

July 30, 2006



Once upon a time in Versailles.

July 30, present year

Wanted: The Joe Sixpack Whisperer.

Chacun à son pédagogie.

Segun el *NYT*:

Cablevision Systems said Thursday that its board had approved a plan to spin off a basket of assets including Madison Square Garden and Radio City Music Hall...

Locution, locution, locution.

And minstrelsy:

The Center man was called "Mr. Interlocutor" and acted as the EmCee. The men at the ends were called "Tambo" (he held the tambourine) and the other end was called "Mr. Bones."

One by one, each man in the long line would be called up by the Mr. Interlocutor to sing or dance or tell a humorous story, etc.

And Patting Juba:

The slapping of one's thighs with one's hands to form a syncopated rhythm accompaniment. (Also the clapping of hands or the stomping of feet to do the same thing, or sometimes a combination of the above.) A similar rhythm is the use of "bones."

If you're alive
you're never alive again
If you're alive
you gotta dance and sing
If you're alive
you gotta shake that thing
'cause you don't come round again...

* Now hear de Word ob de Lord... *

Who will buy these empty wishes?

We've created so many layers of reality that we cannot ourselves engage – or do so only under great duress – that the majority of our energy is spent in attempting to steer the narrow path between wide swaths of intolerable existence.

July 31



Twilight of the guards.

Hey would – check it out! Anudda flagshit retail space for rent...



What if *you* are the scary guy?

The unintended consequences of law.

"I'm not worried about Sasha because he has IQ to spare," said the uncle of a man beamed yesterday morning by a falling tree branch while strolling across Central Park. Sasha Blair-Goldensohn, a 33-year-old father of two young children, was taken in a coma to New York Presbyterian, after being hit in the head by a dead pin oak limb weighing about a hundred pounds.

Billed by the *Daily News* as a "Google genius," Blair-Goldensohn describes himself on the company website as a "high-seas pirate" whose superpower is "snacking."

August 1

3 people spontaneously manifest in a previously empty car. 1 x 1, the girlchild, woman and man open the doors and get out.

A time of little peace.



Oh she's got a lovely naval
Uniform...

Ah! sunflower, weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the sun,
Seeking after that sweet golden clime
Where the traveller's journey is done;

Where the youth pined away with desire,
And the pale virgin shrouded in snow,
Arise from their graves and aspire;
Where my sunflower wishes to go.

The sidewalks in the street
The concrete and the clay...

Money tawks, nobody wawks...



...excepting dese heah elephants in Ty-land, celebratin' da boith of a baby panda beah.

August 1

Freight entrance on Water Street, just south of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial and the gigantic office building at #55, currently occupied by S&P and a dozen or so peregrine falcons.

August 2

SS TOOLBAG TO DECAY: The ISS Toolbag is about to become a fireball. Astronaut Heidemarie Stefanyshyn-Piper dropped the backpack-sized kit on Nov. 18, 2008, while she was working outside the International Space Station. Eight months later, the toolbag is reentering Earth's atmosphere. Best estimates suggest a fireball over the south Pacific Ocean (35.7° S, 216.4° E) at around 1300 UT on August 3rd.

The world needs a rhythm section.

The canary wot ate the cat.

Is it possible that, in light of the Great Tree Incident of Wednesday last, that any of the geniuses at



have asked themselves: Could that falling limb be a message from Demeter? Blowback through the clearcut sacred grove? Dryad's revenge?

Or is it more likely that, unaware of what they've done and are doing, they've no more sense of consequence than a half-shelled clam.

And sure, sometimes an accident is just a cigar.

Oh she's got a lovely titi
lating laugh...

Will she be comin' round the mountain (when she comes), or will her mountain be coming to us?

Into any crack in the reality principle, however microscopic, the seeds of drama fall. As though by some mysterious propensity. And they take root. And grow. Up and out, and spread wide until they fill the crack. And then...

Uh, is it OK to run *backwards* with scissors?

Argument is silence carried on by other means.

Akeldama, mon amour.

August 4

In the western states, 28 major wildfires.



The shadow knows.

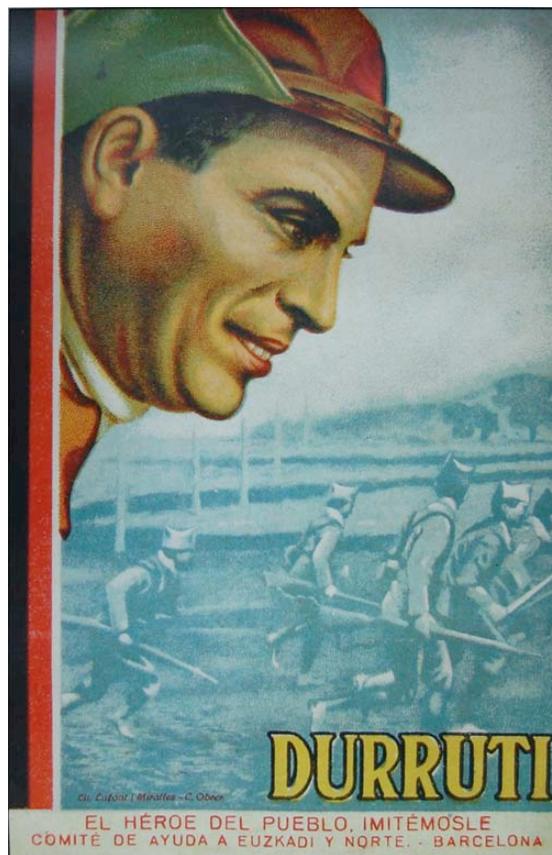
And lengthens.



Disembodies.



True dat.



True dat 2.

Seed pods of the honey locust.

Eye-shaped keys of ailanthus.

Ah! sunflower...

...I too lived – Brooklyn of ample hills, was mine;
I too walk'd the streets of Manhattan Island, and bathed in the waters around it;
I too felt the curious abrupt questionings stir within me,
In the day, among crowds of people, sometimes they came upon me.
In my walks home late at night, or as I lay in my bed, they came upon me.

I too had been struck from the float forever held in solution;
I too had receiv'd identity by my Body;
That I was, I knew was of my body – and what I should be, I knew I should be of
my body....

Canto WW kan ya makan.

There are things to realize...

Play it fucking loud...