

*June 19 continued*

Greenlight.

Redlight.

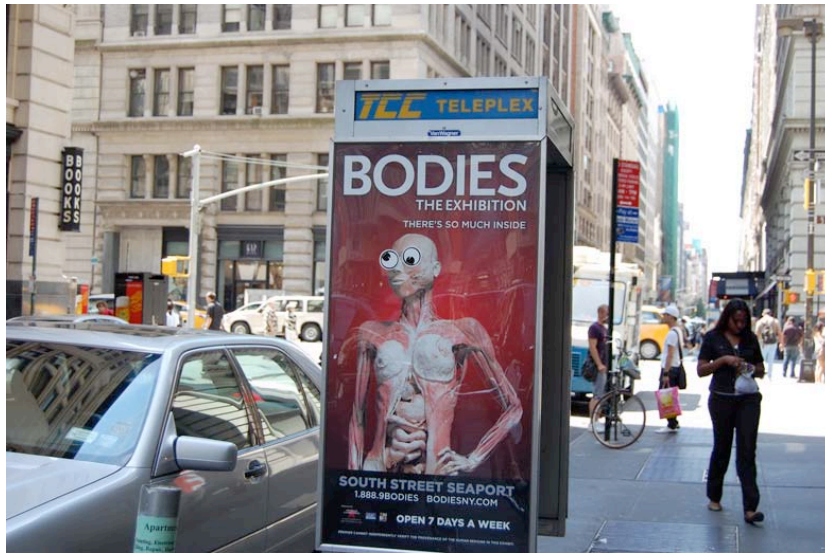
Yellow.



How's that go again?

*O, Jenny's a' weat, poor body,  
Jenny's seldom dry:  
She draigl't a' her petticoatie,  
Comin thro' the rye!*

*Comin thro' the rye, poor body,  
Comin thro' the rye,  
She draigl't a' her petticoatie,  
Comin thro' the rye!*



Gin a body meet a body,  
Comin thro' the rye,  
Gin a body kiss a body,  
Need a body cry?

Gin a body meet a body  
Comin thro' the glen,  
Gin a body kiss a body,  
Need the world ken?



Uh, hi, Body. How did you come to be part of, uh, The Exhibition?



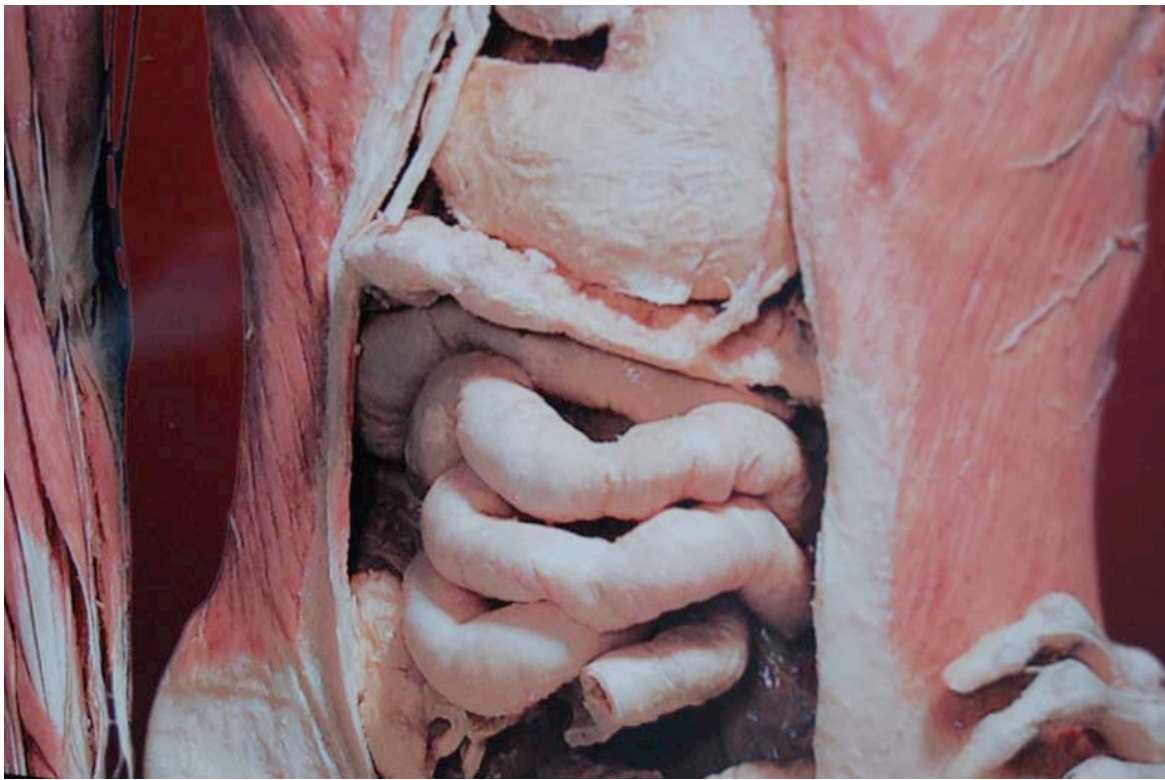
I mean, you don't have to tell me if you don't want to...



