

July 14



Olivier Lagrave

Le jour de gloire est arrivé. And noctilucent clouds. Which, dit M. Lagrave, were so breathtaking, they overwhelmed the fireworks display.

First recorded a bit over a century ago, noctilucent clouds seemed a very northern thing, observed no lower than 55° N and usually far above. But recently, they've spread considerably further south. Paris is at $48^{\circ}48'$, so who knows? Coming to a latitude near you?

Eight degrees of inseparation.

July 15

We are all made up of fragments so shapelessly and strangely assembled that every moment, every piece plays its own game. And there is as much difference between us and ourselves as between us and others.

Dit Michel Eyquem de



*I cannot fix my object;
'tis always tottering and reeling by natural giddiness.
I take it as it is at the instant I consider it.
I do not paint its being,
I paint its passage.
Montaigne, también, une autre heure*

i

What a difference an i makes...

The most extraordinary miss-as-good-as-a-mile. You're biking round the corner of 22nd and Ninth, not bombing, but moving at a fair clip and you aim yourself at the space between two Asian guys crossing the street diagonally, one following the other, a couple of yards apart. What you fail to grasp immediately is that they are carrying between them a 4' x 8' sheet of plate glass. Only peripherally then do you connect the men with the red glazier's van parked to your right toward which you swerve and thereby avoid...

Cette chose incontournable. Et invisible.

Les heuristiques, mon amour.

And natural giddiness.

We ain't got no ma or pa, cause we is au-tom-a-ta...

Penned Stanislaw Lem back in the day.

Sometimes a mountain, sometimes Mohammed.

Rue de l'arrivée. Rue du départ.

Montparnasse, mon coeur.

So difficult for us to sense the enmeshment of human culture within a wider evolution. What is it makes us hold our becoming distinct from that of the multiverse?

A few thousand folks refrain from, or postpone, even for an eyeblink, consuming something inessential and bada-bing! crashes the system.

Part of which, like a disintegrating airplane, flies on for a time all the faster, freed from the substance it has lost.

Doxemia, mi amigo Pedro.

The latest mutation of political utterance: contempt seventh-veiled as dialogue.

Sotomayor = great thicket.

And she herself, like the deity of legalism presenting itself in the aspect of a toad. Confronted by Senators whose nature springs from an equally ghastly bestiary. Little fable here, but much poison spewing from many glands.

July 16

Note to self: propose giving Manhattan, a classier French sobriquet: Trécon.

July 17

Two Giants Emerge From Wall Street Ruins

Some folks are born silver spoon in hand
Lord, don't they help themselves...

Feeding time at the banker zoo. Otra vez.

Land of a thousand entitlements.

And all is as it should be at Toad Hall.

*You could not step twice into the same river.
For other waters are ever flowing on to you.*

Πάντα ρεῖ

Will wonders never cease?

July 18

Phew! Wotta relief – pudding at last!

