

June 26



As seen from 35,000 feet above Nunavut, Canada: the cloud of ash and sulfur dioxide ejected from Sarychev peak and now heading for Europe, where folks should soon be able to witness extraordinary volcanic sunsets...



Marek Nikodem

...such as this one, photographed in Szubin, Poland, early last August after Kasatochi's eruption.

VACANT SEAS AVAILABLE

Particularity is the spice, meat, potatoes and vegetables of life.

The newsmedia as funhouse, surround of distorted mirrors that long ago ceased to be fun, and in which we've been trapped for so long we no longer recall ourselves except as monsters.

Smallterations in the big pic.

Manhattan women's fashion statement este verano is ToP: Tits on Plate.

Y tacones altos, también.

The precipice is illusion.

The most coherent things you've heard began as gibberish, and to gibberish ultimately returned.

Churros en Granada: imperishable.

Forget 10,000. How's about Seven Billion Maniacs?

Manioc.

Casavas.

Braid new world.

Like a roiling stone.

One supin a time...

Nothing, but nothing, is written.

Hysteria may grow massive, spread wide-wide, encompass whole populations. But it can never become collective.

So it is with trepidation that you crack the *NYT* online.

The World^[!] Mourns Michael Jackson

And stocks, in their sagacity, sag.

In an eyeblink, one headline, Hydra-like, bares its fangs, hisses, snaps, and, when decapitated, is supplanted by two more...

Shock and Grief [As distinct from Shock &...] **Over Michael Jackson's Death**

DEALBOOK:

The Pop Star and the Private Equity Firms

Sacrifice of the divine child. In order to propitiate... ?

Or, obtain favorable winds to drive the Achaean's Troyward.

Nous sommes tous Iphigenia. Aul us.

Still, some things are (virtually) guaranteed. Por ejemplo, one is unlikely to open a future issue of the paper of record to read:

Bestselling WTC History Author Takes His Freedom in Independent Publishing

Yet, en actualidad, este es el caso.

Usan la verdad pa' su escudo...

Cantaron Los Van Van y Rubén Blades.

Anda ven y muevete...

I send you this cadmium red...

y pa'adelante como el elefante.



Y nueve dragones.

(Dragones ocultados.)

Shock and or(e).

Is there for honest poverty

That hings his head, an' a' that?

The coward slave, we pass him by –

We dare be poor for ' that!

For a' that, an' a' that,

Our toils obscure, an' a' that,

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,

The man's the gowd for a' that...

Dijo Rabbie kan ya makan

Occidental debt of an antichrist.



Marwan Ibrahim/Agence France-Presse – Getty Images

American soldiers on Sunday surveyed the damage from a truck bomb that had exploded the day before in Kirkuk.

Meet the post-Flintstone Jettisons. No maybe better not. Beam me up, Scotty – you don't want to know about what passes for life on this planet.

You can knock all the airbuses out of the sky, but you can't fool all the airlines all the time:

In Blow to Boeing, Qantas Drops Order

(for thirty new Dreamliners).

Air Force Major Adrien Stull is a 36-year-old emergency physician from Beavercreek, OH currently detailed to the SSG Heath N. Craig Joint Theater Hospital at Bagram AFB.

"Everything I've experienced," he tells AP, "is boredom or terror. And if I have to choose between the two, I'd have to choose boredom, because everyone goes home with all their fingers."

The fine print in the R-Restricted box for the Depp as Dillinger poster on the subway platform reads: GANGSTER VIOLENCE AND SOME LANGUAGE.

Is there a special category of gangsters violence as distinct from, say, that of Freddie Kruger, Nazis, counter-Terrorists, Hannibal Lecter, Chucky, Blackhawk pilots or Carrie? And what, best beloveds, does “some language” mean?

All of this because you’re taking the train to Chinatown to pick up herbs at Kam Wo, mozzarella from Di Palo, and a coffee pot gasket from E. Rossi. Boarding the C, you’d turn back if you could, bag the whole project – inside the subway car it’s like a casting call for Satyricon, and New York ain’t no Cinecittà.

But then you get downtown and the clerk at Kam Wo gives you a beautiful smile, one of the elder Di Palos cracks a joke, the guy at E. Rossi wants to chat about espresso blends and coffeepots, and cherries are two pounds for three dollars on the corner of Christie and Grand. And the guy on the uptown platform, singing as he bows his Huqin, is so genuinely present in his moment that you put five bucks in his case before hopping the train back home.

