

*May 27*



Sarko slips on son talonnettes noires and trips down to Abu Dhabi to celebrate the opening of France's new military base on the Persian Gulf, only 137 miles from Iran's coast – as the Dassault Rafale flies. As well as to hustle the Emirates into signing a multi-billion dollar contract for a flock of such planes, possessing which they may better conform to the will of the Compassionate and Merciful.



Et aussi – pourquoi pas? – Sarko will launch the building of the Louvre Abu Dhabi, scheduled to open just as the Mayan Long Count runs out.



Hakim Atek

Whilst that evening in Paris, a different sort of connection was fleetingly made visible. From which direction did the discharge emanate? Nicola, where are you now?

THIS IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN US ROMANS AND THE ETRUSCANS. WE BELIEVE THAT LIGHTNING IS CAUSED BY CLOUDS COLLIDING, WHEREAS THEY BELIEVE THAT CLOUDS COLLIDE IN ORDER TO CREATE LIGHTNING. SINCE THEY ATTRIBUTE EVERYTHING TO GODS, THEY ARE LED TO BELIEVE NOT THAT EVENTS HAVE A MEANING BECAUSE THEY HAVE HAPPENED, BUT THAT THEY HAPPEN IN ORDER TO EXPRESS A MEANING.

Said Seneca, not long after CE sloughed off its initial B.



Jens Hackmann

And kan ya makan last week in Bavaria.

*Nota cultural:* The Rafale jet fighter is made by Dassault Aviation, a company founded by a certain Marcel Bloch, born in Paris in 1892. After his liberation from Buchenwald, Bloch changed his name and founded his soi-disant compagnie, Avions Marcel Dassault.



Full-scale model of Dassault Aviation's stealth combat drone, the nEUROn, at the Paris Air Show, 2005.

Dassault produced a number of popular warplanes, including the Mystère and Mirage fighters. Dassault, l'homme, died in Neuilly-sur-Seine in 1986 (Sarko was mayor at the time) and now reposes back across the Périphérique in le Cimetière de Passy (16<sup>ème</sup> arrondissement) where his neighbors include Berthe Morisot, Édouard Manet, Claude Debussy and Princess Leila, daughter of the Shah of Iran. And, for eternal levity, Fernandel.

*Oh these perfect masters, they thrive on disasters...*

Up to the Museum of Natural History with a young cousin who's been told by a friend about a beautiful and gynomous piece of obsidian on display there. He's

particularly interested since he's been studying Native American toolmaking and material culture.

Naturally you first check the Hall of Minerals and Gems, but after an exhaustive search, conclude the sought-for artifact cannot reside there.

Your visit almost over, you ask, on an impulse, a woman at a membership kiosk if she's heard of such a thing. She hasn't, but volunteers to call someone who might know. In a few minutes she returns and directs you to the Hall of Planet Earth. "Keep to the left and look for the display that says Effusive Organisms." You and young T. thank her and head off, you feeling not quite certain of success because, hey, obsidian isn't, well, per se, an organism...

Yet you do indeed find the sought-for obsidian – relic of a California volcano known as Glass Mountain – and a beautiful specimen it is, though the section it's in is marked Explosive Volcanism. Either you misheard your guide – which wouldn't be surprising given the abundant noise in the hall at the time – or else...

In any event, an effusive organism could go a long way toward...

Fata Morgana. Mirage. And the name, in Italian, of King Arthur's half-sister, Morgan le Fay known for her shape-shifting propensities.

Rain-slicked streets. Granite paving. Sidewalk hewn out of mountains.

Force I define as an incorporeal agency, an invisible power, which by means of unforeseen external pressure is caused by the movement stored up and diffused within bodies which are withheld and turned aside from their natural use; imparting to these an active life of marvelous power it constrains all created things to change of form and position, and hastens furiously to its desired death, changing as it goes according to circumstances.

Wrote Leonardo once in a notebook.

*May 29*

The holy trinity: fork, knife and spoon.

Company's coming.

¿Qué oración, mí corazón?

Death at age 62 of the Haitian liberation priest Gerard Jean-Juste. He should have had more years, still it's a wonder, given the practice of his preaching, that his scroll ran as long as it did.

*May 30*

Season of noctilucent clouds.

