

June 23

Rainiest June in this elephant's memory – llovía mares – but while you're taking your first intensive Spanish class at El Instituto Cervantes, into the courtyard falls a shower of another sort.



¿Y por qué? No sé. Pero por qué no?

Mientras tanto, throughout the length, depth and breadth of the newsmedia – including Al-Jazeera – developments in Persia are reported entirely in Farce-y.

Mientras tanto Hellfire missiles, fired from drones under the direct authorization of the President, blow sixty people to smithereens at a funeral in Pakistan and mutilate lord knows how many more. This Obama in his speech does not mention, but rather confines himself to declaring the world “appalled and outraged,” by the repression of protests in Iran.

Da woid, or da void – small huge difference.

And sometimes, one finds oneself devoid of voids.

June 24

Irregardless of which...

Once again, by drone or by crook, the desperate American psyche attempts to connect. If we are not Greek any more, well, then we must be... Persian!

Coming Soon to a Theater Near We: Johnny Depp as Dillinger. Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat. Short bursts, Johnny, short bursts. But no, would he listen?

Trouble ahead, lady in red...

And the ink, mon amour, so similar in hue to the hypermediated life blood of Neda Agha-Soltan, yet so different in substance, as though, while we slept awake, the world had transformed into a gigantic credit default swap, no bottom.

You can draw a line anywhere, like Harold and the Purple Crayon, but you won't find an underlying value, no bottom.

All tickers bum.



Twelve days ago, the crew of the International Space Station just happened to have their cameras trained down on the Sarychev volcano when it unleashed a plume so powerful it breached the atmosphere, causing clouds along the way to part in a shocked circle. *From Russia with...*

Is it awesome yet?

A otra cosa mariposa.



Pues, por la mañana, en el café, yinyang allongé. Occident, or design. ¿O qué otra?

Make the number of people killed in our latest drone strike “at least 80.” Not counting the thirty-odd similarly slain this past week. The military admits that the man purportedly targeted in the attack on a “militant hideout” was unharmed.





“I strongly condemn these unjust actions, and I join with the American people in mourning each and every innocent life that is lost,” says O. “It’s heartbreaking. But no iron fist is strong enough to shut off the world from bearing witness.” Though he was referring to the murder of Nena Soltan, most likely at the hands of Iranian security forces, such language possesses an innate drive toward multiplicity – it can fly from one signifier to another and adhere itself wherever our minds allow.

And what is it that makes a hideout militant?

Tom: I been thinking about us, too, about our people living like pigs and good rich land layin’ fallow. Or maybe one guy with a million acres and a hundred thousand farmers starvin’. And I been wonderin’ if all our folks got together and yelled...

Ma: Oh, Tommy, they’d drag you out and cut you down just like they done to Casy.

Tom: They’d drag me anyways. Sooner or later they’d get me for one thing if not for another. Until then...

Ma: Tommy, you’re not aimin’ to kill nobody.

Tom: No, Ma, not that. That ain’t it. It’s just, well as long as I’m an outlaw anyways... maybe I can do somethin’...

maybe I can just find out somethin', just scrounge around and maybe find out what it is that's wrong and see if they ain't somethin' that can be done about it. I ain't thought it out all clear, Ma. I can't. I don't know enough.

Ma: How am I gonna know about ya, Tommy? Why they could kill ya and I'd never know. They could hurt ya. How am I gonna know?

Tom: Well, maybe it's like Casy says. A fellow ain't got a soul of his own, just little piece of a big soul, the one big soul that belongs to everybody, then...

Ma: Then what, Tom?

Tom: Then it don't matter. I'll be all around in the dark - I'll be everywhere. Wherever you can look - wherever there's a fight, so hungry people can eat, I'll be there. Wherever there's a cop beatin' up a guy, I'll be there. I'll be in the way guys yell when they're mad. I'll be in the way kids laugh when they're hungry and they know supper's ready, and when the people are eatin' the stuff they raise and livin' in the houses they build - I'll be there, too.

Ma: I don't understand it, Tom.

Tom: Me neither, Ma, but - just somethin' I been thinkin' about.

Gracias a Nunnally Johnson, his screenwords adapted from Steinbeck's, kan ya makan.

As the world turns into the path of a solar wind stream, up whips a kickass geomagnetic storm. Earthling electronics beware! Your GPS systems may feel a little under the spaceweather. And yes, summer's here and the time is right for noctilucent clouds, 80km up at the border with "space," while here, on the surface, Martha R. and the Vandellas keep on

Callin' out around the world

Are you ready for a brand new beat?

Summer's here and the time is right
For dancin' in the streets
They're dancin' in Chicago
Down in New Orleans
Up in New York City

All we need is music, sweet music
There'll be music everywhere
There'll be swingin', swayin' and records playin'
And dancin' in the streets

Oh, it doesn't matter what you wear
Just as long as you are there
So come on, every guy grab a girl
Everywhere around the world
There'll be dancin'
They're dancin' in the street

This is an invitation
Across the nation
A chance for the folks to meet
There'll be laughin' and singin' and music swingin'
And dancin' in the streets

Philadelphia, P.A.
Baltimore and DC now
Yeah don't forget the Motor City
(can't forget the Motor City)...

And looking south out your window, oyeah:



June 25

Wake up and smell the madeleines.

Take the sheet of your face, boy
It's a brand new day...



Through a deli window. Eighth Ave., lower fifties.



And still, big holes in the ground. More walls not taken.



And, via Norman Foster, Suh: the Hearst Corporation's take on panoptic power:
HQ as compound eye. *Help meeee!*

Whilst across 57th, at street level:



Is it grammar? Is it possible?

O city of language!

City of wonders!

Where Nothing not only can Be

But must Be

Something...

Fear not! submit to no models but your own, O city!

Behold me! incarnate me, as I have incarnated you!

*I have rejected nothing you offer'd me – whom you adopted, I have
adopted;*

*Good or bad, I never question you – I love all – I do not condemn
anything;*

I chant and celebrate all that is yours – yet peace no more;

In peace I chanted peace, but now the drum of war is mine;

War, red war, is my song through your streets, O city!

Pace, Walt, pace.

Harkening to the PA on the downbound C, you find the conductor's voice indisputably human – still not supplanted by the Daleks.

"Times Square Forty-Second Street. Change here for your number two and tree express trains, your N an' R trains, your shuttle ta Grand Central Station...

"Next stop tirty-fort' street. Dis is a NUMBA WUN TRAIN to Sout' Fairy, making all local stops..."

City whose gleeful tides continually rush or recede, whirling in and out, with eddies and foam!

¡Vale!

City of cops!

(O the serge blue cops! O the fierce cops!)

City of choppers

Fixed above all crimescenes

Actual, suspected and imagined

Hour unto hour

Beating the hot air senseless;

Spring up, O choppers! not for peace alone, but be indeed yourselves, warlike!

(Copper-choppers que nos dan miedo)...

"This is It" – title of the concert series Michael Jackson was to have commenced next month in London. *Pace* Alan Watts...