Those lands which were once the colonies of Great Britain...and especially America – that part of it, above all, which was once the United States... suffered so terribly from the full force of the last days of civilisation, and became such horrible places to live in, that they are now very backward in all that makes life pleasant. Indeed, one may say that for nearly a hundred years the people of the northern part of America have been engaged in gradually making a dwelling-place out of a stinking dust-heap; and there is still a great deal to do, especially as the country is so big....

So explains a man of the future to the time-traveling narrator of William Morris’s *News From Nowhere*, a young fellow who falls asleep in 1890 and awakens in 2050 to find...

Frank Lloyd, apparently, wanted the Guggenheim museum to be painted red, but lost that round. You don’t learn more because you don’t click the article link. Nor the one headlined:

MOVIES

Robot Toys From Space

And round about 6:30 in the evening, an astonishing collision of fronts – a son et lumière festival of cracks, rumbles and flashes of incandescence.

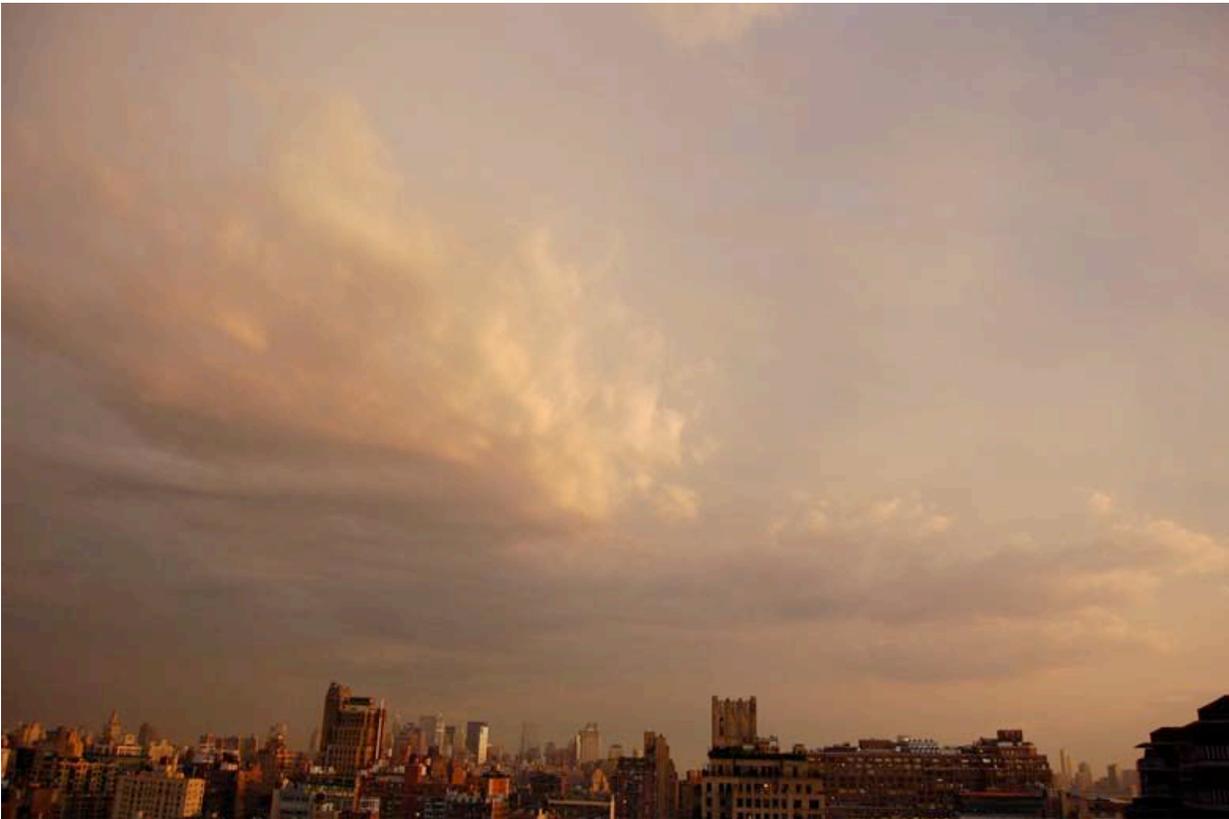


Your shutter finger, alas, wasn't fast enough to catch the lightning bolts, but O, O, O, sing ye, ye kozmos elektrik!













All of which transpires in less time than it takes the earth to jog one twelfth of its way around the sun.