Tu amiga mexicana, A.P., emails her *feliz cumpleaños* greeting with a YouTube link: Thus, with only one click arrives your serenade: Vicente Fernández y sus mariachis singing Las Mañanitas:

*Estas son las mañanitas, que cantaba el Rey David*

*Hoy por ser día de tu santo, te las cantamos a ti*

This is the morning song that King David sang

Because today is your saint's day, we're singing it for you

*Despierta, mi bien, despierta, mira que ya amaneció*

*Ya los pajarillos cantan, la luna ya se metió*

Wake up, my dear, wake up, look it is already dawn

The birds are already singing and the moon has set

*Que linda está la mañana en que vengo a saludarte*

*Venimos todos con gusto y placer a felicitarte*

How lovely is the morning in which I come to greet you

We all came with joy and pleasure to congratulate you

*Ya viene amaneciendo, ya la luz del día nos dio*

*Levántate de mañana, mira que ya amaneció*

The morning is coming now, the sun is giving us its light

Arise with the new day, look it is already dawn

An instrumental interlude and you think the song is over, but wait, there's more:

*El día en que tu naciste nacieron todas las flores*

*En la pila del bautismo, cantaron los ruiseñores*

The day you were born all the flowers were born

On the baptismal font the nightingales sang

*Quisiera ser solecito para entrar por tu ventana*

*y darte los buenos días acostadita en tu cama*

I would like to be the sunshine to enter through your window

and wish you good morning as you lie in your bed

*Quisiera ser un San Juan, quisiera ser un San Pedro*

*Para venirme a cantar con la música del cielo*

I would like to be a Saint John, I would like to be a Saint Peter

To sing to you with the music of heaven

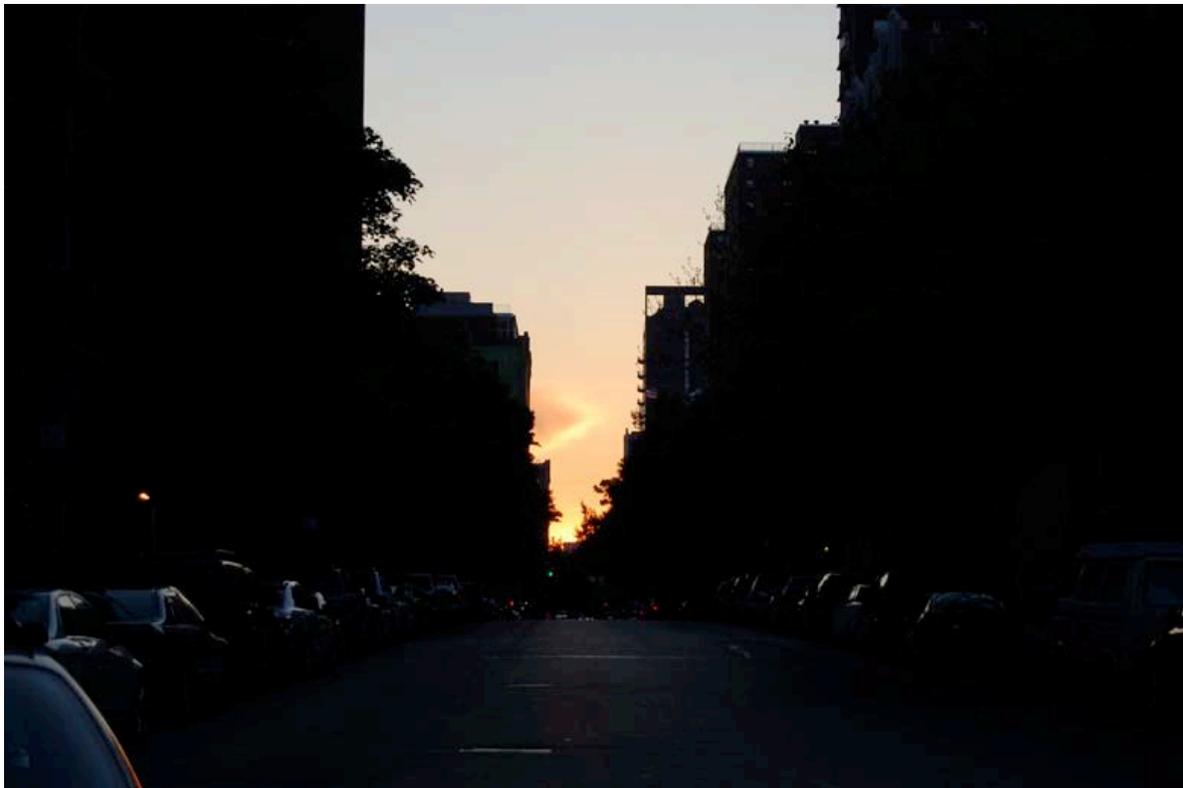
*De las estrellas del cielo tengo que bajarte dos*

*una para saludarte y otra para decirte adiós*

Of the stars in the sky I have to lower two for you

One with which to greet you and the other to wish you goodbye

Pasa la vida y entonces a las ocho diecisiete de la tarde...



Solsticio manhatitlano.



Ah, mapleflower...

...Oh tell me where your freedom lies  
The streets are fields that never die...