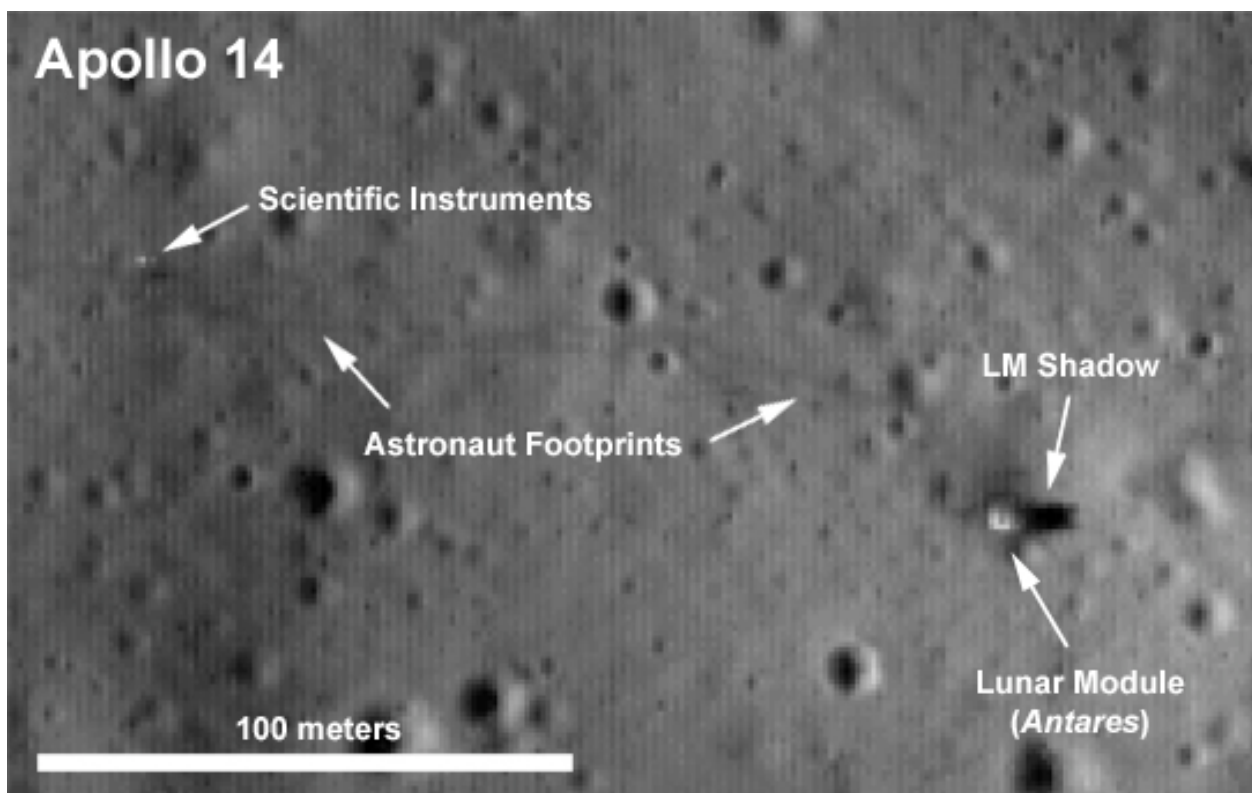


HEADLINE NEWS

Apollo Landing Sites Photographed 07.17.2009

July 17, 2009: NASA's Lunar Reconnaissance Orbiter, or LRO, has returned its first imagery of the Apollo moon landing sites. The pictures show the Apollo missions' lunar module descent stages sitting on the moon's surface, as long shadows from a low sun angle make the modules' locations evident.

The Lunar Reconnaissance Orbiter Camera, or LROC, was able to image five of the six Apollo sites, with the remaining Apollo 12 site expected to be photographed in the coming weeks.



"The LROC team anxiously awaited each image," said LROC principal investigator Mark Robinson of Arizona State University. "We were very interested in getting our first peek at the lunar module descent stages just for the thrill – and to see how well the cameras had come into focus. Indeed, the images are fantastic."

Phantastique!



