

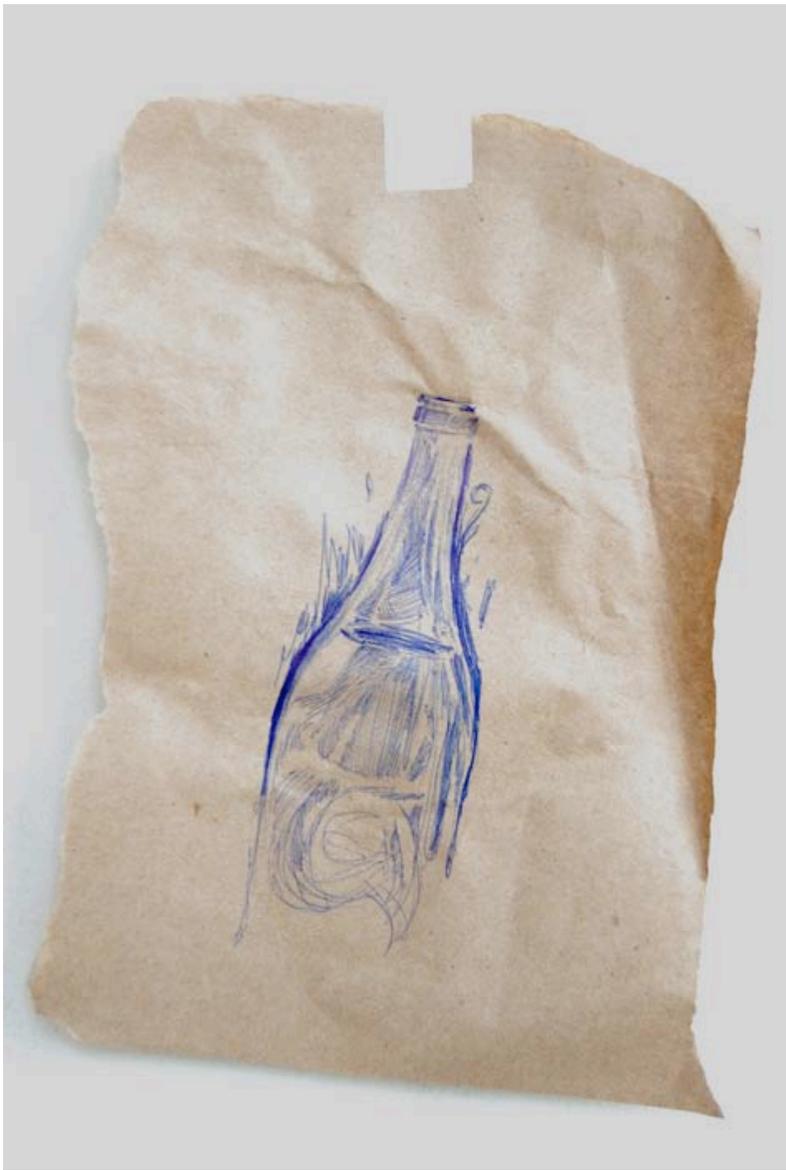
July 27

If one cannot gauge the self, one cannot engage another.

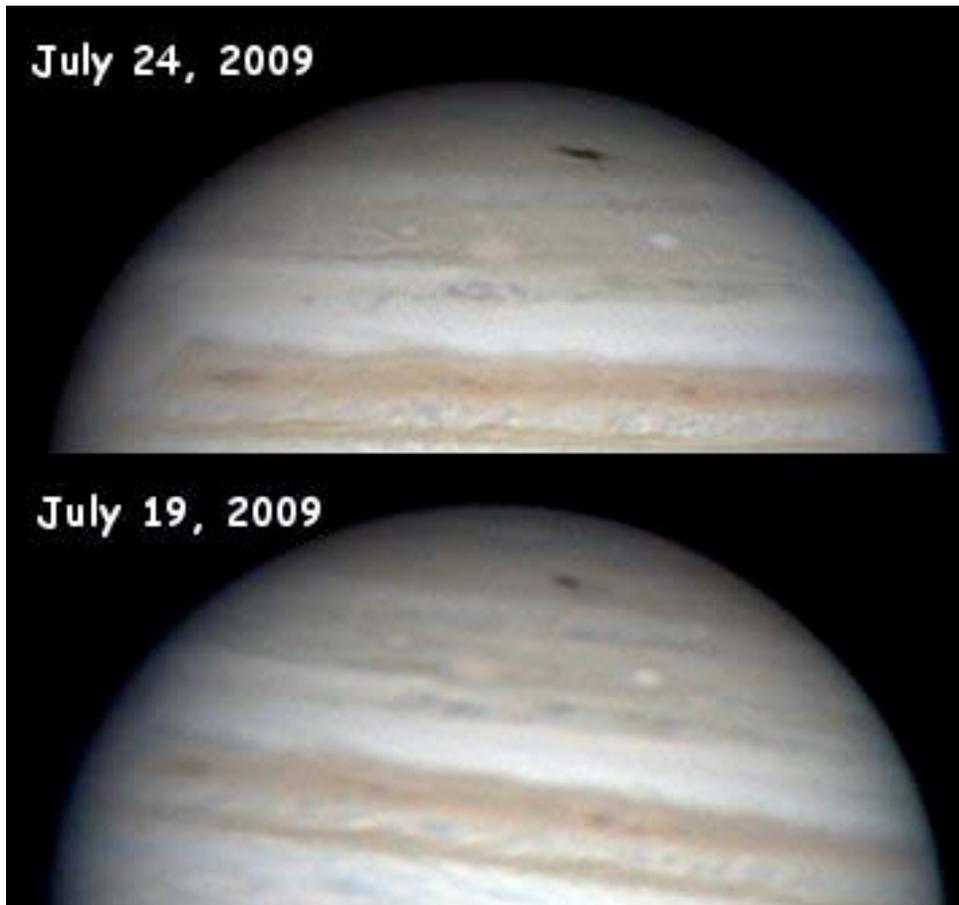
Engrenage, mon amour.

