

I was sittin' home alone one night in L.A.,
Watchin' old Cronkite on the seven o'clock news.
It seems there was an earthquake that
Left nothin' but a Panama hat
And a pair of old Greek shoes.
Didn't seem like much was happenin',
So I turned it off and went to grab another beer.
Seems like every time you turn around
There's another hard-luck story that you're gonna hear
And there's really nothin' anyone can say
And I never did plan to go anyway
To Black Diamond Bay...

Back in the Movement daze, youall used to call him Bob Concrete. 92. Not a bad run.

Wow. Mad Bobbie McNamara and Bob Concrete shuffle off this mortal coil less than a fortnight apart, ensemble almost. Twinned they'd have to embody the military-industrial-media complex to a fare-thee-well.

As for Mad Bobbie, what can one say? Born loser, born to kill, born under a bad sign. But before Walter's après-Tet conversion on the metaphorical road to Damascus, he'd kissed a lot of (br)ass. For years. Por ejemplo, in 1965, reporting from Vietnam:

"The B-57s – we're using them very effectively here in this war...to dive-bomb the Vietcong in these jungles beyond Da Nang here." [Turns to a U.S. Air Force officer standing next to him.] "Colonel, what's our mission we're about to embark on?"

"Well, our mission today, sir, is to report down to the site of the ambush 70 miles south of here and attempt to kill the VC."

[Cronkite aloft.] "The colonel has just advised me that that is our target area right over there."

Mission accomplished, the most trusted man in America dijo: "One, two, three, four, we dropped our bombs, and now a tremendous G-load as we pull out of that dive. Oh, I know something of what those astronauts must go through."

[Back on the ground and exiting the plane.] “Well, colonel, it’s a great way to go to war.”

Y otro Bob cantó:

Said said

Said I remember when we used to sit

In the government yard in Trenchtown

Oba, oba-serving the hypocrites

As they would mingle with the good people we meet

Good friends we’ve had, and good friends we’ve lost

Along the way...

In this great future you can’t forget your past

So dry your tears I say...

But wait, there’s more:

Germany opens ‘Nazi’ gnome case



A garden gnome giving the Nazi salute has landed a German artist in trouble with the authorities in Nuremberg.

Prosecutors are investigating whether the gnome, which went on show in one of the city’s galleries, breaks the strict law banning Nazi symbols and gestures.

The Bavarian city is particularly sensitive about the Nazi era because Adolf Hitler used it for big rallies and leading Nazis went on trial there.

The artist, Ottmar Hoerl, says his gnomes poke fun at the Nazis...

The 59-year-old artist has been president of Nuremberg's Academy of Fine Arts since 2005.

"With my gnomes I'm highlighting the danger of political opportunism and right-wing ideology. I get the feeling that this gnome has reopened an old wound," he said...

"I think it's quite harmless," Erwin Weigl [the gallery owner who put the gnome on display] told the BBC. "It's a comical figure. All kinds of people have made that gesture. Julius Caesar did it. Even Barack Obama does it now. To me, it looks a bit like when you gesture to a dachshund [a Shepherd, or a Portuguese Water Dog even] to jump up to your hand."

Jump, Blondi, Jump!

If you believe they put a dog on the moon...



Which the Russkies never claimed, tho' several orbited, including Veterok (left) and Ugolyok (right), who spent three weeks whirling round our orb in '66.

And then there's Louis Thomas Hardin, soi-disant Moondog, shown below with his trimba – one of several instruments he invented. The photo catches him in what looks like a doorway – most likely on or near 6th Avenue and 53rd Street, where he spent most of his 25-odd year New York life living on the street, until he found more comfortable digs in Germany in 1974.



Walter Cronkite no doubt heard and saw Moondog more'n once on his way to or from his office in the Black Rock. And Moondog may have heard the anchor – who knows that Cronkite didn't offer salutations? – but he surely didn't see him.

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