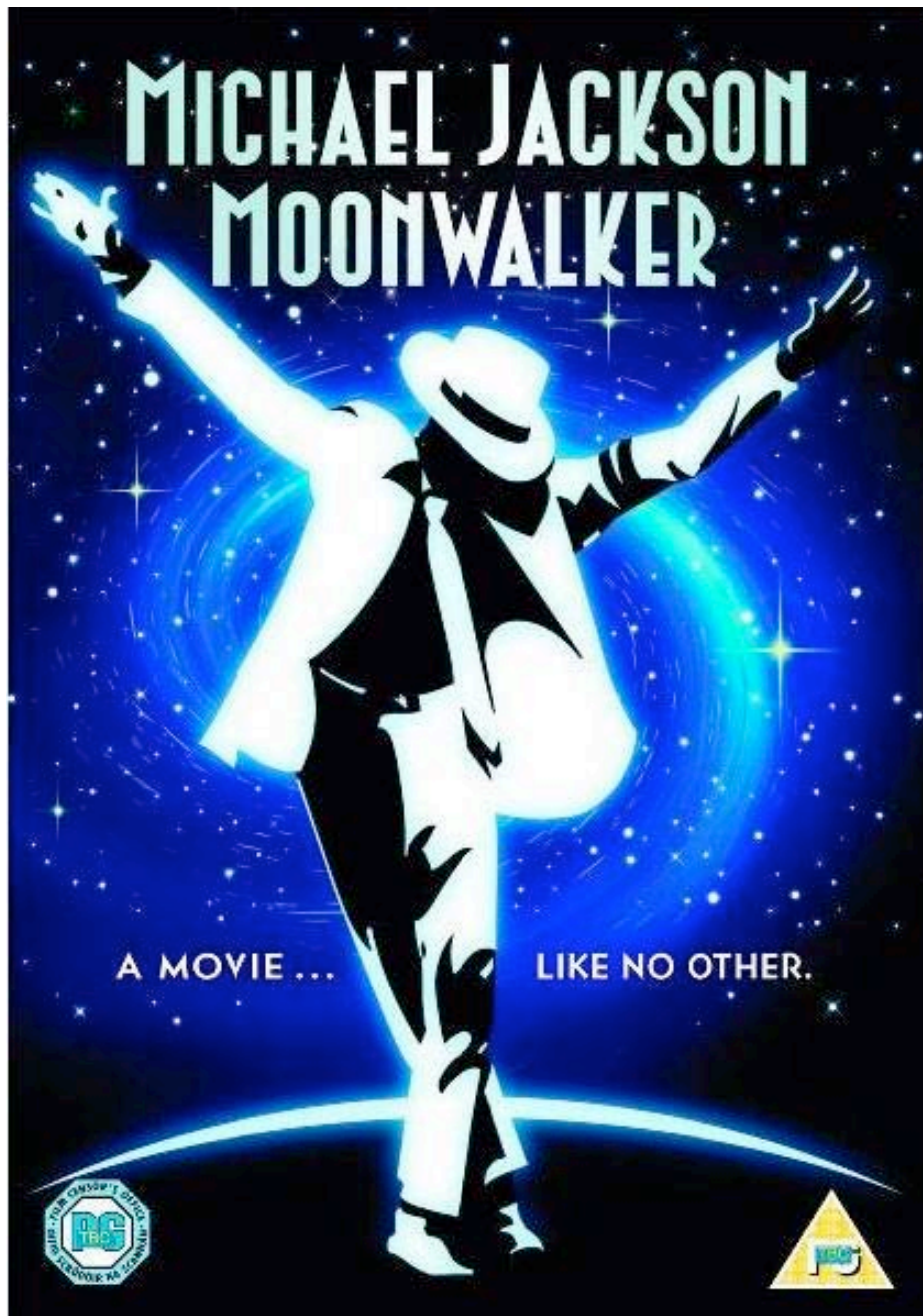
That's amore...?

Well, amore or less...

...just one of those things
Just one of those crazy flings
One of those bells that now and then rings
Just one of those things

It was just one of those nights
Just one of those fabulous flights
A trip to the moon on gossamer wings
Just one of those things

If we'd thought a bit about the end of it...





No hay respuesta a la pregunta ¿para qué uno nace?
Ni hay respuesta a la pregunta ¿para qué uno muere?
Misterios, que no tienen fin.

Yo sólo sé que cuando hay vida todo se puede
Y que si uno usa lo que tiene comprenderá
Que se puede dar sentido a lo absurdo
Haciendo que sea éste mundo la razón de nuestro llegar.

Si me inventaron yo también puedo inventar
Mi propio rol y justificar
En ésta tierra mi voluntad...

En vida o muerte tranquilidad tiene el que bebe

Agua de luna...

Cantó Rubén Blades kan ya makan inspirado por los cuentos de García-Márquez.

En plenitud.

Now dat NASA's in de cold cold ground.

Or as we usta say onesuponatime: *¡Luna sí, Yanqi no!*

And skyroglyphics over the East River...

