

*January 31*



The pigeon, the pussycat.



Inside the gallery, looking out.

Seismics 'r' we. Mount Redoubt, at the root of the Aleutians. Seems she may be getting ready to blow.



Thomas



J. Warren

In April, 1990, toward the end of a five-month-long eruption.

*February 1*

Thus do we find ourselves on the brink of a rare – some may say divine – triple intersection of Imbolic, El día la candelaria and Groundhog Day. On such a day, when it occurs, a baby groundhog – if one is not available then a hedgehog, a piglet or, in extreme cases, a porcine human child may be substituted – is swathed in gay raiment and presented at whatever passes for a temple. By interpreting various auguries, the beasts who are priests, determine the nature of the treble ratio among shadow, footcandles and the infuckingeffable. The celebration that follows is hosted by whomever found a manikin-shaped *frijole* baked into the slice of cake they ate on the night before Epiphany.

At which moment, pregnant sheep begin to lactate. Imbolic, from Emulc, or ewe's milk. *De verdad*. And all this transpires halfway between winter solstice and spring equinox. Such are the customs in these parts, and very fine ones they are indeed.

Let a hundred lumens flux.

Proposal for a new custom: flagellation of the speculators.

Let them eat packaging.

*February 2*

From a railway carriage, in this case the #7 local to Flushing. A las ocho en la mañana.













All so that you could witness a few moments of Shea Stadium's demolition.





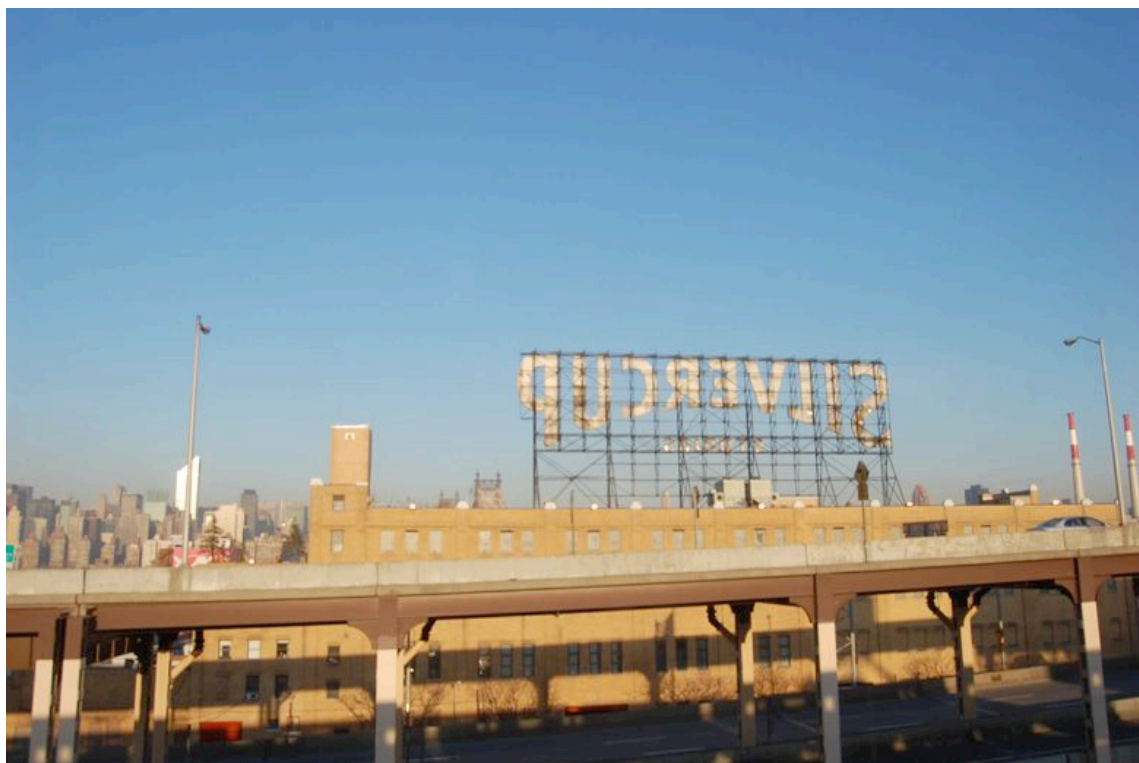


Which has been replaced, on an adjoining site just to the northwest, by:





But what's in a name?





Dateline Punxsutawney, PA – Punxsutawney Phil, it is said, cast a shadow this a.m. Ergo, on with winter. But is this any way to treat el profeta en su tierra?



Carolyn Kaster AP

Ben Hughes, handler of the weather-predicting groundhog Punxsutawney Phil, holds Phil in the air after removing him from his stump at Gobbler's Knob...

While virtually at the same moment that Punxsutawney Phil found himself aloft, his cousin, Staten Island Phil, bit Mayor Bloomberg's finger – "pretty good" said hizzoner – instead of the proffered corncob, then declared winter over.

Two line struggle. Dueling propensities.

False spring in New York while northern Europe lies beneath a blanket of ice-glazed snow and Australia desiccates like a shrimp left too long on the barbie.