Gin a body meet a body...

Twa party drool.



G.'s morning sketch at the café. Blue ballpoint on butcher paper.



And, uh, whassup wit' Jupiter?

They say it was a 100m-class comet or asteroid that hit the fifth and ring'd rock. Yet whatever the dark spot is, it's now tens of thousands of times wider than the presumed body that created it.

Gin a body meet a body,
Whirlin' thro' the spheres...

Something something something something something

Wildest fears.

Oh she's got a lovely bottom

set of teeth...

O

Art and Distemper. Seems a good title. But which to treat of first, the maladies or the media?

Truck parked on 26th near your favorite urban survivor tree, the one F. identified as a probable green ash. **WORLD CLASS DEMOLITION.** Un huh.

Old is the new new.

Transformation and adaptation together form the respiratory cycle of culcha.

Day 826 of his thousand day voyage. From 10°07'n by 23°04'w, the central Atlantic, Reid Stowe beams out the following:



The camera cannot take a photo of the whole sky, so this picture does not do justice to the double halo rainbows around the sun. Of course I have seen double rainbows, but never a double halo around the sun that was rainbow colored....

July 29, 2006



Les feets de G. au Palais Royale. Midi.



Place des Vosges, p.m.

July 29, *present year*

Five blind men trying to describe an elephant.

Make that 8.

Will wonders never cease?

The theme is freedom escrit Carman Moore, kan ya makan.

Therefore, first articulate the problem. This is the *incontournable* pretask.

When advancing, move the front foot first. Retreating, move the rear foot first.

The moment, the hinge.

Gin a body...

Stone teeth. Dragon teeth. Stone hinge. Dragon hinge.

My feet is my only carriage...

Nearing 7 p.m., and for the second time today, a powerful electrical storm engulfs the city. "It's as if," says G. "aliens are abducting the planet."







Zapped by the thunderstorm? Who can say? Still the *FrankenTimes*, its frontpage circuits weirdly fused, lurches on...

Poll Shows Obama's Clout on Health Care is Eroding

By ADAM NAGOURNEY and MEGAN THEE-BRENAN

7:54 PM ET

President Obama's ability to shape the debate on health care appears to be waning as opponents portray the effort as a government takeover, according to a Times/CBS News poll.



United Press International, 1973

Reverend Ike, Who Preached Riches, Dies

By CHRISTOPHER LEHMANN-HAUPT 46 minutes ago

The Reverend Frederick J. Eikerenkoetter II was one of the first evangelists to embrace television.

“Close your eyes and see green. Money up to your armpits, a roomful of money and there you are, just tossing around in it like a swimming pool.”

Whilst, from her roadside minigolf extravaganza (up at Kelder’s Farm, Route 209, between Kerhonkson and Accord), the redoubtable Maria (as wise as she is fair) sends out a bold challenge:

HELP US NAME THE GRAIN GANG!



What would the mouse be without the Mickey? The bunny without the Bugs? We’ve added some new characters to Homegrown Mini-Golf and Tasting Gardens – 12 grains enlarged to 90 times their actual size (wild rice, wheat, quinoa, oats, amaranth, buckwheat, rye, millet, spelt, rice, salt, barley and corn). The Grain Gang needs names! Your name ideas can be as crazy as you are, and we are looking for original, fun, descriptive names.

See the Grain Gang in person... or at www.homegrownminigolf.com....

O, como dicen en español: *Vamos al grano.*