

March 27

WASHINGTON — President Obama plans to further bolster [?] American forces in Afghanistan and for the first time set benchmarks [!] for progress in fighting Al Qaeda and the Taliban there and in Pakistan, officials said Thursday....

Bolsters and benchmarks
for progress in fighting
Something something something biting
Something something something
Tied up in strings
These are a few of my favorite things...

It does appear that the attempt by Geithner, Obama and others, to prop up at all costs the supremacy of the banks at the expense of any other organs of economy, will only add weight to their collapse.

Ah, the gynormity...

Would McCain have been able to get away with this?

Will Fargo, ND, drown?

March 28

Good people in good places.
Good people in bad places.
Bad people in good places.
Bad people in bad places.

And the creature, tossed from one circumstance to another, how does it find its equilibrium?

Of course.

Off course.

'course.

Thirtieth anniversary of Three Mile Island's moment as the sun.

Yesterday, Venus passing by the Helios, transformed from evening into morning star. Now all it takes is a pre-dawn lifting of the clouds.

March 29

Oy and thou.



Nearby on Eighth and Ninth Avenues, in several other parts of Manhattan and even unto darkest Midtown, Herr Bloomberg causes his minions to pour concrete

meridians, plant unsustainable foliage in their coffers, eliminate traffic lanes, decorate the roadway with incomprehensible arrows, raise bewildering illuminated signage and generally continue to carry out their Project for an Impassable New York.

The ambitious goal they've set is that by 2012, pedestrians, motorists and bicyclists will be equally disoriented, increasingly liable to accidents and or fines, and that the elderly and disabled will cease crossing streets altogether and die quickly in their confinement so that their apartments may be more readily destabilized. But the overarching strategy is to eliminate, at ground level, any potential for naturally occurring accommodation, common courtesy, or even common sense. This last proves most difficult to expunge. But they're working on it. Relentlessly.

Treasury reserves will have to be raided to fund Afghan s[p]urge

quoth the (London) *Times* online. Thus, the Anglo-American monster pillages the crumbs in the cookie jar to fund the endgame of the Great Game. For their currencies, like twin towers, nothing left to do but freefall.

Ain't it a glorious day?
Right as a mornin' in May
I feel like I could fly
'Ave you ever seen
The grass so green?
Or a bluer sky?

Oh, it's a jolly holiday
With Mary
Mary makes your 'eart so light
When the day is gray
And ordinary
Mary makes the sun shine bright!

Oh 'appiness is bloomin'
All around 'er
The daffodils are smilin'
At the dove
When Mary 'olds your 'and
You feel so grand
Your 'eart starts beatin'
Like a big brass band
Oh, it's a jolly holiday with Mary
No wonder that it's Mary that we love!

Now then what'd be nice
We'll start with raspberry ice
And then some cakes and tea
Order what you will
There'll be no bill
It's complimentary

Oh, it's a jolly holiday
With you, Bert
Gentlemen like you are few
Though you're just a diamond
In the rough, Bert
Underneath your blood is blue!

You'd never think of pressing
Your advantage
Forbearance is the hallmark
Of your creed
A lady needn't fear
When you are near
Your sweet gentility is crystal clear!

Oh, it's a jolly holiday with you, Bert
A jolly, jolly holiday with you!



Early each day to the steps of Saint Paul's
The little old bird woman comes.
In her own special way to the people she calls,
"Come, buy my bags full of crumbs.

Come feed the little birds, show them you care
And you'll be glad if you do.
Their young ones are hungry,
Their nests are so bare;
All it takes is tuppence from you."

Feed the birds, tuppence a bag,
Tuppence, tuppence, tuppence a bag.
"Feed the birds," that's what she cries,
While overhead, her birds fill the skies.

All around the cathedral the saints and apostles
Look down as she sells her wares.
Although you can't see it, you know they are smiling
Each time someone shows that he cares.

Though her words are simple and few,
Listen, listen, she's calling to you:
"Feed the birds, tuppence a bag,
Tuppence, tuppence, tuppence a bag."



Whilst on April 2, [one day late and a bazillion dollars short] these birds of a feather, and numerous other specious fowl, including our own Cuckoo of State, will flock to the former London Docklands, in the virtual shadow of St. Paul's, for the **G-20 Leaders' Summit on Financial Markets and the World Economy**. And if we listen very closely, we just might hear them sing:

...A robin feathering his nest
Has very little time to rest
While gathering his
Bits of twine and twig

Though quite intent in his pursuit
He has a merry tune to toot

He knows a song
Will move the job along

For a...

Spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down
The medicine go down
The medicine go down
Just a spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down
In a most delightful way!

Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious!

But then, one doesn't need to fly a kite to know the winds have changed, and Mary must depart. Carpetbag and all. Into the dragon sky.

March 31

Ah, the rainbow wigness of it all.

On the arm of a gray metal chair near Madison Square Park, spring's first fly.

April 1

NEW VERB: There's a new verb in Alaska: "to ash." It's like "to snow," only grayer and more sulfurous. Residents downwind of Mt. Redoubt are using it like this: "We don't run our ski lifts when **it ashes** because it damages the electric motors," says Michelle Cosper of the Alyeska Resort near Girdwood. It's been ashing a lot lately as Mt. Redoubt has erupted more than 19 times since March 22nd. "The ash has created a moonscape with all the highlights of gray," she says.

The resemblance to moondust is more than superficial. Consider the following: Volcanic ash is gray, abrasive, can be dangerous to breathe and

easily electrified. Moondust is gray, abrasive, can be dangerous to breathe and easily electrified. Indeed, Alaskans are getting a taste of life on the Moon.

"The ski area may or may not be open tomorrow, depending on ash fall," adds Cospes. "My throat is sore and stingy, and it smells vaguely like sulfur. They say not to walk your dogs or go outside unnecessarily. Even local newscasters are wearing face masks."



6:41:43 a.m., 40°43'N 74°00'W, facing SE. Here it is.

And even through the double-glazed windows, at a whole different bandwidth than the traffic whoosh, almost as if they belonged to a separate, parallel sphere of actuality, the cheeping of starlings, multitudes of them, already well advanced into the rhythm of their day.

Fascinating the oft-voiced notion of Obama as a great orator, when his speech patterns almost invariably end on a downward note. If you stop trying to follow what he's saying and just listen to the rhythm and tonality, he sounds like a car with a flat tire.

Who let the air out?

And trying to feel out how his sonic presence aligns with a very different message emanating from his body language is an interesting game of paradoxes indeed.

Still he is the one we hired to preside over our deflation.

April 2

