humble stone
to their own.....



could it be
sovereignty
spread-eagled
for all to see
and declared for every you
and every me



beyond each even' sun go down



Then he sends a followup pic: his daughter and a friend:



a couple of sovereigns...

Chrysler on a bike.

And the moment, for there is no torch, nor e'en a coal, passes from Hummer to Twitter sans a whimper.

The state's getting serious about the flu. And amidst the talk of "surgical bankruptcy" for Chrysler, the masks, the masks.



As if.

Influenza – influence. Of malign alignments of celestial spheres, which engender, gestate and multiply our earthly afflictions. But the fault, dear reader, is not in our stars...

Still something untoward slouches home when Caesar finally crosses the Flubicon.

Which this time seems to be both a way to emergencize and securitize the affected states – to move the goalposts of the ruler vs. ruled dynamic – and alter the course of NAFTA, while leaving the Rio Grande flowing more or less where it is.

And yes, this feels very like a 9/11 in slow motion. Not just for the tragic nature of the deaths themselves, nor because one is afraid for one's own life, but because one knows in advance not the final toll, but rather the political uses to which these deaths, and the panic they engender, will be put by those whose chief trade trade, and perceived survival, lies in Phobos futures.

One senses, again, more hearts torn out to strengthen the priesthood's evermore slippery grasp on power.

So hard to tell, these days, to tell the difference between the performance and the dress rehearsal.

And every two-bit golem wants to be Frankenstein's monster.

SAVE THE PIGS!