

July 20

Eros and Thanatos walk into a bar...

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You heard it everywhere that summer – on the street pouring from car radios, in pizzerias – fifteen weeks on the chart, topped out in late July at #3. Fred Tobias and Clint Ballard, Jr. wrote it. Brooklyn's own Otis Blackwell produced the song, and Jimmy "Handy Man" Jones – who'd moved to New York from Birmingham as a teenager sung it, his falsetto kicking in on the *tick a tick a ticka's*:

Oh you need timin' a tick a tick a tick a
Good timin' a tock a tock a tock a tock a
Timin' is the thing it's true
Good timin' brought me to you

If little little David hadn't grabbed that stone
Lyn' there on the ground
Big Goliath might've stomped on him
Instead of the other way round
But he had

Timin' a tick a tick a tick a
Good timin' a tock a tock a tock a tock a
Timin' is the thing it's true
Good timin' brought me to you

Who in the world would've ever known
What Columbus could do
If Queen Isabella hadn't hocked her jewels
In fourteen ninety two
But she had

Timin' a tick a tick a tick a
Good timin' a tock a tock a tock a tock a
Timin' is the thing it's true
Good timin' brought me to you

What would've happened if you and I
Hadn't just happened to meet
We might've spent the rest of our lives
Walkin' down Misery Street
But we had...

One nine six oh.

Timin' is the thing it's true. And location, location...



On July 8, 2009, [quoth the Times](#), there were more than 300 stalled construction sites in the city, according to a list from the Department of Buildings.

Phew – for a second I thought them pink spermoid cyclopes wuz invaders from Mars...

Whilst at 23rd and Eighth, southwest corner:



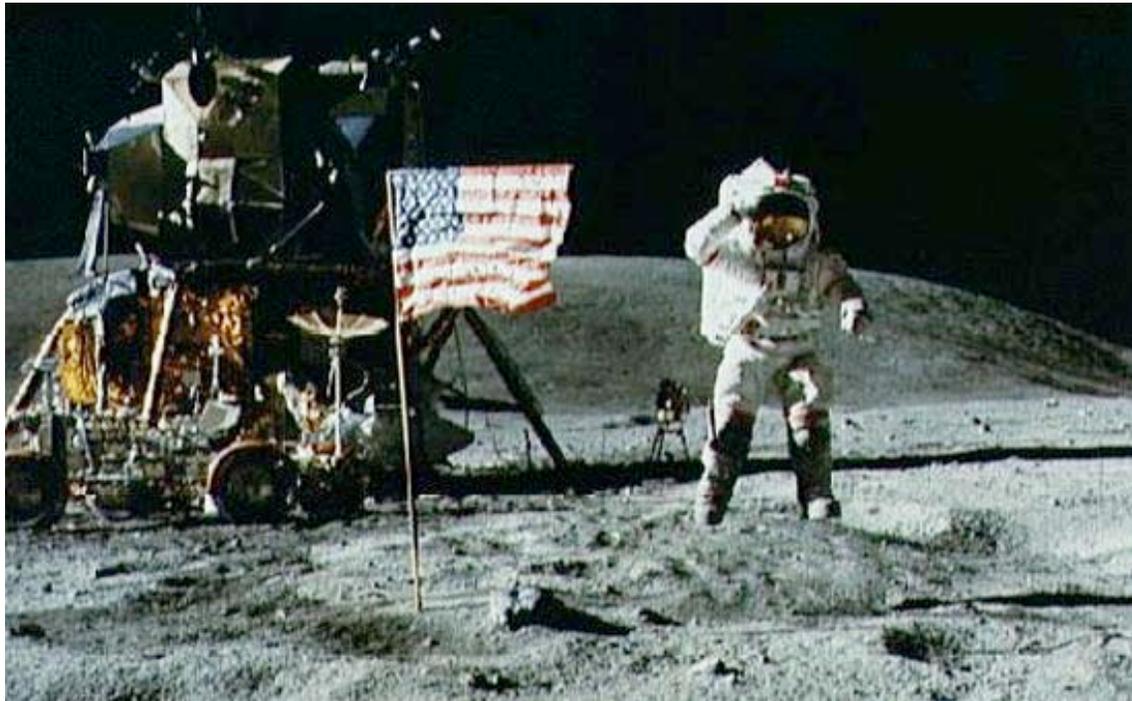
I think it's so groovy now that Semites are finally getting together

