

*July 24, 2006*



Devant de l'église de St-Sulpice.

*July 24, present year*



View south, 6:11:57 a.m.

And throughout the livelong dogdays, real artificial wonders.

Yet the vast plupart of official and everyday speech manifests in the disjunctive mode. And all texts are penned in encre de chien.

*Let's do the time warp again.*

*Let's not and say we did.*

Hotting up – by orders of magmatude.

*And it seems to me you lived your life  
Like a Kindle® in the wind...*

And Amazon buys, for \$800 millionsworth of its stock...  
a marginally-profitable online shoe retailer, Zappos.

Old Major, Napoleon, Snowball and Squealer, they're all grunting now. But the Kindle® kinder kant hear 'em. Nor just turn the page.

*Someone left the cake out in the rain...*

Again.

As Bush, reconfigured and remasked – but not repurposed – speaks firmly against racial profiling, sends another drone into the skies over Waziristan, and slide-strides, with the loose-jointed elegance of a born marionette, toward his third term's second hundredth day. No, make that Ronald Reagan's eighth...

You can indict a ham sandwich. You can deport a ham sandwich. You can give a ham sandwich a Nobel Prize. You can Bar Mitzvah a ham sandwich...

Lunch today with J.M. at a vegetarian restaurant where the waitress asked if you'd like "sham" with your scrambled eggs.

Y Honduras, mon amour.

*July 25*

No, forget Bush and Reagan. Make that Nixon's eleventh term.



## *¿PORQUÉ NO?*

Ojalá que llegue (pronto) el proximo fin del mundo.

In the café, at the table next to you, someone's nose buried in a *Times* op-ed by Robert Reich III.

*July 26 – All or Nothing Day*

The realm of our digital electronic "environment" is like an evermore vast and elaborated sand castle. Everyone on the beach joins in, does their part to build it up. Even as, wave by wave, the tide rushes up the shoreline.





Hex shoots and leaves. And hex marks the spot where they rolled away the stone. St. Peter's Church grounds, 20th Street, between Eighth and Ninth.

All and nothing day. And everything in between.

One comes to appreciate woodwind instruments basooner or later. Or perhaps one wood wind up appreciating them ifonly...

On just about every street, retail vacancies like teeth knocked out of a smile. And the signs on the windows framing the greatest voids: FLAGSHIP SPACE FOR RENT.



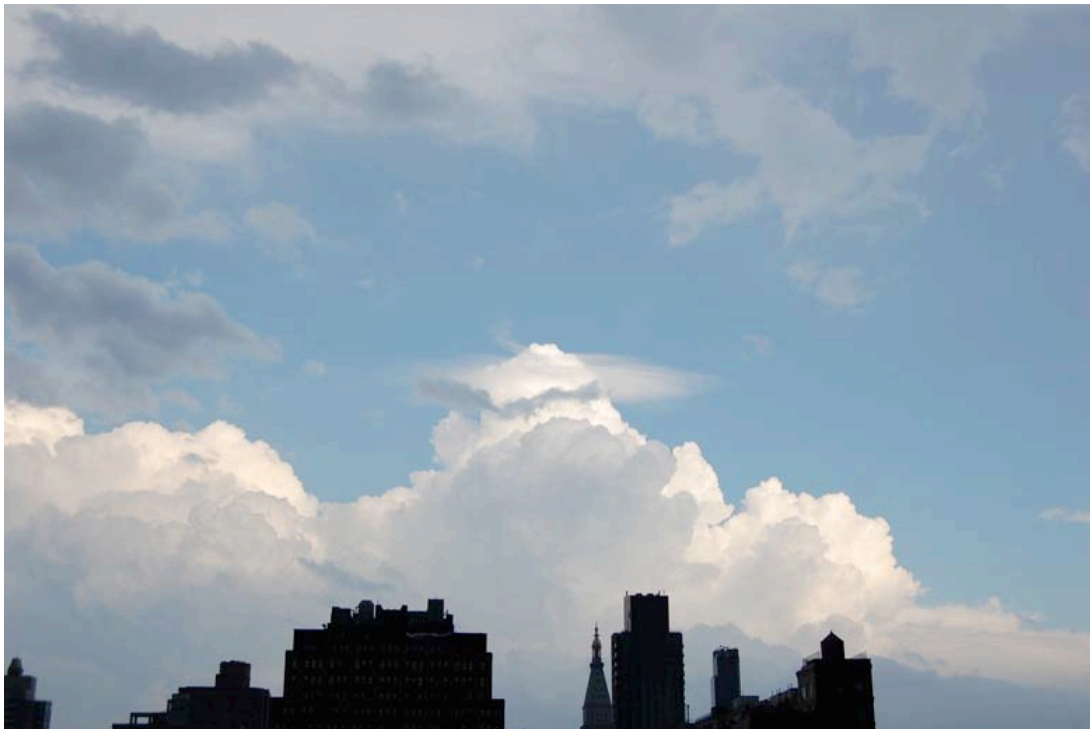






Five photos by Richard Heeks

What are the circumstances, Kenneth?



Then the deluge. Et après...





