

*May 22*

OFF THE CHARTS

## **U.S. Jobless Rate Likely to Pass Europe's**

The conventional wisdom that the flexibility to hire and fire in the United States creates more jobs is being badly shaken.

*No shit, Sherlock, as your old compañero A.L. used to say.*



East, 7:28 p.m.

*May 23*

Back in the late '50s, Warren Linquist, one of David Rockefeller's most trusted aides (David called them "multipliers") publicly referred to the concentration of Wall Street banks as "the heart pump of the capital blood that sustains the free world."

Oy, the economy as a cardiovascular system: how much punishment can one metaphor take before it infarcts?

In recent past popular wisdom, Europe was the sclerotic exemplar – the human plaque of sinecured employees constricted the capacity of the Euro zone to compete manfully in the global marketplace. The old world desperately needed American-style blood thinners, stents, bypass surgery – the more Draconian the better. This may have gone without saying, but it was said plenty. And the patient signed on for the cure. Voilà Sarkozy et al. But now with the Western ensemble fallen into a sustained and seemingly shockproof vfib, concern about the condition of the ticker and arteries has been usurped by greater urgencies:

*A pulse, a pulse, my kingdom for a pulse!*

The fee world. What a difference an “r” makes.

*A otra cosa mariposa.*

A young poet of your ken invented a character whose name – perhaps it’s a nom de plume – is Adore Forward. And why not?



Illuminated scaffolding of Fashion High at dusk.



By night.

*May 24*

A thousand and one refractions of false subjectivity.

*Conscientização* – still not a dead letter.



Dimna, the jackal-vizier tries to manipulate his lion-king into waging war. From

an early 15th century Persian translation (derived from an Arabic version) of the *Panchatantra*, produced in Herat. The first collection of these fables – who can say how ancient their origin? – was written in Sanskrit, presumably by Vishnu Sarma, in the 3rd century BCE.

Beware the jackal mind-assassins and their humorless laugh. Their bark *is* their bite.

T'ain't funny, McGee.

How is it possible that the fantastical can work to so powerfully to heighten our sense of the actual?



Vortex created by the passage of an aircraft wing, revealed by colored smoke.

*May 25*

Breathe. Until you don't.

The girl in the peacock dress.

*May 26*

If all the giraffes in Africa were laid end to end...

Caminando entre avenidas seis y siete en calle 14 you realize anew what a palimpsestuous relationship you have with your city.



It was in its day a decent sized store. Continued further to the right, and west some, into the space that now calls itself DINER. You'd forgotten LYNNS existed, nor have you any idea how many generations of signs were affixed over its green enamel

surface. But when you used to take the 14th Street crosstown from school to home on Avenue A and 9th Street, while waiting for the light to change you would gaze idly at the shoppers within as they drifted amongst the racks and bins of discount clothes. And winter afternoons, how bright the neon.



Dapper Dan, however, had been buried under a more modern sign by the time you passed by regularly. Nothing short of hypnosis likely to bring to the surface what once you read there.

New York City. Less *escape* than *escrape*.



Several of the “classical” keystone face reliefs on the SE corner tenement at Eighth and 16th – originally late 19th century patternbook ornaments – have been restored after a fashion. Or were they modified to suit someone’s taste, who knows?



“Blended with the Sicilians, the Greeks, the Lombards and the Jews, there are Arabs, Berbers, Persians, Tartars, Negroes, some wrapped in long robes and turbans... faces oval, square or round, of every complexion and profile, beards and hair of every color and cut...” So noted a certain Theodosius of Palermo’s inhabitants in the 13th century.



...Oh tell me where your freedom lies  
The streets are fields that never die  
Deliver me from reasons why  
You'd rather cry, I'd rather fly...

A Door Forward – of perception.