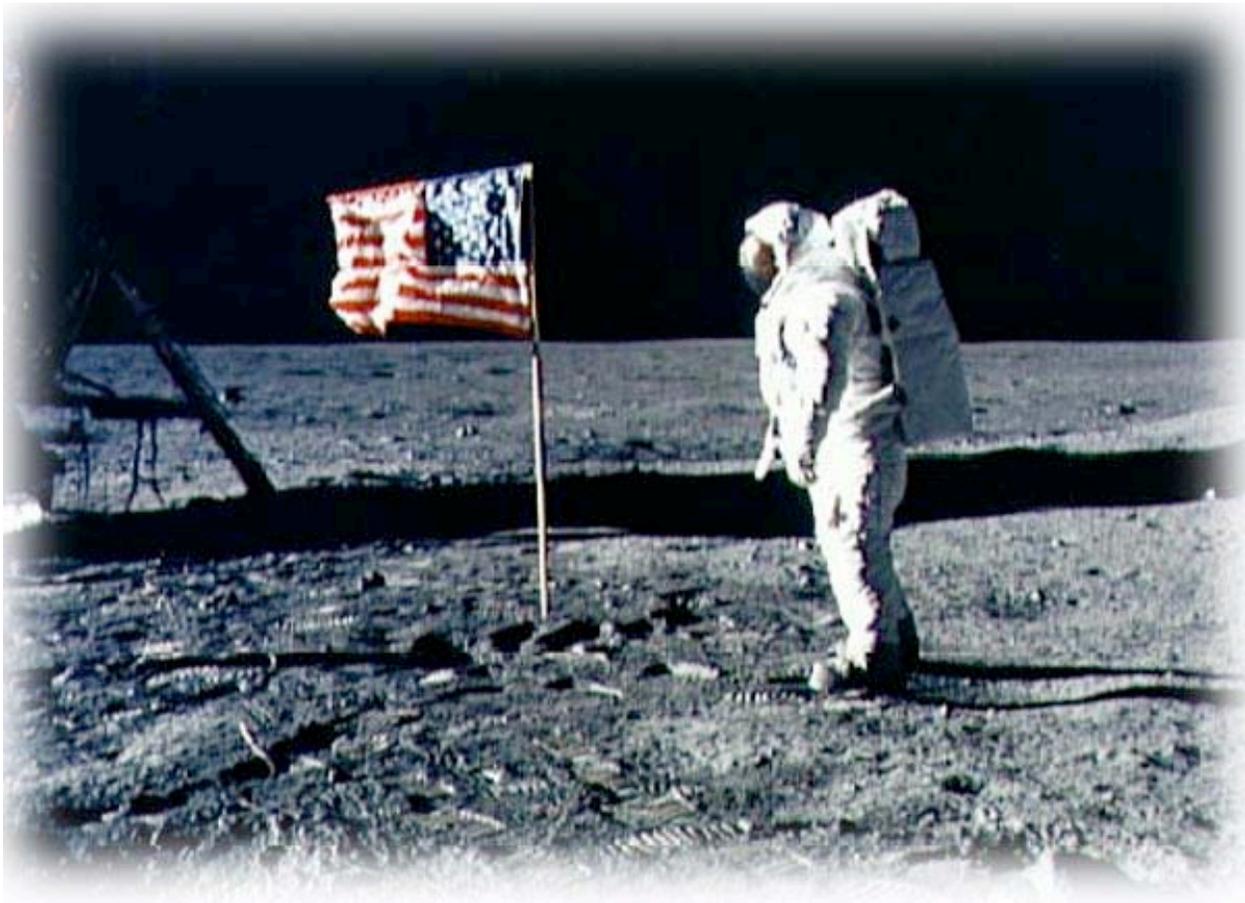
I think it's wonderful, unh-huh, that Semites are finally getting together

Reach out in the darkness...

Served with Green Salad and Sauce. Beneath the ancient and enduring olive tree.

And forty years ago today, the cow jumps! Never to return.