Uh, were you somebody's sister? Aunt?  
Wife? Mother?



Daughter?



Dan tien.

Gin a body meet a body  
Comin thro' the grain,  
Gin a body kiss a body,  
The thing's a body's ain?

But do a slave body be their ain?

And their thoughts. Do slaves think slave thoughts? What else is there to think?

*These chains, what do you think - they look good?*

*They're good, really they are, but these are more you.*

*Yeah, they're nice, but really expensive. I don't know...*

*Look - half price. Wow, I'd get a second set, for when these wear out...*



*Hey slave, how many slaves did you make?*

*Well, my wife and kids - a few others too - folks who worked for me - some of whose faces I never saw - folks in other countries - their kids...*

*OK, you're in. Up you go, straight to slave heaven.*

*Can I take my Kindle®?*

*Sure, why not...*



Will wonders never cease?

From E.B. via e...

And of the bovine, soon to be burgers, soon to be glue, grumpily bled and shed for a shoe,

All that they know they just know, no copernicus, no tesla, no einstein, no examination of their knowingness, no imposed structure of consciousness from the civilization around them which has already defined for them purpose beyond their will.

Suddenly a befalling, storm thunders overhead, bolts flying from electric fence posts in a drenching gloom.

Young steers sheltered under tree, just another day in the field, then off to munch on freshly wetted clover.

They don't know why but they do know is!



And then one looks skyward in storms ebb.



Heated discussion in the woods of the sky?

Or some other flurry of shifting purpose  
in the muddled man's eye.

Sometold view from Oona's back porch.

Whilst way up beyond the skyforest:

## Space station toilet breaks down

**The main toilet has broken down on the [\$100 billion] International Space Station (ISS), currently home to a record 13 astronauts, Nasa said.**

Mission Control told the crew to hang an "out of service" sign until the toilet can be fixed.

The crew of the shuttle Endeavour is confined to using the craft's loo. ISS residents are using a back-up toilet in the Russian part of the station.

If repairs fails, Apollo-era urine collection bags are on hand, Nasa said....

The main toilet, a multi-million-dollar Russian-built unit, was flown up and installed on the US side of the space station last year.

It had broken down once before, requiring a rush delivery of a replacement pump by the shuttle Discovery in 2008.

And another toilet-related row broke out earlier this year, when a Russian cosmonaut complained that he was no longer allowed to use the US toilet because of billing and cost issues....

Nasa was also investigating why Endeavour's tank shed an unusually large amount of insulating foam during its launch. [BBC]

Ah, the Apollo Missions. Can brother Dionysius be far behind?

And what rough Pentheus, his number come up at last, plunges into the Mysteries to be torn?