When you were young and possessed of boundless energy, you'd ask your father, just returned home from work, to do something fun and energetic, like take you to the park. And he'd say, *Let's not and say we did.*

No idea where the expression came from, but it served him well in that it transformed his foreclosure of your desire into a slightly transgressive conspiracy à deux. Much more effective and emotionally complex than a simple *No*. Or a fob-off like *Later, I'm too tired now.*

And durable too, generation to generation, since you've found, yourself more than once, invoking *Let's not and say we did* with G.

Au clair de la Lune

Jean-Baptiste Lully ?

Do Sol Do Do Do Sol Do

♩ = 80



1. Au clair de la Lu-ne mon a-mi Pierrot prè-te moi ta plume pour é - crire un mot
 2. Au clair de la Lu-ne Pierrot ré-pon-dit je n'ai pas de plume je suis dans mon lit

Ré m La Ré Sol Do Do Sol Do

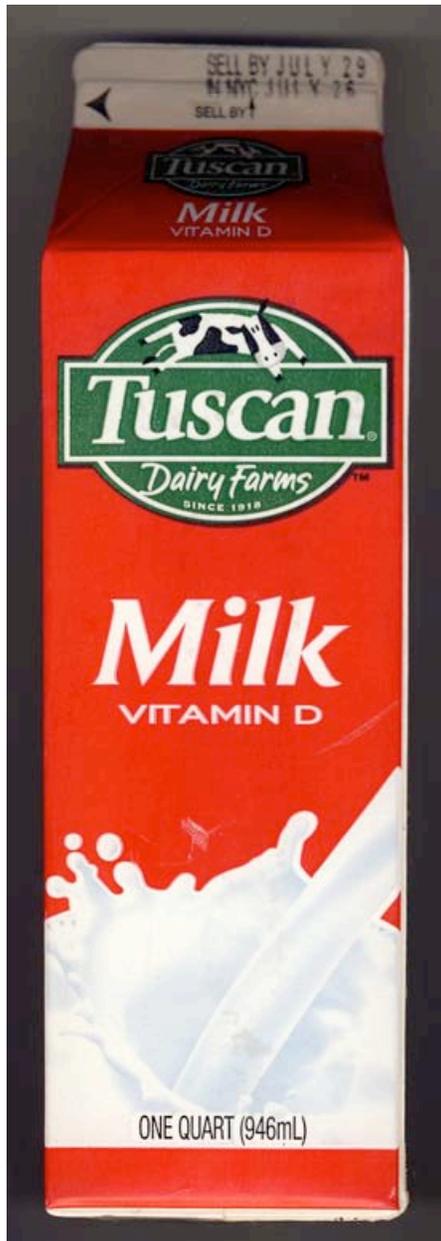


ma chandelle est mor-te je n'ai plus de feu ou - vre moi ta por-te pour l'amour de dieu
 va chez la voi-si-ne je crois qu'elle y est car dans sa cui-si-ne on bat le briquet

Three days hence, the longest solar eclipse of the century will be experienced by a goodly proportion of the earth's billions. Large urban centers along "the path of totality" include Surat, Vadodara, Bhopal, Varanasi, Chengdu, Chongqing, Wuhan, Hefei, Hangzhou. The duration of the eclipse will be aided by our being near aphelion at the same time as the moon's orbit brings it close as it gets. Hence Shanghai's skywatchers – potentially twenty million souls – will spend a full six minutes bathed in moon shadow, and beholding, in place of the sun, a spectral corona.

Cow one is not cow two.





Will wonders never cease?

Or the river of human kindness refuse to flow?

The milk.

The delta.

The east.

The sea.

July 21

9:15 pm, EST. But in longitudes where it's already the 22nd, one may see the sun like this.

*July 22*

Sylvain Weiller
Tianhuangping ski resort, China



Donald Gardner
Huangshan, Anhui, China



Ali Ebrahimi Seraji
Koohak village, Sistan va Baluchestan, Iran

Capital : Punishment

How to fill, firmly and gently, the vessel of the self.

Sous les pavés, les nuages.

Sous les nuages, l'éclipse.

The ultimate accessory for the ex-privileged nomad: a GTS (Gone to Shit) positioning system. Don't leave Rome without one.

On the road to Shambolica...

Oh she's got a lovely bust

of Uncle George

Yes she's got a lovely...

When she comes.

MY KIND OF GAIA...